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RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,' 'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THE LIGHTSHIP.

IN the cabin of a lightship off the Essex coast sat Richard Cable, knitting a baby's sock or boot. The sock was small, so small that when he thrust his great thumb into it, his thumb filled it.

'Thirteenth row,' said Richard Cable. 'One, two, three, four,' he began aloud, and went from four to forty-seven in decreasing tone, reaching finally an inaudible whisper. Then he raised his voice again: 'Two together; one, two, three, four, five, six. Two together; one, two, three, four.' His tones died away again. He moved his lips; but no sound issued from them till he reached forty-seven, and that he uttered as if it exploded on his lips. Richard Cable was a fine, strongly built, well-proportioned man, about halfway between thirty and forty, with brown curly hair, and eyes of clear blue. His face was tanned with exposure; but the nape of his neck, as visible, now that his head was bent over the knitting-needles, was of a nutty brown, many degrees redder than his face. He wore a knitted blue worsted jersey, with a pair of thick, warm, dark-blue loose trousers beneath and below the jersey. On his head was a round, brimless sailor's cap, with ribbons behind. He had shoes on his feet and white stockings.

Although he was about thirty-five, he had all the freshness of youth about him, and not a trace of care, not the furrow of a trial on his honest brow. The mouth was firm; but as he knitted, he smiled with the most pleasant smile. His face was agreeable, kindly, open; however roughened by wind and spray, its expression was gentle, now especially so, as it was turned to the baby-sock.

'Fourteenth row,' said Cable, 'plain.—Darn the boy! I wish he were back.'

Cable was not on deck; he was, as already said, in his cabin, and the light fell on him from above. When he raised his eyes, he could see the blue sky through the deck-lights; and across the strip of blue sky, white flakes of cloud were flying fast, like swans and Brent geese on their autumnal migration.

'Fifteenth row. One, two, three, four.' Cable began very loud, but went *diminuendo* as he progressed. He also emphasised the first few numbers; but he slurred over the next, and only recovered emphasis at the last. When he came to forty-seven, he changed the position of his feet, and said: 'Knit two together. One, two, three, four. Two together.—Darn him! What creatures boys are to eat; who'd ever thought of his gorging all the bread! 'Tis too provoking to have to send for more.'

The lightship lay about four miles off the shore, the low flat shore of Essex near the little fishing-port of Hanford, a port so insignificant, carrying on so little trade, that Trinity House ignored it, and would do nothing for it, not even concern itself about the entrance to the harbour, and take on it the charge of the lightship. This vessel was stationed where it was, manned, and supplied by the Hanfordites. It was a convenience to them, that is, to the oyster and fishing vessels which put out from the little place on Monday and came home on Saturday.

The sea on the Essex coast is shallow, so shallow that it cannot form a wave on the margin large enough to sweep away the frail dike that has been thrown up to oppose further invasion.

Through the shallows outside Hanford ran one deep line of water, and at the entrance to this

lay the lightship. The coast-line was marked in that random in-and-out course which prevails in hedge demarcation inland; land was divided from water in a loose and arbitrary fashion, without the existence of any physical reason why one patch should be accounted land and another sea. What was arable was arable only because it lay behind the dike; and on the other side of the bank were acres of land as good that might have been reclaimed. There were three stages in which the soil stood: for a mile out seaward were flats on which grew seaweed, overwashed by every tide; nearer land, in creeks and estuaries, were flats of the same soil that grew thrift and sea-lavender and glasswort, and where occasionally sheep were sent to browse. These patches were only covered at very high tides. Then came the seawall; and behind that was pasture and arable land, and the water only swept over the bank upon it once in ten, fifteen, or twenty years, when high-tide coincided with an inshore gale.

The outer flats grew their own crops; but the crops were distinctively marine, a long ribbon weed, and winkles. After every gale, the weed and countless winkles were swept ashore in black wreaths, and the weed whitened in the sun to a thin ash-like film.

'Sixteenth row, knit plain.'

On the seaface of the seawall a strip of sand and gravel ran the length of the coast, varying in width from a foot to half-a-dozen yards. Between this beach and the clay beds lay a depression, scooped by the retreating current as the tide went out, filled with black slime, formed of decomposed seaweed and winkles, dead crabs, and all the refuse of the sea that it washed up and could not withdraw again. The flats grown over with winkles, thick as daisies in a meadow, formed a happy hunting-ground for boys and girls alike, who went out on them with 'splashers' on their feet to gather shellfish. The splashers are flat boards fastened to the foot; on it the mud can be traversed by human beings as easily as by web-footed aquatic birds.

'Seventeenth row! One, two—— Drat that boy!'

Richard Cable stood up, laid his knitting down on a locker and went on deck. He looked landwards. A line of foam marked where the deep sea broke over the submerged banks of clay. A glare of sun was on a belt of willows, that seemed white, against a gloomy mass of vapour that hung on the horizon. The trees were five or six miles distant; but they were perfectly visible, and looked against the dark background like tufts of cotton-grass.

'Ah!' said Richard Cable, 'there he comes. I can see the boat. If he don't look smart, the squall will be on him and capsize him before he gets here.'

The lightship was rolling and straining. The wind was rising. From the bed of black cloud

lines extended, shadow-rays over the sky. The sea seemed to be uneasy, and had become fretful. The brightness was gone from the day, the colour from the water.

'Darn the boy!' said Cable, looking aloft. 'We shall have dirty weather on us in ten minutes, and he not here.' Then he returned to the cabin and resumed the knitting-pins and the little sock. He had done the tiny foot; he put his fingers into it and turned it about and looked at it. The fellow was already done, in white wool, and lay on a polished ash-wood stool. He took it up and measured the sole of the sock he was knitting by the other foot. 'Right you are,' he said; then, after a pause: 'Well! it does seem a time to be away from the little uns—a whole fortnight. I don't know how I should manage it, if I hadn't the knitting of their socks and stockings to keep me in mind of their little pattering feet. What a beauty the baby is! That she is indeed, and nobody can deny it.' Then he sighed. 'Poor Polly!' and he wiped his eye with the sole of the little sock he was knitting. 'Drat it!' said he; 'I've dropped a stitch. Eighteenth row. First two together. Lord! what wonderful little toes the baby has got. They're like a row of peas in a pod, only no green about them, pink instead; and then, the little nails! what mites they be, to be sure, not half-quarter so big as one of my stitches. And to see the way the baby works her toes, just as though she'd be as handy with them as with fingers. This little pig went to market; this little pig stayed at home; this little pig had roast beef—— No! Baby hasn't got to that pitch of reason and understanding that she can count her toes and take in all about the pigs. She's not equal to Pat-a-cake Baker's man yet. What a pleasure it will be when she's old enough to laugh at Pat-a-cake!—Darn the boy! Not here yet, and the gale is on us.'

The ship was struck by a great wave, and a blast of wind screamed over it.

'He's been dawdling, that he has. He ought to have been back with the bread an hour ago. What a plague boys are! It's a mystery how ever reliable, sensible men grow out of such untrustworthy louts; but then the plant and the seedling differ in every particular.' He put down the sock again. 'I can't get along of my knitting because of Trinity House. Why doesn't Trinity House take the light upon its own hands? Then it would not be undermined; I should not be left here, alone with a hulking, scatter-brained boy. I must go on deck and have another look after him.'

He climbed the ladder. The aspect of the sky and sea was changed. The sky was overcast with black whirling vapours; the sea, from being fretful, was angry; a shadow as of an impending woe crept over the face of nature.

The wind was off shore, so that the waves were not considerable; but behind the spit of land and the willows the coast bent away to the south,

and the wind was able to heap up the waters there and roll them round in a sort of race beyond the spit, a line of leaping, shaking, angry tumblers, dark as ink when not maned with foam, meeting and driving back the muddy, churned wavelets that were swept outwards from the shallow shore and mud-flats.

'Blow that boy! If he gets swamped, his mother will lay all the blame on me for certain.' He stood clutching the bulwarks, looking at the boat. He could not see distinctly; the wind, charged with foam, drove in his eyes, and in the dancing water, the boat was as often hidden as seen.—'Bless me!' he exclaimed suddenly, 'it ain't Joe after all! Why—who in the world can it be? Bothered if it ain't a gal!' He drew his jersey sleeve across his eyes. 'Joe never can ha' gone and changed his sex. He can't have bided ashore and sent his sister. Of all unreliable creatures, there never was the likes of a boy. Here's a pretty go! Sending a gal out with the bread—and me a widower.' Then suddenly his heart stood still, and a feeling of sickness came over him. 'There can't have nothing happened to the little uns—and mother have sent!—not to baby!—and me knitting her socks.'

The lightship pitched and rolled; anchored as she was, she was subject to more violent and abrupt motions than if she had been free. Cable went on one knee and held his hand over his eyes, to assist in taking a more steady observation.

'It ain't our boat,' he said. Then he shouted. The boat was now near. A girl was in it, rowing towards the vessel. She wore a glazed, black, sailor's hat; from under it her hair, long and dark, flew about in the wind.

'Come under the lee!' shouted Richard Cable. The girl slightly turned her head; as she did so, the wind covered her face with her hair. She seemed all but completely exhausted. She pulled with long and laboured strokes.

'She's a young thing, and looks like a lady,' mused Cable. 'However she comes out here, it is not about the little uns. Mother is no fool.'

The girl, perhaps dazed with the hair and salt water in her eyes, and overcome with exhaustion, let go one oar to raise her hand and brush the hair from her face. The boat swung about at once.

'Hold hard!' shouted Cable. 'Don't lose heart. Here's a rope-end.' He caught up and cast a rope to her with such true aim that it fell athwart the boat; and the girl seized it with both hands, and in so doing, let go the other oar, which was at once carried off by the sea.

'She's lost her head,' said Richard. 'It's lucky she didn't do it afore she came within reach.' Then he called to her: 'Make fast round the thwart, and I'll haul you in. Don't lose your head, whatever you do. Hold together, if but for a minute.'

The girl was staggering to her feet in the rolling boat.

'Keep hold of the rope!' he shouted. Then the boat touched the side of the lightship, which rolled at the moment. He caught the girl's hands, extended imploringly. The ship swung over, and he managed to raise the girl to the deck; but as she sprang from the boat, the

spurn of her foot, or the recoil from the side of the vessel, sent her little boat adrift. The next moment it was swept away by the waves, whither Cable could not see—he had not the time to look; the condition of the girl he had saved engrossed his attention.

She was tall; in dark-blue navy serge gown, with a leather belt round her waist. She could not speak. Her breast was heaving; her breath came short and fast. Her cheeks were on fire, but her eyes were dim. Her consciousness was deserting her.

'You're pretty nigh done,' said Cable; 'let me fetch you a drop of brandy, miss.'

She put out her hand to arrest him, and held to the bulwark with the other. She could not keep her feet. The motion of the vessel was irregular. It rolled, and was brought up with a jerk.

'I see,' said he; 'you must not be left alone. Drat it!—that's a souser!' as a wave went over the deck, covering him and the girl with a drench of spray. 'Come down with me—or, stay! let me carry you into the cabin.'

She offered no resistance, so he caught her in his arms and took her to the ladder. Her heart, under his hand, was fluttering like a butterfly at a window. Her breath came in sobs. He bore her to the ladder with long strides and descended with her to the outer cabin; this was where the coals were stowed, and the oil stored; where he cleaned and trimmed the lamps. Beyond was a low doorway, that led into the main cabin, which in shape and relative proportions was like the toe-half of a boot. At the narrow end was the fireplace or stove; round the sides were lockers for the stowing away of sundries of every kind. The tops of the lockers served as seats. There was no table. On each side of the cabin was an aperture about two feet square, closed at pleasure with a sliding panel; this gave access to the bunk or sleeping-berth. By crawling in at the hole one found a mattress, and space, but only just space enough to lie down in, with the nose six inches from the nether surface of the deck. The smallest trifle in the cabin had its proper place, and everything was beautifully clean and orderly.

'There, miss,' Cable said. 'I doubt you won't be able to stow yourself properly into one of these here bunks without knocking yourself about; and if I was to put you on the locker, with the lurching you might slide off; so you had better just lie down on the cabin floor, with your feet to the fire. I'll spread a mattress for you. Lie down till you've got your breath again and recovered from your fright a bit. You'd better presently, when you can manage it, whip off that gown, which is wet, and let me cover you up with blankets and give you a drop of hot brandy and water. Then try to get to sleep. Don't you mind me, miss! I'm the father of a family. I'm the father of seven little girls, and two of them twins. When you're able to look about you, miss, you'll see a pair of socks I've been knitting for the baby. I've one done, and t'other's getting on. Excuse the liberty, if I throw my pilot coat over you—your gown was wet by that wave, and you seem so exhausted you might get your death of a chill. I've got to go aloft after the light, which will occupy me

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some time. Then you can take off your gown. The darned boy has gorged all the bread, and there was none left; and I sent him ashore for more, and he hasn't come back, or he would act as your lady's-maid. Very sorry, miss, I can't do better; but don't think anything of me. I'm the father of seven children, and there's ne'er a boy among them, and two of them are twins, so there's no occasion to be afeared of me.'

He did not like to leave her in her condition of exhaustion, so he made an excuse to remain till he saw her a little recovered. He put the kettle on the stove. 'We'll have the water boiling directly. It don't mix well with the brandy if it isn't boiling.' Then he lit the pendent lamp, for the cabin was dark, and poked the fire, and coaxed the kettle, and groped for the sugar. When he had mixed her a glass, he brought it to her where she lay. The light of the lamp was on her face. 'Why—I declare, miss!' he exclaimed, 'why,—surely, you're Miss Josephine Cornelis.'

She slightly nodded.

'Lord! What ever brought you here?' he asked.

'I was running away.'

'From what?'

'My own thoughts.'

THE BANK OF FRANCE.

NEXT to the Bank of England, the Bank of France is the largest and most important of all the other banks in Europe. Occupying very nearly the same position in France as the Bank of England does in this country, it is in many respects similar, and performs for the country the same kind of duties. The public moneys are deposited with the Bank of France; it alone has the sole right of issuing notes in that country. (This is what Sir Robert Peel would have attached to the privileges of the Bank of England, if he had been able; but usage and vested interests were too powerful.) Its capital is possessed by a proprietary whose liabilities are of a similar nature to those of any other banking institution. It opens accounts with properly introduced persons, and keeps in its coffers the metallic reserves.

Having mentioned these analogies between these two great Banks, there are points where their conduct diverges. The transactions of the Bank of England are on a larger scale, owing to the larger mercantile operations in this country. The commercial habits of the French are plainly indicated in the class of bill business which their chief Bank undertakes. During the whole of last year, it discounted no fewer than 1,590,839 bills under four pounds, most of them payable at private addresses. It is an unusual thing for an English banker to take a bill under ten pounds, and he will require satisfactory reasons for discounting bills payable at private addresses. It is presumed here that in such a case the acceptor cannot be a substantial man, or he would have a banker.

Another point of divergence, again, is in the government of the Bank, wherein the French have shown their belief in the efficiency and effectiveness of government control. Our own government cannot in any way interfere with

the operations of the Bank of England, except in respect of its note issue. The French Bank is presided over by a Governor, appointed by the government, who also appoints the two Deputy-governors. The three highest offices are thus held by government men; and the office of the Governor is held for life. It is his duty to see that the obligations imposed upon the Bank by the government are in all respects carried out, and to act as the connecting link between it and the government. In addition to the Governor and two Deputy-governors, the General Assembly, consisting of two hundred of the largest shareholders, elect the General Council, which is made up of fifteen Regents and three Censors. The manufacturing and trading interests are supposed to be duly represented in the Council, for five of the Regents must be chosen from each of these bodies. There is yet another Committee of twelve persons, who must be shareholders carrying on business in Paris, appointed by the Censors. This Committee has the responsibility of examining and passing all the bills taken for discount.

The Bank was established in 1803 by the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. Its constitution has been slightly modified from time to time, as circumstances have required. It has been successfully and prudently managed, though there have been times when its existence has been threatened. In 1848, during the Revolution, it made large advances to the government and to the city of Paris, which, combined with a severe drain on its gold, strained its resources to so great an extent that it was compelled to suspend specie payments. To lessen the evil of this measure and limit the inconvenience arising therefrom, its notes were made and have continued to be legal tender.

The Reports annually issued by the Council of this Bank to the shareholders are full of interesting and instructive details, whereby comparison with those of other years, and the progress of the business, can be followed, and the public support estimated. These Reports present a curious study to bankers and economists in this country, for they afford a glimpse of the nature of the banking business carried on in France and of the commercial habits of the French people. To the statistician they form a repertory of figures from which he can construct tables of the trading transactions of the country, always important and valuable in its history. From the Report before us for the year 1885, we shall lay before our readers some of the items mentioned and especially those which our English banks have not yet condescended to give us. It would indeed be a great relief to many shareholders in the latter to have presented to them fuller details of a concern for which, through decline of business or mismanagement, they may find themselves involved in a heavy liability.

The Bank of France not only informs its shareholders of the amount due to its customers, but also of the total amount operated through their accounts. There were 8592 current accounts open at Paris and the branches, with a sum of £21,724,000 standing at their credit at the end of the year. Omitting the balances due to the Treasury, the fluctuations of the total balance due on these accounts are given as regards their limits. On the 18th of April 1885, the maximum amount

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due by the Bank was £20,304,000; and the minimum amount on the 28th of February was £11,556,000—being a difference of £8,748,000. The total operations in the year amounted to £492,983,092—being less than the operations of 1884 by £50,658,180. The returns from the clearing-house in London have revealed the same features. While the volume of trade as a whole has not diminished, the money values have shown a perceptible decrease. These effects are due to the fall in prices in France no less than in England. We feel curious to know whether the operations of the Bank of England would exceed those of its sister Bank. Out of the total operations already given, £226,755,520 are accounted for by the operations conducted gratuitously for the public Treasury.

The Report congratulates the shareholders on the increase of the metallic reserves in two years of £12,000,000, of which the greater part was gold. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that silver has fallen in value so rapidly and to so great an extent. When silver was worth five shillings an ounce, the holding of the Bank of France was no anxiety; but now that silver has fallen to three shillings and ninepence an ounce, the amount of its metallic reserve in silver is not worth so much by about one-fourth as the sum stated. Thus, out of £89,552,000 gold and silver held by the Bank, a little less than half (£43,344,000) was in silver. Deducting one-fourth, the value of the silver may be put at about £33,000,000.

There is nothing more curious in the whole statement than the particulars of the commercial bills and 'paper' discounted. The amount reached £370,004,868—made up by 11,660,589 bills; making an average of £32 for the bills, with an average of nearly 32 days to run. The large number of 103,664 bills, for £3,588,924, were refused discount—a large portion on account of irregularities of form, and the remainder for want of confidence. In Paris, alone, 5,017,904 bills, amounting to £158,832,892, were admitted to discount; of these, 14,106 bills were of the amount of 8s. 4d. and below; 656,980 were from 9s. 2d. to £2; 919,753 were from £2, 0s. 10d. to £4; and 3,427,065 were above £4. These figures are an indication of the trade habits of our neighbours, and show the services rendered to the retail trade by the chief Bank. An idea of the immense quantity of work connected with these small bills, payable chiefly at the residences of the drawees, can be gathered from a paragraph in the statement giving an account of the day's work on the 31st of October, the heaviest for the year. It included the manipulation of 199,272 bills, representing a sum of £4,850,769—to receive which, application had to be made at 69,707 dwellings. The expense of a large staff of collecting-clerks and others to perform these duties adds a very large proportionate cost to these documents in addition to the discount.

The Bank makes advances on public securities, railway securities, and other securities. The maximum amount at Paris was on the 12th of January, and reached £6,508,000—the minimum on the 25th of March, reaching £5,348,000. At the branches the maximum occurred on the 12th of July, and was £6,152,000. The minimum was very nearly coincident with the minimum at Paris, occurring on the 27th of March, and

amounting to £5,596,000. The total operations in advances amounted to £25,058,804.

The note circulation is given in amplified detail, the statement showing the number of notes in circulation with their denomination, the numbers issued, cancelled, destroyed, and withdrawn during the year. On the 28th of January 1886, there were 18,139,565 notes, amounting to £116,050,539, in the hands of the public. There are no notes issued higher than five thousand francs (£200) each, and there were only five of these in circulation. The note most in use was that of one hundred francs (£4), of which there were 12,819,676; and the one least in use is of the denomination of two hundred francs (£8). There were only 2624 notes of two hundred francs (£8) each; 1212 notes of which the form was out of date; and 164,026 notes for five francs (4s.) each in circulation. During the year, there were 9,350,000 notes issued, representing an amount of £81,300,000; there were cancelled, 6,711,613 notes, representing an amount of £62,731,200. There were destroyed, 21,658,566 notes, representing an amount of £161,128,032; and there were withdrawn from circulation, 12,076,300. The manufactory of the Bank at Biercy produced 9,689,000 notes, of which more than half were notes of fifty francs (£2). The growth of the circulation requiring an increased production of notes, fresh buildings were erected fitted with every improvement, and capable of meeting all the demands likely to be made.

The transactions in connection with the deposits of securities form a considerable portion of the services rendered by the Bank. The business attached to this is of three kinds—the free deposits, the deposits as guarantees, and the securities deposited by the syndicate of stock-brokers. The general operations in all these divisions were 4,643,348 in number. There were deposited in the safes at Paris 4,238,281 securities, the value of which amounted to £120,960,000—representing 251,582 deposits brought by 44,869 depositors. Of the first kind of deposit—the free deposit—the number of securities in the safes at Paris was 2,698,252—representing £82,923,506, of 1577 different descriptions, belonging to 31,157 depositors. During the year, 190,000 persons called at the Bank in connection with these securities. Only three branches—those at Bordeaux, Lyons, and Marseilles—appear as having carried on any operations in connection with the deposit of securities. The branches transmitted to the chief office 99,116 coupons. The amount of the charges for custody of valuables at Paris reached £35,617; and at the three branches enumerated, £7891; and, as the Report goes on to say, these charges are a trifling recompense for the expense and the responsibilities which the undertaking these duties imposes on the Bank.

The branches, of which there are ninety-four, are classified according to the importance of the business done at each during the year. Placed in order according to the extent of their operations, numbers are affixed against them to show the order in which each branch stands in respect of the profits. The branches at Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, Havre, Lille, and Rouen, stand in the first rank as regards the importance of their operations; but respectively first, second,

fifth, third, fourth, and tenth in respect of their profits. The largest net profits (£72,717) were realised at Marseilles; the smallest (£27) at Digne; and five branches showed a loss. One of these, Bar-le-Duc, stands forty-fourth in respect of its operations, but shows a loss of £137. La Roche-sur-Yon shows the highest loss (£662).

The expenses connected with the Bank at Paris amounted to £255,472; at the branches, £236,693; and those of a general character, such as cost of transport of specie, duties and taxes, £129,024, of which £99,488 represents taxes. The amount distributed among the 25,782 shareholders was £7, 7s. 6d. per share. The buildings occupied by the branches had cost £1,234,938; but of this, there had been written off £857,503. The number of officials employed at Paris was about the same as those employed by the Bank of England in London (1016); those engaged at the branches numbered 1222.

There are a great many, more particulars of less general interest in this very interesting document, but we have given sufficient for our readers to form an idea of its nature. We cannot better conclude than by adding the words of the Council: 'We should have desired to reduce the size of this statement; but it derives the greater part of its interest and importance from the comparative figures with which it necessarily bristles, and we have been compelled, to make it complete, to pass all of them before your eyes. This is our excuse.'

TOLD BY TWO.

A NOVELETTE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAP. I.—TOLD BY WILLIAM HENRY GARNER.

My position in life at the time of the occurrence I am about to relate was that of junior clerk in the service of the Bemerton Banking Company. Every one knows, or ought to know, that Bemerton is one of the busiest and most prosperous manufacturing towns in the Midland counties. If my life at the bank was not altogether to my liking in some respects, it was at least not so irksome as to render it utterly distasteful to me; and as it allowed me an ample margin of leisure for my favourite pursuits and studies, my grumblings at the destiny which had condemned me to an existence so uneventful and monotonous had no great amount of bitterness in them. Besides, I had lately become engaged to a very charming girl; and although the prospect of my marriage with Emmeline lay far in the future, yet the very fact of loving, and knowing I was loved in return, flung a roseate hue over the prosaic details of every-day life, and lent them a glamour they would not otherwise have possessed.

Our bank manager at that time was a certain Mr Yarrell, a strictly well-meaning and conscientious man, but somewhat too severe, pompous, and unbending in his dealings with those under him. He was one of those people who find it difficult to believe in or make allowance for human infirmities or weaknesses of any kind; as a consequence of which he was more feared by his subordinates than liked or respected,

which is not an enviable position for any man to attain to.

The oldest clerk in the bank, in point both of years and length of service, was Mr Mimms. At the age of sixty-five he still wrote a hand that could scarcely be distinguished from what is commonly called 'copperplate,' and his books were a perpetual marvel to us youngsters of a more careless generation. No one ever credited 'Old Meth'—short for Methuselah—with the possession of any extraordinary amount of ability. He was slow, mechanical, and plodding to a degree, but eminently trustworthy, and when that is said, all has been said. It was perhaps owing to this latter quality of trustworthiness that he was selected in the first instance—that is to say, some twenty or more years before I joined the service of the bank—for the performance of a certain peculiar duty, a duty which had been faithfully carried out by him week by week and year by year without break or interruption—for Old Meth never took more than three days' holiday at a time—up to the date of which I am now writing.

One of the largest customers of the bank was the Thorpdale Colliery Company, whose works were situated about sixty miles by rail from Bemerton. One of the obligations undertaken by the bank in connection with the Thorpdale Company was to send by messenger every Friday night an amount in hard cash varying from five to six hundred pounds, for the purpose of paying wages the following day; and it was as the bank's messenger for this special duty that Mr Mimms had acted for close on a quarter of a century.

The *modus operandi* of the transaction in question was as follows: Into a certain strong black-leather bag, which was never used for any other purpose, the verified amount, whatever it might be, was put, each fifty pounds of gold and each five pounds of silver being tied up in separate canvas bags; in addition to which, and as a sort of foundation for the whole, from ten to fifteen pounds-worth of copper coinage was always included. The bag was then double-locked by the bank cashier, and could only be opened by a duplicate key in possession of the cashier at the colliery. A cab was fetched, and Mr Mimms having deposited himself therein, to him entered a porter in the uniform of the bank, carrying the all-important bag. The porter's duty was at an end when he had seen Mr Mimms and his charge safely shut up in a first-class carriage, and had watched the train steam out of the station. Thenceforward, Mr Mimms journeyed alone, except for such chance passengers as might come and go by the way. On reaching the station at which he had to alight, he went at once to the nearest hotel, where a bed was always reserved for him, locked up himself and his bag for a few hours, paid the money over to the colliery cashier next morning, and was back in Bemerton shortly after mid-day on Saturday. Thus, without let or accident, had matters gone on for so many years that it almost seemed as if they might go on for ever.

But a certain morning brought the manager a medical certificate in which it was stated that Mr Mimms had been taken suddenly ill and was unable to leave his bed. We were

all sorry for poor Old Meth, whom everybody liked; but five minutes later—alas! for poor human nature—each of us was whispering to his neighbour and wondering which of us would be the lucky individual to whom would be intrusted the conveyance of the Thorpdale bag on the Friday evening next ensuing. There was scarcely a clerk in the bank who would not gladly have undertaken the duty. Office life with us passed so monotonously, that almost any change would have been welcomed as a boon. However, be that as it may, no one could possibly have been more surprised than I was when in the course of the day I was summoned into the manager's room and told that I was the person who had been fixed upon to succeed Mr Mimms *pro tem*. There had been nothing to lead me to suppose that Mr Yarrell had the slightest preference for me over any of my fellow-clerks, nor do I know to this day why several of my seniors were passed over in my favour. As, however, the honour, if such it might be deemed, was thrust upon me, I could do no less than gratefully accept it. Of course Mr Yarrell did not fail to improve the occasion after his own peculiar fashion; it was only to be expected of him; for if our manager had one weakness, it was a fondness for hearing himself enunciate a string of solemn platitudes, which he seemed to have learned by heart in early life and never to have forgotten.

When I made my first journey to Thorpdale, I quite expected that it would also be my last, and that Mr Mimms would be back at business before the following Friday; but it fell out that Old Meth, instead of getting better, grew slowly worse, so that when, about a couple of months later, we received the news of his death, it scarcely came upon us as a surprise.

Three weeks after this event, Mr Yarrell sent for me again. He had golden news for me this time. Not only was I permanently confirmed in my new position as messenger between the bank and the colliery, but I was further informed that my salary was to be augmented by fifty pounds per annum. It is needless to say I was overjoyed. My marriage with my darling Em. seemed at last within measurable distance. I wrote her a long letter that evening full of sweet nothings and lover's foolishness. Before me, I seemed to see an assured and happy future; not a cloud dimmed the horizon. It is a wise dispensation that in this world one never knows what an hour may bring forth.

The train by which Mr Mimms had always travelled, and I as his successor of course followed his example, left Bemerton at a quarter past six p.m., and reached the Thorpe Valley Station, which was about a couple of miles from the colliery, some three hours later. The railway between the two places was not on any of the great trunk lines; consequently, the service was not what is usually termed an express one; that is to say, all the trains stopped at a greater or lesser number of stations by the way. For instance, the quarter past six train, which was one of the fastest on the branch, made five stoppages between Bemerton and Thorpe Valley. It is needful to make mention of these points, in order more clearly to understand what follows.

On the particular Friday evening to which we

now come—it was in the month of November—I drove down to the station as usual, accompanied by Bingley the porter. Having found an empty first-class compartment, I proceeded to take possession of it and to set about making myself comfortable for the journey. The seat I made a point of occupying—as my predecessor had done before me, and I was usually fortunate enough to secure it—was the corner seat, with my back to the engine, on the far side of the carriage, so that whoever should get in or out would in no wise disturb me. As I happen to belong to the lean kine, the seat was roomy enough to allow of the bag being wedged into it with me, although I should have sat more comfortably without it. I always carried a railway key; and if, as frequently happened, I was the sole occupant of the compartment when the train started, we had no sooner got clear of the platform than I at once made a point of locking the door, by which proceeding I generally insured myself a solitary ride through to my destination.

The fingers of the moonfaced station clock pointed to fourteen minutes and three-quarters past six, the doors had all been slammed, Bingley was standing a little way from the carriage, ready to touch his hat to me the moment the engine whistled; I had drawn on my travelling cap, and was already fingering my railway key, when a young lady, carrying a tiny handbag and a slim umbrella, came hurrying along the platform, followed by a couple of porters, and pointing to the door of my compartment, gasped out some inarticulate words. When, a few seconds later, the engine gave its warning shriek, I was no longer alone.

I presume that a young man in a free country like England, even although he is engaged to be married, may look at a young lady—may even look at her more than once, especially if she happen to be pretty—without having any serious charge laid against him. For the young lady who had joined me so unceremoniously seemed to be very good-looking indeed, and I am afraid I must plead guilty to having glanced at her several times. I say that she 'seemed' to be good-looking; but, with the exception of her mouth and chin, which were uncovered, only the merest outline of her features was discernible through the black lace veil which was stretched tightly over her face and fastened in a knot behind. But the mouth and chin were charming, or appeared so to me, and I judged of what was hidden by what was visible. It was that distracting veil that acted as a lure to my imagination.

Was she regarding me, I wondered, with eyes as curious as those with which I regarded her? Probably not; but it was impossible to tell. As soon as the train was fairly under way, she opened her bag and drew from it a small thin volume, in the contents of which she apparently became at once absorbed; but what with the veil over her eyes and the wretched light in the carriage, I felt sure that it was next to impossible for her to read a line. Evidently she was acting a part, but whatever her object might be in doing so, was no affair of mine. Her age I judged to be about twenty. She was dressed entirely in black, but was not, I think, in mourning. She sat facing the engine, in the farthest seat from

mine on the opposite side. She might be a countess or a governess, or anything between the two, or so it seemed to me, whose knowledge of the world at that time, although I should have resented the imputation, was on a very limited scale indeed.

Enigmas have attractions for most people, but when there seems no possibility of solving them, they soon become tiresome. By the time we had left Bemerton half-a-dozen miles behind, my thoughts were beginning to wander back into their wonted channels. I fell to thinking of my darling Em. and of the sunny prospect which had so unexpectedly opened itself before us. There could not have been a more charming mode of whiling away a tedious journey.

The first station at which our train was timed to stop was Luxford, which is ten miles from Bemerton. Here a second lady entered the compartment, attracted, as it seemed to me, by seeing one of her own sex there before her; but this second lady was middle-aged and not at all nice-looking, nor ever had been, as far as I could judge. I took a dislike to her face, or rather, to the expression of it, the moment I set eyes on her. It may have been prejudice on my part, but I could not help it. Apparently she was about fifty years of age. Her hair was gray, or as much of it as could be seen, which consisted of three flat curls on either side of her forehead. Her features were prominent, aquiline in shape, but somewhat coarse in outline; she had a small brown mole on the left side of her chin about a quarter of an inch below the corner of her mouth; while the two middle teeth of her upper set were so long and protruded so conspicuously, even when she was not talking, that few people could look at her without noticing them. She gave me the impression of being well but quietly dressed; but I took no note of details. A porter had handed into the carriage after her an oblong black leather travelling case, which she proceeded to deposit on the middle seat, while she herself sat down on the seat opposite the younger lady, and, like myself, with her back to the engine.

Being strangers to each other, no one spoke. The younger lady still kept up the pretence of reading, turning over a fresh page now and again; the elder one bent a meditative gaze on the lamp in the roof of the carriage and seemed to be deep in a brown-study; for myself, I closed my eyes and went back to my castle-building.

I forgot the name of the next station at which we stopped, but it was about six miles beyond Luxford. The third station, which was eight miles farther, was Sherrington. As nearly as I could judge, we had still about two miles to run before reaching it, when my reverie was broken by an exclamation from the elder lady. 'Good gracious! I'm afraid she's going to faint,' she cried.

My eyes instinctively followed the direction of hers. The young lady's book had dropped from her fingers, and she was lying back in her seat with parted lips, gasping softly for breath. Her face was very pale; she had pushed her veil up a little farther, but it still shrouded her eyes and the upper part of her face.

'My dear, I'm afraid you feel ill,' said the elder woman, as she bent forward and laid a hand on the other's knee.

She gave a slight gesture of assent, and her lips faintly murmured 'Water.'

'What's to be done?' said the other, turning her black glittering eyes on me for the first time. 'The poor thing wants water, and there's none to be had.'

'We shall be at Sherrington in two or three minutes,' I replied, 'where a glass of water can no doubt be obtained.'

'Ah, yes, to be sure; there's a refreshment room there, if I remember rightly. Meanwhile, perhaps it would revive her a little if I were to open this window.'

I hastened to take the little duty in question on myself.

'Do you feel any better, dear?' asked the elder woman as she bent forward again.

There was a feeble shake of the head, and again her lips murmured 'Water.' Certainly she looked very ill.

'All she asks for is water,' said the other to me. 'What a pity it is I left my smelling-salts at home.'

The train was slackening speed by this time, and a few moments later we drew up at the platform. At that hour there were but few people about.

Even before the train came to a stand, the elder woman turned to me: 'O sir, pray make all the haste you can and get the poor child a glass of water.'

Under such circumstances, how was it possible for me to hesitate, although my instructions were most peremptory that I should on no account quit the carriage without taking my bag with me? The refreshment room was only about thirty yards down the platform; I should not be away more than a minute and a half; and with the two ladies in the carriage, and the door on the opposite side locked, as I knew it to be, what possible harm could happen? There was not a moment to spare. Hastily throwing my rug over the bag, so as to hide it, I was out of the carriage the instant the train stopped; and after shutting the door behind me, I sped down the platform as fast as my legs could carry me. I found several people in the refreshment room before me; and about half a minute, certainly not more, elapsed before I could obtain what I wanted. Then I hurried back as quickly as possible. The younger lady still lay back in her seat, looking very wan and faint, and that provoking veil still hid her eyes and forehead. The elder lady had taken off her gloves, and was in the act of chafing one of her companion's hands. As she took the glass of water from me through the open window, I could not help noticing, as a rather singular personal peculiarity, that the little finger of her right hand was abnormally short in comparison with the length of her other fingers, and that the tip of it only reached half-way between the second and third joints of her third finger: it was one of those trifles to which, under other circumstances, I should never have given a second thought.

The girl drank the water eagerly and murmured her thanks. I gave the glass to a passing porter, and had just time to resume my seat before the train sped on its way. I spread my rug over my knees again and glanced at my bag: nothing had been disturbed.

In the course of a few minutes the young lady seemed very much better. She gave utterance to a few words of apology and thanks in a low voice, addressed partly to the elder woman and partly to me.

'Are you going much farther by train?' asked the other.

'Only as far as Birkwood—the next station.'

'Why, that's my station too,' was the answer.

Then a little conversation passed between the two in a lower tone, to which I paid no heed; and a few minutes later, Birkwood was reached. I hastened to open the door for them, and both ladies alighted. Then I handed the elder one her travelling case; she thanked me with a smile which brought her two long incisors into more objectionable prominence than ever; and then she beckoned to a porter. The young lady said: 'Good-night, sir; and thank you so very much for your kindness.'

Still, it was provoking that she did not lift her veil and allow me to see the colour of her eyes. No sooner was the train under way again, than I proceeded to lock the carriage door; no ladies, young or elderly, pretty or plain-looking, should share the remainder of my journey.

PENNY GAFFS.

LONDON! One Saturday night I was strolling aimlessly along one of the principal market thoroughfares in the neighbourhood of Hoxton, when my attention was drawn to a crowd of people outside a shop, the window of which, instead of being filled, as usual, with goods suited to the requirements of the locality, was occupied by a large canvas, painted all over in glaring colours with marvellous figures of performing dogs, fat women, skeletons, giants, red Indians, and a number of odd-looking animals, to classify which under their correct genus would have puzzled the most eminent living naturalist. In front of the shop, a piano-organ, evidently ordered to stop there for the occasion, poured forth such cheering lays as, *Wait till the Clouds roll by, Jeannie, and Mother, I've come Home to die*; varied by a lively jig or breakdown, which was the signal for a number of children in the roadway to perform singular gymnastic feats, which passed muster for dancing. A fat man with a red face and a very hoarse voice stood guard at the entrance to the shop—the inside of which was concealed from the eager gaze of those without by a dirty curtain of green baize stretched across the doorway—and endeavoured to induce the crowd to pay their pennies and 'walk in.' His harangue, frequently repeated, was something like this: 'Just a-goin' to begin, Signor Barberino's great travelling show—admission one penny—where can be seen the wonderful fat woman of California, and that hextrahordinary freak o' nature the armless child, which can write with its feet, and never knows the loss of its harms, 'cos it never had none, and also 'cos nater 'as perwided it with legs what does twice as well.—Now then, there—stand aside, and let

the lady pass.' (This to a group of small boys who had got as near to the doorway as possible.) 'Thank you, marm.—Just a-goin' to begin, as exhibited before all the crowned 'eads of Europe and all the ryal family, and specially engaged to appear at the Himperial theatre of Peking, in Chiney.—No dogs admitted, sir; and children must be paid for.—Signor Barberino's,' &c.

The impression left on most of the crowd seemed to be that if they missed that show, it would be a matter of regret to them for the rest of their natural life, for they pressed eagerly forward and paid their pennies. In about seven minutes the shop was crammed with a miscellaneous crowd of men, women—with some of their purchases for the Sunday dinner bulging out of baskets too small to contain them—and boys and girls of that intermediate age between childhood and youth; little children in the charge of bigger children; and one or two of a better class of young men, who seemed to have dropped in merely for the fun of the thing.

I entered with a number of others, and obtained a place as near as I could to another hanging of green baize at the further end of the shop, for I imagined that behind this must be concealed some of the wonders so graphically painted on the canvas outside. The place having become full, this green baize was drawn aside, and a young man with a very East-end look handed out a short, fat, ugly, greasy-looking woman of about four feet in height, but weighing, I should think, about eighteen stone. She was dressed in a showy, tawdry material, covered with elaborate trimmings equally tawdry, bare about the back and arms, and certainly no pains had been taken to conceal her ample frontal charms. She was a mass of huge flabby fat; and had evidently been got into her present condition by methods which the faculty would no doubt condemn as harmful, though possibly it *might* be constitutional. But she seemed pleased with the amount of attention she received. When the East-end young man had finished a minute account of her height, weight, age, measurement round the shoulders, arms, &c., members of the crowd were requested to 'shake 'ands with the fat lady;' and an intimation was given that should any of the audience, in the performance of this act of friendly greeting, pass any coin of the realm from their own into the lady's palm, why—well, the fat lady would not be offended.

This part of the ceremony having been got through, displaying on the part of the crowd an eager desire to get near enough to have the honour of touching the lady's hand, she was handed back again behind the baize screen; and another woman, the antipodes of the first one, made her appearance. She was about five feet eight inches in height, dressed in dirty white muslin, covered all over with pale blue and pink bows, and which barely reached her knees, displaying limbs of an unnatural thinness. Her

of freedom men would lose their instincts of humanity, and would become as wild beasts; that rapine and vice would prevail where virtue and goodness had been; that women and children would be sacrificed to ambition and to fear; that the land would lie under the curse of misrule. My father could not foresee this, or I should never have left the comfortable home in the midlands and have faced the dangers that soon awaited me in Paris. When I arrived in that great capital, it was hard to believe that beneath that gaiety and brightness lay hidden a great stratum of discontent and poverty and crime. It was yet harder to believe, as one heard the frenzied cries of welcome that greeted king and queen, that the cries were a mockery, that the voices were but empty sounds. That was the year 1788, and the Bastille had not yet fallen; Pitt himself scarce gave heed to the rumours; why, then, should I, a student, foresee, beneath this wealth of loyalism, a rising power that would crush and kill both the lauders and the lauded?

'So I began my studies at the university. Making few friends, retiring to my lonely rooms at night with my books, I had little opportunity for noting the changes that spread so rapidly over the political and even the private life of the country. Yet the first comings of the approaching storm did not entirely escape me. One day, a student, who had frequently made overtures of friendship, chanced to talk with me in the library of the university. I was handling some old folios of the Fathers and noting the opinions of the great French theological thinkers, when, pulling me by the arm, he said: "My friend, why waste your time? Do you not know that Frenchmen no longer believe in such books as these?" I stared at the speaker, and the volume fell from my hand as he poured his insidious words into my ears. Then, for very shame, I quitted the building and retired to my own rooms. I pictured to myself the old home with the village church, where purity and belief went hand in hand, and I shuddered lest a rumour of that which I had heard should ever enter that quiet community. But, thank God, my own life was never tainted with their words; my ears refused to receive their mockery and their blasphemy.

'The student who had so advised me came to my rooms one evening with an invitation to his club to hear a great speaker. Though I was no friend of the boy, my curiosity led me to accompany him, that I might assure myself that the pretended agitation was but the work of a few fanatics. I entered the hall. It was crowded with some hundreds of students and workers and rascals, the last apparently drawn from the worst slums of Paris. A man upon the platform, with fervid oration, advised the extermination of king and nobles. His words were at times drowned by the storm of applause they occasioned. I learned afterwards that the man who spoke was Jean Paul Marat, and that there were many such clubs as the one I had that night attended. The fanatics then were many; in a short time we were able to say that they were a majority in the city.

'From that date the tide of revolution flowed fast. In the succeeding year, the Bastille fell, and France, nay, Europe, rejoiced as, from that relic of despotism and darkness, the prisoners

were restored to the light of day. I was before the gates as the mob of women and of men perpetrated that wonderful and surprising deed, and never did I witness a multitude that displayed such a vivid resolution and such united action. But a glance at the mass of upturned and repulsive faces showed the danger of trifling with people who regarded no sacrifice of human life too great for the accomplishment of their purpose.

'It was shortly after such an event that, walking with a fellow-student near the palace of Versailles, a carriage passed us on the road to Paris. The vehicle was occupied by an aged man and a girl, who must have been but twenty years old. It was in the spring-time, and the woods were white with blossoms, and the cottages filled with the scent of the May flowers; and as the carriage came slowly along the hard road from a chateau that stood upon a neighbouring hill, I felt that one occupant of it at least was worthy of the glorious picture that nature unfolded around us.—Ah, Marie! how can I find words to speak of you! Grandson, it is enough to say that since that hour, her face has been before me day and night, sleeping and waking, in prosperity or misfortune. Everywhere I look, I see those eyes of hers speaking to me, those hands lifted in pleading, her lips moving as she bids me to her side, and I cannot stir!

The voice of the old man sank low, the veins on his forehead swelled, he stretched out his arms, then for a moment or two he was silent, and his heavy breathing and stifled sobs alone were heard in the room. After a time, becoming somewhat more calm, he continued.

'My companion, in answer to my questions, told me that the old man was the Baron Jendavi, and that the girl was Marie, his daughter. I followed the carriage with my eyes until a cloud of dust alone marked its progress along the road; then, with little ceremony to my friend, I turned back and walked straight to Paris.

'It was only when I was alone in my rooms that I asked myself what prompted this strange action. I had seen but for a few moments a face by the roadside, yet I believed that not one atom of the beauty of it had escaped me. In that short walk I had created to myself an ideal in a world of fancy, which ere this my imagination had never penetrated. Before, I was the scholar; life was for me in the mass of volumes that lined the walls of my rooms and of the libraries, amongst the thoughts and the researches of those who had left to their fellow-men an imperishable record of the labour for the good and the elevation of mankind. If I had looked into the future, it was with the hope that I should then find myself striving to follow the example of these great men, perhaps winning some of the rewards that fall to the successful in a career of letters. But such matters as home-life or wife or children had never caused me a moment's thought. The change in me, then, was sudden and startling. As the scene that delights us one moment is forgotten in the beauty of the one that replaces it, so did my ambition fall as the face of Marie rose up before me. A new realm of ideas was opened, but the new would not blend with the old, for the one was absorbed in the other.

'When common-sense had in a measure returned to me, I began to remember that my hopes and dreams rested but on a name—"Marie Jendavi, the daughter of the Baron Jendavi, of an unknown chateau on the road to Versailles." We were seemingly separated by as great a gulf as divides the Old World from the New. Whom did I know in Paris, then, that I could go to and say: "I have a fancy to be introduced to the daughter of the Baron Jendavi—will you do that service for me?" Such a reflection disturbed me more than in those days I would have been willing to have confessed. Agitated with fear and hope, I paced the narrow room where I lodged, until I sank upon my bed from weariness. Who would unlock the gate that shut me from the presence of the woman I would have staked so much to have seen?

'In such a mood, I chanced to remember my letters of introduction. In my negligence and desire for solitude, I had made use of the one to the head of the university alone. The others—and they were many—lay as I had brought them from England. With some anxiety lest they should be missing, I opened my valise, and after a short search, found them intact. There was one to Monsieur Bailly, the talented and at that time popular Mayor of Paris; and another to Madame de Staël; also to Lafayette, at that time the captain of the National Guard. The others were to citizens of less position, and I did not attach much importance to the possession of them for the purpose I had in view.

'I presented my letters at the earliest opportunity, was cordially received, and, by the instrumentality of Lafayette, introduced into the family of the Baron Jendavi. I say family; but I should add that the baron and his daughter alone were numbered in it, he having lost his wife some ten years before I met him. He was a thorough representative of the French school of nobles, as then existing: courteous to a degree, dressed with extreme care, yet without great display; of a reserved manner, and apparently devoid of affection or of sympathetic feeling. He received me for some time in his library, where he had collected many valuable treasures of literature and of art; and as he was very anxious to learn something about the men and manners of that productive set of scholars and writers who had lately adorned the clubs of London, I managed in a measure to interest him. But it was wearying work for me sitting there with that grave old man, dressed in his solemn black, the diamond buckles upon his shoes alone relieving the dullness of his attire, and knowing that Marie, so full of life and picturesqueness and colour, was scampering across the great park with the dogs, or kneeling at her devotions in the chapel—a very type of girlhood and purity and love. Yet those hours of heavy explanations of the peculiarities of Johnson, the foibles of Boswell, the failings of Goldsmith, were alike forgotten when at dinner I faced her, and could for some minutes be entranced with the soft beauty of her face, with the sweet gentleness of her words.

'Ah, you ask, "Why has my life been a mystery?" The key to this mystery is buried in those days, when no world seemed so fair as France, no woman so beautiful as Marie. I

loved her as I believe no man ever better loved a woman; and she, too, returned my affection—not with a careless word, not with a half-promise made but to be broken, but with the whole outpouring of her affectionate nature, with a love that was strong—because it was a love!

'It was but in scattered moments that I could speak to her, yet we found them all-sufficient to build for ourselves a future with every stone a wealth of happiness. But at the very foundation of our hopes we met rebuff. One night, as we returned from the little chapel, she confessed her fears to me. Her father, blind to everything around him but his own interests, had, after the fashion of his countrymen, entered into negotiations for the barter of his daughter with an old and affluent member of one of the noble houses of France. I said nothing, but leaving her, went home to think. As I passed through the village, the peasants, many of them half-naked, all of them wanting bread, were gathered around a speaker who in fiery terms exhorted them to break the chains of despotism that bound them and to establish the new order. They banned me as I passed through their midst, for I was from the chateau. In the words addressed to Louis the king, "it was no longer a revolt in France, it was a revolution." That night, when I arrived at my lonely rooms and lay down to rest, Louis XVI. had left Paris and was on the road to St Menchould. When he was brought back, and the citizens received him in silence, I foresaw that a crisis was rapidly approaching, and determined to make at least one effort to secure the hand of the woman I loved. I would go boldly to her father and state my wishes. He received me with his usual courtesy, treated my request with the most business-like air, refused me with a smile, regretted that other arrangements had been made.

'What could I do? Pleading with such a man would not have recompensed the loss of dignity entailed. I was dumb before him; but my brain reeled under the blow; and as I left the chateau and the great gates closed behind me, it seemed that my life had been left in that mass of stone and brick that stood over the village. Along the roadside, the ragged peasants gathered the harvest. I envied them their lot; they had their wives, perhaps the women they loved. The gay clothing of the fields, laden with the golden grain, irritated me. Why was all so fair, and I so sorrowful, so devoid of hope, by which alone man lives? Ah! the dream is ended, yet I would live my life again for a repetition of those hours.

'I returned to the city, now dark and overcast, as whispers of the terrible reality forced themselves from the slums and the low faubourgs into the great palace and the houses of the rich. Many fled; many hid themselves in fear; none knew when the reaping would come in all its hideous intensity. I rarely left my rooms, yet I hated their loneliness. I could not stir in the streets; the surface gaiety, never stilled during that period of bloodshed and vice, galled me to despair as my heart went out to the chateau, or rather to the fair woman within its walls. I would have studied—her face was on every page, her eyes looked into mine from every painting! Hope having gone, despair was followed by a deadly hatred of the man who had thus broken

both our lives. In my rage I heaped obloquy upon his aged head. I have been punished; may my punishment atone!

"I waited my opportunity of revenge for nearly a year. It came. Visiting again the Jacobin Club, where, nearly two years before, I had heard Jean Paul Marat denounce the monarchy, I listened to violent and unrestrained demands for the immediate sacrifice of the leading nobility who had had the courage to remain in their native country. The scene was one I shall never forget: the clamour of the ruffian crew—their faces rendered more repulsive as the flickering oil-lamps shed their yellow rays upon them—resounded through the vaulted chamber like the roar of distant thunder. Had you pierced into the hearts of such men, you would have found no trace of affection, of good, of right knowledge, of any instinct of humanity. They were like so many wolves howling for their prey, and the sight of them would have chilled the bravest heart! I watched the proceedings from a bench in the rear of the room. At length silence was somewhat restored, and a terrible process known as the "naming" commenced. The President rose in his seat and addressed the turbulent crowd. "It was the intention," he said, "of the Club to hasten the cause of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity by removing those who so prominently stood in the way of its advancement. Ah, *mes enfants*," he went on, "how great a lesson have we taught our oppressors in the past few years! The flag of Progress is unfurled; the fire of those who would enslave us is enkindled; we shall soon sift the ashes and sweep them away; but we must be unceasing in our work; our courage must be unfailing, our self-denial unbounding. If it is necessary for the safety of our country, wives and daughters, fathers and mothers must be handed to the care of unswerving Justice. They must die!"

"The President finished, and produced a sheet of paper. A man rose amongst his hearers and denounced "Bailly," the scholarly and courteous Mayor. Another rose, another death-warrant was signed, ay, as surely as if the victim then stood upon the scaffold. I shuddered as I saw the list growing, growing, and I knew that those whose names were written there, though at the moment surrounded perhaps by wife and children, would in forty-eight hours be numbered with the dead.

"Contrast the picture, grandson: a low, vaulted, stifling room, three hundred men like fiends asking for the life's-blood of many of those they had erstwhile applauded, cheered, honoured. Away, perhaps not half a mile, a home where the husband built, with his wife, loving plans for the little ones asleep above. Children kissing their father as he returned from his labour, men kneeling at the feet of the women they hoped to spend their lives with, everywhere affection, home-life, brightness, godliness. And these men were to die ere the sun had twice set!

"But to resume. As man after man rose to denounce his victim, it happened that the namers approached myself, so much so that the very member at my side began to speak. What evil spirit spoke to me then, I know not; only this, that a great wave of irrepressible anger rushed across my mind, destroying every impulse of

good, and left me for the moment as one of the wretches that sat by me. When my neighbour had finished speaking, I stood and in a loud voice denounced Monsieur le Baron Jendavi.

"Who speaks?" said the President.

"À bas!" shouted the crowd—"a stranger."

"I am a stranger, citizens," I replied; "but I speak in the name of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

"Grandson, I lied—lied in my heart, with my tongue. I spoke rather in the name of pride, of anger, of a thirst for revenge. In that hour I destroyed my happiness for ever.

"As I heard the cries of applause, saw the name of the baron inscribed upon the sheet, the room swam before my eyes. Tottering, half-swooning, I reached the street; but the words I had spoken yet rang in my ears; the very sky seemed red with the blood of the coming sacrifice. As I paced my own chamber, a deadly spirit of exultation crept over me; the whispers of remorse I silenced, as I murmured: "Marie is mine—mine for ever." But as her face rose before me in my self-created vision, it seemed that a great gulf lay between us: on her side, the crystal streams, and the green swards, and the golden valleys, where, in unending bliss, the good had gained their reward; whilst on mine, the bleak chasms where the cries of the wrong-doers echoed from rock to rock, and where a spirit of evil descended upon all. I crushed the vision, and all the next day lay upon my bed awaiting the coming morn. The night seemed endless; I was afraid in the darkness. The low roar from the city ceased; Paris was sleeping. At every sound I started, and from a fitful doze awoke, and trembled as the white light from the moon fell upon my bed and cast heavy shadows upon the panelled walls. I could sleep no more, but watched the day breaking over the spires and domes. Cold and gray, the light struck the roofs; a workman passed on his way to his daily labour, a few carts rumbled on the pavement; the sun rose, a golden orb in a setting of mist. It was day.

"I opened my door and breathed the fresh morning air; but I walked as one that is guilty, and felt ashamed as I stood in this great purity of nature. By-and-by the streets filled; the citizens laughing, and wishing "good-day," were mostly walking to one spot. An irresistible impulse drew me thither. It was to the Champ-de-Mars, where the guillotine stood. I can see it all again, ay, so vividly, for the scene has never left me day or night. It is my retribution. A great crowd had assembled there—a sea of faces, diabolical, fierce, making merry with death. From their midst, on a platform, rose a tall, dark object, that chilled me as I saw it—it was the guillotine.

"Then, and not till then, did I realise my crime, and with returning reason, I would willingly have given my life to have saved the man I had destroyed. But it was too late. Already from the distance the roar of the crowd was borne on the wind. Those around, as the shouts of "à bas les aristocrates!" became more distinct, elbowed me to the front. There, surrounded by groaning and shouting men, whose horrid cries of execration rang in my ears, I could see, yet some way off, the wagon

that bore the victims to their doom. As it drew nearer, so did the fury of the mob increase; had they been able, they would have torn the condemned limb from limb. In an agony of fear, I turned my head away, for remorse, terrible overwhelming remorse, came upon me, as the horrible deed of revenge was about to be acted. But that strange fascination again prevailed, and I was compelled to take one look at the death-cart. It was full of men and women. Men, the lights of intellectual strength and culture, now rewarded for their labours by the curses of those for whom they had laboured; women, the fairest and most innocent in France, who clung, trembling and weeping, to brothers, or fathers, or lovers, so powerless to help them. A spell held my eyes.

'I looked for the baron. He stood with his back to me, his head bowed down, buried in his hands; but clinging to his arm was a girl, with her hair streaming over her shoulders, her hands upon the neck of the man at her side. For the moment I could not realise her presence; the cart passed close at my side; she turned, and her eyes met mine.—Then she stretched out those arms to me; those lips moved as if in pleading. It was the tender, loving, face of Marie that looked on me, her great eyes that spoke, her arms that invited me! May heaven forgive me—I had sacrificed the daughter with the father! She was to die. Realising the terrible crime, with an awful cry I tried to force my way through the crowd, to join her in life or death; but the soldiers beat me back, the mob pressed upon me, the cart had stopped. The people and buildings around grew faint and confused before my eyes, yet, as the deadly faintness came over me, I saw that face of anguish still looking for me. Grandson, she believed that I could save her; she knows now that I had brought her to her doom. I had killed Marie, my love!'

The old man ceased speaking; he half rose from his chair, and the fire showed that he was deadly pale. His mind was again enacting that terrible scene. At length he stretched out his arms, moaning 'Marie, Marie!' and fell back into his seat. His life's tale was told—my grandfather was dead.

QUEER TAXES.

MANY strange methods of taxation have been adopted in this country. A review of some of these is interesting. The first tax ever imposed was the one levied by Julius Cæsar. When this brave warrior had subdued the warlike races of Southern Britain, he ordered the chiefs of the various clans to send annually to Rome a given number of men and wild animals—the former, he said, would be retained as hostages; and the latter would be used for the great fights in the Colosseum. But very often the men and the wild animals were put on an equal footing, and forced to fight with each other in sight of the bloodthirsty and applauding Romans.

When the military prowess of Rome disappeared, there arose in its place an ecclesiastical ascendancy. Britain was again in subjection—

not to a Cæsar, but to an infallible pope. Now, the pope was interested in the welfare of the British Isles, and to put that interest into a concrete form, he established a university at Rome expressly for English students. The pope, however, did not maintain this college at his own expense, but looked to England for support. A tax was accordingly imposed, the name it went under being that of 'Peter's Pence.' The imposition of taxes by the pope gradually extended, and in a few centuries the country was but the exchequer of the Roman pontificate.

As history advances by time, so the kinds of taxes also change. When the English, in the reign of Edgar the Peaceable, conquered Wales, they levied a tax on the Welsh. It was a very unique one. Instead of a money tribute, the conquered people had annually to hand over to the English king three hundred wolves' heads; a plan which in four years cleared their forests of these wild animals, and thus more safety was secured both for man and domestic animals. About this time, also, Britain was sorely beset with foreign foes, who for the most part came from Norway. To protect their shores, the British required a fleet, and to provide for this fleet, a tax was imposed on all the counties bordering on the sea. At times, however, the enemy were so numerous that the islanders resorted to the cowardly method of buying off the invaders. The whole country had a share in raising this money. The amount levied was twelve pence upon each 'hide' of land from all classes except the clergy; but this foolish policy had no other effect than to bring the pirates in larger swarms on the English shores. All the taxes hitherto mentioned were not strictly imposed on England as a whole, but rather on certain special districts; this tax, however, applied to the whole of England—all had to pay it—so that historians are justified in calling it 'the first direct and annual tax imposed on the English nation.'

About the fourteenth century, another tax was imposed; this was the poll-tax. It consisted in the payment of one shilling annually by every one above the age of fifteen. No distinction was made; rich and poor were amenable to the same amount. Great discontentment followed its imposition, and the discontentment spread into open rebellion. Nothing in these bygone days seemed to escape taxation; thus, we find at one time wool was heavily taxed. The cause of all these demands for money arose from the ambitious desires of the English kings. They longed to rule not only England, but France and other continental nations as well. Taxation in kind was also common. An English king or general passing through any part of England with his army could provide for his soldiers and horses simply by demanding supplies from the people who happened to be in the line of his march; and for these provisions, no money was given in return. Labour was also taxed in kind; labourers and tradesmen had often to give their services gratis to the king, and sometimes even to the nobles. It was in this way that many of the great palaces in this country were built. Windsor Castle may be cited as an example.

But of all the taxes ever imposed on a people, the 'birth-tax' was the most odious. It lasted

thirteen years, dating from 1695. Every person not in receipt of alms was required to pay two shillings for every 'little stranger' that came into existence. The tax was a great burden to the lower orders; but the nobility and gentry were subjected to still heavier payments than their poorer neighbours. Thirty pounds had to be paid on the birth of the child of a duke. This sum gradually diminished according to a certain fixed scale, until it reached ten shillings, the amount levied on real estate of fifty pounds, or personal estate of six hundred pounds and upwards. Reasonable excuse can be given in most cases why it is that certain things are taxed; but where the imposers of the 'birth-tax' can find an excuse seems to our modern minds impossible.

Contemporaneously with this 'birth-tax' there existed another, called 'the bachelor's tax.' It was not a very heavy imposition, and was probably intended to be as much a reminder of their duty as a means of 'raising the wind,' which William III. so often stood in need of. As soon as a man reached the age of twenty-five, he was liable to the tax, which was one shilling yearly till he took to himself a spouse. But it did not stop with bachelors; and here we think it was unjust, for it taxed widowers without children. Besides the shilling, every person had to pay an amount according to his rank for the luxury (or otherwise) of single-blessedness; thus, a duke or an archbishop was amerced in the yearly sum of twelve pounds ten shillings; an esquire, two pounds five shillings; a gentleman, five shillings. Social distinctions were nicely drawn then. Nowadays, probably there are not a few who would not mind being assessed at five shillings, or even a much larger sum, if it would give them the enviable distinction of gentlemen.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the English parliament passed an Act of Uniformity, ordering all those who should refuse to be Episcopalians, or should absent themselves from church on Sundays, to pay a tax of one shilling per year. In those days, religious toleration was at a very low ebb.

There is nothing British people pride themselves so much in as their desire for sanitary arrangements best suited for the health of the general community. Air, light, and cleanliness is the triad of the reformers. 'Introduce these,' say they, 'and many difficulties regarding health will be simplified.' But what would such ardent reformers say if a proposition were to arise advising the taxation of window-glass? The idea would be spurned; yet there was a time when glass was taxed, so that light, free to all, did not penetrate the Briton's house without being paid for. The tax was a graded one, according to the number of windows.

In the reign of George III. the national debt of England grew to an enormous sum. The almost personal fight between Pitt and Napoleon brought about this; and it may be guessed to what straits the government of the day was reduced when they were forced to tax funerals. A man, although he had toiled all his life and had paid his taxes regularly, was not exempted from them even after death. To him it was of no consequence; but to relatives it was a serious

matter, and very often was the source of quarrelling even at such a solemn time as death. The tax on funerals was hated by every one, and a poet of that day wrote an epigram on the matter. It was as follows:

Taxed to the bone, thy loving subjects see;
But still supposed when dead from taxes free;
Now to complete, great George, thy glorious reign,
Excised to death, we're then excised again.

Such are some of the curious methods that have been adopted for raising revenue. Looking at these methods, there is one which for its worth outstrips all the others—the one is that of Edgar the Peaceable. He was a king inexperienced in the government of nations, and yet his action shows that he could understand how a people ought to be ruled; for his taxes blessed those who gave; and even in the manner of giving, the givers had some credit, for their tax could only be paid with the fruits of bravery and self-denial.

HIS ONLY FRIEND.

He crouched upon the pauper mound
Where his loved master's bones were laid;
In dumb despair he gazed around—
One shaggy paw half-fearful laid
Upon the earth so cold, so gray,
Where his one friend, his master, lay.

He whined and howled, his grief to tell;
His face was piteous to behold;
And lo! the rain in torrents fell,
While long and loud the thunder rolled.
He did not mind the angry storm
That beat upon his trembling form.

Who slept below? A worthless scamp,
An idle outcast, people said.
A wulf—a stray—a ragged tramp,
Who gladly shared his crust of bread
With the fond brute, his only friend,
Who lived to guard him, and defend.

They had been comrades in distress;
Misfortune marked them both its own;
And, now he missed that rude caress,
How cold, how dark, the world had grown.
He drooped his head, his eyes grew dim;
Life held no ray of light for him.

He sought one pitying glance in vain,
For dainty ladies shrank away,
Held back their skirts in cold disdain;
Rough urchins kicked him as he lay.
They heeded not his grief, for he
Was but a cur of low degree!

'Let's drown the brute!' the urchins cried.
One last despairing howl he gave,
Rolled over on his weary side,
And died upon the lowly grave,
Unpraised, unwept, as if to prove
How well a faithful brute can love!

FANNY FORRESTER.

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THE CHILDREN'S POET.

MOST of us have wondered, when we read,

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,

who were the children, and whether they came, and what were the real relations of the poet Longfellow with child-world, when he was able to put into words so perfectly the feeling of other hearts. His brother, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, in the *Life* lately published, gives portions of a journal and letters, from which we may glean glimpses of the household laureate in a new and winning character. In his spacious old mansion, Craigie House, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, there were two sons and four daughters born to him. 'Little Fanny,' who died as an infant, was the 'one dead lamb' of the flock. When the first baby-boy came, the poem *To a Child* was composed, partly while walking in his luxuriant garden. He was Professor of Modern Languages in the American Cambridge, and poet and student as well; and a nervous affection of the eyes made rest and air necessary. Sometimes his wife read for him under the linden tree, while he stretched upon the hay, and 'C., red as a clover blossom, ran to and fro and into all possible mischief.' At other times, he spent whole afternoons and mornings playing in the garden with the 'monarch absolute,' wheeling him in the hand-barrow, or telling him stories which would not do out of any book, but should be improvised on the spot.

But was Master C. the monarch absolute? He cries 'Yide! yide!' for half an hour before the horses are out, for a drive to town; but in the carriage with him there is another boy, smaller, nodding to sleep, 'with his cape, and straw hat shaped like the helmet of Mambrino.' The diary was brief; but there was space for minute descriptions of these two, despite Dante and the college, despite poetry and the world. They drove over the snow—'C. with the reddest of cheeks and leggings, and E. with his new white plush cocked-up hat.' E. went for his

first walk in the street, and the cocked-up hat with plumes was out again, and how splendid he looked!—white, red, and blue, with blue coat and red gaiters. But as yet, the elder was the more companionable. It was he that burst jubilant out of the study in the lamplight, when his father came in from the winter afternoon walks and the inevitable pause on the bridge—that famous bridge with the long black rafters. It was he that paid a visit to the college library, and was regaled with Audubon's big *Book of Birds*. It was he, again, that was taken to the circus, and refused to be amused by clowns or horses, but, instead, was vastly amused with a black kitten sitting on a post when they came out; whence his father drew the moral, that children enjoy slight things best, because they understand them.

When the author of *Evangeline* went into town to arrange for its publication, his account of the day included the purchase of a railway-train of painted tin. Another day he buys hoops, and he always writes down the 'infinite delight' or the 'great delight' his presents gave. But when the boys grew bigger, and, in a misguided moment, he purchased two velocipedes on a Saturday, he hears prodigious noise all Sunday in the hall, and shrewdly notes in his journal that Saturday is the wrong day for buying playthings.

If a child of his was ill, he himself was sick at heart and could do nothing. It was a day of agony when his infant daughter was dying and when the physicians despaired; but he would not give up hope. Then he heard the clocks ticking loud in the desolate rooms, all labouring on to the fatal hour; and his own child's death is described in the *Golden Legend*:

She left off breathing, and no more.
I smoothed the pillow beneath her head.
She was more beautiful than before.
Like violets faded were her eyes;
By this we knew that she was dead.

In the darkened library he sat beside her, watching the white face and the white flowers in her little hands; in the deep silence, the bird

sang from the hall—a sad strain, a melancholy requiem, that touched his grief somehow with comfort. Afterwards, in the night, the youngest boy, three years old, half waking from a dream, said out loud: 'Little sister has got well!' The loss was a bleeding wound, a sleepless pain, long after he had gone back with a heavy heart to his college work. 'An inappeasable longing to see her comes over me at times, which I can hardly control,' he wrote; and this was the prose of the poem called *Resignation* and of its lines towards the end:

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed.

His boys are seen in glimpses still, through the journal. One day he 'worked hard' at their snow-house; another day he cast lead flat-irons for them, while one talked volubly, and the other showed his glee by joyous eyes and silent tongue. His lectures, the day before had been upon Schiller's *Song of the Bell*, and their interest in the casting of a mighty bell could not have been greater. 'Why not write for them a *Song of the Lead Flat-iron*?' One August day he took them—very small boys still—to the old house under the Washington elm, 'and left them sitting in their little chairs among the other children. God bless the little fellows!' Afterwards, his favourite after-breakfast walk was the walk to school. Three little girls came to his house and his heart as time went on, and completed the circle.

Their home was the old house with its grassy terraces and lilac hedges. There was a white wainscoted hall, with the drawing-room at one side, and the study at the other, with its ever open door; the nursery was over it and the patter of little feet. Between the front garden and the river Charles lay his own meadow, with 'a whole California of buttercups;' and in mowing-time, haycocks, beyond which one saw the brown sails of boats. In the rear, the garden was beautiful in early summer with apple and cherry bloom, 'and the fiery blossom of the peach,' the fragrance scenting the piazza along by the windows, and blowing into the upper rooms, where the huge old fireplaces glistened with quaint Dutch tiles.

Every summer, the family went to Nahant, a favourite seaside resort, with ocean breeze and burning sun; his brother-in-law invented for it the name of 'Cold Roast Boston.' If he longed to renew his Rhineland travels, the idea dissolved like a mirage. 'The trouble there is in getting my babies to Nahant in summer, with all the go-carts and nurses, warns me of the perils of any long journey, and admonishes me to "let well alone."' At Nahant, there were promontories covered with wild-roses, a wide strand where the sea-gulls skimmed and the red kine wandered home while the bells sounded from Lynn; and there were also nurses of surpassing ugliness to dip the children. Who does not remember childhood's horror of the blue bathing-woman, on reading his note: 'They wallow about like unhandsome mermaids or women of the walrus family.'

Home again; and winter brought Christmas, kept in the good old style. Mr Ferguson, in *America during and after the War*, has given a

guest's description of Christmas at Craigie House: 'The yule-log sparkled on the hearth; the plum-pudding smoked upon the board; with his prettiest offerings did the good saint fill the stockings of the little girls by night; and all day long did the presents come pouring in to the children of a much-loved household, till the drawing-room table on the following morning looked like the stall of a fancy fair. Even the passing guest came in for some tokens, not needed to remind him of that day. And he left the house wherein the presence of the master is a perpetual sunshine—where never a peremptory word is spoken, and yet there is a perfect loving obedience—with the feeling that it was good for a man to have been there.'

The master and father's birthday was a home-feast too. Years before this Christmas description, when he told one of his children that he was forty-five, he was asked in return, was not that nearly a century old? On their birthdays, his little ones had parties—a multitude of children racing along the piazza, romping in the hay, besieging a fort in the old apple-tree, scrambling for sugar-plums, and winding up with supper and a simple merry dance in the drawing-room. He often went to small-folks' parties, and observed how lovely and graceful were the little girls, and how awkward a thing is a boy at the green-gosling age. 'Children are pleasant to see playing together,' he wrote in his diary; 'it is still pleasant to have one alone; then you are a confidant or father-confessor.' This sympathy inspired poems that have given a voice to the inner secrets, the airy thoughts, and the mysterious joy, of love for young life in ten thousand homes.

One day when he was in a melancholy mood, he heard the children rejoicing in the room over his study; and he wrote the poem, *Come to me, O ye Children*, for with the sound of their gladness his sad thoughts had vanished. They were to him the light of morning and the warmth of the sun, the music of summer, the singing of birds.

Ah! what would the world be to us.

If the children were no more?

We should dread the desert behind us

Worse than the dark before.

For what are all our contrivings,

And the wisdom of our books,

When compared with your caresses

And the gladness of your looks?

These last four lines sum up a universal feeling; and the whole poem upon that theme of the widest sympathy, was perhaps the most true and sympathetic ever written. To the sanctuary of home, Longfellow entered for ever; he had sung to the pulse of the whole world's heart.

And how did the children come? Elsewhere, he tells us in *The Children's Hour*. They came between the daylight and the dark, rushed in by three open doors at once from the lamp-lit stairway and the hall, climbed his armchair, and devoured him with kisses, till he thought of the legendary Bishop of Bingen in his Rhine tower overrun with mice:

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,

Because you have scaled the wall,

Such an old moustache as I am

Is not a match for you all!

And as they have entered his fortress, he puts them down into the dungeon of his heart, to keep them there for ever and a day, till the walls shall moulder to dust. The blue-eyed banditti are described in prose in a letter sent with a kiss to a little girl: the eldest, liking poetry; the second, golden-haired, 'a very busy little woman, and wears gray boots;' the youngest, 'Allegra, which you know means merry, and she is the merriest little thing you ever saw—always singing and laughing all over the house.' The boys are left out of this playful letter, because 'they are such noisy fellows; it is of no use to talk about them.' In vacation, he took the noisy pair to the play. 'The play, wretched stuff!' says the journal. 'A young woman in yellow satin, representing the fashionable life of New York, holds a red-covered book, which she says is her "dear Henry W. Longfellow's poems," and she asks her milliner which she prefers, Longfellow or Tennyson.' Happy boys with Paterfamilias—how they must have laughed!

Year after year there was a Maypole in the garden on the first of May, and a sedate little party of flower-crowned children feasted in the summer-house. But the Twelfth Night record is still better when over the snow came 'a sleighful of schoolgirls'—O shade of Dickens, O pencil of Greuze!—and then the young men from the college were knocking at the door, and there were rings in the cake, and a King and Queen of Twelfth Night. And we hear of another party with the little ones disguised as the Old Year with big boots and beard, and the New Year with a wreath; and after the fun, he notes the mysterious feeling at midnight, as if some one were dying in the darkness. Did he not write verses on it too, when 'the foolish, fond Old Year' was out like the despised king in the night and the storm?

On April Fool's Day, the children were alert with fun to make a fool of papa, and were caught in the attempt; and in July there came a holiday—the anniversary of that happy marriage. At Nahant, it was celebrated by a sail; waiting beforehand with his boys in the schoolroom, he saw the masts of the boats outside reflected like corkscrews in the water—'two corkscrews that will soon uncork the schoolroom, and let these effervescing spirits free'—an echo from the wine-cellar of the *Golden Legend*. In the evenings, his wife read aloud—she who was the beautiful and sympathetic companion of his labours and his life; and it was a pleasure to him when his sons were old enough to relish *Don Quixote*, and when his little circle gathered round the pages of Dante, his lifelong study and delight.

But now came the break. Only three summers after that day on the water at Nahant, his wife was laid in her grave on their marriage anniversary; while he remained in his chamber—badly burnt in vainly trying to save her. A lighted match for sealing, and a summer dress, were the origin of that terrible disaster.

In the long, silent agony of grief, his children were his best earthly consolation. After a long time, he tried to occupy his mind with translating Dante; but for all hopefulness and return to life it was to the children he looked. They had their Christmas tree year after year, though

all holidays were sad to him and all brightness lonely; he took care that Christmas still diverted their young thoughts from the sorrow they knew but too well; 'and an unseen presence blessed the scene.' He felt on Valentine's Day that it was something to busy one's self with their small business; and the simple joys of childhood seemed to call him back to life and hope. They fussed about his study, and he had to write the little girls a letter apiece, and then playfully turn them out. One of them spent her leisure in a correspondence with him; the post-office was under her pillow, and she expected to find a letter there every morning. The dolls' birthdays had to be celebrated too, and on one of these great occasions, he purloins the written programme to inclose in his letter to a friend, and adds: 'What a beautiful world this child's world is! so instinct with life, so illuminated with imagination! I take infinite delight in seeing it go on around me, and feel all the tenderness of the words that fell from the blessed lips—"Suffer the little children to come unto me." After that benediction, how can any one dare to deal harshly with a child?'

His tenderness spread far beyond his own home, and was not without return. On his seventy-second birthday, the children of Cambridge gave to him the carved chair, or, as he called it, the throne, made of the wood of the spreading chestnut tree that had overshadowed the village smithy sung by him long ago; and he gave to each child who came to see him on his 'throne' a copy of his poem—

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood.

At the close of his days he enjoyed *playing at* playing backgammon with his little grandson. On the very last Saturday of his life, he kindly received four schoolboys from Boston, showed them the objects of interest in his study, and wrote his name in their albums; and it was noticed that during his last illness the boys who passed the house went silently, taking care that no voice sounded in the street.

Such was the character of Longfellow towards young hearts and young lives. His words were genuine in calling children living poems prized beyond all the rest; and in his own journals, now printed in his brother's book, we see him in no aspect more winning than as the little ones' indulgent father and sympathetic friend.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER II.—JOSEPHINE.

THE storm increased to fury as darkness fell. Richard Cable stood on deck. To the south-west was no light whatever, only purple blackness. To the north, however, was a coppery streak, over which hung a whirling, spreading mass of angry vapour, casting down lines of heavy rain in dense bands. Then rapidly the growing darkness wiped out this band of light, and left only the east clear, and the clouds swept overhead like curling waves, and fell beyond, cutting off all sunlight there also, till on all sides nothing was visible but leaping

water and shaken foam-heads; and above, a wild hunt of tearing, galloping clouds, lashed by the wind, with now and then a blinding streak of lightning shot through them, stinging them to fresh paroxysms of flying terror. Richard Cable had ascended to the masthead and kindled the light. The mast was but low, perhaps fifteen feet above the deck, topped with a huge glass globe, that contained a powerful light.

As Cable clung to the mast, he and it and the light swung, and the light described arcs and curves in the sky, against the driving smoky clouds and the gathering night. Now and again a great wave leaped up, and the swaying lamp irradiated its crest, and glared a glittering eye at it, that was reflected by the angry water, which rushed away under the keel, and threw it aloft, as if diving to get away from the blazing eye. The ship reeled and almost plunged its fire-point in the water; it tantalised the waves with it; it heeled almost to overbalance, and held the light above some hissing, hungry wave, which gathered itself together, rose at it to snap, and suddenly, with a whisk and a streak of fiery ribbon, away went the luminous globe, and the wave roared and tore itself to ragged foam in rage at being balked. Then a seamew hovered in the radiancy of the lamp, beating its long white wings about it, coming out of the darkness and spray-dust that filled the air, and disappearing back into it again, as man comes out of the Unknown, flickers a little span in the light of Life, and dives back into the Unknown. The wind had shifted several points, but it was hard for Cable to make out from whence it blew; the lightship was anchored, and swung about her anchor, seemingly describing circles, pitching, tossing, heading at the wind, running before it, brought up with a jerk, lurching sullenly at it. She was moored to a couple of anchors, one of them a 'mushroom' (so called from its shape), for greater security against dragging, and Cable had paid out more chain to each. In such a gale, with such rollers, she must be given room to battle with the sea. Cable was by no means satisfied that she could hold where she was. The bank on which she was anchored was a shifting bank, formed by the swirl of the water round the ness; a treacherous bank, that formed and reformed, that was now a strip, then a disc, that eased this way and that, according to the drift of the sea at equinoctial gales. He looked landwards, but saw nothing, no blink of light from behind the willows, where lay Hanford; and outside Hanford, near the beach, a little white cottage with green windows, and under its brown tile roof seven little fair heads on white pillows.

As he stood looking through the darkness in the direction of the sleeping heads, he was startled by a voice at his elbow.

'Captain, is the worst over?'

'Miss! You should not be here.'

'I cannot help myself; I was suffocating below. I fancied we must part our anchor. I have plenty of pluck. My strength, not my courage, failed me in the boat. I lost my head because I was losing consciousness. I am well again. Is the gale spent?'

There was a lull in the wind, though the waves were still running. 'You must go below—you must indeed,' said Cable.—'No; the gale is not

over; it goes as a teetotum spins, and we're now at the peg. Wait, and it will be on us harder than ever again.'

'Can I be of any assistance?'

'You!' Cable laughed. 'Yes, go down below and be ballast.'

The girl was in his pilot coat, which he had thrown over her on the floor. She wore his glazed hat. The hair that had been dispersed was gathered in a knot again.

'If we are likely to drown,' she said, 'I will not drown in the hold, like a mouse in a cage.'

'Go down at once, whilst you may. You will be swept overboard if you stay here.'

'I will not,' she answered. 'Lash me to the mast, and let me look death and the storm in the face.'

Cable saw that it was in vain to argue with her. There was no time to be lost; he heard the roar of the gale again approaching.

'Here!' she said; 'this is my leather strap. Pass it round the mast and my waist. It is long and it is strong. Quick!'

He obeyed with a growl: 'Girls are more unruly nor boys.'

The storm was on them again. It had paused to gather strength, and then rush in concentrated fury and accumulated force to destroy the defiant little lightship, that tossed its glittering head so dauntlessly, even defiantly, in its teeth.

They could hear it coming far away, in a roar that waxed in volume, and seemed like an enveloping thunder when it smote them with foam and a blast that struck like an open hand. But the wind was not one handed, but as a Briareus, many armed, tearing while it belloved at what it could not beat down. At the stress of the blow, one of the cables gave way, a link having snapped somewhere under water. Then the main anchor, the chain having got foul of it, began to drag, and at once the lightship was adrift, at the mercy of wind and sea, swept before the hurricane. From force of habit, Cable flew to the helm, but as quickly dropped it again. He was helpless. The dragging of the anchor kept the vessel's head to wind, which was so far in their favour, and also steadied her to some extent. Now and then the anchor caught for a moment, and then let go again, and the craft was driven farther out, always heading to the wind, like a living being forced to retreat, but reluctant to yield an inch to the infuriated assailants.

Cable looked at the girl, on whom the flicker of the lamp fell; she did not cry, or, if she did, he did not hear her. She was fast bound by the belt, and stood, apparently as firm as the mast to which she was strapped. Cable folded his arms. He could do nothing. He thought of his little ones. Had they prayed that night, before going to rest, for their father? Never had he more needed their prayers. He thought he knew the danger that threatened; but he did not. He saw indeed that shipwreck was imminent; but he little imagined that another and very different shipwreck menaced him. How old were the seven daughters of Richard Cable? The eldest was just thirteen; then came the twins of eleven; then a child of ten; and the pan-pipe descended in a regular fall to the baby, aged a year. They had come so fast as to exhaust the strength of

the mother, who had died shortly after giving life to the youngest.

Richard Cable raised his eyes, half-blind with salt, and, through the film of brine, looked at the swaying lamp, that seemed to blaze with prismatic colours, and shoot forth rays and draw them in again, like a fiery porcupine. And then he thought no more of the light and the darkness in which it danced, and saw far away into dream-land. Then through the cold salt spray on his face, a warm sweat broke forth.

'Poor little ones!' he said; 'if I am taken, whatever will become of them!'

At that moment he heard the girl's voice: 'Mr Cable! Loosen the band—my arms are frozen.'

Her voice jarred on him at that moment, he knew not why; but it called him back from the consideration of his children to thoughts about her. He went to her and did what she required. He didn't speak to her; and, when he had complied with her wishes, he went back to the place where he had stood before. He tried to think of his home, of his children, and could not; her face, her voice had distracted him, and disturbed the visions he tried to call up.

How much of the night passed thus, he did not know; he was roused by a grating sound, that made itself felt in every fibre of his body. The ship was aground; she had struck, not on a rock, but on a sandbank. Cable stood for a moment motionless. Then a wave came, raised the bows, ran amidships, then to the stern, and carried the vessel farther on the bank. Thereupon, Cable left his place and came to the mast. 'Miss Cornellis,' he said, 'we're aground. I believe my little ones' prayers have helped me to-night.' He laid his hand on the mast and grasped the thong that bound Josephine. 'Young lady,' he said, 'in ten minutes we shall know our fate.' He stood still, holding the thong. He said no more for full twenty minutes. The vessel lay over somewhat on one side, and the water she had shipped poured out of her lee scuppers.

'I can see the horizon on the south-south-west,' said the girl.

'Yes; the worst of the gale is over.'

The waves no longer washed the deck.

'The tide is ebbing,' said Cable. He unlashed Josephine. 'Danger is over. Turn in and sleep.'

'But you?'

'I stay on deck a while, and then I shall coil up in the fore-castle.'

'Good-night,' she said, and held out her hand.

'I wish you sleep,' he said in reply. 'Mind the knitting-pins and the little sock in the cabin. They may be on the floor—anywhere.'

Next morning, Cable woke early. The sun was shining. He descended the ladder to the outer cabin. Almost at the same moment the girl threw open the door and stood in it. She wore her blue serge gown. Her hair was fairly smoothed, though she was unprovided with brushes, and the leather belt was about her waist. She laughed. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled. 'Not in Davy Jones' locker, after all,' she said. 'I must run on deck and look around me.'

'And I, Miss Cornellis, will get the fire lighted, the kettle boiling, and some breakfast ready.'

Half an hour later, both were together on deck. The vessel was not so much inclined that it was difficult to walk the deck. When she had struck, the sand was in motion, and she had subsided almost upright in it. The morning was fresh, the sky clear, but for some lagging, white, fleecy clouds that flew high aloft after the storm. Except for the roll of the sea and the foam-wreaths round the bank, every trace of the terrible hurricane was gone. That storm had been short and violent; it had spun its spiral course over land and sea, doing damage wherever it passed; it had strewn the Essex level land with up-turned elms; it had torn the leaves of the chestnuts to threads, and blackened the young beech as if a breath from a furnace had seared them. Here and there it had taken a rick and sifted it and scattered the straw over the adjoining fields. It had ripped roofs and tossed the brown tiles about and heaped them like russet autumn leaves. At sea it had caught and foundered coal-barges from the North, and sunk fishing-smacks. It had torn great gaps in seawalls, like the bites made by children's teeth in rounds of bread and butter. It had twisted and turned about old sandbanks, had swept some away, and torn channels where had been no road. For some miles out to sea, for two or three days, there was neither crystalline purity nor amethyst blue in the water; it was cloudy and brown with the mud it had churned and that it held in suspension. Along the shore lay wreaths of foam, not white, but brown; not evanescent as a bubble, but drying into a crust.

The lightship lay far away from the zone of turbid sea, and the ocean about the bank in which she was wedged was deeply blue, full of laughter, and shake of silver curl, as though bent on passing off its late fury-fit as an excusable frolic.

'Where are we?' asked Josephine.

'I fancy that I know,' answered Cable; 'but without a chart, I cannot make you understand. Now here we must bide till we are taken off, and you may tell me what brought you to the lightship.'

'I was out rowing yesterday afternoon,' said the girl, 'and I was caught unawares, the storm came on so suddenly. I rowed against the wind till I could row no more, and I saw I could do nothing. I was being carried out to sea; and then I felt that my only chance was to reach your vessel.'

'That was wise of you. But your father should not have let you come out alone.'

'Oh, I go out, and go alone, when I choose.'

'But—if he had looked at the glass, he would have seen the fall.'

'I did not ask his leave. I went because I wanted fresh air, to blow the bad thoughts out of my head that troubled me.'

'Bad thoughts trouble you!' exclaimed Cable, and looked steadily at her out of his crystalline blue eyes, clear and sparkling as the sea that surrounded them. 'I should not have supposed that possible. Where the head is that of an angel, one does not expect that it shall hold bad thoughts. No one looks for explosives in a porcelain vase.'

Josephine laughed a short impatient laugh, and tossed her chin. The elastic was tight; she

put her finger under it; the skin was compressed and reddened by the band.

She was a handsome dark girl, with transparent olive skin, and large lustrous eyes like agates. The lashes were long; when she half-closed her lids, they gave a languor to the orbs, dispelled at once when full lifted. Her cheek flushed not the rose pink, but the ripe hue of the apricot. She had very dark hair, a rounded chin, broad temples; was firmly built. To any one experienced in detecting types, a tinge of Jewish blood would have been recognised in the features and hue. 'Well,' she said, and laughed again, 'the hurricane has blown my bad thoughts out of my head, as it has carried the down from the willow flowers, and scattered them—heaven knows where. Woe be to him who picks them up!—they will detonate and injure his hands.'

'Were they so bad?'

'You said yourself—explosives.'

'Miss Cornellis, I made a clumsy comparison. If I may ask—What were these thoughts?'

She fidgeted with her feet and plucked at the elastic band. In her nervous confusion, she drew it out, let it slip, and the elastic snapped on her delicate skin so sharply as to make her cry out. Then she took off her hat, and holding her knees, swung the hat from her finger, and let the wind play with her hair, and unravel it, and scatter it and toss about the short growth over her brow.

'Were the thoughts like to explode?' asked Cable.

'The questions you put to me are not fair, captain,' said the girl. 'My thoughts are my own.'

'Not a bit, Miss Cornellis: you said yourself they were blown about for any one to pick up.'

'Well—and I am too much indebted to you to wish you to gather them. They are dangerous. Hands off!' She hugged her knees, and played with the string of her cap, and looked at the plunging waves on the sand. Her brow darkened, and her eyes lost their sparkle. 'Captain, when shall we get home—I to my worries, you to your babes?'

Cable shook his head. 'We must wait. Ah, miss, patience is an article of which a good cargo is laid in, in a lightship. One consumes a lot of it in a fortnight—separated from all one loves at home, and with none to speak to but a lout of a boy with no more intelligence than a jelly-fish.'

'I should think it pleasant to live in a lightship. I could be well content to stay where I am now. If I go home, I shall get into troubles again.'

'But—what are your troubles?'

'I'm adrift,' said the girl. 'As I stood bound to the mast last night, and the wind and the waves carried the boat and me where they would, I thought it was a picture of myself morally. You have your seven little anchors holding you. I have nothing. You are tied by many little fibres to hearth and home. I have none of these fibres: if I have, they hold to nothing.'

She was still looking before her. She put the elastic band of her hat between her teeth and bit and tore till it parted.

'There!' said Cable. 'Now, how are you to keep your hat on?'

She looked at the broken string. 'I did not know what I was about,' she said; 'I was thinking my thoughts again.'

'I see,' said Cable. 'These same thoughts are not wholesome; they hurt her who harbours them and those they concern.'

'Yes,' she said; 'they drive me mad. I do not know what to do, where to go. I care for no tie any more than that of my hat I have torn. I would tear any one of them that restrained me.'

'I do not understand you,' said the lightshipman, shaking his head. 'I've seven little girls at home, and I'd be sorry to think any one of them should grow up with such thoughts as you have in your head.'

'They will not. Do not be afraid. They will always look up to and respect you. Did you not see how the lantern swung at the masthead all through the storm? It never went out; it burned all night; no wave engulfed it. We could always look up to that. You are the light to the little vessel of your family, and your children will look up to that.'

'And you, my dear young lady?'

'I—I have no light above me.'

'And what about helm and helmsman, compass, chart, Miss Cornellis?'

'I have nothing, neither helm nor helmsman, nor compass, chart, nor anchor, nor light. I am—drifting—a derelict.'

SOME INTERESTING GEOLOGICAL ITEMS.

ALL things new and old are weighed in the balance of searching inquiry and assayed in the crucible of fierce criticism. Every increase of knowledge throws a more powerful glare upon the things that are. As the light is concentrated and directed to the events of history or the beliefs of the present, some of them shrivel up and pass off in the smoke of exploded error. The gold of truth comes out purified from the dross of superstition, and as the lake flashes back the sunbeams from its surface, so it sends back reflections from the searching light thrown upon it, and thereby stands more clearly revealed. It is, then, not surprising that the characters of many of our kings should be found varying with the amount of light thrown upon them. Now, a monarch's character appears in bright colours; and then, again, the increased light shows it much darker—the brightness has perhaps been only whitewash laid on by some partial historian. In other cases, some blots disappear as the light grows stronger—they have, perchance, been only mud thrown by some enemy. It is, however, strange and unexpected that geology should step in to correct the historian, and remove a grave stain from the character of one of England's kings. We have all felt how greatly to the discredit of our First William was that making of the New Forest, of which we read in our histories. We learn how he laid waste villages, and drove out the inhabitants to make a royal hunting-ground. Our histories relate it as a fact, and cast no shadow of doubt upon it. And now, geology steps in, and says that

such a thing never happened. An examination of the geological features of the New Forest has led to this remarkable conclusion. 'To the eye of the geologist,' says Professor Ramsay, 'it easily appears that the wet and unkindly soil produced by the clays and gravels of the district forms a sufficient reason why in old times, as now, it never could have been a cultivated and populous country, for the soil for the most part is poor, and probably chiefly consisted of native forest-land [that is, uncultivated land] even in the Conqueror's day.'

And so this voice-geological bids us acquit our monarch of a stain which has rested on his name these long centuries. Shall we, then, accept this evidence as conclusive, and let go the long-cherished bit of history? We can only reply in the words of Aristotle: 'The matter is before you—judge of it.' There are, however, two historical considerations which should have made our chroniclers pause ere they accepted the story. In the first place, forests and wild beasts were, we should suppose, only too plentiful in England at that period. A vast area of the country was covered with woods, which doubtless swarmed with wild animals of various kinds. Is it likely that under such circumstances, any one would take the trouble to make a forest for hunting? And then, William I. being a foreigner, and having taken land from the natives for his own followers, stories to his discredit would be sure to arise. Some of this false coinage would be very likely to be circulated by historians.

Not only has the light of geological truth been thrown over the broad fields of knowledge, but it has also penetrated into various out-of-the-way corners and brought to light many odd and unsuspected facts. To account for the smaller number of reptiles in Ireland, tradition says they were driven out by St Patrick. And even on this obscure problem geology has shed a light, and given a scientific reason for the fact. It has been well established by geological reasoning that Britain has been again and again united to the continent, and as many times severed from it. Here, then, is the key to explain the mystery of the reptiles. It appears that there are twenty-two native species in Belgium, eleven in England, and only five in Ireland. Professor Edward Forbes drew attention to this, and explained it by supposing that they migrated from the continent westward while Britain and Ireland were united to it. Suppose them spreading from some continental centre towards our land. We know that different species vary greatly in their powers of colonising: some spread quickly, and others slowly. During the continuance of a continental epoch, some of the faster-spreading species would get as far as Ireland; others, not so quick, would only get to England; while some would not have time to get even as far. And so, when the continuity of land was broken up, Ireland had received fewer than England, and England itself only a portion of the continental species; and it may be that Ireland was separated from England before the latter was severed from the continent. The smaller native flora of Ireland is accounted for by the same facts.

Geology is no respecter of nations. Not only does it show us our proud island as a mere fragment of the continent, but we are also assured

that some of our chief rivers were only tributaries of the Rhine. We fear that some patriotic politicians will have a quarrel with geology on this point. During a portion of the glacial period, the land was covered, or nearly so, by the sea, and afterwards united to the continent, chiefly by a plain of boulder clay. Through this plain, Professor Ramsay thinks the Rhine wandered to its mouth in the north part of the North Sea; while the Thames, the Tyne, the rivers of the Wash and Humber, and possibly some Scottish rivers, were its tributaries. Thus the solid lands and the constant rivers are shown to be mere passing phases in an ever-changing picture.

The political geography of Europe has undergone great changes in historic times: geology tells of extensive physical changes in the more distant past. The outlines of a physical geography very different from that of to-day have been sketched out for us in the caves and on the rocks. Geologists have transferred the sketch to paper in the ordinary style of map-drawing. Here is an outline of it: The Bristol Channel is a fertile valley, where the horse, bison, elk, mammoth, and rhinoceros browse on the rich herbage. Lions, wolves, and other beasts of prey pursue and devour them, where now the salt waves roll. The British Isles are united to the continent, and the Rhine flows along a great valley, now the North Sea, and is joined by its tributaries the Elbe, Thames, &c. Extensive valleys occupy the sites of the English and St George's Channels, where the herbivora graze, and are pursued by their carnivorous contemporaries. Spain, and Italy with Sicily, being respectively joined to Africa, divide the Mediterranean into two large lakes; Corsica and Sardinia united form a great promontory, stretching out into the most western of these. Across these connecting areas, the animals of Africa—the lion, spotted hyena, Kafir cat, serval, antelope, and African elephant—pass into Europe. After long ages, their remains are found in the caves, to testify of this former state of things.

Geology receives aid from every other science, and in return throws back light upon each. Meteorology, or the science of the weather, is one on which geology largely depends; it furnishes the key-note for the resolution of many geological problems. In return, geology has enriched it with many interesting facts with regard to the weather of the ages that are gone. Rain-prints and ripple-marks on slabs of sandstone or shale tell us that the rain fell, and that the wind ruffled the surface of the water. Rounded fragments and striated pebbles tell us of rivers rolling along their gravel, and glaciers moving down the valleys. Such evidence is so common and well known, that it ceases to surprise us. When, however, we hear that there is good geological evidence to show that in times so remote as the Silurian, the prevailing winds in this region were westerly, as they are to-day, our wonder can no longer be restrained. Evidence of the prevailing westerly winds in the present is seen in the one-sided growth of trees towards the east in exposed situations. The growth of large towns towards the west, to avoid the smoke from the manufacturing quarters, is another proof. And what is the witness of the rocks to a similar prevalence in the past? Long ago, when the rocks which we call Silurian were being laid down, Wales was a centre of volcanic

activity. Mount Snowdon is formed of the products of the volcanoes of the period, interstratified with contemporaneous sedimentary rocks. The roots of some of these old volcanoes have been found and examined. The ash-beds around them thin out very rapidly towards the west, while to the east and north they are much thicker. Towards the east they thicken for a space, and then thin out. It is evident that the greater part of the lighter volcanic products fell to the east of the mountain. The natural explanation is, that the wind blew more strongly and frequently from the west and south-west than from other quarters.

Geology teaches us that countless forms of life have passed away, as far as we can tell, for ever:

From scarpèd cliff and quarried stone,
She cries, a thousand types are gone.

Species and genera which once had a local habitation on earth have disappeared from the stage, and have now only a name; and not only species and genera, but whole orders have gone, leaving only their epitaphs on the gravestones which mark their last resting-places. And yet, side by side with this, we are brought face to face with the remarkable constancy of other species. In the Silurian rocks, which occupy the lowest place but two (Cambrian and Laurentian) in the geological chronology, we are taught that 'remains of foraminifera, some of them apparently identical with existing forms, have been detected in various places.' And in the Cretaceous rocks, some of the foraminifera are the same as those now dredged up from the bottom of the ocean.

As we ascend the scale of time, leaving behind us the shadowy realms of the far past, and come to the most recent rocks, we find the labours of the geologist mingled with those of the archaeologist and historian. In their united labours we have a cord of threefold strand to draw up the full buckets of knowledge from the wells of the past. In the study of the caves, the three sciences alluded to overlap, and their devotees work together. Volumes of interesting lore, fascinating as the legends of fairyland or the magic tales of Arabia, are there written in the hieroglyphics of vaulted dome and hanging stalactite, of buried bone and coin and implement of varied use. The many races of men who inhabited the land in pre-historic times appear again on the scene; something of their manner of life is revealed. Again they hunt the mammoth bison and bear over the broad plains and through the thick forests. At one time we see them using the dog, the horse, and the hare for food. Strange revolutions have taken place in this matter of diet. The dog early passed out of favour, and its use has not been revived. The horse was used as food in Roman Britain and after the English invasion; it was afterwards forbidden by the Church, because used by the Scandinavians in honour of their god Odin; now, it is used in France and other countries. The Britons, however, would not eat the hare—it was held to be unlawful to do so. The revolving hand of time has changed this, and we now accept the hare as fit for food.

Even the rude artists of those primitive times when man was a cave-dweller have left us specimens of their skill. In the caves of Dordogne, in

the south of France, are found horns and bones with spirited carvings of reindeer, bison, ibex, and birds done upon them. One of the most interesting of these relics is the portrait of a mammoth carved on a tusk of the same, from the cave of La Madelaine, in Dordogne. Simple as these artistic attempts are, they tell us that man was not altogether uncivilised. This must be admitted, even if we regard these carvings as the most advanced art of that day, which, perhaps, we have no right to do.

What part of the art of to-day will be recorded in the stony pages of the geological future? Not the highest, assuredly; and so it may have been in the past. The bold and striking, though simple, likeness of the mammoth seems to tell us that the artist had seen and hunted it full often. We see him sitting at the entrance of his cave after the excitement of the chase and the satisfaction of the subsequent feast, engraving the likeness of the animal on its own tusk! Thus, as the painter takes simple mineral powders and vegetable extracts, and with them makes the canvas eloquent with glowing pictures of life, so imagination works up the dry bones of fact until the past is again enacted before us.

TOLD BY TWO.

A NOVELETTE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. II.—THE NARRATIVE OF WILLIAM HENRY GARNER CONTINUED.

My destination was reached in due course; then followed supper and bed at the hotel. Immediately after breakfast, I and my bag were driven in a fly to the colliery offices. Here I found Mr Wharton, the cashier, waiting for me as usual. After the customary greetings, he produced his bunch of keys and proceeded to unlock the bag, or rather, he proceeded to endeavour to do so, for, strange to relate, the bag obstinately refused to be unlocked. Mr Wharton stared at me, and I stared at him. 'What mystery is here?' he asked.

My flesh began to creep, but I did not answer. Then he took up the bag and examined it carefully.

'Why, Garner, what have your people been about?' he said. 'Why didn't they tell you that they were sending you with a fresh bag? No wonder my key won't open it.'

'A fresh bag!' was all I could gasp.

'Undoubtedly. This is not the bag Mr Mimms used to bring, which you have brought every week since. This one is the same size, and apparently of the same material as the other; but that it isn't the old one, I am certain.'

'No one told me about sending the money in a different bag,' I contrived to stammer out.

'Then they ought to have told you, that's all,' responded the cashier dryly.

I was full of horrible misgivings, which, however, as yet did not formulate themselves into anything definite even in my own mind.

'There's only one thing to be done,' said Mr Wharton after an awkward pause, 'and that is, to cut the confounded thing open.' He glanced

at the clock. 'I shall have the off-turn hands here in an hour's time, and it won't do to keep them waiting. I'll give you a note to take back to Mr Yarrell, explaining the circumstances of the case, and that you are in no way to blame.' Then with a laugh he added: 'Why, Garner, my buck, you look as white as if you had seen a ghost, or as if you had smoked a strong cigar on an empty stomach, which, I daresay, would have much the same effect on you.'

I was in no mood for banter. I turned to the window while Mr Wharton went into the outer office in search of something wherewith to open the bag. Presently he returned with a clasp-knife having a long pointed blade, with which he at once proceeded to cut a slit in the bag large enough to allow the insertion of his hand. 'What have we here?' he said wonderingly, as he drew forth a small canvas bag, tightly tied, and full of something which was certainly not gold. Too impatient to untie the knot, he cut it with his knife and poured the contents on the table. Those contents were nothing but sand!

For a moment or two the room and everything in it wavered and grew indistinct before my eyes, and I was compelled to clutch at the table to keep myself from falling.

'There has been foul play here without a doubt,' said the cashier in deep hard tones. 'I hope to goodness, Garner, you have had no hand in it,' he added as he glanced keenly at me from under his shaggy brows.

I did not speak: I could not.

With what seemed to me like a species of cold-blooded deliberation, he now proceeded to draw out of the slit one bag after another, each precisely similar in appearance to the first one, and each filled with the same kind of coarse heavy sand. I watched his proceedings in a sort of fascinated stupor. I had a feeling as if for the time being I had lost my identity and had been changed into some one else. When the last bag had been taken out and emptied, the cashier's keen eyes fixed me again. 'As I said before, Garner, I hope you have had no hand in this affair.'

My silence and evident discomposure had aroused his suspicions. But at last I found my tongue. 'Is it at all likely, Mr Wharton,' I said a little indignantly, 'that if I had had any hand in substituting a bag full of sand for one full of money, I should have been such an idiot as to bring it to you, of all people in the world? Had I wanted to abscond with the money, there was nothing to hinder me from doing so last night, or to have prevented me from being a couple of hundred miles away by this time.'

'Your remarks are logical and to the point, my boy. I was wrong to suspect you. But what, then, has become of the money? Are you sure—are you positively certain—that this is the same bag you brought away from the bank last evening?'

I hung my head. 'When I entered this room I could have sworn that it was; but now I have my doubts.'

'Um. You never let the bag out of your sight, of course?'

His question caused me to tingle from head to foot. 'Mr Wharton, let us sit down for five

minutes and I will tell you everything,' I said in desperation.

So I told him all that had happened from the moment of my leaving the bank, exactly as I have set it down here. He listened without interrupting me by a word; but his grave face grew graver still as I went on with my narrative, and when I came to the end of it, he sat for a full minute without speaking.

'Garner, I am sorry for you,' he said at last. 'You have been robbed—robbed, I repeat, in a most audacious and barefaced manner.'

'You don't mean to say, Mr Wharton'—

'I mean to say that while you were gone to fetch that glass of water, short as was the time you were away, the two women, who were without doubt confederates, possessed themselves of your bag and substituted this one in its place.'

I stared aghast. It seemed incredible, and I stammered out a remark to that effect.

'Pooh!' he said with a little contemptuous shrug. 'What can you, who are little more than a boy, know about the tricks, the schemes, and the dodges of the great world of knavery? There can be no doubt that this robbery has been planned for a considerable period, in all probability before you began to act as messenger. How this class of people contrive to obtain their information is a mystery to me, but they do obtain it somehow.'

'But where did this bag come from, and what became of the real bag?' I asked. 'The only article of luggage the two women had between them was'—

'An oblong black leather case: those are your own words. Man alive! can't you see that during the two minutes you were away, they had ample time to take this bag out of the case and pop yours in its place! There is no doubt that Mr Mimms, or you, or both of you, have been furtively watched and followed week after week for some time past. This bag, as I said before, is almost a fac-simile of the old one; they have even been clever enough to gauge the weight pretty accurately. Pity so much cleverness wasn't applied to a better purpose!' He rose and pushed back his chair. 'I must hurry off to our local bank and borrow what I can towards the wages,' he said. 'As for you, I should advise you to get back by the first train and make a clean breast of it to Mr Yarrell; but, by Jove, I shouldn't care to stand in your shoes when you tell him!'

I never spent a more miserable three hours than those occupied by my journey back to Bemerton. I took a cab at the station and drove direct to Mr Yarrell's house. It was Saturday, and I knew he would have left the bank by that time. I told my tale precisely as I had told it to Mr Wharton. He listened in ominous silence—at the bank we all knew that he was to be feared most when he said the least—and when I had come to an end, he simply rang the bell and sent a servant with a message requesting the immediate presence of the superintendent of police or his deputy. The superintendent answered the summons in person. Then for the third time my story had to be told, my heart sinking lower and lower at each repetition. Then followed a string of questions from the superintendent, the answers to which he jotted down

in his notebook. It was evident to me that his theory of the robbery agreed in the main with that of Mr Wharton.

When all was over, Mr Yarrell said to me in his iciest tones: 'You may go now, Garner. You will be at the office at nine on Monday as usual. It will be for the Board to determine what further steps it may be requisite to take in this most unfortunate affair.'

I must pass over what followed as briefly as may be.

Mr Yarrell was one of those men who never forgive a blunder or condone an error of judgment. In his eyes, the thing I had been guilty of almost assumed the proportions of a crime, and I felt only too sure in my own mind that in his statement of the case to the Board all lenient touches on the score of my youth and inexperience would be forgotten or overlooked, and that in the picture he would draw, all the shadows would be elaborately filled in. My sentence was not long in being promulgated. In the first place, I was severely reprimanded; in the second, my promised advance of salary was cancelled; and in the third place, I was relegated to a position in the office which I had held upwards of two years previously. This virtually meant a sentence of ruin as far as my career with the Bemerton Banking Company was concerned. I knew that all prospect of promotion was over, if not for ever, at least for long years to come; but I had no mind to sit down quietly and sink into a miserable underpaid drudge, like one or two others whom I saw about me.

Meanwhile, I stayed on at the bank, hoping from day to day that some clue would be forthcoming which would lead to the arrest and conviction of the thieves, and so prove to the world that I had been guilty of nothing more criminal than an act of youthful carelessness; for it had been whispered to me that in certain quarters it had been hinted that I knew more of the robbery than I chose to divulge; and circumstances which came to my knowledge later on led me to suspect that all my comings and goings about this time were quietly watched without my being in the least aware of it. To a certain extent, however, the story I had told was backed up by confirmatory evidence. Two females answering the description given by me were traced as having taken a cab at the Sherrington Station, and as having been driven across country to a station on another line of railway five miles away. Thence they would seem to have doubled back to Bemerton, at which station they were seen, and there they were supposed to have hired another conveyance; but for any further clue which could be found, they might have been spirited away on one of those magical carpets I used to read about when I was a child.

During those weeks of waiting and suspense, a project had been slowly ripening in my mind, and the more I considered it, the more it grew in favour with me. I had a cousin in Australia who owned several thousand acres of sheep-run. Frank had often pressed me to go out and join him; but, for various reasons, I had hitherto declined doing so. Now, however, that my prospects of advancement at the bank were blighted,

my cousin's offer began to look more alluring than it had ever looked before. The one objection there was to the scheme, and it was a very grave one in my eyes, was, that it would separate Emmeline and me for an indefinite period. If it seemed hard now not to be able to see her for more than a few hours once every six months—she was governess in a family who lived among the far-away Yorkshire moors—what would it seem like with twelve thousand miles of ocean between us? But it was a question that concerned Em. quite as deeply as myself; so, taking advantage of the Easter holidays, I ran down by rail to Crutchley Priory, where she lived. By good fortune Em's pupils happened to be away on a visit; so we were enabled to have many long happy rambles together through the old priory woods, which will always hold a sweet place in my memory. What a brave-hearted, high-spirited girl she was! Her counsel was, that I should go out and join my cousin without delay. She would wait, she said, though it might be a dozen years, till I should be ready to send for her; and when the time came, she would leave everything to obey my summons.

Six weeks later, I had said good-bye to Old England and every one in it for long years to come.

A FEW COMMON ERRORS.

It is not always an easy matter to trace a popular error to its source; but we shall endeavour, as we proceed in the following enunciation of a few of the commonest, to assign to each some definite and plausible origin. We do not refer to that class of fallacy which is founded on the popular belief in some common saying or proverb, nor on some erroneous notion concerning the dealings of man with man, but to misconceived ideas concerning some of the simple workings of nature that are constantly taking place around us. Fallacies—or some may prefer the term illusions—abound on endless subjects; but whichever be the term employed, both may fairly be included under the common heading 'errors,' for such they really are.

It is by no means uncommon to find educated men and women obstinately dispute the fact of moist air being lighter than dry air. They say they cannot understand how anything can be made lighter by being moistened, and their almost invariable illustration is that of a sponge. It certainly at first sight does appear an anomaly when put in this way; but it is just this false way of putting it that has been their stumbling-block. If asked why the mercury in a barometer rises in fine weather when the air is dry, and falls in bad weather when the air is full of moisture, we find, as a rule, that they are unacquainted with the principle of the Toricellian vacuum, or that they have remained content with the knowledge that the mercury does so rise and fall.

That smoke is lighter than air is another very common belief, and this doubtless arises from the

smoke issuing from a chimney being invariably seen to ascend; but if we follow the warm smoke in its upward course, we shall find that as soon as it has lost the impetus derived from the draught in the flue, and has in addition become cool and condensed, that it begins to descend, for the most part in the annoying shape of 'blacks.' The simplest way of proving this is to fill a clay or other pipe, and, having lighted it, to insert the mouthpiece in a basin of cold water, and then to blow down the bowl, when the smoke that issues, having been cooled in passing up through the water, will be seen to rest on the top of it, but will not ascend, owing to its being heavier than the air.

There is a very common superstition that sewer and other poisonous gases are more deadly *in themselves* when they are inodorous than when they appeal forcibly to the olfactory nerve. We do not of course refer to those venomous gases which are originally void of scent, such as nitrogen, but to such pungent ones as carburetted hydrogen or coal gas, the fragrance of which is unmistakable. The fact is that gases may be deprived of their smell without losing their destructive properties, by passing up through a sufficient depth of earth, &c.; just as filtration will remove impurities mechanically suspended in water, but not those held in chemical solution; and it is this circumstance of not being able to detect their presence by the smell that is so dangerous, as we receive no warning of the virulent poison we are inhaling, the principal function of the nose, namely, that of intimating to the brain the approach of a volatile substance unsuitable to the system, being rendered inoperative.

We noticed not long ago, in a newly built house, all the doors and windows hermetically sealed, while every available gas jet both in stoves and lamps was being kept at full blaze, in order to dry the walls. No plan better calculated to defeat the object in view could have been adopted, for the simple reason, that the combustion of gas produces moisture. That this is not a solitary case, the following couple of incidents, taken from a back number of *The Builder*, will show. 'I was much puzzled for some time,' says the writer, 'by a solicitor's strong-room, which I had built, obstinately refusing to become dry, although favourably situated for the process, and a jet of gas being kept burning day and night. The consequence, however, was that the papers and parchments became flaccid and damp. The mischief has been entirely and speedily remedied by inserting two ventilating bricks and extinguishing the gas,' clearly proving that where there is no ventilation, gas, instead of exciting evaporation, produces moisture, and consequently condensation. The other case is as follows: 'In a lobby, the gas was left burning for five hours, when the paper on the walls was found to be saturated with moisture, and where, as on varnished parts, it could not be absorbed, the moisture hung in great drops, as if a pipe had leaked.' We fear that this fallacy must be attributed solely to ignorance.

We have frequently met with people who consider that it would be sheer madness to attempt to build a house upon sand, and it is

difficult to persuade them that such an idea is erroneous. The reason for this belief is in most cases based upon the scriptural comparison between the man who built his house upon the sand and he who built it upon a rock, the sequence being either forgotten or ignored—namely, that 'the floods came.' It was then, and not till then, that the house fell; for sand will only form a sure foundation so long as it can be kept dry and in its place. The common epithets applied to sand, for example, the 'shifting' sand, may also have helped to form this misconceived idea; but when desirous of clenching the argument, we have only to point to the Pyramids as a convincing proof of our statement.

But perhaps there is a greater amount of misconception concerning lightning than almost any other natural phenomenon. As an example, we may quote those who consider that the lightning invariably 'cometh down from heaven,' and that it never ascends. The tower of Dundry Church, which was struck in March 1859, furnished a clear proof of its ascending, the lightning entering at the base and passing up through the tower. Others, again, from lack of information, have no idea that this earth frequently plays an equal part with the clouds in supplying the electric fluid necessary for the discharge; while many imagine that lightning will set fire to anything it touches; the fact being that *the flame* of lightning is generally inoffensive, though, under certain circumstances, it may be a consuming and terrible fire.

We will conclude with the mention of a trick over which small bets have often been lost and won—namely, the fact of brandy floating on the top of castor oil. Most people having been accustomed to take this nauseous aperient in milk, sherry, or coffee, have always seen it floating on the top of these fluids, of higher specific gravity than the oil; but brandy being a spirit, is lighter than oil, and consequently reverses the customary order of things. The same of course holds good with regard to all other spirits, owing to their specific gravity being lower than that of the oil extracted from the liver of the cod-fish.

SPUR-MONEY.

For several centuries past, and until comparatively recent times, persons wearing spurs in any sacred edifice in England were accosted either by choristers or beadles, who demanded a fee, by way of fine, for thus entering a cathedral, minster, or church, and thereby interrupting the service. Two or three centuries ago, when spurs were commonly worn, the amount received for 'spur-money' was considerable, and singing-boys and beadles were ever on the alert for the ringing of the spurred boot, often to the neglect of their more legitimate duties. Sometimes the choristers lost their perquisite because of their inability to repeat the gamut on the demand of spur-wearing persons. In the *Privy-nurse Expenses of King Henry VIII.* (edited by Sir Harris Nicolas) are several entries of payments made to the choristers of Windsor 'in rewarde for the king's spurs;' which the editor surmises to mean 'money paid to redeem the king's spurs, which

had become the fee of the choristers at Windsor, perhaps at installations, or at the annual celebration of St George's feast.' No notice, however, on the subject occurs either in Ashmole's or Anstis' histories of the order of the Garter.

From the cheque-book of the Chapel-royal, Dr E. F. Rimbault made the following extract of an order made by the Dean in 1622: 'That if anie knight or other persone entituled to weare spurs enter the Chappell in that guise, he shall pay to the quiristers the accustomed fine; but if he command the youngest quirister to repeate his gamut, and he faile in the so doing, the said knight, or other, shall not pay the fine.' This rule was enforced until about the year 1830.

Quoting a note in Gifford's edition of the works of Ben Jonson, Mr Markland says: 'In the time of Ben Jonson, in consequence of the interruptions to divine service occasioned by the ringing of the spurs worn by persons walking and transacting business in cathedrals, and especially in St Paul's, a small fine was imposed on them, called "spur-money," the exaction of which was committed to the beadles and singing-boys.'

Under the title of *The Children of the Chapel stript and whipt*, there was published a curious tract, in which the following passage, bearing upon the subject of spur-money, occurs: 'Wee think it very necessarye that every Quorister should bringe with him to church a Testament in Englishe, and turne to everie chapter as it is daily read, or some other good and godly Prayer-book, rather than spend their tyme in talk and hunting after spur-money, whereon they set their whole mindes, and doe often abuse dyvers if they doe not bestowe somewhat on them.'

From *The Memorials of John Ray* we cull the annexed illustration of the practice under notice: 'July 26, 1661, we began our journey northwards from Cambridge, and that day, passing through Huntingdon and Stilton, we rode as far as Peterborough, twenty-five miles. There I first heard the cathedral service. The choristers made us pay money for coming into the choir with our spurs on.'

Spur-money was exacted in Westminster Abbey from Dr Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who handed over an eighteenpenny token as the fine. The penalty was also imposed, about the same time, on the Duke of Cumberland (afterwards king of Hanover) for entering the choir of the same abbey in his spurs; but his Royal Highness, who was installed there, excused himself with great readiness, pleading his right to wear his spurs in that church, inasmuch as it was the place where they were first put on him.

About 1847 or 1848, a party of Sappers and Miners were stationed at Peterborough, engaged in the trigonometrical survey, when the officer entered the cathedral with his spurs on, and was immediately beset by the choristers, who demanded money of him for treading the sacred floor with armed heels. One of the dignitaries was ignorant of the practice, so that we may infer that blackmail was seldom levied at Peterborough forty or fifty years ago.

Spur-money has often been demanded at Southwell Minster, though not recently, the last case

the writer can state definitely occurring just over thirty years ago. A visitor attended service with spurs on, but was surrounded immediately after by several of the choristers. He refused to give anything, so was consequently locked in. He tempted the juveniles with sixpence, which he slipped under the door. This not being considered sufficient, he put a shilling under as well, when, after a good deal of debating amongst the 'songsters,' the offender was released. The custom is said to have been instituted by Henry VIII.

QUITE CURED.

MAJOR HENDERSON was the most obstinate man imaginable. For a whole hour, Lieutenant Mapleson tried to convince him that it was the hand and heart of Maude Henderson for which he was pleading, her comfortable little fortune being a matter about which he was supremely indifferent. At the expiration of the hour, Major Henderson's decision remained unchanged.

'Save a thousand pounds as a proof of your attachment to my niece, and I will give my consent to your marriage with her. Under no other circumstances will I do so.' This was the extent to which the major would commit himself.

Save a thousand pounds indeed! Why, a million would be equally possible to a man of refined tastes, with but a paltry two hundred a year or so besides his pay.

Maude waylaid her lover outside the library door. Very pretty she looked as she listened to dear Jack's angry protestations, her cheeks flushing and her brown eyes filling with tears.

'You will be true to me, my darling?' pleaded the impecunious lieutenant, as his arm stole round her waist and his tawny moustache pressed her rosy lips.

True to him? Indeed and indeed she would be!

'You know, dearest, you will be twenty-one in a fortnight's time and your own mistress. My sweet one will fly with her poor loving Jack then; won't she?'

'Yes'—rather dubiously. It was hard to put aside the prospect of being followed to the altar by a bevy of daintily arrayed bridesmaids, although she was so deeply in love.

True, she would soon be of age, and consequently her own mistress, but what would that fact avail her, if she were miles away from her lover? And such indeed seemed likely to be the case, for her uncle carried her off to a small village in North Wales the day after Lieutenant Mapleson had been told his fate. Of course she left a note behind for 'dearest Jack,' telling him the name of the village to which they were going, and earnestly begging him to do 'something,' although she could think of nothing practical to suggest.

On the morning of her twenty-first birthday, Maude came down to breakfast looking fresh, and even a little happy. She had honestly tried to be miserable for a whole fortnight, and had succeeded for two days. With youth and health on one's side, it is almost impossible to be thoroughly out of spirits for any length of time, however much one may be experiencing the truth of the proverb about 'true love, &c.'

The landlady's bright-looking daughter brought

in the coffee and rolls. 'Mrs Evans opposite has let her front rooms, miss,' she volunteered. 'A gentleman all by himself came and took them last night.'

A gentleman, and alone! Maude's spirits rose. 'Did you happen to hear Mrs Evans say what her new lodger is like? I suppose,' added naughty, deceitful Maude, 'he is an elderly gentleman?'

'Yes, miss, quite. He's a bit lame, walks with a stick, and has a long gray beard. His name's Mr Browne.'

Maude's spirits fell again. At breakfast, however, she mentioned the new arrival to her uncle.

Major Henderson was beginning to find North Wales a little dull, so he listened rather readily, thinking that there might perhaps be a prospect of having some one with whom to smoke a friendly pipe.

In the course of the morning, when the uncle and niece were sitting in one of the many beautiful glens in which the neighbourhood abounds, Maude saw a bent figure approaching, walking with a stick.

'I think, uncle, that must be Mr Browne, Mrs Evans' new lodger,' she said.

Her uncle looked up from his book. 'Out of health, I should say,' was Major Henderson's comment. 'He doesn't look old enough to be so infirm.'

When the stranger came up to them, he paused, and inquired the way to the Swallow Falls.

Maude started. That voice! Her uncle, however, merely made a courteous reply. Evidently his suspicions were not aroused.

'Excuse me,' continued the stranger, 'but have I not the pleasure of addressing one who is a neighbour for the time being? I fancied I saw you come out of Honeysuckle Cottage this morning with your daughter.'

'Yes, sir, you are right—at least my niece and I are staying opposite to you.'

'Your niece?' and the stranger politely raised his hat as he glanced at Maude. 'May I inquire if you have been making a long stay in the neighbourhood? It is the first time I have visited North Wales, and I should be glad to know of the principal spots of interest in the immediate vicinity. My health is so shattered that I cannot undertake long excursions.'

'This is the commencement of our third week,' replied the major. 'Like yourself, we have chosen rather to enjoy the scenery within walking distances, in preference to travelling about by rail or coach. My niece has been a little upset lately, so we came here to recruit her health.'

Maude flushed up indignantly. To speak of the cruel blow which had been dealt her as if it were a mere nothing!

'The young lady is looking so fresh and charming, that I think she must already be on the high road to recovery.' This with a stiff old-fashioned bow to Maude. 'I was about to say I trusted I might derive as much benefit from the change, only I fear that is too much to expect. Age cannot hope to compete with youth.'

'With your permission,' suggested Major Henderson, 'my niece and I will accompany you to the Falls. They are within a quarter-of-an-hour's walk from here; and I can then give you a few hints about the neighbourhood as we go along.'

Mr Browne would be only too pleased.

Maude walked on by her uncle's side experiencing a mixture of joy and alarm. She was so delighted to hear that dear voice again; so fearful lest her lover's stratagem should be discovered!

Mr Browne noticed her agitation, and was careful to divert Major Henderson's attention from his niece, in case her confusion should betray the secret. The trio had to cross a stream by means of stepping-stones. The stranger offered to assist Maude. Managing to keep his back to Major Henderson, Mr Browne, alias Lieutenant Mapleson, tenderly pressed Maude's yielding hand, and with a world of expression in his blue eyes, whispered: 'Be careful, my darling, and all will yet be well with us.'

The next morning Mr Browne called on Major Henderson. 'I have just received these, and I thought you would perhaps like to look at them,' he said, producing a packet of periodicals.

Major Henderson was glad to avail himself of the offer, as current literature was rather difficult to procure in so out-of-the-way a place.

After a little further conversation, Mr Browne was asked if he would care to join the uncle and niece in their morning ramble. Again he would be only too pleased.

When the trio had gone some distance, Major Henderson, wishing to enjoy a quiet half-hour's read, suggested that he should sit down and rest a little, while Maude conducted Mr Browne to a spot close by whence a good view of Snowdon could be obtained.

'I would fain, like you, rest a while,' replied Mr Browne; 'but as the day is so unusually clear, I feel I must make an effort to take advantage of it, especially as this young lady has so kindly consented to act as my guide.' And so Mr Browne hobbled off, with Maude walking patiently beside him.

As soon as the trees had hidden the lovers from view, Jack drew Maude to him, while she, half laughing and half crying, stroked his long gray beard.

'O Jack, whatever made you come like this? What do you intend to do?'

'This, my sweetest,' and the bold lover drew from his pocket a marriage license and a wedding-ring. Half playfully, the gallant lieutenant removed Maude's glove and slipped on the ring. 'What a dear little hand it looks!' he cried rapturously; 'and how happy I shall be when I can call its dear owner my sweet little wife.'

A slight sound fell on their ears, and looking up, they beheld Major Henderson not a hundred yards off!

Maude would have been grateful to the earth had it opened at that moment to receive her, but as it showed no signs of accommodating her, she disengaged herself from Mr Browne's embrace and hastily handed him back the ring.

Mr Browne was equal to the occasion, although he had grave misgivings, as he hobbled towards Major Henderson. 'Were you hastening to join us? You see we haven't got far. I am a wretched walker at the best of times; and in such scenery as this, one feels forced to pause frequently to look around.'

'I expected to meet you coming back,' explained the major. 'But I was looking for you

in that direction,' indicating another path more to the right. 'I was quite surprised when I saw you coming towards me.'

With what feelings of relief did the lovers listen to the major's innocent remarks!

At their early dinner, the major drew from his pocket a letter which he had received by the morning's post, and had forgotten to read. With a polite 'Excuse me, my dear,' to his niece, he hastily glanced at the contents. 'I must leave for London by the eleven o'clock train to-morrow morning,' he exclaimed. 'This letter is of the utmost importance. How stupid of me to have delayed reading it!'

'Am I to accompany you, uncle?' asked Maude faintly.

'No, no, my dear; there's no need for you to do that. I shall be back here by the evening of the following day.'

The major was very preoccupied until dinner was over, but as Maude had also much food for reflection, silence was agreeable to both.

'I wonder if I could do anything for Mr Browne while I am in town?' queried the major.—'My dear,' turning to Maude, 'just write a little note to him asking him to step over for a minute. You know we half promised to show him the way to Fairy Glen this afternoon. I don't feel inclined for any more walking myself; but there is no reason why you shouldn't accompany him, if you are not tired and he is agreeable to the arrangement.'

Maude's note quickly brought Mr Browne; and the lovers were soon on their way to Fairy Glen.

'My darling, we are in luck's way!' exclaimed Jack. 'Your uncle's absence will make matters as simple as an A B C guide. I shall have to-morrow to make the necessary arrangements; we can be married the following morning; and by the time your uncle returns in the evening, we shall be miles away from here.'

Maude acquiesced rather reluctantly. She loved Jack dearly; but still she had some compunction about deceiving her uncle, who, with the exception of the unaccountable obstinacy he had shown towards her lover, had always been ready to humour her. Jack, however, drew such a glowing picture of the happiness in store for them, and declared with so much confidence Major Henderson's anger would not last more than three weeks when once the irrevocable step was taken, that Maude was much comforted.

When they returned, Major Henderson pressed Mr Browne to spend the evening at Honeysuckle Cottage. Tea being over, the major asked Maude if she would mind packing his portmanteau for him.

'I have laid out the things I wish to take, my dear. You will fit them in more neatly than I could.'

Maude was delighted to have an opportunity of doing a last little kindly act.

Directly she had left the room, the major began fidgeting about, and at length got up and paced the room. Suddenly turning to Mr Browne, he said: 'Comparative stranger as you are to me, I feel as if I must tell you the nature of the business which is calling me to London so unexpectedly. The blow has fallen so suddenly, that to speak of it would be an immense relief.'

The stranger was all sympathetic attention in a moment.

'Mr Browne,' continued the major excitedly, 'this time yesterday I believed that poor girl up-stairs to be the mistress of a fairly large fortune. To-day—if the information I received this morning be correct—I know her to be penniless. And that is not all: the greater part, if not the whole, of my own income is lost also.'

So sympathetic was Mr Browne that he begged to know all the details. These, however, the major was unable to furnish; in fact he could explain nothing satisfactorily, so great was the state of excitement into which he had worked himself.

'Hush!' he said, as he heard Maude approaching. 'Not a word to her. I wouldn't disturb her peace of mind for worlds, poor girl, until I am certain how the matter stands.'

The next day, about an hour after her uncle had left for London, Maude received the following pencilled note from Mr Browne:

MY OWN DARLING—I am the most unlucky dog that ever lived! I passed a wretched night, and this morning I am too ill to leave my bed. To be disabled to-day, when I was to have arranged for the event which is to make me the happiest man in England. I have sent for the village 'bones,' and if he can but patch me up, it may not yet be too late. Send a book back by bearer, to account for having received a letter from your nearly frantic JACK.

Poor Maude! The torturing suspense of that day! In the evening she ventured to ask the landlady to inquire how Mr Browne was. 'No better,' was the alarming reply.

Maude passed a sleepless night. In the morning she received a second note from her dear Jack, even more despairing in its tone than the former one. 'Fate is against us,' he wrote; 'I feel as if I shall never be able to call you mine.'

In the middle of the day, she again sent to inquire after her lover; and was overjoyed when she heard he was much better, and was even thinking of getting up, his recovery bidding fair to be as sudden as his seizure.

That evening, Major Henderson returned. Hardly had he knocked at the door, when Mr Browne emerged from the opposite cottage.

'What news, sir?' asked the sympathetic Mr Browne.

'The worst possible,' replied the major, throwing himself into an easy-chair and covering his face with his hands. 'That poor girl yonder is a beggar, and I have but a hundred a year left.'

Maude looked from one to the other in utter bewilderment; and then crossed over to her uncle, trying to comfort him and gain some explanation at the same time.

'I feel this is no scene for a stranger to witness,' said Mr Browne. 'Sir, you have my deepest sympathy, and I am sure that at the present moment I can show it in no better way than by withdrawing.'

Maude followed her lover to the door. She was much distressed on her uncle's account, but did not fully realise her own loss of fortune.

'Are you really better, dear Jack?' she asked anxiously.

'Yes, thank you. Quite cured. Good-bye;' and he was gone.

That her lover's leave-taking was a little abrupt did strike Maude; she was, however, far too confused by the turn affairs had taken to attach much importance to the first circumstance.

When she returned to her uncle, he seemed wonderfully better; and at supper he talked quite cheerfully of their future.

Maude passed another sleepless night. She did not so much mind the terrible loss she had sustained on her own account; but she was bitterly disappointed that she could not do all she had promised for her dear Jack. She determined, however, to be the most loving and economical wife possible. At all events, her uncle would not be able to accuse Jack of being mercenary now; and there was much comfort in that reflection. Perhaps, after all, they would be able to have a proper wedding, only of course it would have to be a very quiet one. How much nicer that would be, than running away and deceiving her uncle, who had always been so kind to her.

When she came down to breakfast the next morning, she was looking pale and a little worn, after her two sleepless nights. The major, however, seemed to have succeeded in throwing off his grief in quite a wonderful manner, and was in almost his usual spirits.

'Have you heard how Mr Browne is this morning?' Maude ventured to ask the landlady's daughter.

'Why, miss, he paid up for the week, and went off by the mail-train last night, declaring he was sure the place didn't suit him.'

Poor Maude! The blow did indeed fall on her with crushing force.

'Dear me, rather sudden! We shall miss the old gentleman—eh, Miss Maude?' said the major, as soon as the uncle and niece were left together. He laid a slight stress on the adjective, and there was a suspicion of fun in his eyes. It was, however, no laughing matter to Maude; she, poor girl, unable longer to act her part, burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

'Poor child, poor child!' said the major compassionately. 'It's a sharp lesson for you to learn. But it is better to bear a little pain now, than to suffer for the remainder of your life, as would most probably have been your fate, if I had not paid that scoundrel out in his own coin.'

The threatened loss of fortune was all a fabrication, Major Henderson having gone no nearer to London than the top room in Honeysuckle Cottage.

The truth was, the major had discovered what was going on, when he came upon the lovers so unexpectedly. He then devised the scheme, which he afterwards carried out so successfully, in order to test the sincerity of Lieutenant Mapleson's attachment to Maude. Major Henderson had of course been obliged to take the landlady into his confidence, and she, fully entering into the spirit of the thing, had suggested the major's occupying the top room in her cottage, whence he could watch Mr Browne's movements. And so Major Henderson had merely walked to the station, portmanteau in hand, and returning,

had entered Honeysuckle Cottage by the back way.

Maude's grief and humiliation were so real when she heard these details, that her uncle, thinking she would not care to remain where her story was known, wisely suggested returning home the following day.

'We can give a garden-party, or something of that kind, in honour of your twenty-first birthday. It will be a few days after the event, but that won't matter. I would give a good deal to see that young fortune-hunter's face when he finds out how he has been duped. There's no fear of his tittle-tattling about it, though, for his own sake, so the story won't get all over the town.—I suppose, my dear,' added Major Henderson, rather anxiously, 'you'll never let him again find the way to your kind little heart with his honeyed words?'

Maude drew herself up to her full height. 'No, indeed, uncle, that I never will. To use his own words, I am quite cured.'

Before the year was out, another suitor asked for Maude's hand; and on this occasion the anxious pleader did not have any cause to complain of Major Henderson's obstinacy.

PIANOFORTE DISPLAY.

MANY players are quick to recognise that an ostentatious parade of their abilities will win applause which would be denied to their natural gifts unassisted by art. And for this reason the modern candidate for popular favour will exhaust himself in efforts to heighten the effect produced by the exercise of his executive and intellectual powers, by tricks and artifices which are totally unworthy of a true votary of art, and which only serve to substantiate his claims to an apish origin.

When a passage involving the utmost exercise of the mechanical ability is rendered with perfect ease and dignity and with unconscious mastery over existing difficulties, the audience is apt to be unimpressed, and to conclude that the composition is not of an exacting nature. An artist who truly respects himself and the profession will not stoop to solicit admiration. When the performer is content to degrade himself to the level of popular taste, the performance assumes the character of a mere exhibition of legerdemain. The affected stride; the deliberate and ostentatious adjustment of the performer's majestic person to the artistic throne, the impressive pause while the hands are poised over the keys like a hawk preparing to swoop on its prey; the alternate elevation and depression of the wrist—one of the most absolutely useless and ungraceful artifices in vogue—all these things are an offence to artistic taste, and degrading in their very essence to the man or woman who resorts to them; but, sad to say, they possess an undoubted weight with the public.

A *staccato* passage executed as if the keys were electrically charged; a *legato* strain played with the fingers prostrate on the notes, and the person of the performer sprawling inelegantly over the instrument—these and a score of other uncouth and needless contortions go to make up the sum of many instrumental performances.

Now, our conviction is that these artificialities one and all are absolutely and entirely unnecessary, and do not enhance the brilliancy or expressiveness of the performance by one iota.

Contortions are totally useless as a means toward increasing the digital dexterity of the performer, or enabling him to interpret with greater fidelity the composer's inner meaning; the most delicate gradations of light and shade, the subtlest distinctions of expression, may be attained by the quiet, masterly, and intelligent exercise of those flexible bones and muscles underlying the structure of the hand and wrist, and are entirely compatible with the maintenance of that dignified repose which should characterise the interpretation of the most exacting classic.

The velvety smoothness of the *legato*, stealing on the rapt senses as gently 'As tired eyelids upon tired eyes;' the different *staccati*, varying from the feathery touch, tripping like elfin footsteps on an enamelled sward, to the clear, incisive strokes, cleaving the air like the crystalline tinnabulations of a woodpecker's fairy mallet; the strong, deep, passionate, singing tone, 'Yearning like a god in pain,' are all attainable by the same simple methods, and do not require the lavish display of power, the patent drain upon the player's faculties, which are now the inseparable adjuncts of a pianistic exhibition.

Nor are these meretricious arts confined to the superficial charlatans who throng the courts of music. Were this the case, a strong league of earnest-souled artists could be formed the better to crush out this crying evil, one of the surest indications of the growing artificiality of the age. But men and women of undoubted genius, whose mechanical ability and intellectual grasp are frankly conceded by their peers, and reverentially acknowledged by their inferiors, do not scorn to resort to artifices wholly out of keeping with their attainments and pursuits, and which only enable them at best to exercise an insecure and evanescent ascendancy over the minds of their hearers.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

A curious project is on foot to erect, in the rear of the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, on ground belonging to the present prime minister, the Marquis of Salisbury, a vast Tower, four hundred and twenty feet high, and sixty feet square at the base. This prodigious erection is to be called the Victoria Jubilee Tower, as a grand memorial of Her Majesty's jubilee year. Its estimated cost will be about thirty thousand pounds, and it will have the credit and peculiarity of being the tallest erection in England. At present St Paul's Cathedral is the highest, measuring four hundred and four feet from the ground to the top of the cross; whilst Salisbury comes next, the altitude of the beautiful spire being just four hundred feet. The proposed Tower will contain a staircase; but for those who desire to be saved the climb of nearly five hundred steps, a lift will be provided in the centre of the building; and it is hoped that, as the Tower itself will be a great novelty, and the view from the summit both remarkable and striking, a large revenue will be derived from sightseers. Tall towers seem the fashion just now; and Paris proposes to erect one

to measure six hundred feet in height. Most people will be ready to admit that the object and motive for the building of the 'Victoria Jubilee Tower' is both just and high-minded.

D E L A Y.

Ripe ulterioris amore.

STREAM, that from yon mountain-crown,
Bubbling forth through sand and sedge,
Swollen and turbid, tumblest down
Over boulder, slab, and ledge,
Fain I to my lady go;
Stay, fond flood, thy torrent flow.

No kind bridge, no mossy plank
Guides me to the further side;
No boat, hidden 'neath the bank,
Mocks the foaming barrier tide;
And no human strength could breast
Such tumultuous unrest.

Three days syne, I might have crossed
Ankle-dry thy rocky spine;
All thy pools were flecked with frost,
Slim thy runnels: three days syne,
I had laughed at thaw or spate—
Stream, I had not felt my Fate.

In a night my passion rose,
Burst its panoply of ice,
Gathering fury from the snows
That had choked it in their vice:
In a night hast thou, too, risen
Vaster from thy frosty prison.

Passion's sudden birth, wild flood,
Is an image of thine own;
May the same similitude
Stamp their course: o'er stock and stone,
May Love's torrent onward roll,
Barrier-spurning, to its goal.

Vain the prayer: already thou,
Rioting without remorse,
Strength, and more than strength enow,
Hast to ban and bar my course;
Love's impetuosity
Meets and means its match in thee.

Ah, roll on—roll out thy power—
Roll: for yet a little while,
And the kindly glittering hour
Shall efface thee by its smile:
Under suns that find thee drained,
Still shall Love flow on unreined.

Here, upon the roaring brink,
I shall linger on and mock,
While thy beaten waters shrink,
Eddying under stone and rock;
Then shall Love arise and pass,
Merrier for to-day's 'alas!'

L. J. G.

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THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

I. WHAT HAS BEEN DONE FOR IT IN SCOTLAND.

It is not to be denied that much doubt still lingers in the public mind—doubt not without a reasonable foundation—as to the desirability of any higher or university education for women, any systematic culture of their intellectual powers after school-years are over. On the other hand, it is still less to be denied that over the whole civilised world the means of higher education are now fully within the reach of all women. None who now care to avail themselves of their opportunities need 'pine with regret or sicken in despair' because the means of intellectual cultivation are beyond their reach; and this is peculiarly the case in regard to our own portion of the British Isles. So, while people are still debating whether the Scottish universities ought to be thrown open to women, it is true that the question whether women in Scotland are to have a university education or not is already settled, and settled in the affirmative.

In regard to the prevailing prejudice against what is regarded as too much learning for women, we hope by-and-by to have something to say. Meanwhile, confining ourselves to facts, and to the facts of the case so far only as Scotland is concerned, we think a short account of what has been done here up to the present time for the higher education of women, may be found useful and interesting. These facts, so far as we are aware, have not yet been thus brought together, and are, we believe, not so well known as they ought to be by those most concerned.

Casting our thoughts backwards, we find what we may regard as the dawn of higher culture for women in Scotland in a certain course of Lectures on English Literature, delivered in Edinburgh to a class of two hundred and sixty-five lady-students, by Professor Masson in the spring of 1868. This was the first thing of the kind ever attempted in this country. We believe it would be impossible to convey even to the

most enthusiastic of lady-students nowadays, or to any one who did not personally experience it, any idea of the intense interest and delight produced by those lectures in the minds of those who listened to them for the first time. To many it was the opening up of a new world. It was the awakening to a new life, through the creation of new interests, and the stirring of faculties that had lain dormant for want of exercise. The interest and enthusiasm only widened and deepened in the following winter, when the Professors of Logic and Metaphysics and of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh University added their labours to those of the Professor of English Literature; and classes in these three subjects were systematically taught. Thus the nucleus was formed of what is now known as the Edinburgh Association for the University Education of Women, an institution indebted alike for its foundation and its continued success up to the present time—apart from what is due to the disinterested work of the professors and the support of the students—to the untiring zeal of a few gifted and devoted women. Notice of its origin would be incomplete without mention by name of one of these who has passed away, Mrs Crudelius. Those who were connected with the Association in its early days know with what wisdom and energy she then guided its course; and how, indeed, to her, in a great measure, it owed its very existence.

We find, from the first published Reports of their work, that the professors by whom the movement was inaugurated looked upon it very much in the light of an experiment; and it is interesting to learn from the same source that at the very first the experiment proved successful beyond the most sanguine hopes. The professors, who, as they confess, began their first sessions with dim forebodings—with 'considerable hesitation,' one says; with 'the sense of a very obscure future,' says another—at the end of these are found extolling in the highest terms the new-found powers of their lady-students. 'With every disposition to be critical,' says Professor

Masson, 'I found ample reason to conclude that, as regards my own set of subjects at least, there are in the community a sufficient number of ladies perfectly well prepared, by prior culture, by interest in the higher studies, by already formed habits of thought, and by persevering willingness, to take advantage of the most highly organised means of instruction accessible anywhere within the country. There were members of the class in lecturing to whom one had to feel, quite as decidedly as in recollecting the superior students of a university class, that the best one was giving might have been a great deal better and yet not good enough.'—The answering at examinations of the working part of the class was very satisfactory,' writes the Professor of Physics. 'A considerable number passed with great credit, and there were a few whose answers could scarcely have been improved. I look upon the experiment as a very successful one indeed. A more attentive or intelligent class I have never had, nor—considering the small number of lectures into which so much had to be compressed—one in which the progress made was more marked.'—The Professor of Logic and Metaphysics is even more laudatory still in his remarks. 'I found, as the session advanced,' he says, 'that I had at the outset underrated the mental power and persistency of as able and zealous a set of students as I have ever had the good fortune to conduct. It became evident, as far as the results of a session could make it so, that women were not inferior to the other sex in capacity for psychological and logical education, and that they might be animated with the enthusiasm for these studies which Scotchmen so often show. The answers given by more than one at the examinations indicated power not inferior to that of successful candidates for honours in mental philosophy at graduation, or at examinations for scholarships and fellowships. Some of the essays were very good, and in one or two the higher questions of mental philosophy handled by Hamilton and Mill were discussed with a firmness, acuteness, and intellectual grasp not excelled by the best students elsewhere.' Continued trial during the seventeen sessions that have elapsed since these words were written has served only more fully to confirm the opinion then formed, that so far as intellectual ability goes, there is nothing to prevent a woman from studying, and studying successfully, any of the higher branches of education; and that—again to quote Professor Masson—'Success in teaching women strictly and academically can remain doubtful only to those who have not tried such teaching or seen it tried.'

Admitting, then, the existence of a body of lady-students able and willing for higher instruction, let us see what the universities have done to meet this demand. Hampered as they are by legal restrictions, we find the Scotch universities have taken up towards the higher education of women a somewhat anomalous attitude. They recognise, indeed, the right of women to be taught in higher subjects, by extending to them the benefit of the examinations originally destined only for men graduates; but at the same time provide no means for teaching them. They grant to the successful students at these exami-

nations printed certificates which testify to the work done; but—except in the case of St Andrews, which created a special degree for women—they withhold the added dignity of the letters after the name, which would accompany the same certificates if given to the other sex. Meanwhile, pending the sure if somewhat slow march of legislation in the direction of university reform, we have to confess that private effort has accomplished much. Although, as we have said, no university in Scotland makes any provision for the teaching of women in preparation for its appointed examinations, the deficiency is very well supplied by other means.

In Edinburgh, there is an Association, under the direction of a Council consisting of ladies, professors, and other gentlemen, and supported by the subscriptions of members, the fees of the students, and sundry donations and contributions. Provision is made by this Association for a course of instruction in Literature, Science, and Philosophy, the subjects embraced under the faculty of Arts in the university; and its classes, of which there are seven annually, are taught by the professors of Edinburgh University acting on their own responsibility. To students who study in these classes, and afterwards pass a successful examination in a certain number of subjects, the university of Edinburgh grants a certificate; while a higher certificate still, or diploma, as it is called, for proficiency in seven subjects is bestowed by the Association. In the examinations for these certificates, the same standard is required as for the M.A. degree in Edinburgh; indeed, precisely the same examination papers are given. Thus, the diploma of the Association when taken in the same subjects is equivalent to that degree.

An Association of a similar nature, formed in Glasgow in 1877, is now known as Queen Margaret College—a name it took, with some changes in its constitution, about three years ago. The classes of this college, taught by the university professors, and intended to prepare the students for the examinations appointed by the Glasgow University, were originally formed with the same aim, and are conducted on much the same system as those of the Edinburgh Association. There are minor differences, indeed, which may be considered improvements or the reverse, according to the view held as to the absolute perfection of time-honoured university rules and methods, for they are all traceable to the fact that Glasgow appears to be less conservative than Edinburgh in regard to these. So we find Queen Margaret College admits modern languages into its curriculum of study; also, attendance by the student at the professors' lectures is not, as in Edinburgh, a necessary qualification for the certificate examination. Hence, there has arisen in Glasgow a system of tutorial and correspondence classes in connection with the professors' classes and higher examinations, which would be superfluous in Edinburgh under existing conditions.

Aberdeen, following in the wake of the sister universities, holds examinations for women and grants them certificates. It is, however, to be regretted that an Association modelled on those of Edinburgh and Glasgow, which flourished there for some years, has dwindled away for want of

adequate support, although still preserving a nominal existence.

The work done by St Andrews is by no means least in importance, and is peculiar to itself. This university holds annual examinations for women, not at St Andrews alone, and not in the United Kingdom alone, but also at specified centres all over the world: at Edinburgh and Eisenach, at Lerwick and London, at Barbadoes and Belfast, Paris and Pietermaritzburg, and numerous other places near and remote. And on the successful candidates at these examinations it bestows with their certificates the title of L.L.A. (Lady Literate in Arts). Books and subjects for these examinations are prescribed by the St Andrews University, and the student may prepare anywhere and anyhow, if only she is able to present herself on the appointed day and hour at one of the examining centres and to write answers then to the paper of questions set before her.

Thus, while the examinations of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen are only available for those who can be present in these towns at the appointed times, and in the case of Edinburgh are further restricted to those students who have studied under the Edinburgh professors in the classes of the Association; St Andrews, by means of its widespread centres, extends its benefits to all sorts and conditions of women over the length and breadth of the land, or, indeed, of any land within a reasonable distance of one of these. We do not deny, by any means, the incomparably superior advantages of attending classes for those who are able to do so. Not only are there superior intellectual advantages to be obtained from the *visu voce* instruction of one who is master of his own subject, but the effect of the social stimulus gained by studying with others in increasing and intensifying intellectual effort, can scarcely be overestimated. But when all this is allowed, there remain to be considered the many women, cut off by conditions of time and space from attendance on any existing professors' classes, or compelled by the exigences of domestic duty to study at home, if they study at all; and the work St Andrews does by means of its L.L.A. examinations has special reference to women so situated. It provides them with a knowledge of the curriculum of study pursued at a university; and holds out an inducement to study in the form of a final examination, an inducement enhanced by the offer of an outer stamp on the work done, in the form of a degree or title. With this, in itself much, as its share in advancing the work of higher education for women, St Andrews has remained contented. In St Andrews itself there is no association for university education, and there are no professors' classes, nor does it provide any other means of preparation for its final examinations. The work of systematic preparation for the L.L.A. examinations, however, quite as important, from an educational point of view, as the final examination itself, is provided for from another quarter. Correspondence Classes have been formed to supply just the right kind of help and stimulus most required by the solitary student. Of these there are various systems now in operation in Scotland. The pioneer of them all, however, was that known as the St George's Hall Classes in Edinburgh, instituted more than eleven years ago

to furnish preparation for the Edinburgh local examinations, and which now provides full means of instruction in all the St Andrews L.L.A. subjects. The plan pursued in teaching by correspondence is this. By the tutor of the class, the reading to be gone through is divided into portions corresponding to the three terms of which the session consists, and these are subdivided again into fortnightly parts. At the end of each fortnight, a paper of questions on the work done is sent to the student; and at the end of each term, a general examination on the work of the term is set. These when answered are sent to the tutor, who returns their papers again to the students with full corrections and all necessary explanations. There is thus constant practice in examination; the regular appearance of the papers is an incentive to regular work; and with the tutor to refer to, the struggling student is not left unaided, with an insurmountable heap of unsolved and, to her, apparently insoluble difficulties rising ever higher before her. Nowadays, neither place nor circumstance can take any one beyond the reach of the post; and few women, indeed, of any intellectual capacity are so unfortunately placed or circumstanced that they cannot find, if they desire it, an hour or two daily for reading and study. When we reflect on this, it is easy to see the immense influence it is possible for the St Andrews examinations, when supplemented by preparatory correspondence classes, to have on the higher education of women in general. To the lonely daughters of the manse, dwelling perhaps in the Outer Hebrides, cut off by the gray sea, like the Phæacians of Homer, from busy men; to the unwilling victim of the society life of our cities, whirled about in the weary search for pleasure, and only able to snatch stolen half-hours for the satisfaction of the unquenchable thirst after higher things; to the hard-worked daily governess, with her time so occupied in instilling the beggarly elements of knowledge into the opening minds of her pupils, that her own is in danger of stagnating in the process; to every solitary struggler after knowledge and the nurture of the intellectual life—these examinations have come as an inestimable boon, bringing with new possibilities of mental growth and development, new life and new hope.

Our facts, then, so far, show that the women of Scotland are now amply provided with facilities for higher culture, and that all over the country these facilities are being taken advantage of. The students in the Edinburgh and Glasgow classes are yearly numbered in hundreds, and a due proportion of these pass away at the end of every session, graduates in all but the name. The candidates for the L.L.A. examinations are numbered in hundreds annually also, and last year nearly a hundred obtained the title. Nevertheless, there remains widely diffused in the public mind a grave doubt as to the utility of such studies for women. For those who intend to make teaching their profession or to engage in literary work, it may now be conceded a longer and fuller education is necessary; but in regard to the generality of women, to the wives and mothers of the future, the stays and props of domestic life, the public voice asks, what is the good of all this learning on their part? Are

they themselves, are our homes and our children, is the community at large to be the better for it or the worse?

Leaving, in the meantime, the facts to speak for themselves, we reserve our answer to this question for another paper.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER III.—A SEA-NETTLE.

CABLE went about his work as usual. He would not have to relight the lamp, as the boat was not at the station, but a castaway; however, he cleaned the lamp as usual and put the burners in order. Then he went into the cabin to clear away the breakfast and make all tidy, after the night. It had not occurred to Josephine to do anything. She was not accustomed to put her hand to menial work; she expected to be waited upon.

She half sat, half lay on the side of the vessel that leaned over, nearest the water, listening to the pleasant lap of the waves, with the glitter on her face from the sun reflected in the glassy water. She amused herself with watching the foam bubbles dance along, with wondering what the dark things were beneath the green surface that drifted by. Then she looked up and let the hot sun burn her face; she shut her eyes, and basked, or opened them to see the gulls and kittiwakes hover and dart above. Then she put both her hands about her eyes, and tried to distinguish whether that faint white patch far away in the blue were the moon or a ghostly cloud. The tide had risen, and occasionally the waves came up so high that her hand over the side dipped in the water, and she sought to catch the weeds that were floating on it. With her fingers hanging over the bulwarks, with salt drops falling from them, she sang the Mermaid's air in *Oberon*. She was happy, doing nothing, inhaling the fresh sea-air, basking in the bright sun.

Josephine Cornellis was the daughter of a gentleman of independent means, who lived in a villa or cottage near the sea at Hanford. The house was not beautiful, built of white brick, and square, but it was comfortable. It had a glass conservatory to the south before the drawing-room windows; and a pretty garden, inclosed within tarred wooden boards, that went down to the seawall. Mr Cornellis lived in Rose Cottage with his unmarried sister and his daughter. He was a man of whose antecedents little was known. He had bought Rose Cottage some seven or eight years ago, and had come there with his sick wife, because the doctors ordered her sea-air and the chlorine effluvium from the rotting seaweed. She had died there, a feeble, dispirited woman, whom few had got to know; and the husband remained on, as widower, with the little daughter, whom he allowed to go much her own way.

Mr Cornellis was suspected of having Jewish blood in him; but no one knew anything about his ancestry. His true history was this. His great-grandfather, the first of the name, was an Austrian Jew, who came by his appellation in this way. The Emperor Joseph II. issued an

order that all Jews in his dominions were to provide themselves with fixed surnames. Accordingly, the Hebrew Levis and Samuels and Isaacs chose for themselves the most flowery appellations they could invent, and became a Mountain of Roses (Rosenberg) or a Valley of Lilies (Lilienthal), or affected heraldic distinctions, as Redshield (Rothschild) or Golden Star (Goldenshtern), or simply Stag (Hirsch) or Lion (Löwe). But old Moses Israel had not a lively imagination nor much ambition, and when summoned before the magistrate to have his name registered, he was at a loss what to call himself. 'Come, old skin-flint,' said the official, taking the pen from his ear—'come—the name.'

'The name!' stammered Moses Israel.

'The surname. It must be entered on the protocol. I have no time to waste on you.'

'Surname!' repeated the Jew, and put up his hand to his head.

'I see,' said the magistrate, 'you have a cornelian ring on your forefinger. Cornelian shall be your name, or'—

'Or!' Moses Israel accepted the appellation given him from his ring rather than risk the alternative. Austrian officials did not lose much time with a Jew in those days. So the son of Moses Israel called himself after his father, Levi Carneols, but came to England, where he softened the Carneols into Cornellis. He married an Englishwoman, and professed Christianity. The great-grandson of old Moses Israel was Justin Cornellis. As his father was not well off, and he was obliged to do something for a livelihood, and as he had no love of hard work, he attached himself to a Missionary Society, and was sent about Asia and Northern Africa in quest of the Lost Tribes. He drew three hundred a year from this Society, and rambled about, sending home occasional Reports, pure fabrications, based on absolutely no facts, spiced with appeals to fanaticism and piety. This lasted till somewhere in the Levant he caught the affections of a young English lady, the daughter of a merchant, and eloped with her, got married, and then threw up his position as missionary to the Lost Tribes.

The relations of his wife were very angry at the marriage, and Cornellis did not get with her as much money as he had calculated on securing. Nevertheless, he got something—her mother's portion; and with her and her income, he settled in England, where he did his best to dissipate her fortune on his own selfish pleasures. He neglected his wife, and spent much of his time in town. She became a mother, and then her health gave way. She had not the spirit to bear up against her disappointments. She had idealised the earnest, handsome missionary; and when she found him a sceptical, selfish man, her disappointment crushed her spirit. She lived on for several years, till her daughter Josephine was about twelve, and then died.

Mr Cornellis was a man who knew human nature, or prided himself on knowing it; but he knew only its weaknesses. He held mankind in contempt, as something to be preyed on by the man who had intelligence.

Associated with such a father, void of principle, it may be understood how Josephine could speak of herself as a derelict without anchor, light, or chart. She was a girl with natural warmth of

character and generous feelings; but they were blighted by the cold sarcastic breath of her father's spirit, a spirit that sneered at kindness, yet affected it in public; that made a mock of enthusiasm, yet pretended to it when likely to be profitable.

For some time Mr Cornellis had cut himself completely adrift from all his old associates; but as his means became reduced, he began again to court them, and resumed his cloak of piety and benevolence, as occasion served, much as an actor would put on his costume for the part he was prepared to represent.

There are hypocrites of all sorts in the world; the most common kind is that which deceives itself. Those who belong to this breed are unconscious hypocrites, and no one would be more surprised than themselves to be stripped of their masquerade. But Mr Cornellis knew perfectly what he was about. He wanted something of a certain class of men, and he dressed his window to catch them. At home, he made no pretence to believe in the goodness of the articles exposed; he scoffed at the fools who were caught by them.

Josephine respected her father for his ability, but could not love him. He showed her little affection; he ridiculed all exhibition of feeling.

Her aunt was not an interesting woman. She was a butt for her brother's jokes. A woman with a mind essentially commonplace, without taste, refinement, and ability. She was stout and plain. There was in her, however, a certain amount of honesty and kindness. Josephine despised Aunt Judith because she was stupid. There was no one about her whom she could love.

Richard Cable came up, took a bucket, turned it over, and seated himself on it, with his knitting, near Josephine.

'I have been watching a violet-coloured jelly-fish,' she said languidly. 'It opens and shuts like a parasol, and so works its way along; but how it can think to do this perplexes me, as it has no brains.'

'There are certain to be jelly-fish where the water is shallow and warm.'

'What an ideally perfect life they lead, floating when the sun shines, sinking when storm threatens.'

'But, Miss Cornellis, it is not a good life at all for such as us—we must always keep up, never sink.'

'And to drift with the tide,' she said.

'This makes the difference between us and jelly-fish,' said the sailor. 'They go with the current, and we swim against the tide. God has withdrawn brain from the creature because it does not require one, floating as it does with the tide. Brain is needed only for those whose life is made up of effort.'

'Yes,' she answered, and laughed: 'I suppose it is so. And yet, there is a luxury in having the consciousness of brain-power in one, and yet—swimming with the tide.'

'That is not a luxury—it is a treason,' said Cable. 'Would you be a jelly-fish, Miss Cornellis? Then choose only lukewarm and shallow water as your element.' There was a tone of reproach in his voice.

She was displeased at it, and pouted.

'Would you like a net, miss, and try to catch prawns?' he asked after a pause.

'No. I want to be a jelly-fish for the nonce—do nothing, think of nothing, but enjoy the sun and the glitter of the water.'

Again a silence of some duration.

'Did you chance to see my mother and any of my little ones about, before you left Hanford?' asked Cable. 'Excuse my asking; but I have not seen them for ten days.'

'No,' answered Josephine. 'I don't know them by sight.'

'There are seven,' said Cable.

'So I have heard.—You have lost your wife?'

'Yes. Poor Polly died ten months ago.'

'Tell me something about the children,' said Josephine. She lacked sympathy to hear concerning them. She spoke carelessly. She was vexed in her idle mood at being disturbed. She was in no way interested in the children; if they had been drowned, she would not have cared.

'It's a funny thing for a man to do, to knit,' she said sleepily.

'I knit for my babe; and I knit the love of my heart in and out with the wool, to keep the dear little feet warm.'

'I suppose you are fond of it.—I hate babies.'

Cable said nothing. He looked at Josephine's handsome face and wondered. He knitted a round, thinking, and then he said: 'Some day you may have babes of your own, and then you would like them to have a thousand feet, and to clothe all the little feet in socks knitted out of your heartstrings. You would give them everything you had; you would love them so dearly.'

'I cannot understand you. Are you talking Chinese?'

'No—the language of nature.'

'Yes; I suppose it is so. Cats and dogs, and I have no doubt also jelly-fish, love their young. As the brain gains, there is less of this animal affection. My father is a very clever man. He does not care much for me. You see, I am of no use to him.'

'He not care for you?'

'Oh, he *cares* for me, because he has the trusteeship of my mother's little fortune. You must see, Mr Cable, disinterested affection is, and must be, irrational. That, I should think, was obvious to the meanest capacity.'

Cable continued his knitting. Her words troubled him, and his hand was unsteady; he dropped a stitch.

Josephine had her eyes half-closed, watching him, and a smile twinkled on her lips. She was amused at him, he was so simple. He loved his children, he had little brain. Then she laughed out.

Cable raised his bright blue eyes and met hers. He did not speak; but he questioned the occasion of her laugh with them. He had a suspicion that she laughed at him.

'I only want one thing to make me quite happy,' she said. 'I was thinking of some chocolate creams I left on my dressing-table. Do you know that when I have been missed, Aunt Judith will eat my chocolate creams, and so console herself for my being drowned?—What is there for dinner to-day?'

'Salt pork. I have nothing else.'

'It is well Aunt Judith is not here. She would be more troubled at having salt pork, than at being cast away on a sandbank.'

'You do not speak respectfully of your aunt.'

'I do not respect her.'

'I wish, miss,' said Cable, 'you would promise me, when you are on shore, that you would look at my little ones.'

'O yes; I will carry them bonbons; but I gave you fair warning that I shall not fall in love with them.'

Richard Cable's brow was troubled, and his hands would not make the stitches right. He laid the little sock aside, and folded his rough brown hands round his knee. He was a man who thought a good deal. Isolated from all companions for every alternate fortnight, except only from the tiresome, stupid boy who was no associate, he lived much in his own thoughts. In the lightship he had time on his hands, time in which to think; and perhaps the nature of his occupation, perhaps natural proclivity, had made of him a man who lived an inner life, a quiet, serene-souled man, who had never known a greater trouble than the death of Polly, his young wife, whom he had married when she was eighteen, and he hardly one-and-twenty. At sea-side places, where there is much fishing, the men marry early. He had loved his Polly warmly, placidly, not passionately. There had been no cross-currents in his courting; all had gone smoothly to marriage; and since marriage, the course had also been smooth till the great breakdown ten months ago. He was a God-fearing man, with a simple, childlike trust and faith; and he was a kindly man to all around him. Though he grumbled about the boy Joe who was associated with him, he was considerate of him, and gentle with him, sparing him hard work, and careful to speak no unseemly word before him. Joe looked up to him as a dog to its master, with a hearty devotion; and his parents were inclined to joke him about his references to Master Cable's opinions, as though they were infallible.

When Richard's fortnight was out, and he came back to Hanford, no man could be happier than he, as he sat with the baby on his knee, and put his rough finger into its mouth and let it try its new tooth on it; with the six other little girls round him, all fair-haired, with clear complexions and blue eyes. But though he dearly loved them all, and made most fuss with the baby, the eldest, Mary, sat nearest his heart. She was called after his dead wife; and there was a look about her eyes and something in all the upper part of her face that made him think of Polly. He took her to walk with him, but did not speak much. He was a silent man, thinking his own thoughts. These thoughts were of a simple order, and the revolution in his brain was by no means eccentric; but now he was brought in contact with a young girl who belonged not only to a different social sphere, but to a distinct moral and mental order; and against his will, she exerted a powerful disturbing influence on his mind. He did not understand her; he was uncertain whether she spoke out the real feelings of her heart; or whether she dissembled with him, and affected a callousness which she

did not actually feel. He looked long and steadily at her, trying to read her character. She felt his eyes on her, and every now and then half-opened her lids and looked at him in reply to his gaze; then he started and turned his head away with a sensation as if he had received a shot.

'How long is it since your father died?' asked Josephine, sitting up and putting on her hat.

He paused a while to gather his thoughts before he replied, then he said quietly, gravely, without a muscle changing in his face: 'I have lost him since I was an infant. I do not remember him.'

'What did he die of? Was he drowned at sea?'

'I do not know that he is dead.'

'Not dead!' She opened her beautiful brown eyes in surprise. 'Where is he, then?'

'I do not know.'

'How droll! Why does he not live with your mother and you?'

He paused again—a dark colour mantled his brow and temples. 'He deserted my mother.'

'And you have never been after him?'

'No.' He moved uneasily.

'Nor would I—unless he had money.'

Cable stood up and paced the deck with his head down. He raised it now and then and looked over the sea to the horizon. He was wishing that a sail were visible. He became uneasy at being cast away on a sandbank with this girl. Her presence disturbed the equanimity of his mind. He was attracted by her, yet she repelled him. He pitied her, yet he feared her.

Presently he came up to her, and she raised her brown eyes to him to ask what he wanted. He bent his away. 'Look into the water,' he said a little roughly.

'The water is falling; I can see through to the sand.'

'Do you see yonder yellow mass floating by?'

'Yes—like a ghostly sponge.'

'Do you know what it is?'

'A sort of jelly-fish.'

'It is a sea-nettle.'

'A plant?'

'No; a living being. If you were to touch it, it would sting you, perhaps paralyse you. I have known bathers in deep water who have encountered one of these harmless-looking creatures, and the touch has deadened their nerves, so that they have sunk as lead and never came up again alive.'

'It is a pretty thing, too, with its long filaments. You hinted that there were human beings like jelly-fish.'

'There are. What I say, I think. And there are human beings, even beautiful young girls, like sea-nettles. The jelly-fish have no heads; they do not hurt. The sea-nettles have no hearts; they sting and kill.'

'And I!' laughed Josephine, 'I am one of the latter! You are not complimentary. I have not hurt you—at least I have had no intention of doing so.'

'The sea-nettle has no thought of hurting the bather; its touch palsies without its having spiteful purpose, simply because it don't consider the feelings of those it encounters.'

Her face became grave, and she turned it abruptly away towards the sea.

He continued his walk. Then he went into the

cabin and fetched his telescope. He looked intently in one direction; Josephine looked over the bulwarks in another; he at the far off, she at the near—the ebbing tide and the drifting weed and living creatures in the shallows. Then he came across to her. 'I am sorry I spoke rudely,' he said.

She turned her face. There were tears in her eyes, perhaps of mortified vanity. She put out her hand to him. 'Do not be afraid to touch me,' she said with a forced laugh; 'I will not hurt you. I would not do so for a great deal. I dare say I am hard. I am unhappy. I trust no one; believe in nothing; have no love, no hope. I will not sting. Tell me the truth always, however unpalatable. I hate lies.'

Then he stooped and touched the tips of her fingers with his lips. 'I pity you infinitely,' he said. 'You must find some one or something to love, or you will be lost.'

His voice was so kind, his manner so deferential, such genuine, hearty compassion streamed out of his honest eyes, that she was softened. 'I will come and see you sometimes,' she said; 'I will see your mother and the children. I will try to get interested in them, and get out of myself, and away from the hateful atmosphere that surrounds me at home.' Then she laughed. 'Mr Cable, throw me a rope now and then, and haul me out of the shallow water in which I live, and where I shall become a sea-nettle.'

'With God's help, I will do what I can,' he said gravely, and put his hand to his cap, as offering a salute.

TEMPORARY STARS.

THE appearance of a new star in the midst of the great nebula in Andromeda offers a fitting opportunity to say a few words on stars of a similar character which have from time to time blazed forth in the heavens. Although the appearance of a new star is unquestionably a marvellous event, the existence of stars whose light varies is a well-known astronomical fact. Patient observation of the heavens during many centuries has shown that there are hundreds of such stars; and every year is adding new members to the already lengthy list. The great difference between variable and temporary stars is, that in the case of the former their period and maximum and minimum brightness are known. In other words, continued observation reveals the fact that an ordinary variable star changes from greatest brilliancy to least brilliancy in a certain definite time, different for different stars, and attains and fades to, though it may be with slight irregularities, a certain definite maximum and minimum brightness. It is therefore possible, after these points have been determined, to predict with tolerable success the conduct of the star during a longer or shorter period, according to the accuracy of the observations. There are, it is true, variable stars which display the most remarkable eccentricity. The most wonderful object of this class is a star in the southern heavens situated in the Keyhole nebula, and known as Eta Argus. To give full particulars of this star would occupy too much space; suffice it to say, that from being a comparatively faint object,

it gradually increased in splendour, till, after passing through numerous strange fluctuations, it outshone Canopus, and was surpassed only by Sirius. It remained thus brilliant for some time; but at length faded away till it was lost to almost all eyes, and now shines as a star barely visible to the unaided vision. Stars of this class form, doubtless, a kind of bridge between the more regularly variable stars and those which suddenly blaze forth in the heavens.

In looking back over the history of temporary stars, we are struck first with the rarity of their appearance, and next with the very meagre accounts of them which have come down to us. Though there are said to be frequent references in the Chinese annals to the appearance of these objects, the first historically recorded account of such an event occurred in the year 125 B.C. We may infer, without much risk of error, that princes and potentates, with a characteristically undue sense of their own importance, looked upon this object as blazing forth some event in their own petty career. It had, luckily, a more useful and lasting effect, for Hipparchus, an astronomer of the school of Alexandria, was led by its appearance to construct the first recorded catalogue of the stars. Over and above this fact, we know little or nothing of it; and doubtless had it not come down to us associated with the name of Hipparchus, its memory would long since have sunk into oblivion. The next star which blazed forth in the heavens was seen in the year 389 A.D., and was situated near the brightest star in the constellation of the Eagle. We know nothing of it, further than that for three weeks it remained as brilliant as Venus, and then gradually faded away till it became quite invisible.

But the two most remarkable of these temporary stars appeared in comparatively modern times, and have been described to us by the two celebrated astronomers, Tycho Brahé and Kepler. No stars of equal brilliancy have appeared since, and in looking back on them, the student of astronomy cannot but regret that the means of observation were at that time so meagre that we have only the bare account of their varying brilliancy and the time they remained visible. The former of these stars appeared in the constellation of Cassiopeia in the year 1572. Tycho, in describing its apparition, tells us that on the night of the 11th November, in returning from his laboratory to his dwelling-house, he found a number of country-people gazing at a star which he was sure did not exist half an hour before. The star when first seen equalled in brilliancy Sirius and Jupiter, two of the most lustrous objects in the heavens, and gradually increased in splendour till it rivalled Venus, and was quite visible at noonday. It began to fade in the following month; and in March 1573, though then very much fainter than when discovered, it was still a fair first-magnitude star, being as bright as Aldebaran, the most brilliant luminary in the constellation of the Bull. During the next twelve months it gradually faded, till at length it became quite invisible. No star can now be seen in the position referred to as occupied by it; but some years ago, a minute star was discovered near its place, and where one was not hitherto known. From the fact that stars of a similar character to that of 1572 are reported to have appeared in an

approximate position in the years 945 and 1264, some astronomers would have us believe that a variable star having a period of somewhat over three hundred years exists in this part of the heavens. If so, we may not have long to wait for another apparition of this most remarkable object. It should, however, be borne in mind that if the star appeared as suddenly as Tycho would lead us to believe, there is great improbability that it is periodically variable.

Thirty years after the disappearance of this object, another star blazed out in the constellation of Serpentarius and remained visible for about three months. It is said to have rivalled Tycho's star in splendour; but as it was not favourably situated for observation, we have a very meagre array of facts concerning it. It is known as Kepler's star, having been described to us by that astronomer.

Passing over the apparition of one or two stars too unimportant to be noticed, we come now to the temporary stars of modern times. Here we have a great advantage over the old astronomers, for they, in dealing with temporary stars, could record only their brilliancy, duration of visibility, and facts of a similar kind; but since their time, we have had placed in our hands the telescope and the spectroscope, the former enabling us to watch a star long after it becomes invisible to the naked eye; the latter giving us valuable information on the changes in progress in its physical constitution. Both of these instruments have been employed with success in observing the temporary stars of recent times, and especially is this the case, as regards the spectroscope at least, in the observation of the star which appeared in 1866 in the constellation of the Northern Crown, and which is technically known as the Blaze Star. The Blaze Star was not, strictly speaking, a new one, as it was already known to astronomers. The younger Herschel in 1842 gave it as of the sixth magnitude; and Argelander in 1855 noted it as about the tenth—the object in both cases being invisible to the naked eye. We have therefore good reason to believe that it was originally variable. However, in 1866 it suddenly increased in splendour, and when first noticed, on the 12th May of that year, was of the second magnitude. It retained its splendour only a very short time, for on the 24th of the same month it was invisible to the naked eye. In August it again revived slightly; but since that time it has been irregularly decreasing.

During all these fluctuations, it was carefully examined both with the telescope and the spectroscope, but especially with the latter. What, then, did the spectroscope reveal regarding it? It revealed beyond a doubt that the sudden increase in brilliancy was caused by an intense glowing of the hydrogen gas existing in the vaporous envelope surrounding the star. All stars are surrounded by an envelope consisting of the vapours of the materials—though not necessarily of all the materials—of which the stars themselves are composed. These vapours, though intensely hot, are cool when compared with the intenser heat of the star itself; they therefore absorb more light and heat than they emit, and when the light of a star is examined with a spectroscope, this absorption makes itself known in the long, narrow, rainbow-coloured band known as

the spectrum, by the presence of delicate dark lines or gaps, which are perpendicular to the length of the spectrum, and which indicate that a certain definite part of the light is absent. Each vapour has in any given spectrum its own characteristic dark lines. But the hydrogen lines in the spectrum of the Blaze Star, instead of being *dark*, were *bright*. In fact, the whole extra light of the star seemed concentrated in four bright lines, which were referred to the elements nitrogen and hydrogen. The brightness of these lines indicated that, from some unknown cause, the hydrogen gas existing in the vaporous envelope of the Blaze Star had become so intensely heated that it burst out in a sudden excess of light, which, to us, converted the star from a faint to a conspicuous object.

Of the actual change we can form no conception. Even of the ordinary changes in progress in the vaporous envelope of our own sun we have but the faintest idea. Hydrogen gas forms, we know, the chief constituent of those glowing vaporous masses known as the solar prominences. These prominences are shot up from the surface of the sun with the most remarkable rapidity to a height varying from a few thousand to a hundred thousand miles. They change in a most astonishing manner. Lockyer quotes an instance in which he saw a prominence of glowing hydrogen gas twenty-seven thousand miles high disappear totally in ten minutes! Yet these tremendous outbursts, with which the imagination can but inadequately deal, cause no appreciable difference in the light and heat emitted by our sun. How unimaginably tremendous, then, must have been the outburst in the Blaze Star in Corona—so tremendous, in fact, that were the same event to occur in our own sun, we are safe to say that every planet in the system would in an instant be converted from its present solid state to incandescent vapour.

The only other important temporary star which has appeared in modern times was discovered in the constellation of the Swan by Professor Schmidt of Athens on November 24, 1876; but as to give any particulars of it would simply be repeating with slight additions and differences what we have said about the star of 1866, we shall conclude with a few remarks about the star which appeared some time ago in the Andromeda nebula. The Andromeda nebula itself is seen as a faint misty patch, plainly visible on a clear moonless night to the naked eye; almost in the centre of this object the new star appeared. It did not attain any great brilliancy, for even when brightest it was not visible to the unaided vision. As soon as the star appeared, the question arose, was it situated in the nebula or between the nebula and us? Had we not been possessed of the spectroscope, we should have been unable to answer that question conclusively. Spectroscopic examination, however, showed that the spectrum of the star and that of the nebula were similar, and as the spectrum of the nebula is a peculiar one, there does not remain the slightest doubt that they are physically connected. But the apparition of this star has conclusively settled one great astronomical question. A popular theory of stellar nebulae constantly appearing in text-books is, that they are island universes—galaxies similar to our own situated far out in

space. This theory, though strongly negated by evidence, still clings tenaciously to life. The only nebula which, strictly speaking, did fall outside of the evidence was this one in Andromeda; for, while the spectroscope indicated that it was composed of countless stars, the most powerful telescopes were unable to reveal with certainty any of these objects. This circumstance, taken in connection with its great apparent size, seemed to give some ground for supposing that it might be a universe similar to our own—though probably infinitely larger and more complex—situated far out in space. From considerations too lengthy and complex to be stated here, the appearance of the new star in the nebula is inconsistent with such an idea, and proves beyond a doubt that the nebula itself is situated within and forms a part of our own system.

HIS FIRST ACTION.

PERMISSION to solicit leave to Europe at the close of the great Mutiny struggle, in which the fate of our Eastern empire hung so long tottering in the balance, was no sooner accorded, than I hastened to forward an official application for furlough, which was in due course acceded to. My health was much broken, and I needed change, for I had been almost continuously on field-service for several years: among the ague-laden swamps of Burmah, I had assisted at the storming of the far-renowned cathedral of Buddhism, the Shoey Dagon Pagoda at Rangoon; I had served with the expedition to the Persian Gulf; and last, but far from least, had hastened under Havelock, the soldier-saint, to the relief of the beleaguered garrison; and shared in those droughty marches, when the earth was as a sheet of brass, and the sun poured down like a flood of molten lead, which waited on the crowning triumphs of the forces under Sir Hugh Rose.

Arrived, after a long absence, at home, I found that sickness eagerly pursued me still; and obedient to my doctor's advice, was quickly banished from the din and dust-whirl of London to recruit in the more bracing atmosphere of a northern watering-place. How different the sights and sounds of the little haven from those to which I had been so long accustomed: the blue sea swelling in its might, speckled with red-sailed fishing-boats, winging their way towards the Dogger Bank, the tides ever ebbing and flowing obedient to the influence of the moon; the rock-fanged shore, with its relics of saurian monsters, telling the tale of times which followed hard upon chaos; the shrieking of the wild sea-mew too often fleeing from the crafty wiliness of Cockney sportsmen—these and the countless other sights familiar enough to those who go down to the sea in ships, or stand upon its beached margin, observant of the wilderness of waters, were yet strangely unfamiliar to me, who had known so long far other sights and sounds—the voice of neighing steed, the trumpet's clang, the roll of red artillery, as the noise of battle hurtled through the air.

Seated one afternoon upon the pier, inhaling the fragrance of the free brine-laden air, I was watching somewhat intently the games and gambols of a number of fisher-boys, who, while

the tarred ropes lay idle, chased one another along the low parapet which was its sole protection on the seaward side; yet I failed not to take note how a grave elderly man of military bearing, who looked like a veteran of some mark and pretension, had descended the little flight of steps by which the pier was approached from the principal street of the ruddy roofed town, and commenced to pace to and fro with a soldier's measured tread. By-and-by he seated himself at the further extremity of the bench I occupied, and raised his voice in threatening rebuke, chiding the venturesome lads, whose horse-play he deemed fraught with danger; and as the urchins, desisting, slunk one by one away, the old officer turned himself and thus addressed me: 'You would never believe, sir, how frequently I find it necessary to save those boys from the certain consequences of their recklessness in racing about upon this parapet. The drop on the far-side is, as you may see, pretty considerable, and sooner or later one of those youngsters is tolerably certain to lose the number of his mess, if such folly be persisted in.' And then regarding me for a moment somewhat intently, he continued: 'May I ask, sir, if you are in the service?'

'Just home on sick-leave from India,' I replied, 'seeking to re-establish a constitution somewhat undermined by fifteen years' constant service in the tropics, during the last five of which I've hardly known what it was to be in cantonments.'

'Nor could you have come to a better place for the purpose,' rejoined my companion. Then suddenly examining his watch, he rose, bowed, and with erect carriage, moved to the end of the pier, reascended the steps, and passed into the town. Curiosity being somewhat roused as to this interview, I ventured to make inquiries of my landlady, and found in this latest addition to my acquaintance, a soldier astute and gallant, one indeed no less renowned than General Duncombe, with whose name I was very familiar, as that of one whose work had been well and bravely done amid the clash and bicker of the soldiers' fight at Inkermann. Nor was it forgotten in the recital of the general's numberless virtues that he was kind to the poor and needy, and that he had a hand open as day for melting charity.

A short time after the conversation I have just related, I was strolling idly one morning along the cliffs, watching the lapping and curling foam, as the waxing tide chafed and fretted the smooth surface of the golden sands, when I descried the form of my old friend of the pier apparently intent on the movements of a pair of bay horses which a groom, riding one and leading the other, was urging to lave their well-shaped limbs in the invigorating and sun-crested waves. Anxious to atone for any shortcomings on the occasion of our former interview, I eagerly availed myself of the opportunity thus afforded me of acknowledging, in the punctiliousness of my accost, the respect and admiration which I felt for the veteran and his brave martial deeds.

'Good-morning, sir,' I said, raising my hat as I approached him. 'I feel that I ought to apologise—'

'Not a word, sir—not a word,' interrupted the general. 'You see, sir, I'm obliged to carry out watering-order parade under my own eye, now

that I've left the army;' and as he drew himself erect and took a comprehensive glance around him, he continued: 'What a grand coast this is, sir! Do you observe how busy nature has been between here and yonder purple headland, notching and clipping out bays and inlets innumerable, around whose green recesses the salt sea's blue laughs gaily such bright sunny mornings as these?'

No road, I was quick to find, lay more open to the general's heart than a genuine admiration for the beauties of his native county; and I am convinced that it was due no less to the accidental association of fellow-soldiers not wholly unwilling to fight their battles over again, than to the sympathy with which I ever regarded the general's frequent eulogies of the Yorkshire coast scenery, that the acquaintance between us so rapidly warmed into friendship.

Time passed on, and I was made welcome in the little sanctum of the old-fashioned house adjoining the cliff—long since replaced by more modern and pretentious 'apartments'—whither General Duncombe had removed such household gods as a long and varied military career had enabled him to collect, when he quitted the service consequent on a severe wound received at Inkermann. Youngest and only survivor of seven brothers, all of whom had been engaged in the naval or military service of their country—the elder ones active participants in the events of the giant struggle with Napoleon—he had ranged above the chimney-piece, in order meet, the swords and medals of this band of heroes, who had sunk to rest, some victims to the pestilence which ever dogs the footsteps of armies; others, again, on the gory battlefields, or in the deadly breaches of fortresses of the Peninsula; while the remains of yet another, beneath the waters of the great deep, where never burns the sun nor ever sound is heard, await the moment when the sea shall give up her dead. And it was here that he would now and again talk with me about the past, telling stories of Napoleon, whom he had helped to guard on the far-away rock of St Helena, of our own Great Duke, under whom he served—a callow stripling—during the occupation of Paris; and of the stern and obstinate combats which preluded the yielding of the Khalsa kingdom. But of warfare more recent, of scenes in which he had borne a part so honourable that his name had been familiar as a household word to every reader of the story of the Crimea—of these, I observed he never spoke.

Sometimes, too, we rode together, taking long gallops over the undulating wolds, with their distant glimpses of the towers of York, the waters of Humber sparkling beneath the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, amid relics of times far distant as those when the savage chased the buck and boar through the dank solitudes of the adjacent forest, or chipped his flint and fashioned rude vases of clay beneath the shelter of some smoky hut. And on one such occasion it was that I determined, if possible, to break through the rigid rule of silence, which, on matters connected with his last campaign, the general seemed to have imposed upon himself. Nor, in so doing, was I prompted by mere motives of idle curiosity, for I was anxious to hear, from the lips of one who could tell it well, what manner of men

those Russians were who strove so stoutly to save the stronghold of their Czar; nor was I the less interested because the day was coming, men said, and that no distant one, when Cossack and sepoy sentries would confront one another on the Oxus.

'You stir up bitter memories, Colonel Tremayne,' replied the general, in answer to an appeal that he would enlighten my ignorance as to matters Crimean, of which, by reason of being engaged all but continuously on Eastern fields while the great struggle on the Black Sea littoral was progressing, I was, pardonably enough, less informed than the mass of my countrymen—'you stir up bitter memories of a loss I sustained in the untimely death of a fine young fellow whom I had destined to be to me as a son, but of whom the fortune of war robbed me; or rather,' he added, 'I should say, whom the Almighty saw fit to remove "ere wickedness could alter his understanding or deceit beguile his soul."'

And as, through the evening air, we gently walked our horses homeward, the general confided to me the narrative of the loss of his protégé, by which it was easy to see he had suffered at least as keenly as from the wound which induced his retirement from the service.

'Ceasing to command my regiment on promotion to major-general,' he commenced, 'I returned home from the Cape, and established myself at Ferrybridge, a somewhat decayed resort of fashion, compared with the queens of modern watering-places, such as Brighton or Scarborough yonder, or even as resuscitated Bath; pluming itself, nevertheless, as is the wont of those who have known better days, upon the regard in which it once was held, and speculating, Micawber-like, upon something turning up, under whose fostering impulse it might rise another phoenix from its ashes. To lovers of nature, however, its attractions were manifold; for here, with no niggard hand, her gifts had been bestowed. Neither wealth of blossomy umbrage—nor visions of gray cliff covered with lichen, shooting up through garments of greenery—nor purple masses of mountain far removed—nor the reflection of a thousand variable pleasant lights out of the sky upon the waters of the distant estuary, were wanting to the manifold perfections with which Ferrybridge was dowered by nature. And yet, as a lover of sport longing for the music of hounds, and opportunities for "captivating the timorous trout in the streamlet bliithe," I quickly found it wise to shift my base of operations—to quit the club with its weary whist and prosy reciters of oft-told tales, and establish myself in country quarters within easy reach of the town. And here it was that I first made the acquaintance of poor Charlie Howard. The Howards were my only near neighbours—Mr and Mrs Howard, two daughters, and an only son—and so it came about that acquaintance soon merged into friendship, and friendship ripened into intimacy. Charlie and I became inseparable. Destined for the university, it was not long ere he confided to me his ardent yearning after the vicissitudes of a military career. Tall and well knit, with eyes that seemed like eagles' to dart their light into the light of the sun, in his temper timidity had no place, and enterprise was strong within him.

Ever in the first flight when we rode to hounds, his was certain to be the fullest creel when, at the close of day, we forsook the velvet margin of the purling trout-stream. Nor can I hold myself guiltless in that I fanned the flame and added fuel to the fire which already burned bright within him. It was I who stimulated his ambition, speaking ever of the bubble reputation, while decrying home-keeping youth and their homely wits; and verily, I have my reward.

Meanwhile, as the crisis drew on, excitement increased; the Angel of Death hovered so nigh, men said, that the sound of his wings even smote on the ear; all the youth of England were on fire, and Charlie's entreaties waxed more and more urgent. By-and-by, the Guards departed for Malta, and, as you may remember, the sovereign herself bade them God-speed from the balcony of Buckingham Palace. Poor Charlie's feelings were wrought to the highest pitch; he would take no refusal; his importunities were backed but too urgently by my own. Consent was at last reluctantly given, and my influence procured him a commission. Months passed away. At length, while the army still lay at Varna, certain changes on the headquarter staff enabled the commander-in-chief to offer me the command of a brigade, and I hastened to embark. The very ship which was to convey Charlie from the depôt to the headquarters of his regiment was the one in which I was provided with a passage. How green are the recollections of that voyage, and how riveted in the memory; how keen the interest wherewith his unfamiliar associations were invested in Charlie's unaccustomed eyes! Corunna with its tragic yet imperishable story; Trafalgar and its fatal bay; the rock-fortress key of the Straits, "where Europe and Afric on each other gaze;" the giant cone of Etna scintillating in the morning's sun; and by-and-by, the *Fior del Mondo*, as its children call Malta, with frequent forts frowning above each creek and harbour, bristling with guns and mortars, and guarded by sentries ever watchful. And brief as was the halt we made, we managed to visit the grand old cathedral of St John the Baptist, beneath whose high altar are treasured, it is said, the keys of Acre, Rhodes, and Jerusalem, ere pursuing our voyage through the Ægean, and sighting the plains of Troy and the sepulchral mounds of classic heroes.—But I must hasten my story.

"It was the night before the battle of the Alma when we joined the army; and amid all the confusion caused by the flank-march from Eupatoria, it was with infinite difficulty that we at length found Charlie's regiment. I hurriedly introduced him to his colonel, with whom I had fought on other fields; and with a warm handshake, we parted, my boy and I; for I was eager to find the brigade whose movements I was to direct on the morrow; and as, amid the tentless host, I pursued my way, seeking ever and anon, from some wayworn straggler, for directions by which to find the portion of the position of which I was in quest, my thoughts were of the morrow's battle as of another glorious record to be emblazoned upon the colours of British regiments; for I was all too confident to give admittance to a thought of fear for him I had just

quitted, whose hands were to bear aloft for the first and, alas! the only time the Queen's colour of his corps. I thought of him indeed, but joyously; for to-morrow he was to receive the longed-for baptism of fire; and I looked forward to the time when next I should press his hand, and see the light of battle in his eye, proud that upon his maiden sword should sit laurelled victory; but I never thought of that which I really saw.— But I am anticipating.

"Swiftly the night passed away, not silent, indeed, yet without alarm; and beneath the earlier beams of a golden sun—for many to rise no more—the army, as though at some great review, pursued its forward march. It was noon as we drew in sight of the dense masses of Russian troops garnishing the plateau, into which merged the steep knolls which rose abruptly beyond the further bank of the narrow stream. Grim batteries stood in the intervals which separated the heavy masses, and I could see that they lacked not such support as squadrons of Cossack horsemen could afford. Puffs of musketry marked the progress of the French advance as they swarmed the face of the rugged crags which lay in front of them; and it was no long time ere the sharp and ringing roll of musketry and the ceaseless roar of artillery were heard on every side as the battle joined and both sides fiercely fought. But to you, familiar with the sights and sounds of war, there is no need to describe the onward progress of the action; the veil of smoke now dense, now lifting awhile to disclose swift glimpses of nodding plumes and gleams of burnished arms; while above all raged an ear-deafening, ceaseless roar, lest some sweet sounds of mercy and pity might chance to be heard amidst the clamour.

"The battle was fought, and won, though the Russians might still be seen withdrawing in masses across the plain, ere I felt free to ride in quest of Charlie Howard. Slowly amid gullies dotted with wounded and dying, and the knapsacks and accoutrements of the flying foe, my horse picked his way over elastic turf, yielding beneath his tread, too carefully, indeed, for me, who longed to see my boy and inquire how it had fared with him, and give him joy that his had been the good fortune to carry a colour on such a well-fought field. And as, intent on this object, I rode, the groans of the dying falling on a scarcely heedful ear, my eye caught sight of a group apparently engaged in removing the body of an officer from the colour, which was imbrued with his blood. As I drew nigh, mingled feelings of doubt and alarm were converted into hideous, ghastly certainty, for he lay there—the object of my search, the boy who was to have been to me as the son of my old age—lifeless, yet beautiful he lay, young, gallant Howard!

"Fortunate, indeed, was it for me that the active duties of a command amid stirring scenes such as those which in rapid succession ensued—the immediate movement across the Katcha and the Balbek; the transfer of our operations to the south side of Sebastopol, and the occupation of Balaklava; followed as it ere long was by the stunning catastrophe of the great cavalry charge—left little time for the indulgence of excessive grief. But when, after Inkermann, I was compelled to quit the service and become a man of

peace, then indeed I found that "sorrow ends not when it seemeth done." It is easy for men to counsel and speak comfort, quoting wise saws, such as, "What's gone and what's past help should be past grief;" but the day is yet far distant when I shall cease to remember the tenant of that nameless grave in the far-distant Chersonese.

Ere long, as health improved, I removed from the little haven on the shores of the beautiful bay, nor was it long before I was able to resume the active duties of my profession and return once more to the gorgeous East. But I never forgot my kind old friend the general, nor the story which had saddened his later life. And when, as recently, I revisited my old haunts, and, after long years, paced again the pier where first we met, remembrances of the brave old soldier, who lies in the adjacent cemetery, were vividly stirred within me.

SACCHARINE FROM COAL-TAR.

BY AN ANALYTICAL CHEMIST.

COAL-TAR, since it was discovered to be the source of an almost unlimited variety of those very beautiful colours known generally under the name of 'aniline dyes,' has yielded so many strange and new substances under the searching scrutiny of the numerous investigators whose attention these brilliant colours have attracted—much in the same way as the gaudy flower attracts the busy bee—that no one is surprised to hear that another wonderful discovery is announced. And yet, who would have dreamt of obtaining sugar from a substance so uninviting as coal-tar? and such sugar too! Nothing shown at the recent Edinburgh Exhibition by the Greenock sugar manufacturers—excellent though their exhibits at the farther end of the main hall were—could equal it. Here are some of its properties. It is a white crystalline powder, easily soluble in warm water, and it possesses two hundred and thirty times the sweetening power of the best cane or beetroot sugar. One part of this saccharine dissolved in ten thousand parts of water produces a solution of a distinctly sweet taste. All its known combinations have a sweet taste. A substance to which the name 'dextro-saccharine' has been given is prepared by adding one part of saccharine to between one thousand and two thousand parts of glucose, and is said to be scarcely distinguishable in taste from ordinary sugar; moreover, it is cheaper than real sugar even at the present high price of saccharine, namely, fifty shillings a pound. The bitterest quinine solution, or acid drink, is rendered so sweet by the addition of a small portion of saccharine, that not the least trace of the bitter principle of the acid can be tasted.

The all-important question to the public, and especially to those interested in the manufacture of sugar, is—Will saccharine supply the place of sugar? The answer, so far as can at present be judged, is, that it will. It possesses many advantages over sugar. It is very stable, and not subject to influences which produce mould and decay. In small quantities, it has no injurious effect on the human system, but passes unchanged through it. This is of considerable importance to diabetic

patients and others on whom sugar acts detrimentally. It possesses moderately strong antiseptic powers. This would be taken advantage of in jams, preserves, and such like; moreover, jams could be made to consist almost entirely of fruit instead of containing, as at present, so large a proportion of sugar. Although, at fifty shillings a pound, it is cheaper than sugar, this price will probably be considerably reduced when the manufactory started some time ago in Germany makes its output felt in the market—probably, indeed, before this reaches the eyes of our readers.

The sugar industries in this country have during recent years suffered so severely from competition and the 'bounty' system, that the entrance of saccharine into the field of competition might prove the last straw on the camel's back. They certainly are not in so prosperous a condition as to view with equanimity the addition of this saccharine to the already long list of competitors. Any check on the home industries would be felt with increased effect on the sugar plantations. To what extent capital and labour would suffer, it is difficult to surmise. It is rather a strange coincidence that the sugar plantations should, by the discovery of coal-tar saccharine, be threatened at the same time as another important industry—the cinchona plantations—is threatened by the invention of an artificial method of preparing sulphate of quinine.

Having said so much about the properties of coal-tar saccharine, a few words about the preparation and the discovery may be desirable, in order to satisfy a very natural curiosity to know more about so remarkable a substance. The constituent of coal-tar from which saccharine has been prepared is called toluene. Toluene is obtained by distilling coal-tar, and collecting the portion which distills between the temperatures of one hundred and ten and one hundred and twenty degrees centigrade. It is a colourless, mobile liquid. The first step in the process of manufacture is to convert toluene into toluene-mono-sulphonic acid. This is done by heating toluene with concentrated sulphuric acid at a temperature not exceeding that of boiling water. The excess of sulphuric acid must then be removed by the addition of chalk, subsequent filtration, and addition of carbonate of soda. The second step is the preparation of toluene-sulphonic-chlorides. This is done by the action of phosphoric pentachloride on the dry residue obtained on evaporating the filtrate containing the sodium salts. Certain impurities have again to be got rid of. Two chlorides are produced in this operation—the one solid, and the other liquid. Only the latter is suitable for the production of saccharine. The third step is the formation of ortho-toluene-sulphamide. This is done by mixing the liquid with solid ammonium carbonate, and steaming. The fourth and final step yields saccharine. The last product (ortho-toluene-sulphamide) is oxidised by permanganate of potash, and the saccharine thus formed is separated from the materials with which it is mixed by precipitation by means of dilute mineral acids.

No less interesting is the account of the discovery given by the *American Analyst*, after an interview with the discoverer, Dr Constantine Fahlberg. No words can be so graphic as his own. 'Well,' he said, 'it was partly by accident,

and partly by study. I had worked a long time upon the compound radicals and substitution products of coal-tar, and had made a number of scientific discoveries that are, so far as I know, of no commercial value. One evening, I was so interested in my laboratory that I forgot about supper until quite late, and then rushed off for a meal without stopping to wash my hands. I sat down, broke a piece of bread, and put it to my lips. It tasted unspeakably sweet. I did not ask why it was so, probably because I thought it was some cake or sweetmeat. I rinsed my mouth with water, and dried my moustache with my napkin, when, to my surprise, the napkin tasted sweeter than the bread. Then I was puzzled. I again raised my goblet and, as fortune would have it, applied my mouth where my fingers had touched it before. The water seemed sirup. It flashed upon me that I was the cause of the singular universal sweetness, and I accordingly tasted the end of my thumb, and found that it surpassed any confectionery I had ever eaten. I saw the whole thing at a glance. I had discovered or made some coal-tar substance which had out-sugared sugar. I dropped my supper and ran back to the laboratory. There, in my excitement, I tasted the contents of every beaker and evaporating dish on the table. Luckily for me, none contained any corrosive or poisonous liquid. One of them contained an impure solution of saccharine. On this I worked then for weeks and months until I had determined its chemical composition, its characteristics and reactions, and the best modes of making it scientifically and commercially.

Saccharine is not the first grand chemical discovery which has been made wholly or partially by accident. Whatever its future may be commercially, its discovery must undoubtedly be regarded as one of the grandest triumphs of chemistry.

It is not a little surprising, too, that the same coal-tar from which so many wonderful and useful substances have been obtained should be a glut in the market. It barely fetches twopence a gallon. But the cause of this excessive supply of tar is the enormously increased consumption of gas, and more gas means more tar.

According to a recent estimate, the amount of tar produced during 1886 fell little short of one hundred and six million gallons. The demand is not equal to this enormous supply; and gas-makers are at a loss to know what to do with the excess. Various proposals have been made. Some persons recommend the destruction of thirty per cent. of the tar, in order to keep up the price of the remainder; others say that the best plan is to reduce the production by increasing the temperature at which the coal is distilled. Neither of these is likely to be adopted. But the utilisation of tar for firing in furnaces is likely to meet with more favour. Liquid fuel is for many reasons growing more popular with engineers and manufacturers. Tar is a very good liquid fuel. It gives out so much heat on combustion, that only the best Welsh silica fire-bricks can stand it; but if the supply be carefully regulated and proper attention paid to the damper, tar is not more destructive than any other form of fuel. It is also more economic than coal at their present prices. But

the amount of tar used for fuel does not at present amount to more than one per cent. on the total produce, and the question, 'What to do with our tar?' still remains a puzzle to our gas-manufacturers, who, doubtless, would gladly welcome the discovery of some other substances like saccharine.

TOLD BY TWO.

A NOVELETTE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. III.—TOLD BY EMMELINE BURT.

You have already heard all about my dear Will's unhappy and unfortunate adventure in a railway carriage—how he was robbed of a bag of money belonging to the bank while on his way to Thorpdale, and what were the reasons which induced him to leave England and join his cousin in Australia. It now devolves upon me to take up and continue the narrative from the point where he left off.

At the time of Will's departure, my position was that of governess in a certain family in Yorkshire. Six months later my engagement there came to an end, and I was compelled to look out for another situation. Fortunately, I was not long in obtaining one. My new engagement was to superintend the education of the two youthful daughters of Sir Francis Clavison, a wealthy baronet, who resided at a place called Normanfield, about sixty miles from London. Sir Francis had not always been so rich as he was now; he owed the chief part of his wealth to his wife, the daughter of an iron-master in the north of England. Lady Clavison was a very handsome woman, with imperious manners, but a kind heart.

Sir Francis was a good-looking, indolent, well-bred nonentity, whom nothing could rouse into action. Figuratively speaking, he yawned through life with his hands in his pockets, interfering with no one, and only asking not to be interfered with in return.

One of the most important members of the family circle at Normanfield, and one who was treated with much consideration, was Mr Primley, a wealthy bachelor of sixty-eight, and Lady Clavison's uncle. A suite of rooms in one wing of the mansion was set apart for his sole use; and however full of guests the rest of the house might be, his apartments were never intruded upon. Here he led a quiet, almost solitary life, seldom taking any of his meals with the family, and never being seen at all when there were visitors. He was one of the shyest of mortals, and I had been three months at Normanfield before I had exchanged half-a-dozen words with him. Mr Primley had a library of several thousand volumes, and, after his own fashion, might be considered a great student. He was a Fellow of two or three learned Societies, the meetings of which he occasionally attended in London; and he was generally engaged on a paper for one or another of them, which was destined ultimately to find its way into the printed Transactions of the particular Society for whose edification it had been written, and there, with many more of its congeners, be buried and forgotten.

It was scarcely to be expected that so devoted and assiduous a student as Mr Primley, especially now that his eyes no longer served him as well as they once had done, should be able to dispense with the services of an amanuensis. In his case, the office in question was filled by a lady—a certain Mrs Mumby—a widow, apparently about fifty years of age. Mrs Mumby's duties were multifarious. She had not merely to conduct her employer's correspondence—he was a terrible man for letter-writing—but to hunt up references, verify authorities, and transcribe Mr Primley's hieroglyphics into something that the printer would be able to set up without having to tear his hair in the process. She also read to him by the hour together, when the more arduous labours of the day were over.

As a matter of course, my life at Normanfield was a very lonely one as far as companionship and sympathy were concerned; it could not well be otherwise. But I had no lack of books to fall back upon, having the free run of the library; then, outdoors, there were the great sunny spaces of the park to ramble about in, which the deer and I had all to ourselves; while, best of all, every fortnight brought a bright, cheery letter from Will, which I need scarcely say I read again and again, so that I knew each of them by heart long before the time the next one was due. Dear boy! he always wrote in good spirits, and seemed to like his new mode of life far better than he had ever liked his old one. At present, of course, he was merely learning his business; by-and-by, he hoped to begin in a small way on his own account. Whenever my spirits flagged a little, and they did sometimes, whenever the way seemed long and the burden heavy, I sat down in my room, and taking out Will's bundle of letters, I read them through from beginning to end. In such cases I found them to act like the finest tonic in the world. Punctually every fortnight, my answers, such as they were, went speeding across the ocean. My quiet mode of life left me very little to write about, and often my epistles seemed to me scarcely worth the postage; but if Will had the art of reading between the lines, he must have known how dearly I loved him.

All this time, no clue had been forthcoming to the perpetrators of the audacious robbery of which Will had been the victim, nor, after so long a period, did it seem probable that there ever would be. And yet, how often in life it happens, when things seem the most hopeless, that unseen Powers are working for us by devious paths of which we know nothing!

I had been about nine or ten months at Normanfield, when Mrs Mumby died suddenly after only two days' illness. We were given to understand that poor Mr Primley was, disconsolate, and wandered about his rooms bewailing his loss, and murmuring that he should never find any one who would be to him what his 'devoted Mumby' had been. Before a week was over, an advertisement was inserted in the *Times*; and two days later Lady Clavison and her uncle went up to London together. It was on Tuesday they went, and they did not return till Friday, when it was noticed that Mr Primley's placid cheerfulness seemed to have quite come back to him. Next day, it was whispered that Mrs

Mumby's successor was to arrive in the course of the following week.

My informant in this and a score of other matters—for my position in the household was to a certain extent an isolated one—was Mrs Case, the housekeeper, an elderly personage of ponderous build and stately manners, who had taken quite a liking to me on account of some fancied resemblance I bore to a daughter whom she had lost many years before. When the day's labours were at an end both for her and me, Mrs Case would generally trot up-stairs to my room and entertain me for half an hour with the gossip of the day; and thus it fell out that I came to be acquainted with many matters respecting which I should otherwise have known nothing.

It was on the Thursday evening following, as Mrs Case entered my room, that she said to me: 'Well, my dear, she's come at last, and I can't say that I like her.'

'Who is it that has come, Mrs Case, and why don't you like her?'

'Why, who should it be but poor dear Mumby's successor; and I don't like her because I don't,' answered the old lady sturdily, as she deposited herself in the easy-chair, which was drawn up to the fire in readiness for her.

'Is she young and pretty?' I ventured to ask.

'She is neither one nor the other. She is forty, if she's a day; and if anybody ever told her she was good-looking, the truth was not in them.'

'Have you spoken to her?'

'O yes, I've spoken to her. When the fly drove up to the door, and I was told who was in it, I sent Susan Cott to show her to her rooms—the same two rooms Mrs Mumby used to occupy—but it seems that Susan was not good enough for madam, and she asked to see me. As, of course, I could not go to her, she was obliged to come to me. She was very polite and soft-spoken, I must say; but for all that, I took a dislike to her the moment I set eyes on her. I can't tell why, I'm sure; I only know that I did; maybe it's instinct. Well, she wanted this and that alteration made in her rooms: the writing-desk to be placed between the two windows, the position of the bed altered, and so on. I promised all she asked; and as she was so excessively polite to me, I could not be otherwise than excessively polite in return; but for all that, we hate each other like cat and dog; it did not take either of us long to find that out. You should have seen the evil look in her eyes, although there was a smile on her lips, when she bid me good afternoon and left the room. A dangerous woman, my dear. I wonder where she came from?'

'Did you ascertain her name?'

'It's rather an uncommon name—Mrs Ion. I don't know that I ever heard it before.'

What Mrs Case had told me with regard to the newcomer made but little impression on my mind at the time, and our duties were so diverse that it was not likely she and I would ever be brought much into contact. I think she had been nearly a fortnight at Normanfield before I even saw her, and then only in the dusk of evening. We met on the staircase, stared at each

other for a moment, and that was all. Meeting only by that dim light, we should scarcely have recognised each other again.

Of my two pupils, Fanny, the elder, was now close upon twelve years old. In honour of her birthday, Lady Clavison decided to give a juvenile ball; but before the arrival of the youngsters, there was to be a little dinner-party, strictly *en famille*, to which both Mrs Ion and I were invited. Of course I knew quite well that I should be called upon to play the dance-music afterwards; but I did not mind that. It would be a pleasant interlude in the somewhat stagnant round of my daily existence.

When I entered the drawing-room on the evening in question, previously to going in to dinner, I found a gentleman in conversation with Mr Primley whom I had never seen or heard of before. Lady Clavison, who happened to be in one of her gracious moods, introduced him to me as 'my brother, Mr Bruton.' He was a resolute-eyed, masterful-looking man, but with an exceedingly pleasant smile, and the moment he spoke to me I felt that I should like him. He took the head of the table at dinner, he and Mr Primley being the only gentlemen present. Sir Francis was in one of his hipped moods, and did not appear.

As it happened, I was placed at table exactly opposite Mrs Ion, who glided in at the last moment with a few whispered words of apology to her ladyship. Her dress was of black satin, relieved by a little lace here and there—all in very good taste. There was a stand of ferns between her and me, which partially hid us from each other, and for a little while I made no attempt to gratify my curiosity with regard to her. By-and-by Lady Clavison addressed some question to her, and as she bent forward to reply to it, I raised my eyes, and for the first time I had a clear view of her face. I could not repress a start the moment my eyes rested on her. 'I have seen her before, but when and where?' I whispered to myself. It was a puzzle that occupied my thoughts for the next ten minutes, but without bringing any solution. Her face had been in profile when she was speaking to Lady Clavison; but when next I had an opportunity of observing her, she was looking across the table, and our eyes met. Then it was I saw something which caused a light to flash suddenly across my mind, and for a moment or two left me almost breathless. Without seeing more of her than her profile, I had seemed vaguely to recognise her; but now that her face was turned full towards me, now that I saw, about a quarter of an inch below the left corner of her mouth, a small brown mole, I knew in an instant who it was of whom she had put me so strangely in mind—it was of the elder of the two women who was a fellow-traveller with Will on that memorable night when he was so cruelly robbed!

As, however, I had never set eyes on the woman in question, it becomes needful to explain how it came to pass that I was so immediately struck by the close and singular likeness which existed between her and the Mrs Ion who was now sitting opposite me.

I don't think Will has mentioned the fact in his narrative, but he has the pleasant gift of

being able, with a few apparently careless strokes of his pen or pencil, to sketch a faithful and unmistakable likeness, or a good-natured caricature, of any one whose features, or personal peculiarities, circumstances, or his own artistic instinct, render him desirous of reproducing. Thus, as he and I sat together one day in the wood at Crutchley Priory, our talk at the time being chiefly about the robbery, he tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, and proceeded then and there to make three or four pencil sketches of the two women whom he had such bitter cause to remember. The sketch of the younger woman, as a matter of course, was of a very indefinite character, seeing that the whole of the upper part of her face had been hidden by her veil, and that there was nothing distinctive about the rest of her features, or any peculiarity of dress or appearance which would tend towards her identification at any subsequent time. But with the elder woman it was different. The strongly defined but somewhat irregular aquiline features, the prominent cheek-bones, the eyes deep set in their orbits, the two protruding, wolfish-looking teeth, the three flat gray curls on each side of her forehead, and the mole below the left corner of her mouth—were each and all distinctive features which lent themselves readily to the sketched art. When we rose to go, I asked Will to give me the paper. I had often looked at it since, and at the present time it was locked up in my desk up-stairs.

After eyeing me for a few moments, as if mentally taking my measure, Mrs Ion turned her attention elsewhere; but I, on the contrary, was so interested, that I scarcely noticed anything that was going forward around me. The stand of ferns was between us; but by sitting as upright as possible, I could see her between the fronds; while, unless she should fix her eyes directly on me, she would scarcely notice that she was being so closely observed. As far as features were concerned, the likeness between Mrs Ion and the face in Will's sketch was an exceedingly remarkable one. The aquiline nose, the high cheek-bones, and the mole on her chin, all were the same; but, on the other hand, there were two striking discrepancies, which would seem to point to the fact of the likeness between the two women being nothing more than a somewhat remarkable coincidence. Will had described his fellow-traveller as a woman apparently about fifty years old, with hair that was unmistakably gray; whereas Mrs Ion could not be more than thirty-eight or forty, and her hair, which she wore in plain bands, was of a glossy black without a gray thread in it. Then, again, where were the two long protruding teeth which formed such a marked feature in the appearance of the other woman? Mrs Ion's teeth were as regular and unremarkable as my own; but it was just possible that the dentist might be answerable for that. The longer I looked at her, the more puzzled and disquieted I became.

There was another feature of the affair which did not fail to present itself to me. Mrs Ion's position at Normanfield was that of amanuensis and secretary to a gentleman of literary tastes—a scholar and an antiquary; presumably, therefore, she was a person possessed of some culture and considerable educational endowments. That

being the case, how was it possible to connect such a woman, even in thought, with the bare-faced, vulgar theft of a bag of money from a railway carriage? While, to go a step farther, it seemed incredible that Mrs Ion should have obtained her present situation had not her testimonials been of the most unimpeachable kind. No; the likeness between the two women, starting though it was, could not possibly be anything more than a coincidence.

I had all but settled this point in my mind, not perhaps entirely to my own satisfaction, but because no other conclusion seemed feasible, when I suddenly remembered one important factor in the problem, which up to that moment I had quite overlooked. More than once in our talks about the robbery, Will had made mention of the little finger of the elder woman's right hand as being so much out of proportion with her other fingers; it was a peculiarity that had at once struck his quick artistic eye, which nothing out of the common in any one's appearance seemed to escape. My heart began to beat with painful quickness as soon as I realised the fact that here at least was a test which ought to turn my doubts into proof positive or dispel them for ever. If a certain malformation of one of Mrs Ion's fingers existed a year ago, it must exist at the present time: nothing could be more evident than that.

I now became far less anxious to scan Mrs Ion's features than to obtain an unimpeded view of her hands; but for some time that was impossible, hidden from me as they were by the stand of ferns. Chance, however, favoured me when dessert was put on the table. Mrs Ion reached forward with her right hand to select an apricot from the dish. One glance was enough: she was the woman!

How I got through the rest of the evening, I scarcely know. I played the dance music mechanically, and laughed and romped between times with some of the little ones. Uncle Primley only stayed while the children danced their first quadrille; and half an hour later, Mrs Ion quietly vanished. She went without a word having passed between us.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

What droll things are to be met with in *Gardeners' Gazettes*, or in *Half-hours with Horticulture*, or in *Conservatory Chronicles*, or in whatever other blue-apron and pruning-knife journal falls under the non-technical eye! Here is a peep into one of them, just to show its fruits of learning and flowers of speech. In it, we read of an orchard-house in full swing; of a stage in a conservatory; of melons having a collar; of a primula getting a habit; of gloxinias wanting a shift; of all plants requiring to be dressed; of peaches forming elbows; of potatoes having well-ripened eyes; of currants having spurs; of pines wanting hot-water pipes under their beds; of specimens being starved to rest; of roses being impatient; of sap being inclined to rush away; of azaleas not liking tobacco-smoke; of figs running riot; of grapes that can stand sulphur-fumes, that are well out of the way, that are no end of trouble, that may not be left to themselves, that will not be hurried, that can get

rusty, that are gross-habited, that dislike to be buried, that refuse to be finished off, that rob one another, stone themselves, have warts, and can colour, and swell, and bleed, and start! Gardeners, also, are directed to do dreadful deeds. They are to pinch the bines, to stake the carnations, to strike veronicas, to behead winter greens, to turn out bouvardias, to reduce climbers, put endive into cold-pits, prick out celery, and stick peas! The territories in which all this is to be done are as uninviting as possible. They are full, so we read, of red spiders, green-fly, earwigs, mealy-bugs, wireworm, caterpillars, carrot grubs, onion maggots, mildew, snails, ants, slugs, scale, club, and cats. Nor are the weapons with which war is to be waged against these, any sweeter to the imagination. Gardeners are to arm themselves with clay, tar, chalk, soot, lime, bran, sulphur, sweet oil, wood-ashes, gas lime, resin, soap suds, soft soap, nicotine soap, tobacco dust, tobacco paper, guano, quassia, paraffin, hellebore powder, fir-tree oil, brewers' grains, and red-lead. In such perpetual battle against garden pests—as they are called—the one pleasant thought is that all seems to be greatly in favour of the gardener.

'REPARABIT CORNUA PHOEBE' *

Ah yes! the moonlight comes again;
Tweed still flows on by holm and hollow;
But gone is Harden's warrior train,
Nor longer they the raid shall follow.

The glad free life of bygone years
Scarce lingers save in Border story;
No wandering minstrel moves to tears,
Or thrills with tales of battle's glory;

And, when the mystic twilight falls,
No wind of eve o'er moorlands blowing,
Bears echo from the elfin halls,
Or weirder song than Yarrow's flowing.

No Thomas by the Eildon Tree
Hears bells on fairy bridles ringing;
On Carterhaugh no glamourie;
Of other years the streams are singing.

All gone: yet o'er the gulf of Time
We stretch out hands of love and sorrow,
And tune our ears to ballad rhyme,
Some cadence from of old to borrow.

When Vesper, star that maidens love,
Far in the fading west is gleaming,
Those Border songs our spirits move,
And lull us into blissful dreaming.

And still in Yarrow's haunted vale,
Like dew upon our dry hearts falling,
Come memories borne upon the gale,
Sweet thoughts 'too deep for tears' recalling.

JAMES WILKIE.

* Ancient motto of the Scotts of Harden.

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OLD CLOTHES.

It may be taken as an axiom that nothing goes unappreciated in this world. Some one, at some time or other, will find a use for or take an interest, either pleasing or painful, in any given object. Thus the blue Delf ware which makes a boudoir nowadays like a china-shop, was once a source of solid comfort to some worthy Frau; then a source of profit to intermediate dealers; now, of pleasure to the æsthetic mistress, and of tribulation to the dusting-maid.

Among things of which one might hastily say age destroys all the value, perhaps old clothes are the first to suggest themselves. Who desires them, save the unlovely, many-hatted Jew, and the dealer in 'cast-off apparel,' as he calls it, whose very advertisements have a greasy look? 'Faugh!' we say to the abstract idea—'away with old clothes!' But, on second thoughts, how lovable are some; how pathetic, or tragic, others, according to their history and associations. What inspiration enwraps you as you put on that velvet coat, with its old-fashioned collar, rubbed and worn, its baggy pockets, and wide sleeves! For years past, you have done your best literary work in it. Did you not wear it night after night, when you were working hard at your book, and was it not in at the death, so to speak, when you wrote the last chapter of that *magnum opus*? In your lesser labours, when newspaper or magazine articles are overdue, and you have no mood for work, do you not feel that if anything warms you up to writing-point, getting into that old coat will! Why, as you thrust your hand down into the pocket, you will probably find a dog-eared love-letter received and answered when you and your coat were both younger, in your green and salad days. It has been a faithful friend and confidant, that dear, shabby, old coat. You could not bear to send it to the dealers who 'purchase wardrobes solely for export to the colonies'—on their honour!

We can hardly expect to find the fair and fashion-loving sex sharing this devoted attach-

ment to old clothes. Has not Lord Tennyson recognised, sanctioned, almost instigated their extravagant changes of raiment in his warning to Enid—

Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.

After that, need any lesser authority, husband or father, shake his head or say, 'My dear, you look very nice as you are;' or, 'The dress you have on will do perfectly.' But if we cannot expect women to glory in wearing old clothes, we must admit their love of them as relics. What woman has not her treasury of ribbons, laces, shawls with histories, the little blue kid first-shoes of her first-born, now a grave-faced physician; and the christening robe worn by her daughter, now a portly mamma herself. To this feminine instinct for hoarding old clothes, the world owes many quaint survivals of long bygone fashions. In our childhood, long ago, it was an unfailing amusement, when we gathered in the grand-paternal home at Christmas-time, to ransack an old black hairskin trunk stowed away in an attic, and rig ourselves out gloriously for charade acting in the old-world clothes it contained. The antiquated uniforms, the gay flowered waistcoats; the short-waisted gowns with scanty skirts and leg-of-mutton sleeves; the bright China *crêpes* and painted fans; the three-cornered hats, which were simply invaluable when the scene opened, as it usually did, in a country inn, at which we would arrive, belated travellers, throwing ourselves into chairs, and our hats ostentatiously on the table, flicking our boots with our riding-whips, and calling for Mary. There was one very magnificent dress, I remember, always worn by the dowager of the piece—a thick gray brocaded silk, in a huge bucolic design, of a farmhouse, with trees and stacks and a duckpond, at which a pony was drinking. A brave design!

Then the old clothes of the great people of history, what an air of dignity they have, even in their decay. Nelson's old uniform, shot-torn and blood-stained; the hodden-gray coat in the

to the margin of his plate, because the food was not flaky, and bans his destiny because he has no one to keep his cook up to the mark.

Then, why should we take offence at Miss Cornellis consuming chocolate cream, when they are not in the least certain that Josephine is dead? We are all humbugs and hypocrites, more or less; we draw a purely conventional line, and denounce every transgression of that line as evidence of inhumanity or want of taste. Within that arbitrary boundary, we are Pharisees, thanking God we are not as other men are, and eat chocolate creams in times of family bereavement, but content ourselves with gooseberry pie and custard, and blanc-mange and cabinet pudding.

'The lightship is lost,' said Mr Cornellis, 'that fellow Cable has gone to the bottom.'

'He leaves a large family.'

Mr Cornellis shrugged his shoulders. 'He will wriggle on. I knew a collier once who drowned himself because he thought his family would be well cared for if he were away, justified by the prosperity of the widows and orphans of some of his mates.'

'No tidings whatever of Josephine's boat?'

'Not like to have them, with the gale off-shore. If washed up anywhere, it will be on the Dutch coast.'

'Do you really flatter yourself she is alive?'

'I will not believe otherwise till I am forced to it.'

'Gabriel is much fidgeted about her disappearance. He makes more ado than you. He has taken greater fancy to her than I thought possible, considering how she treats him.'

Judith had hardly said the words, before the door opened, and a man came in, a gentleman distinctly, but a feeble, mean creature, with a thin face, almost transparent nose, a low brow, and with faded, watery blue eyes. His face was pale, and the muscles twitched in it. The head shook on the neck with a nervous, convulsive tremor. The expression of his countenance was a curious mixture of conceit and appeal. He wore a bottle-green coat with velvet collar. As he entered, a smell of opium pervaded the room, and neutralised the fragrance of the tea-rose.

'O Mr Gotham!' said Aunt Judith, 'we were just speaking of you.'

'Eh, eh! My left ear was burning. What was it? No good, no good, of course.'

'Certainly not, squire,' said Mr Cornellis, going up to him and clasping his hand with frank and almost boisterous geniality. 'My sister has been shaking her head over you, wondering whether you have sowed all your wild-oats yet; telling me what a scapegrace you are, what a roystering, dashing blade you are, and was asking me to deny you access to our house—and see! in you walk without ringing at the front door, or tapping here at the parlour entrance, just as if you were hail-fellow-well-met, and had the run of our house, and a right to the first place at our table. And, by George! squire, you are right; you are lord of the manor, and I have to do homage to you annually with a straw.'

Mr Gotham's weak eyes twinkled, and a pink blush suffused his nose. He looked from one to another, and giggled.

'Come here, squire,' said Mr Cornellis, handing

coat.' Thackeray makes us revere as a good pensioner's gown of the good Codd.

Mrs Gaskell's Cecilia becomes more elegant than ever when she puts on her shabby muslin dress for the ball, where it shows into the shade all other beauties in silks and satins; while Maggie Tulliver is queenly in her aunt Pullet's black brocade.

Poets have seen as clearly as the novelists that the more interest attaches to old clothes, the new, how the joys and sorrows of human life, wearing them become interwoven with, and are made from the warp and woof. Chaucer, Spenser, Burns, Tennyson, Browning, have shown in descriptive care to the cloaks, the plaids of their men and women. It is not least, we recall that anonymous song, so old as to have been quoted by Shakespeare, wherein 'Bell, the wife,' reproves her husband's extravagant readiness to buy a new cloak, and discard the old, which has seen service during 'thretty year.' 'It's pride, she

'Puts a' the country down;
Sae, tak' your auld cloak aboot ye.'

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER IV.—ROSE COTTAGE.

CORNELLIS was standing at the window of the dining-room, looking out into the conservatory, with his hands in his pockets. He was a handsome man, with brown eyes, like those of his daughter, but harder: polished pebbles, with no softness in them. He wore a moustache, no beard or whisker; he affected nothing in his dress, but he wore black, chiefly because he thought it suited him. He was particular about his clothes, always was neat, and wore white starched cuffs and collar and waistcoat; and his cloth suit fitted him admirably. One might have supposed that, with his long life in the East, he would have contracted untidiness, careless habits; but this was not so; he affected to be a well-dressed man. How important it is for a man in Europe to maintain a good exterior, if he is to command the respect of men. No one will believe that the character is out at elbows, when the cloth is without creases; and every one mistrusts the tightness of the man whose trousers bulge at the knees. Why not? Is not a dog with a yack back out of sorts? and a moulting fowl a fit creature? How are we to judge of the exterior? There are telescopes provided by which we can peer under water, what lies far down in the deeps; but we have no such apparatus for thrusting down men's backs, and prying into the abysses of their souls.

Besides, if we had them, our fellows would not allow us to use them. There are stethoscopes by which the doctor can hear the beating of our lungs, the inflation of its arteries, and detect which are sound and which are not; but there are no spiritual stethoscopes by which we can apply to our neighbours' temples,

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'I did insure her, two years ago; and if she be lost, I shall claim the money.'

'I never doubted that,' said Judith. 'You will always view everything from a monetary point of sight, even your daughter's death.'

'My dear sister, one must live. I do not wear my heart exposed to all the world, trailed to the light, spread out, tied to wires, and call every one to admire its tears, like the blossoms of a Marshal Neil.—What are you about now, with your back to the light?'

'I— Nothing, Justin.'

'I am positive you are doing something that affects your speech.'

His sister hesitated a moment, and then said: 'I have been searching poor dear Josephine's room, in hopes of finding some clue to her whereabouts.'

'And pray, do you suppose she has gone a cruise in her own bedroom, and has run aground on the firemat, or shipped a sea in the wash-hand basin?'

'I thought I might find some trace of where she had gone.'

'That is like your wisdom, Judith. Perhaps you supposed she had gone out meditating suicide, and had left a note to inform us of her intentions. You are hardly gifted with sufficient imagination to conceive of such nonsense as that. Well—what did you find?'

'Only a box of chocolate creams.'

'And you are munching them! Really, Judith, you are heartless, not I.'

'There is no harm in eating chocolate creams.'

'None in the least, only—it is greedy to munch when you should suck.—Hand the box to me.'

Mr Cornellis put a bonbon into his mouth.

Were these two, the father and the aunt, unfeeling in consuming the contents of Josephine's box of chocolate, uncertain of the fate of the girl?

We have no right to draw such a conclusion. Miss Cornellis looked at her brother, and thought him heartless because he sucked; and Mr Cornellis considered his sister callous because she chewed;

and we regard them both as lacking in proper feeling because they ate. Are we not as prejudiced, as unjust to both, as the one was to the other? When we attend the funeral of a dear relative, do we not partake of the breakfast? Do we not expect a well-spread table as the necessary concomitant to hearse and hatband? Are we entirely indifferent to the quality of the sherry?

and whether we have the liver wing, or the drumstick of the chicken handed to us? and does not gall make itself felt in the chambers of the heart, if we are balked of one slice of tongue with the chicken? The widow up-stairs has her eyes red with tears, but is quite sensible whether there is sugar enough with the mint sauce with the lamb; and afterwards, in the hush of the evening, when the maids have closed up the tomb,

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library at Abbotsford; what associations they suggest! In what limbo, I wonder, is that yeomanry uniform of Sir Walter's, about which his friend Pringle of Whythbank used to tell so good a story? How they were in Paris together soon after Waterloo. Paris was very gay and crowded, the Emperor Nicholas and a number of fire-eating Russians being there. The two Scotchmen were asked to some ball given in honour of the Czar where uniform was *de rigueur*, and Scott was rather in difficulties, till he bethought him of his old yeomanry uniform, in which he accordingly appeared. Being in the course of the evening presented to the Czar of All the Russias, who had no idea as to who he was, that great potentate, struck by a uniform quite strange to him, asked Mr Scott with some interest in what engagements he had taken part. He replied with ready wit: 'La bataille de Crosseauseway, et l'affaire de Tranent.' The Czar, too polite or too proud to show his ignorance of these battles, bowed with grave courtesy, and said no more.

On the death of an aged and solitary representative of an old family recently, the house and land passed to some distant cousins, who went to take possession and inspect the place. They found stores of blue china, quaint old furniture, and pictures; and in the lumber-room, two portmanteaus locked and keyless. When opened, they were found to contain the clothes of two soldier-sons of the house, long since dead on the field of honour. One had fallen in the Peninsular War, the other at Waterloo; and these portmanteaus, filled hastily by some regimental servant or friend, had been sent to the desolate home, and silently put away, unopened; for when the new heirs came and discovered them, the contents were still packed together. There were Spanish gold pieces and English money in the pockets, notes and letters, and all the trifles of daily life hastily gathered and put in—pathetic memorials of lives so suddenly ended.

And this brings one to the painful reflection, that material things should so outlast the living beings from association with whom they have all their interest and value. How our hearts ache to see the stitches sewed, the letters written, by the hands of our beloved, who are gone from our sight and ken; clothes they wore, things they used so often—these still with us, they gone. Dante Rossetti expresses the intensity of this pain in some of his sonnets written after his wife's death.

But for thoughts on this topic of old clothes that are not sad, and yet have often a pleasing melancholy about them, let me suggest the old clothes of fiction. What a share in our affections is given to the old cloak lined with red of the philosophic Riccabocca, from which even his marriage could not divorce him. How familiar to our imaginations are Edie Ochiltree's blue gown, and the man's coat of the gaunt Meg Merrilies! Mantilini's dressing-gowns, Micawber's waistcoats, the blue dress-coats of the Pickwick Club, whose gilt buttons 'displayed a bust and the letters P. O.'—how they crowd to mind! George Eliot was fond of clothing her clergy in 'well-brushed, but well-worn black,' witness Mr Farebrother, Dr Kenn, and Mr Irwine, who had, she says, 'the secret of never wearing a new-

looking coat.' Thackeray makes us revere as a relic the old pensioner's gown of the good Codd Colonel. Mrs Gaskell's Cecilia becomes more fascinating than ever when she puts on her crumpled shabby muslin dress for the ball, where she throws into the shade all other beauties in their silks and satins; while Maggie Tulliver looked queenly in her aunt Pullet's black brocade.

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and hear through them the operation of the brain, and distinguish base from healthy thoughts there. I maintain that we are justified in judging of a man by his coat and continuations, by his hat and gloves and his boots; for there is congruity in all creatures, and the exterior does almost invariably correspond with the interior. The face is the index of the mind. Who does not know that the pair of lavenders with the fingers showing at the ends indicates radical shabbiness through all the integuments of the character? and the dirty left-hand and clean right-hand dogskin an ill-balanced spirit?

Mr Cornellis was piping low to himself between his very white front teeth, which were just so far apart as to allow the breath to hiss or whistle between them. It was unusual with him to have his hands in his pockets; that was a luxury in which he indulged himself only at home. Abroad, he played with his gold watchchain, curling it round his forefinger. He was now looking at a Maréchal Neil rose that hung its drops of yellow flowers from the roof; the sun streamed in through its pale green leaves upon the beautiful blossoms. Then Mr Cornellis opened the French window and went into the conservatory, and still hissing, plucked off the withered blooms, which he put in a basket kept for the purpose. He was tidy in that also. Then he pulled up a weed he saw in an azalea pot; then opened his penknife with a threepenny bit, lest he should break his nail, and carefully cut a charming bud off the creeping rose. He came back into the parlour, laid the flower on the table, and said: 'Put it in water, Judith.'

'For myself?' asked Miss Cornellis, who was lounging with her back to the window in an arm-chair.

'For Gabriel,' answered Mr Cornellis.

'You never give me anything, Justin.'

'Because you take what you want, Judith.'

'I really cannot think how you can have the heart to be squashing aphids and picking roses'—

'I am not, and I have not been, what you call squashing aphids. If I want to kill the aphids, I use an insecticide or brushes.'

'I don't care how you do it,' said Miss Cornellis. 'It is heartless of you, whether done with your fingers, or with brushes or Ghishurst's Compound.—Poor Josephine! Who knows where she may be? Perhaps floating dead on the surface, perhaps sunk in the deeps.'

'Am not I her father?' said Mr Cornellis sharply. 'Have I not the feelings proper to my position? Of course I am troubled and anxious; but I do not forestall evils. If the worst come to pass, her life is insured for a thousand pounds. You would not have me sit moistening handkerchiefs, at the prospect of an evil which may not have occurred.'

'Where is Josephine? She went out in the boat, and neither she nor the boat has turned up since. I don't say that I expect you to blubber'—

'Merciful powers! Judith, how coarse you are. I said moisten, and that word is expressive enough. It is a mark of bad breeding to use exaggerated terms.'

'Justin, I don't care twopence about the word; it is the thing concerns me. You don't seem to half feel Josephine's disappearance, and then—to

talk in that cold-blooded way of having insured her life!'

'I did insure her, two years ago; and if she be lost, I shall claim the money.'

'I never doubted that,' said Judith. 'You will always view everything from a monetary point of sight, even your daughter's death.'

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to the margin of his plate, because the paste is not flaky, and bans his destiny because now he has no one to keep his cook up to the mark.

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'Eh, eh! My left ear was burning. What was it? No good, no good, of course.'

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Mr Gotham's weak eyes twinkled, and a pink blush suffused his nose. He looked from one to another, and giggled.

'Come here, squire,' said Mr Cornellis, handing

him an armchair. 'What sort of sport have you had with the harriers?'

'Not much. The last meet, killed two.'

'Any nasty jumps?'

'Two or three.'

'Glad to see you alive, squire.'

'I don't myself care for a hare-hunt,' said Mr Gotham, letting himself stiffly and slowly down into the chair. 'We run in a circle, you know. Nothing like a fox-hunt; but no more of that till next season.'

'Who were out?'

'I—I—I can hardly say. I wasn't there. I had my neuralgic pains again, and so, at the last moment, reconsidered my purpose. But I intended to go, I intended fully. I began to dress for it, and got on my boots; but the neuralgia took me when I stooped, and I was obliged to have recourse to my drops. So—Judith, I frighten you, do I? No occasion for that. I am sadly changed, sadly—a poor broken being now.' He looked eagerly, questioningly from sister to brother, and back again.

'Broken fiddlesticks!' exclaimed Mr Cornellis. 'Do you suppose, if Judith thought that, she would have been pulling a Marshal Neil for your button-hole? Ladies don't lavish flowers on broken beings and weaklings, but on boisterous fox-hunters and jolly dogs. I know women's hearts; but ah! so do you, you rascal!'

Mr Gotham chuckled and blushed. 'There,' he said; 'I have come to hear about poor Josephine. I am so troubled. I could not sleep last night thinking about her. The anxiety brought on my neuralgia—all thinking and worry does, and I should not have slept last night at all but for my drops.'

'It is really very kind of you, squire, to give her so much thought. We have been in sad distress, as you may judge. I am a father—her father; you must excuse me, Gabriel. I try to talk of other matters, but I can only think of my child; she is my own flesh and blood.'

Mr Gotham began to fidget in his chair; he put up his hand to his brow, and said in a tremulous voice: 'Any news of the lightship? It is lost, I hear, and—I have not been particular in inquiries about it; I was afraid of seeming too particular.'

'None,' answered Mr Cornellis with his hard eyes on the man.

He, feeble creature, looked at Miss Judith, then at her brother, as if he wanted to say more, but was afraid to commit himself.

'You need not hesitate,' said Mr Cornellis. 'My sister knows all, and is close as the grave.'

'I am very uneasy, very unhappy. I—I do not know what I ought to do. I could not possibly—and yet— You can hardly conceive how I have suffered, how the neuralgia has tortured me in consequence of—of— You can understand me.'

'Let bygones be bygones,' said Mr Cornellis. 'I knew an old bastion where the dead had been buried after a siege two hundred years ago. Lately, a speculative builder ran up houses over the site, disturbed the earth for his foundations and kitchens, and the first inmates of his new houses died of diphtheria. Never rake up old grave-ground, squire.'

'No. I suppose you are right.' Mr Gotham

stood up. 'But I should like to talk the matter over with you in my house, when the worst is known. I'm not happy. I feel the pains coming on again. I think I must go home.'

'Very well. I will come over.—Take something at once to soothe your lacerated nerves?'

Mr Gotham nodded.

'Do not forget your rose,' said Cornellis. 'My sister picked it expressly for you, but is too shy to offer it you with her own fair hands.'

'The rose will lose half its charm unless it be presented by her,' said Gotham with a bow; and when he had left the room, he sniggered. 'He, he! I can turn a pretty speech to a lady! I'm an old buck! Am I not, Justin?'

'Not old. Why, what are your years—forty-five?'

'Oh, more than that, alas!'

'You don't look it. But it is the hunting, the fresh air. The back of a horse makes you, as Polixenes says, to be boy eternal.'

'Yes. I subscribe very liberally to both the Foxhounds and the Harriers.'

'And you are out with them continually.'

'When I can. I have my horses and my hunting suit; but the neuralgia interferes terribly with my sports.—You will come in—you will be sure to come in, after I have had some rest—say, in three hours. I am so uneasy. There is really nothing heard of the lightship?' He looked appealingly to Cornellis.

'Nothing. And believe me, Gabriel, it will be best for all if the blue sea covers him.'

Gotham's hand trembled in that of Cornellis. 'I—I do not know. I am in pain. I cannot bear my sufferings. I must go home. You will come to me?'

'You are overdone, squire, with the hunt.'

'I only intended to go.'

'But—the exertion, even of that! And the drawing on of the boots, to a man so agonised with pain as yourself. Good heavens! the heroism, the self-mastery! What men there are in the world!'

He stood in his door, looking after the squire, who had not far to walk; his gate was within a stone's-throw of Rose Cottage. Not a muscle in his face changed, to show in what way his thoughts turned. Then he went back to the sitting-room.

'Justin,' said his sister, 'I really think you might say a word to him. He is killing himself with opium.'

'My dear Judith, when you see a man on his way to destruction, let him alone. If you try to divert him, he will go another way; but the destination will be the same, and the blame of his going will attach to you.—Give me another of those chocolate creams.'

'You know best,' said Judith. 'You are very clever, and I am dull; but you might do something, I think.'

The door suddenly opened, and Josephine appeared in it, browned from exposure, her eyes dancing. 'I knew it, I knew it! I said as much to Richard Cable. Eating my chocolate creams!'

'Josephine!' Her father stepped forward; her aunt sprang up.

'Well, I knew aunt would be at them. I did not think it of you, papa.—Pah! how the room

smells of opium. I know that Cousin Gotham has been here.'

'I am very, very glad to see you again, Josephine,' said her father. 'Give me a kiss. Where have you been? What has happened?'

'I—I have been on the lightship with Dickie Cable.'

'He is not dead—not drowned?'

'No more than myself.'

Mr Cornellis was silent; his brow contracted.

'Upon my word!' exclaimed Josephine, 'what ravages you two have made on my box of chocolate creams!'

SOME OLD LONDON CITY NAMES.

THE majority of those who throng the streets and lanes of that part of London known as the City are of necessity so absorbed either in their own avocations or in the art of walking the streets, which Gay describes in his *Trivia*, that the names of the streets and parishes and churches convey little more to their minds than the notion of 'whereabouts.' Yet, if we examine the origin and meaning of many of these names, we are brought face to face with that old London life of which every scrap of information in this iconoclastic, 'improving' age is eagerly sought after, and when found, carefully treasured up. In many cases, of course, the abbreviating and distorting influence of centuries has destroyed the original significance of these names to an extent which makes the task of unravelment appear at first sight almost hopeless; but so pleasant and so interesting does the task become, that, with some few exceptions, an origin may be found for most of them.

Of the ancient ecclesiastical importance of the City of London we are reminded in all directions; indeed, from our evidence of street names, medieval London must have presented a magnificent appearance, even if we note the religious houses alone, without taking into consideration the churches. There was more than one house of Black Friars; Whitefriars still marks the site of the notorious Alsatia, with which we are made so familiar in the pages of *The Fortunes of Nigel*; the Blue Coat School stands on the site of the House of the Gray Friars; the Charterhouse on that of the Carthusian Monastery. In the heart of the purely commercial part of the modern City, Austin Friars commemorates the Augustine foundation; the name of the Mincheons or Nuns of Saint Helen's lives in the modern Mincing Lane; that of the 'Fratres Cruciatii,' or Brethren of the Holy Cross, in Crutched Friars. In the modern Minorities was the house of the nuns of Saint Clare. In Great Saint Helen's was a famous priory of Benedictines. Bevis Marks is a corruption of Bury's Marks, that is, the boundaries of the property of the priory of Saint Edmund's at Bury. In Ely Place, Holborn, was another Benedictine house, a relic of which perhaps survives in 'Bleeding Heart Yard,' not very far off; as may be considered the sign of the 'Nun's Head' in Aldgate of the priory which formerly stood there.

Moreover, we have Black Cross, Red Cross, and White Cross Streets, pointing to the former existence either of religious houses or of monumental crosses. Off Fenchurch Street, besides

Mincing Lane above mentioned, are Rood Lane, Mark Lane, and Seething Lane—the last a corruption of Sidon Lane, an allusion probably to one of the crusading ports of debarkation. The name Cripplegate commemorates one of the oldest City legends, to the effect, that when the body of Saint Edmund, king and martyr, was being carried through it, many lame folk there congregated immediately recovered the use of their limbs.

When Protestantism succeeded to Roman Catholicism, the religious stamp on the old City assumed another form. The priories and nunneries disappeared, and were replaced in all directions by churches; indeed, to this day one of the chief features of the City which strikes the stranger is the enormous number of churches, pointing not only to the fact that the City was far more densely populated than it is now, but also to the absurdly small proportions of many of the parishes, a fact of which an eminent example is given by the Bank of England, which itself occupies an entire parish.

The curious nomenclature of many of the City churches and parishes is another fact which strikes the stranger. We have, for instance, Saint Mary Axe, said to be so called from the proximity to the old church of a house bearing an axe as its sign, but which was more likely Saint Mary of Askalon. Saint Andrew Undershaft derives its name from the fact that the church stood under the shadow of the maypole, which was afterwards cut down in a sudden Puritanical fit of the neighbouring householders, and divided into portions, of which each man took one, and placed it over his door, an incident still commemorated in the name Shaft Alley close by.

Saint Nicholas Cole Abbey and Saint Mary Colechurch perhaps derive their names from some old association with the abbeys of Saint John or Saint Botolph Colchester. Saint Margaret Pattens, Mr Thornbury thinks, takes its name from the golden 'patines' which decorated its ceiling. The affixes 'Abchurch' and 'Backchurch' to the names of Saints Mary and Dionis, probably refer to the old positions of the buildings with regard to other churches. Saint Benet Fink is a corruption of Saint Benedict, and is of the same character as the surname Bentinck. Saint Nicholas Acons means Saint Nicholas of Acre. Saint Catharine Cree is perhaps a corruption of Saint Catharine and Christ. Of the name Saint Mary Woolnoth, no entirely satisfactory derivation has been given, unless its position with regard to the Woolstaple house can be accepted. Saint Mary Overie in Southwark comes from the famous legend of John Overie the ferryman, by whose wealth the church was founded. Saint Mary Aldermay is so called, says Stow, because it is older than any other church in the City dedicated to Saint Mary.

Some uncommon saints' names are connected with London City churches; thus, we find Saint Ethelburga, Saint Vedast or Foster, Saint Botolph, Saint Bride, Saint Sepulchre, Saint Antholin, Saint Olave, Saint Swithin, Saint Dunstan—a very favourite City saint—Saint Magnus, and many others.

The trade-names borne by many City streets remind us that the custom amongst men of one calling to live together was as strong in old

times as it is now. Weavers cling to Spitalfields; watchmakers to Clerkenwell; woollen-dealers to Wood Street; tanners to Bermondsey; bankers to Lombard Street; butchers to Smithfield, Aldgate, and Whitechapel; old-clothesmen to Houndsditch. The name Poultry tells us where the City poulterers were to be found, as does the adjoining Scalding Alley. Bucklersbury takes its name, according to some antiquaries, from the armourers who made it their rendezvous; according to others, from the family of Bukerel, and was at anyrate a centre of druggists and grocers. Ironmonger Lane tells its own tale. Lothbury was the seat of the tin-plate and copper manufacturing trades, and is fancifully said to derive its name from the 'loathsome' noise these gentry made in the pursuit of their avocations. Founder's Court, in Lothbury, speaks for itself; whilst from Tokenhouse Yard, adjoining, were issued the tradesmen's tokens which are so eagerly snatched up by the modern curio-hunter. Budge Row was the abode of the fur-dressers—'budge' being the old word for fur. Staple Inn was the old hospital of the woolstaplers. Bread Street was filled with bakers; Friday Street with fishmongers, who supplied the diet for the weekly fast. Paternoster Row is still the literary lane it always was; and the neighbouring Creed and Ave Maria Lanes and Amen Corner still testify to their old association with St Paul's, the metropolitan cathedral; whilst in Ivy Lane lives a memory of the ivy-clad houses of the canons which surrounded the church. Cornhill was the old Corn market; and near Gracechurch or Gracious Street was the hay and grass market. Pie Corner, where the great fire of 1666 ended, was famous for its pieshops, allusion to which is made in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*:

At Pie Corner,
Taking your meal of steam in from cooks' stalls.

We are reminded of old London professions which have lost their *raison d'être* by the names of some still existing City Companies. For instance, the Armourers and Bowyers carry us back to pre-breech-loader days; and the Company of Bowstring-makers existed until long after the bow had ceased to be the national weapon. The Broderers, Girdlers, and Patten-makers tell us of articles of ordinary costume now out of fashion; the Horners remind us of the time when horn entered largely into the manufacture of articles of domestic use. The Gardeners must have been a large community, when London houses possessed actual gardens in the place of areas and backyards. The Scriveners, amongst other duties, probably wrote letters for the illiterate in the public streets of London, just as they do to-day in the streets of Naples, Madrid, Cairo, Peking, and Yedo.

The topographical characteristics of the old City still live in many familiar names; thus, Knightrider and Giltspur Streets tell us of the route taken by the knights on their way to the jousting-ground at Smoothfield or Smithfield. There is Playhouse Yard, where stood one of the theatres in which Shakspeare's, Ben Jonson's, and Beaumont and Fletcher's plays were performed. Printing House Square is where stood the king's Printing House, from which were issued the authorised editions of the Bible and

the royal proclamations. Bridewell commemorates Saint Bridget's Well; and, later on, the locality notorious for Fleet marriages, from which fact some authorities derive the name. At Doctors' Commons, the doctors of civil law were accustomed to meet four times annually to eat their 'commons.' Where now is Wardrobe Place, next to the Heralds' College, was the Royal Wardrobe, whereat the sovereigns stopped to be invested with their robes and insignia before entering the City from the river. Old Change was the Exchange; Paul's Chain was the private road of the cathedral dignitaries to the river-side. Old Jewry was the London Ghetto, although in more enlightened times citizens took up their abode in it, as Knowall, in *Every Man in his Humour*, says: 'Dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there?'

We are reminded of the days when the City had many a rural spot about it, by names which almost move a smile by their incongruity. Thus we have densely populated neighbourhoods still known as Lincoln's Inn Fields, Spa Fields, Goodman's Fields, Spitalfields, Saint George's Fields, London Fields, Moorfields, and Bunhill Fields. Saffron Hill takes its name from a part of the old Hatton Garden which was devoted to the growth of that plant. In horrible slums we come across Rosemary Lane, Orchard Court, Sweet Apple Alley, and Nightingale Lane. Out of busy, bustling Holborn lead the Great and Little Turnstiles through which the citizen passed on his way to Lincoln's Inn Fields and the river-banks; whilst Gate Street tells us of a gate which prevented the cattle of those fields from straying into the public thoroughfare.

Wallbrook tells us of what must have been a pleasant stream running to the Thames, as the foundations of many Roman villas and other remains have been unearthed from its banks; and a small stretch of the imagination enables us to picture the Old Bourne, the Cran-bourne, the Fleet, and the Long Bourne as very different from the creeping sewers they now are; whilst Shoreditch and Houndsditch, London Wall, Barbican, Aldermanbury Postern, together with the names of the gates, tell us of the old City fortifications.

Some of the corruptions of the old City street names are curious in the extreme; thus, Fetter Lane was *Faitours* or *Beggars' Lane*; Gutter Lane was *Guthurun's Lane*; Birch Lane was *Birch-over Lane*; Poppin's Court was *Popinjay Court*; Cannon Street was *Candlewick Street*; Vintner Alley was *Wine Tonner's Alley*. Even Ludgate is said to have become so from *Floodgate*, just as Lloyd has issued from *Floyd*. Watling Street is supposed to have been *Atheling Street*; and even by some enthusiasts, *Vitellian Street*, which is about as plausible as the derivation of *Billingsgate* from the mystic *Belinus*, king of Britain. Addle Hill, off Upper Thames Street, was perhaps *Athelstan Hill*; Fyefoot Lane was *Fivefoot Lane*; Ducksfoot Lane was *Duke's Foot-Lane*. And so we might go on with examples of corruption and abbreviation which have destroyed all apparent signification from familiar names, almost *ad infinitum*.

Time and trouble may, in the estimation of many people, be given to other tasks with greater results; but to the true Cockney, who loves and

is proud of his old City, there are few pleasanter pursuits of a sedentary nature than that which involves with the study of its history the study which finds a meaning and an origin for so many apparently silly and meaningless names, familiar in his mouth as household words.

THE 'MAN-EATING' ELEPHANT OF MUNDLA.

Most persons who have had occasion to visit the prettily wooded station of Nagpur, the seat of the administration of the Central Provinces of India, and who have been inside the little English Museum there, must have observed a trophy in the shape of the skull and tusks of an elephant occupying a prominent place among the other curiosities. These, and the awful reputation for blood-thirstiness which he left behind him, are all that remain to us of the once notorious 'man-eating' elephant of Mundla. Hardly anybody who has ever resided in India can have failed to hear of the enormities committed by this extraordinary animal, whose history would read like a monstrous fable, were it not corroborated in every particular by the official records.

About the year 1851, when the estate of the Nawab of Ellichpur escheated to the Nizam's government, this elephant escaped, and made its way into the jungles of Chindwara, in the Central Provinces. The rajah of Nagpur hearing of it, offered a reward for its capture, and sent out two detachments of sowars (troopers) after it. Hunted about the Chindwara District, it descended the *ghats* and, passing close to the city of Nagpur, turned northward, and took to the hills at the north of the Hatta Pergannah of the Balaghat District. For several years it roamed the Dhansna Hills, and then went away north of Bhimlat to the Bhaisan *ghat* range, where it remained without doing much damage to man or property until the beginning of the year 1871, when it signalled itself by killing, without any sort of provocation, twenty-one persons in the Mundla District, catching them with its trunk and pounding them to death. It then passed on once more to the Balaghat District; and the history of its atrocities while there, the measures taken for its destruction, and the result of those measures, are detailed and perfectly clear. The following account is extracted from the official Report, the substance of which is here given, with only a few omissions and some slight alteration, in the language of the Report.

On the evening of the 30th of October 1871, a report reached the Deputy Commissioner at his headquarters at Balaghat that the elephant had killed and partially devoured* a Gond (aborigine) near Behir, in the north-east corner of the district. Owing to press of work, the Deputy Commissioner was unable to take any action until the 1st of November, when he moved off by the most direct route towards Behir, with the object of meeting there with the district superintendent of police, with whom it had been previously

* This is an exaggeration; but it was from similar stories that the animal acquired the name 'man-eating' elephant.

arranged to hunt the animal. On the 3d of November he got to a place near Behir, where he came across the superintendent of the Mundla District, who had followed up the elephant. Here they were informed that the creature had been seen on the night of the 27th of October by a Gond, who was watching his fields with his father on a *machan*, or rude wooden platform, erected for that purpose. The former had jumped off the platform, and, shouting to alarm his father, had bolted to the nearest village for safety. The latter, however, was not so fortunate, and his body, smashed almost to pieces, was discovered in a field on the following morning. Again, on the night of the 29th of October, a Gond and his wife were sleeping on a *machan* in a field to the north of the village of Jatta. The woman was awakened by hearing strange noises, and catching sight of the elephant, she roused her husband, and ran to alarm her two children, who were sleeping in a neighbouring field. She then, with the children, ran off to the village. Her husband, who did not at first believe her, took his time in coming down, was caught by the elephant, and killed. His body was found in a fearfully mangled condition. The elephant had then passed round to the south of the village, and had given chase to a decrepit old Gond whom he spied among the grass. According to the account given by the old man, the elephant came up with him, and planted his tusks into the ground on either side of his prostrate body. 'Thinking my last moment had come,' he said, 'I placed my hands on the elephant's tusks and called on the god Ganesh to save me; and the elephant immediately turned round and went away!' The animal would then seem to have passed southwards to Bhanderi. On the way, he destroyed several huts, lifting the thatch and knocking down part of the gable ends, and feeling inside with his trunk for the large grain jars which he expected to find there. The inhabitants, it is needless to say, fled on his approach.

After listening to these several accounts, the Deputy Commissioner and the superintendent of police determined to take action. The elephant had been last seen still going southwards, and might be lying concealed in the jungles hard by. No positive evidence of his whereabouts could, however, be obtained. In this emergency, a party of Bygas, or wild hill-men, were despatched southwards to take up the track; a party of Gonds were sent eastwards to inquire if he had shown himself thereabouts; a constable was sent north-east to Bhimlat to put some well-known shikaries there on the *qui vive*; and a party of men was sent south-west to warn the Gonds of the neighbouring villages to be on the lookout. The west was closed in by the Tipaghar and Khandapur Hills, over which there was little fear of the elephant passing. Before the day was far advanced, news was brought from the Bygas going south that the elephant had passed a village nine miles from Jatta; while next day there was another report that he had been seen at a village fourteen miles farther on. A march after the animal was immediately ordered; and the farther they went, the thicker and faster came the reports of his depredations. He had destroyed a number of houses and attacked several people. At the village of Jagla, after

various attempts to discover grain, he had walked up to an open space in the bright moonlight, where he stood some little time, observed by all the inhabitants, who had huddled up together in a dark corner, from where they watched him. To use their own words, they 'uttered not a sound' during this time of suspense, and 'ceasing to breathe, their bodies dried up!' The fierce beast had then gone on to another village, and seeing three Gonds, who had been asleep in the village square, gave chase to them. Here, however, the people had turned out with their drums, and had made such a clamour that the elephant was frightened, and turned off into the jungle. The elephant was next seen at a place called Karapuri by some Gonds, who had with them a large jar of grain. Instantly setting this down, they had scudded into the long grass, where they succeeded in concealing themselves. The elephant came up to the jar, broke it, ate most of its contents, and scattered the remainder about.

On the morning of the 5th of November the Deputy Commissioner's party had struck their tents, and accomplished a march of twenty-three miles to the Hatta Pergannah, eighteen miles of their journey being made through thick jungle and over rough stony hills. Here they were told that the elephant had been seen at the village of Goderi, where he had pursued and succeeded in catching a girl about six years old, whom he literally broke to pieces. She was found next morning a mass of pulp.

On leaving Goderi, the elephant went on to the Dro River. Here a party of eight travellers and five boatmen were asleep on the sands, when they were roused by cries of '*Bagh!*' (Tiger!) from a boy who was with them. The moon was just rising at the time; but as they happened to be on the western slope of some high hills, the place where they were was almost in complete darkness. On the alarm being raised, the elephant was observed standing about ten paces off, whereupon there was an immediate stampede. All the party succeeded in gaining the shelter of the bamboos and rocks on the side of the hill, except one of them, who first ran for about four hundred yards along the bed of the river, and then ensconced himself under the bank in the midst of a thick bush. The elephant, after failing to get at any of the party on the hill, followed the fugitive down the river. From the tracks, it appeared that the animal, after diligently searching for the man, had found him, and, pulling him from his hiding-place, had smashed him to pieces.

The news next obtained of the elephant was that he had killed several persons hard by, among them a man named Pandu, whom he had surprised in company with some other men and had singled out and chased. A man named Dekal was asleep in his *machan* outside the village of Maté, when he heard Pandu crying out, 'Sidd Ganesh, Sidd Ganesh!' and a sound of heavy blows. 'I thought,' he subsequently told the Deputy Commissioner, 'that some one had come to steal the rice, and was beating the man, so I called out: "Who is ill-treating him? Look out! I am coming." At the same moment, he heard the rush of a heavy body through the grass, and had just caught sight of the elephant, when it seized the *machan* with its trunk and

heaved it over. On recovering from his fall, he took to his heels and escaped. The villagers on hearing this story were in a woful plight. They sat up all the night in companies, and the every-day work of the village was neglected, men and women fearing to go outside it. The elephant then seems to have continued its wanderings, shaking people out of *machans* and killing them whenever he could. It heaved a man named Moti and his servant out of their *machan*. They got on their legs and ran towards the village with the elephant in pursuit. He came up with them before they had gone very far, and, seizing the servant, pounded him to a pulp, his master continuing to fly for his life with the poor fellow's despairing shrieks ringing in his ears. After this, the elephant went westward to the village of Kesa, where he surprised a man and his wife in their *machan*. They had barely time enough to get down and run for the village. The man, who was ahead, had just arrived at his house, when he heard shrieks from his wife, and turning about, saw the elephant inside the inclosure with the woman in his trunk. He was lifting her up above his back and smashing her on the ground. On seeing the man, the animal dropped the woman and made for him; but he escaped into the village.

During the whole of the 4th of November, the elephant was in the scrub jungle situated between the village of Sale and the left bank of the Dro River. Hundreds of people from the high bank on either side looked on from a distance at the animal as he alternately fed on the bamboos in the ravines and rolled himself in the water of the river. About three o'clock in the afternoon, some thirteen or fourteen people from Matè, armed with two guns and some swords, resolved to cross the river and go to the Dhyde Bazaar. They had just arrived at a place where the bank was high and precipitous and the water deep, and seeing no signs of the elephant, were wondering where he had gone to, when one of their number, who had lagged behind, called to them to run, as the elephant was upon them. They faced around, and seeing the savage beast coming at them with his ears back, they jumped into the water close under the bank and held on to the long grass overhanging the edge of the stream, to keep their heads above water. The elephant came up, and stretched his trunk over the water, as if in search of his victims, when one of the party struck out into the stream and began to swim across. Immediately the elephant saw him, he moved quickly down stream to a place where the bank was sloping, and sliding into the water, started in pursuit. The man got across the stream into a dry watercourse, in which, a few paces from the water, there was a perpendicular ascent of about five feet. Up this he scrambled, and had just managed to get a few feet up a tree, when the elephant came up, and, breasting the perpendicular bank, stretched out his trunk to lay hold of the man. Luckily, he was just out of reach, and he lost no time in getting up higher. Being unable either to reach the man or to get up the steep bank, the elephant walked a short distance down stream, and getting up the river's bank in another place, came up to the south side of the tree. Stretching out his trunk, and failing to get hold of the man, he tore down

some branches; and making another circuit, came up to the tree from the east. Again the fierce animal failed to reach the man; and again he made a circuit in the jungle, and came up to the tree from the north side, where, again failing in his purpose, he broke down some branches, and after standing about for a short time, moved slowly away into the jungles. It was dark before the man ventured to descend the tree. In the meantime the remainder of the people hiding under the bank had climbed up and run off to the village, leaving one gun and some swords at the bottom of the river. About the time the elephant had attacked the man, a rumour reached the bazaar at Dhyde that the elephant was coming. The effect was instantaneous and magical. A regular stampede commenced, the people there assembled on the weekly market day, scampering off in every direction, some leaving their property behind, others leaving their own and taking that belonging to their neighbours, and a few taking both their own and that of their neighbours. The scene is described by those who witnessed it as something never to be forgotten!

On the forenoon of the 6th of November, the Deputy Commissioner with his party, which had now been augmented by the arrival of the superintendent of police of the Balaghat District, arrived at a place called Kosmara, where the elephant had been last seen. They were now hot on his track, and the chase became exciting. It was decided that their best plan was to surprise the animal at mid-day, when he would be either asleep or in the water. They halted outside the jungle, and dismounting, sent back all the superfluous men, keeping only their spare gun carriers, the party of Bygas, two men armed with police muskets, two men leading five dogs, and a she-elephant belonging to the zemindar (landholder) of Hatta. Then they moved off in perfect silence, two of the Bygas following up the trail in front, while the remainder stayed with the main body, and expecting every moment to hear the 'trumpet' of the savage beast and the crash of his unwieldy bulk through the brushwood. After they had proceeded for about a mile in this fashion, the Bygas in front suddenly stopped short on the bank of a dry stream, and pointing to the front with their spears, exclaimed in a whisper: 'There he is!' And there he was sure enough, lying at a distance of about thirty-five yards in front of them, asleep in the long grass, over which they could see the immense arch of his left ribs and a small portion of the spine. Not being able to get a good shot from where they stood, they moved a few paces to their left. The slight noise made in doing so aroused the animal, and he raised himself, as if to listen, showing above the grass the top of his head as far as the ear and just above the eye. They immediately raised their rifles and fired, and the creature disappeared for a second, but was seen the next moment, and saluted with another shot as he went up the opposite bank of the nullah. He then disappeared in the jungle, but was found two hundred yards farther on, standing under a *mohwa* tree. Two more shots started him off again, and there was a hot chase after him for about fifteen hundred yards, a brisk independent fire being opened upon him whenever he showed himself. At last, just as they went down into a nullah,

the elephant turned half round, exposing the whole of his right side. Two shots were immediately fired into his right ear; and with a shrill trumpet, the huge beast fell, burying his right tusk deep into the earth, while at the same moment the Bygas rushed forward with a yell of triumph and hurled their spears into the carcase!

He was found to be a full-grown male, measuring twenty-six feet from the tip of his trunk to the end of his tail. His height was nine feet five inches; and length of tusks, two feet five inches. He was in splendid condition, being covered with a thick layer of fat. His skin had been perforated by six bullets.

So ended the career of this extraordinary bloodthirsty animal. He had killed in all forty-one persons—twenty in the Balaghat District—and wounded several. So great was the fear he inspired, that whole families became accustomed to pass the night on platforms erected on high trees rather than in their huts. Balaghat is still a very wild district, and men-eating tigers are not unfrequently to be met with there; but such intense and widespread terror has perhaps never been felt before or since the time of the notorious 'man-eating' elephant of Mundla.

A BOOK OF TABLE-TALK.

THERE is a curious little work the contents of which are said to have been collected by Hans Sachs, the Nuremberg cobbler and master-singer, in 1517. This curious book was reprinted several times in the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century, but is now somewhat scarce. It was issued without place of publication or publisher's name, in small form without cover. The book pretends to have been prepared by Hans Sachs for his private use, that he might make merriment among his friends, when drinking, and they were tired of his songs. It does not contain any anecdotes; it is made up of a collection of riddles more or less good, some coarse, and some profane; but the age was not squeamish. The title under which the little work was issued was, *Useful Table-talk, or Something for all; that is the Happy Thoughts, good and bad, expelling melancholy and cheering Spirits, of Hilarious Wish-wash, Master-tiler at Kielenhausen*. The book consists of just a hundred pages, of which a quarter are consumed by prefaces, introductions, &c., and about thirteen filled with postscript and index. The humours of the book are somewhat curious; for instance, in the preliminary index of subjects it gives—'IX. The reason why this book of Table-talk was so late in being published.' When we turn to the place indicated for the reason, we find a blank. There is no such reason. There is a fulsome and absurd dedication to the 'Honourable and Knightly Tile-burner' who lives 'By the icy ocean near Moscow, in Lapland, one mile from Podolia and three miles above it.'

Although we are not told in the place indicated why the little collection was not issued immediately after the death of Hans Sachs, nor among his works, we learn the reason elsewhere, in the preface, where we are told that the jokes it contained were, so good that a rivalry ensued

among them as to precedence, and till this was settled, it was impossible to get the book printed. The collection contains in all one hundred and ninety-six riddles; among them is that which gives the date of the book, and that in a chronogram: 'When was this book of Table-talk drawn up?—*Answer*. In IetzIg taVsenD flInff hVnDert sibenzehenDen Iahr' (1517).

Here are some of the conundrums.—*Question*. After Adam had eaten the forbidden fruit, did he stand or sit down?—*Ans*. Neither; he fell.

Ques. Two shepherds were pasturing their flocks. Said one to the other: 'Give me one of your sheep, then I shall have twice as many sheep as you.'—'Not so,' replied the second herdsman: 'give me one of yours, and then we shall have equal flocks.' How many sheep had each?—*Ans*. One had seven, the other five. If the first took a sheep out of the flock of the second, he had eight, the other four; if the contrary, each had six.

Ques. What is four times six?—*Ans*. 6666.

Ques. What does a goose do when standing on one leg?—*Ans*. Holds up the other!

Ques. When did carpenters first proclaim themselves to be intolerable dawdles?—*Ans*. When building the Ark—they took a hundred years over it.

Ques. Under what law are the soldiers?—*Ans*. Can(n)on law.

Some of the riddles have survived in the jocular mouth to the present day; for instance, who does not know this?—*Ques*. What smells most in an apothecary's shop?—*Ans*. The nose.—There is one conundrum which surprises us. The story was wont to be told by Bishop Wilberforce that he had asked a child in Sunday school why the angels ascended and descended on Jacob's ladder, whereupon the child replied that they did so because they were moulting, and could not fly. But this appears in Hans Sachs' book, and is evidently a very ancient joke indeed.

In this collection also appears the very heavy riddle: 'Which is heaviest, a pound of lead or a pound of feathers?' which every one knows, but with an addition, which is an improvement. After the answer, 'Each weighs a pound, and they are equal in weight,' the questioner says further: 'Not so—try in water. The pound of feathers will float, and the pound of lead will sink.'

Ques. How can you carry a jug of water in your hands on a broiling summer day, in the full blaze of the sun, so that the water shall not get hotter?—*Ans*. Let the water be boiling when you fill the jug.

Ques. How can a farmer prevent the mice from stealing his corn?—*Ans*. By giving them his corn.

Ques. A certain man left a penny by his will to be divided equally among his fifty relatives, each to have as much as the other, and each to be quite contented with what he got, and not envy any of the other legatees. How did the executor comply with this testamentary disposition?—*Ans*. He bought a packet of fifty tin-tacks with the penny, and hammered one into the back of each of the legatees.

There is another very curious old German collection of riddles called *Æsopus Epulans*; but that contains anecdotes as well and a great deal

of very interesting matter. This is a much larger volume, and is the commonplace-book of a party of priests who used to meet to smoke and drink and argue and joke at each other's houses. One of the members took down the particulars of conversation at each meeting, and published it. A most curious and amusing volume it is. Some of the conundrums the old parsons asked each other were the same as those in Hans Sachs' collection; they had become traditional. We may safely say that none were better, and some were, if possible, more pointless. They have all much the same character: they resemble only faintly the popular conundrum of the type so widely spread, and so much affected still by nurses and the labouring class, and which so often begins with, 'London Bridge is broken down,' or, 'As I went over London Bridge.' These are far more ancient. We have analogous riddles among those which Oriental tradition puts in the mouth of the Queen of Sheba when she 'proved him with hard questions.' Mr Kemble published for the Ælfrie Society a collection of questions and answers that exist in Anglo-Saxon as a conversation between Solomon and Saturn, and numerous versions existed in the middle ages of the dialogue between Solomon and—as the answerer was often called—Markulf. But these questions only partially correspond with our idea of riddles.

A more remarkable collection is that in the Icelandic *Hervarar Saga*, where the King Heidrek boasts of his power to solve all riddles. Then Odin visits him in disguise as a blind man and propounds to the king some hard questions. Of these there are sixty-four. We will give a few specimens. *Ques.* What was that drink I drank yesterday, which was neither spring-water nor wine nor mead nor ale?—*Ans.* The dew of heaven. *Ques.* What dead lungs did I see blowing to war?—*Ans.* A blacksmith's bellows whilst a sword was being forged. *Ques.* What did I see outside a great man's door, head downwards, feet heavenwards?—*Ans.* An onion.

These riddles are all in verse, and the replies also in verse. The end was that Odin asked Heidrek what he, Odin, whispered into the ear of Baldur before he was burned on his funeral pyre. Thereupon Heidrek drew his sword and cut at his questioner, shouting: 'None can answer that but yourself!' Odin had just time to transform himself into an eagle; but the sword cut off his tail, and eagles ever after have had short tails.

The Sphinx will recur to the recollection of the reader, who tore to pieces those who could not answer its riddles. At last Creon, king of Thebes, offered his sister Jocasta to any one who could solve the enigmas propounded by the Sphinx. Œdipus ventured, and when asked by the monster, 'What animal is four-footed in the morning, two-footed at noon, and three-footed in the evening?' answered: 'Man, who as a babe crawls, and as an old man leans on a crutch.' The Sphinx was so distressed at hearing its riddle solved, that it precipitated itself from a precipice and was dashed to pieces.

But to return to our book of Table-talk. In many of the answers there are puns only to be understood by those acquainted with German. This, however, is comprehensible by all: *Ques.*

In which month is least drunkenness?—*Ans.* In February, because it is the shortest. *Ques.* Where stands the tallest of trees?—*Ans.* On its roots. *Ques.* What is a sure way of being mourned after death?—*Ans.* Dying in debt—when all your creditors will talk about you. *Ques.* What is that which, bred of love, kills love?—*Ans.* Jealousy.

This is a conundrum of a different nature. *Ques.* Two fathers and two sons caught three hares one day in a field; each carried a hare home and ate it, none was without a hare, and no hare was divided. How was that?—*Ans.* The party consisted of a father, a son, and a grandson—the last being the son of the former, who was both son and father.

TOLD BY TWO.

A NOVELETTE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. IV.—THE NARRATIVE OF EMMELINE BURT
CONTINUED.

No sooner did I find myself alone, than I unlocked my desk and drew Will's pencil sketch from the drawer, where it had lain untouched for months. As I stood and gazed at it, I was even more struck than I had been, when trusting to memory alone, with its startling resemblance to Mrs Ion, more especially when, by placing a strip of paper over the lower part of the face, the two protruding teeth were hidden. After the proof afforded by the deformed finger, it would have seemed as if doubt were no longer possible, and yet my mind shrank involuntarily from the only other alternative. I lay awake till daybreak, unable to sleep. What to do, I knew not. From whatever point of view I looked at the affair, it seemed beset by improbabilities too glaring to be reconciled.

Next day brought no enlightenment. I went about my duties like one in a dream. In the afternoon, a fresh thought struck me: I would seek an interview with Mrs Ion by daylight, and ascertain, now that I had renewed my acquaintance with the sketch, whether a second perusal of her features would do anything towards either the confirmation or the removal of my doubts. The excuse that I wanted some particular book from the library would serve my purpose. I waited till Mr Primley was taking his usual constitutional on the terrace, when I knew that Mrs Ion would be alone. My heart beat considerably faster than usual as I tapped at the library door, and then, without waiting for an invitation, I opened it and went in. As I had anticipated, I found Mrs Ion alone. She rose from the writing-table and stared at me out of her deep-set eyes in unmistakable surprise. I told her the object of my errand, naming the book I had come in quest of.

'Yes, I think we have the work in question,' she said; 'and I have no doubt I can find it for you in half a minute.'

Short as the time was, it gave me the opportunity I sought.

'The little people seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves last night,' she said with a cold smile as she handed me the book. 'I should have liked to stay and watch them a little longer, but had some transcribing to finish for Mr Primley.'

I made some commonplace reply, thanked her, and left the room. 'If she is not the original of Will's sketch, she must be her twin-sister,' I said to myself as I went slowly up-stairs.

Never had I felt my loneliness and helplessness so much as during the next few days; never had the space that divided me from him I loved seemed so immeasurable. How I wished that he were near enough to counsel and advise me; for, in truth, I knew not what steps it behoved me to take in the disquieting position in which I now found myself.

Matters, meanwhile, went on in their ordinary quiet groove, and at times I almost grew to fancy that I must have been the victim of some uncanny dream or unaccountable hallucination. When I had done with the borrowed book, I sent it back by one of the maids with my thanks: I had no desire to seek another interview with Mrs Ion.

About the middle of March, Lady Clavison was laid up with a severe cold, and forbidden to leave the house. One day she sent for me. 'Miss Burt,' she said, 'as I am unable to get out myself, I want you to be so good as to go to Cheriton this afternoon and get these crevel silks matched for me. There is a train at four o'clock, and another one back a little after six, which will give you ample time. You will take a first-class return ticket, and let me know to-morrow what you pay for it.'

Cheriton, which was fifteen miles away, was the nearest large town. I had never yet visited it, and the prospect of doing so, though it were for a couple of hours only, was a pleasant one; besides which, I should be enabled to do a little shopping on my own account, a gratification from which I had long been debarred.

I experienced some difficulty in matching her ladyship's silks, having to call at three or four shops before being able to do so; and by the time I had completed my own small purchases, the quarter-past-six train had been gone some time. The next train was at half-past seven, so I had to while away the intervening time as best I could. When the train, which had started from London two or three hours earlier, came booming into the station, I looked out for a compartment containing one or more passengers of my own sex. The only one I could find that was not already crowded contained two gentlemen and a lady, and in this I proceeded to take my seat. I had scarcely done so when the train started; and as soon as I had arranged my packages, of which I had three or four, I turned to examine my travelling companions. The two gentlemen seemed commonplace individuals enough, and I did not bestow a second thought on them. But the woman! If ever in my life my blood ran cold, it did at the moment my eyes fell on the female, who was sitting in the opposite corner of the carriage, her hands folded on her lap, and looking as impassive as if cut out of marble. Was I gazing on Mrs Ion, or on the original of Will's sketch, or on both, or neither? I was like a creature fascinated; I could not turn away my eyes.

Before me I saw a woman, the upper half of whose face, like that of the younger of the two women in Will's adventure, was effectually hidden by a veil; but what the veil did not hide was

a brown mole a little below the left corner of her mouth, and two long, sharp, protruding teeth, which lent a strangely sinister and cruel expression to as much of her face as could be seen. Was I bewitched? I asked myself. Was what I was looking at a reality, or was it nothing more than an optical delusion—the unsubstantial phantasm of an overwrought brain? I turned and stared out of the window into the darkness, while I strove to steady my fluttering nerves. When next my eyes were drawn to the opposite corner, the woman had lowered her veil, so that it now hid the whole of her face. Then involuntarily my gaze travelled down to her hands, which were incased in tightly fitting black kid gloves. But here I was foiled; the left hand being laid lightly over the fingers of the right in such a way as to completely cover the latter. She was dressed quietly and in good taste, and there was nothing in her appearance to attract the special attention of any one; but to me the smallest detail might not be without its value and significance. Among other things, I noticed that she carried a tightly folded brown silk umbrella with a carved ivory handle, one of the ribs of which bulged out a little, as if it had been bent by accident. Her cloak was long and black, and reached nearly to her feet. She kept it closely wrapped round her; but a slight displacement of one corner, of which she was probably unaware, revealed to me that it was lined with some kind of gray fur. Almost before I had time to gather my scattered wits, and certainly before I had made up my mind what course I ought to adopt in a contingency so startling and unexpected, the train stopped at Dane Hill Station. Here the two gentlemen alighted. The next station we should stop at would be Royston, where I should have to quit the train; it being little more than a mile from the entrance to Normanfield Park.

Twenty minutes later we were there, greatly to my relief, for the tension of my nerves was fast becoming unendurable. 'Here you are, at Royston, ma'am,' said the guard, addressing my companion through the open window as I was preparing to alight. 'You want to get out here, don't you?'

'I have changed my mind,' she answered from behind her veil, and speaking with a pronounced foreign accent. 'I will go on to the next station and pay the difference.'

'All right, ma'am,' responded the guard as he hurried off to attend to some one else.

Was the voice Mrs Ion's voice, or was it not? I could not determine. A minute later I was left standing on the platform, watching the train disappear in the distance.

The road to Normanfield was a lonely one, and I did not care to traverse it on foot at so late an hour. I accordingly engaged a fly at the station, and was not long in reaching my destination. As soon as I had seen her ladyship and had been commended for my skill in matching her silks, I hurried to my own room. I had already decided on a certain plan, which I at once proceeded to put into execution. Changing my dress for a warmer one, and shrouding myself in a long, dark, hooded cloak, I stole out into the grounds by way of the conservatory, unseen by any one. Here and there, close to the road through the park which Mrs Ion would traverse on her way

to the house—if she it were whom I had encountered in the train—certain thick clumps of evergreens were planted, and it was in the black shadow of one of these that I now took my stand. The station at which the veiled woman had stated her intention of alighting was three miles beyond Royston, and was two miles from Normanfield. Presumably she would do as I had done—that is, take a fly at the station, which would deposit her at the lodge gates, whence she would have to walk up to the house. The night was clear and starlit, and from my hiding-place, should she come my way, I could not fail to see her.

I felt very lonely and depressed as I stood there in the hushed darkness, my heart quaking at every sound, with the great silent spaces of the park unfolding themselves on every side—so lonely that it seemed as if I must be miles away from any other living being. Only the stars seemed to look down on me with friendly eyes and to strengthen me in my newly formed resolve to break through the meshes of the dark mystery in which I felt myself entangled, if it were anyhow possible for a girl's weak hands to do so.

I had waited about a quarter of an hour, although the time seemed much longer, when I thought I distinguished the far-away sound of wheels. I was not mistaken. Nearer and nearer came the vehicle, whatever it might be, and then in a little while it stopped. Pulling the hood of my cloak over my head, I drew closer into the shelter of the evergreens, and waited. The distance from the lodge to the house was about a quarter of a mile, and some minutes elapsed before my patience was rewarded. At length came the sound of footsteps on the gravelled drive. As they drew nearer, I scarcely seemed to breathe. Some one came, passed me, and went on in the direction of the house—a figure draped in black, a figure whose gait even by that dim light I did not fail to recognise: it was Mrs Ion.

I waited so as to give her ample time to get indoors, and then I stole back by the way I had come. I experienced a strange sense of elation, for which I was at a loss to account, and that night my sleep was more peaceful and unbroken than it had been for weeks. Could it be because certitude had at length usurped the place of doubt in my mind, and because my duty now shone clearly before me?

The first thing I did next morning was to put one or two questions to Susan Cott, who waited on Mrs Ion, but by no means liked her.—Yes, the girl said, Mrs Ion had been out yesterday from ten in the morning till about nine at night—taking a holiday, she supposed. Poor Mr Primley had been like a fish out of water all day, and that cross, nobody could please him.

Satisfied so far, I determined to make assurance doubly sure, if it were possible to do so. A little later on, at an hour when I knew that Mrs Ion would be busy in the library, I made my way to her bedroom, opened the door, and went in. It was a proceeding utterly repugnant to my feelings, but in fighting fraud and cunning, one cannot always choose one's weapons. Hanging from a peg in the wardrobe I found one of the articles I had come in search of—a long black cloak, lined with gray fur. Near at hand was a brown silk umbrella with one bulging rib;

but whereas the umbrella carried by the veiled woman had a carved ivory handle, the handle of this one was of ebony. Some impulse, I know not what, induced me to examine the handle more closely, and it seemed scarcely a surprise to me when I found that it could be readily unscrewed from the body of the umbrella; which went to prove that any other handle of the same size might be substituted in its place. I was satisfied.

While my pupils were engaged over their one o'clock dinner, I, who had no appetite, strolled out into the grounds with a certain object in view. I had made up my mind to tell Mr Bruton everything. I had taken a liking to him when I saw him first on the night of the children's party; indeed, he was a man who seemed to inspire liking and confidence in every one. Of late, he had frequently come down to spend the week end at Normanfield. More than once, when we chanced to meet in the grounds, we had had a few minutes' pleasant chat together; more than once he had requested Lady Clavison to ask me down after dinner into the drawing-room to play. To-day, I was going deliberately in search of him. I knew that I should be nearly sure to find him in the pleached alley, smoking a cigar; and there, in fact, he was. He flung away the end of his cigar and held out his hand with a smile, as I drew near.

'You look very grave this morning, Miss Burt,' he said. 'I hope my nieces have not been more naughty than usual?'

'It is neither about Fanny nor Clara that I have come to see you to-day, Mr Bruton. Can you spare me ten minutes of your time, sir?'

'An hour—two hours, if requisite.'

'I won't trespass on you to that extent. Certain circumstances have recently come to my knowledge which it seems to me ought to be made known to you, or to some one connected with the family, without delay. My object in intruding on you to-day is to inform you what those circumstances are.'

He stared at me for a moment or two, then he said: 'Whatever you may have to say to me, Miss Burt, shall have my best attention. Pray proceed.'

I began at the beginning—that is to say, I narrated to him as succinctly as possible the chief points in connection with Will's loss of the bag of money, now nearly a year and a half ago. Then I went on to describe by what means I had first recognised Mrs Ion, and from that to all that had happened since. He listened with the closest attention, not interrupting me by a word. When I had done, he drew a deep breath and began in an absent-minded way to roll a cigarette. 'What dark conspiracy can be afoot?' he said at last. 'What can be that woman's motive in coming to Normanfield?' He spoke more to himself than to me. Rousing himself, he said: 'I cannot tell you how greatly obliged I am to you, Miss Burt, for making me your confidant in this matter; but at present I must confess that I am utterly at sea. I need time to think over what you have told me. At what hour can you see me again later in the day?'

'Any time after five o'clock I shall be at liberty.'

'I will be in the conservatory at half-past five,' he answered; and with that we parted.

Both of us were punctual to the minute. At that hour of the afternoon we were almost as secure from interruption in the dimly lighted conservatory as we should have been in the park itself.

'I have not been idle—I have excogitated an idea,' he said the moment we met. 'In plainer words, I have discovered a possible motive, which, if it should prove to be the real one, would at once account for Mrs Ion's presence at Normanfield.' His words put me on the tenter-hooks of curiosity, and I told him so.

'Well, then, you must know that, among other fads, my sister always celebrates the anniversary of her wedding-day by a grand dinner-party and ball to all the big people for a dozen miles round. On these occasions she puts on the whole of her war-paint, which means that she has her diamonds home from the banker's, where they are stored for safety, and wears them in honour of the day; and it must be confessed that Laura has a very splendid stock of jewels. As a business man, it makes me wild to think of so much capital lying utterly idle and unproductive. There's the tiara my father gave her on her marriage; there's the necklace and pendant that came to her from my mother; there's the bracelet my Uncle Primley made her a present of; together with half-a-score other baubles—in fact, I doubt whether ten thousand pounds would purchase the contents of her jewel casket.—Now, my dear Miss Burt, can you guess what wildgoose notion has taken hold of me since you and I talked together this morning?'

'I think I can,' I answered in a low voice. I could feel the colour dying out of my face as I spoke.

'Well, then, to leave guessing. After carefully considering what you told me from every point of view I could think of, one conclusion, and one only, forces itself on my mind—that Mrs Ion's presence under my sister's roof is connected in some occult way with a plot to rob her of her diamonds.'

The same thought had flashed through my own mind the moment he made mention of Lady Clavison's jewels.

I need not detail our conversation further. Mr Bruton impressed upon me the necessity for the strictest secrecy; not a hint, not a whisper, must be breathed to any one. 'It wants nearly a fortnight yet to Laura's wedding-day,' he said. 'I shall have ample time to elaborate my scheme. To-day is Thursday; on Monday I shall go up to town and make the first move in my game to checkmate Mrs Ion.'

I saw nothing more of Mr Bruton for several days. I think it was on the following Wednesday evening that Lady Clavison favoured me with one of her formal but polite requests that I would go down and play in the drawing-room after dinner. As I quite expected to do, I found Mr Bruton there, and with him a stranger, a tall, dark, keen-eyed man, whom he introduced to me as his friend Mr Felix. Later in the evening I learned that her ladyship had invited Mr Felix to stay over the anniversary of her wedding-day, which was now close at hand, and also that he was as much a stranger to her as to me, Mr

Bruton having brought him down from London that afternoon. But it was enough for her ladyship to know that he was her brother's friend, and she treated him with much consideration. Before the evening was over, I somehow came to connect the presence of this keen-eyed stranger at Normanfield with the errand which had taken Mr Bruton to London the previous Monday morning. Ground for such an assumption I had none, yet I found it impossible to disabuse my mind of it. As Mr Bruton was turning over a piece of music for me at the piano, he whispered: 'All is going on well, but remember—silence and secrecy.' It was the only allusion he made to the matter between us.

BEYOND: A WINTER IDYLL.

WE would protest against the conventionalism which ordains that winter shall be always symbolised by dreary landscape or a weak old man. If our artists could with brush or pen hint at the wealth of life beneath the snow, the force hidden by the white beard, it were well; but coloured cards have no 'beyond,' and those who draw from them their chief ideas of nature are apt to look on nature's beauties as the touches on a painted page. 'A real winter's day,' we say, when the world is clad in snow; whereas, indeed, the bright green winter days number by tens for every one of these. And then we go forth to admire: the white snow and bending trees strike pleasantly on the eye; and we compare the frosted boughs to finest lacework, the fields to sugared cakes. 'Beautiful as a picture,' we pronounce it, and we say well. Fair it is to us as the coloured page to whose loveliness is no 'beyond.'

It is this 'beyond' that we would fain seek out from behind the mask of outward seeming. The snow has melted now, and we can see and feel the flood of life and its enchantments, which the whiteness hid. Come forth into the clear sunset of this perfect January day. Cold, dead winter? For a moment, the infinite fullness of life on every hand intoxicates us, so that we can only stand gazing in mute incomprehension up to the clear blue sky, and down again through its warmer harmonies of crimson, to the network of purpled boughs, and the sunlit grass beneath. Then slowly our poor minds struggle to take these mysteries one by one into their feeble grasp.

Those leafless trees—have we been blaming winter for stripping from them summer's cloak of brilliant green? Why, every leaf is there before us, could our weak eyesight only pierce beyond the bark which hides them now. Do you point to the dead heaps of rustling brown beneath? *Those* are not leaves, only the useless framework which was cast aside when the true leaf—the vital principle which should surely be to us the real leaf—returned into the parent stems. What are those spreading trees but the life of infinite leaves? They bloom forth in green splendour for one short summer, and then—we mourn for them as dead; they rustle out a mocking laugh as the brown husk drops to earth, and the life, the spirit of the leaf, slides back to strengthen and increase the stem from which it sprang.

Talk not to the trees of death while their roots are still striking downwards into the silent, dark 'beyond' of earth. If you would know what death is, look at the withered branch upon the ground beside. While there are roots still diving deeper into earth's mysteries, life must increase. Sever life from the infinite, rest on the surface only, and nothing but withered death can follow.

So with the flowers; those that were blooming here around us last year are around us still, resting beneath the surface of mother earth, hid by her mystery. When we thought they died, they only went to sleep for a little while, soon to awake, refreshed. The blossoms alone that we have gathered never can come again. Heaven forbid that we should blame the hands that picked them! Those flowers may have fulfilled their highest mission; only from earth are they gone for ever. They have been severed from earth's never-ending circle of recurring life, and their place shall know them nevermore.

Here, under the trees, the flowers are already beginning to reawaken. The snowdrop spikes peer forth with pale timidity; the celandines spread abroad their glossy leaves in triumph to the light again. The winter-aconite has already bloomed, and lies in streaks of sunlight over the brown earth. First of the flowers, we hail it as a friend, and hasten to look nearer at the bright face that bids us hope for spring. We will not pick it, only look our thanks to the golden head raised from its ruff of green, and strive in vain to read the mystery written there. Ay, we have come again upon a mystery too deep for our wisest to fathom.

Some botanists are trying to convince men that the flowers can move, and do, each in its little orbit, each in its own routine. To us, as we gaze down into the flower-face that looks so nearly human, there seems no reason why it should not move as it listeth, and speak to us of what no botanist can know. Would that the flower could only speak, and tell us what it does below the ground! It is wiser here than we—the aconite; wiser, inasmuch as it knows more of earth's deep mysteries. We, with our human skill, can dive down further than the flowers, and cut great holes of awful depth; we can despoil earth of her treasures; but we cannot force from her the secret of life that every snowdrop knows—

For beasts and birds have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

The birds soar upwards, and the flowers spread downwards, while we can only walk between, and look and long in vain.

Even thought, our tireless messenger, cannot help us here. She will fly round the earth at our command, swifter than any swallow: here she is powerless. In vain we bid thought penetrate the clear, deep blue above; in vain we say: 'The moon is something other than a silver lamp; the stars more than clear sparks of most pure, tender light: fly forth, and up to them, and bring us word of what they really are.' Thought wings her upward course only to sink wearied to earth again, saying: 'I will believe that the bright stars are worlds, that on the moon rise chains of mountains, but I cannot reach them.' In vain we tell her that beneath the grass whereon we

stand stretch depths of mysteries, most marvellous hidden springs of life. Thought strives at our behest to dive beneath, but owns her efforts vain. Dazed and bewildered, she can only tell us that she knows the earth is not the crust it seems, but cannot penetrate below the surface.

But what if thought must always fail? Were it not better she should weary her pinions in aching, unavailing struggle to reach the limits of 'beyond,' than fold her wings in placid contemplation of earth's beauties as pages of a picture-book?

If beauty were beauty only, then the mind should surely rest content to-night. The western flame glows with a duskier red; the blue above is growing more intense. One star trembles above the sunset, and the moon gleams softly from the deepening sky. From earth the sunset glow has faded, and the only brightness left is in the aconite gleams from the wood. The sheep are herding together in the meadow; the birds bid us good-night in a chorus wherein we try in vain to catch the echoes of grief or joy which must sound beyond the twittering harmonies.

All last week's snow has vanished, except the shapeless heap which shows where our great snow-man was built. Where is the splendid sphere that formed his head, the nose of proportions so heroic? All disappeared. And yet we know that in nature's vast economy each tiniest snow particle remains intact. It is our handiwork which has disappeared for ever—the snow-man has only changed his form.

Does it not seem a strange freak, this of nature's? that she should be so miserly over the least of her own elements, so prodigal of man's labour, God's completest work. When the toil of a lifetime crumbles into dust, she mocks the worker, saying: 'My elements, wherewith you wrought and worked, are indestructible; I hold them safe through endless ages in an altered form. Your toil, your restless days and sleepless nights, are gone for ever, leaving no mark behind.' Then a wonder strikes us whether this can indeed be so; whether in God's providence so great an inconsistency exists; and for one moment we seem to catch a glimpse of a yet more marvellous 'beyond,' whither, after its one short bloom of action, our force slides back, to render stronger yet the stem from which it sprang.

But a cold wind rising from the dying sunset, bids us hasten home. Back we go into the house, with its cheery fires, and the bright curtains that shut out all our sunset. Walls cannot bound our horizon now, for we have learnt our lesson, and we know that on every side of the bright room stretches an infinite 'beyond.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

M. CHEVREUL, THE FRENCH CENTENARIAN.

How singular and deeply interesting must be the remembrances of so long and eventful a life as that of M. Chevreul. He was born at the end of September 1786, when the bloodthirsty Marat was a veterinary surgeon at the Royal Mews at Versailles; Danton and Robespierre were small provincial lawyers; Murat was preparing to take holy orders or enter a religious life; Ney was

passing a miserable existence as a copyist; Bonaparte had just received his commission as second lieutenant of artillery of Autun, in the regiment de la Fère. Frederick the Great of Prussia had only died the previous month (August 1786); Joseph II. was emperor of Germany; Catharine II., empress of Russia; Gustavus III., king of Sweden. The mention of these historic names tells us how completely France and Europe have been transformed. During the hundred years of his life, M. Chevreul has seen three kings of France, one king of the French, two emperors, three republics; marshals, prime ministers, and other political dignitaries by scores. It seems difficult to realise the fact that a man is now living who probably, as a boy or youth, may have seen, or even spoken to, some of the actors in the terrible drama that was carried out in France at the end of the last century; men who have long since become as much a matter of history as the events of which they were the leaders, or in which they took an active part. M. Chevreul is in the enjoyment of perfect health, and both mentally and bodily is full of life and vigour.

THE TEMPLE OF MITHRAS.

An Italian publication devoted to arts and antiquities (*Notizie degli Scavi di Antichità*) has issued an interesting account of this curious temple, recently discovered at Ostia. During the reign of Pope Pius VI., at the end of the last century, the site was explored, but in a superficial sort of a way, when whatever could be found in the way of antiquities was carried off to the Roman Museum. The foundations of the building are quite undisturbed, and an interesting series of mosaics, all in black on white grounds, were discovered intact. In fact, mosaics seem to be all over the building, not only the pavements—the usual place for mosaics—but the walls and even the seats for the worshippers are covered with them. Those on the pavement represent in the design the seven doors corresponding with the seven degrees of initiation into the mystic worship of Mithras, the Bull-slayer. A dagger is also introduced, according to the well-known representations of Mithras stabbing the bull, of which there are two in marble in the gallery of Antiquities in the British Museum, both in fine preservation, and both in nearly the same attitude. Between the entrance door and the first door of initiation is represented what looks like a well sunk in the floor; but its actual purpose seems difficult to conjecture. On the front side of the worshippers' seats, the six planets are shown; whilst the twelve constellations are depicted on the seats themselves; but neither planets nor constellations are in their usual order, which denotes either ignorance or carelessness on the part of the artists who executed the mosaics. At the end of each of the rows of the seats is a good representation of a figure bearing a torch. It will be remembered that the worship of the Persian sun-god Mithras was greatly cultivated by the Romans; and his festival, lasting six days in October, was celebrated with high honours and rejoicings. The most ancient instance of this worship among the Romans occurs in an inscription, dated in the third consulate of Trajan, or about A.D. 101, on an altar inscribed with the words, 'Deo Soli

Mithræ.' These feasts, or festivals, of the Bull-slayer are said to have been derived from Chaldaea, where they had been instituted, it is supposed, to celebrate the entrance of the sun into the sign of Taurus. They were, however, finally proscribed in Rome, by order of Gracchus, prefect of the Prætorium, in the year A.D. 378.

KILLED ON THE TELEGRAPH-WIRE.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

WITHIN the rough four-feet he lay,
A touch of blood on breast and wing—
His lifeblood, that had sent away
This only singer of the spring.

For he, while morning yet was dim,
And all his singing soul on fire,
And throbbing with an unsung hymn,
Had dashed against the pitiless wire.

And in the dark he fell, to lie
The cold unheeding rails between,
A song within his heart to die
Unheard, and he himself unseen.

I took him up; he lay so light,
That in my heart I did him wrong
To think a thing so frail and slight
Could have such splendid wealth of song.

Was this the bird I could not see?
That somewhere from the wooded hill
Poured forth such music from a tree
That even the very stream grew still.

Was this the spirit who sang, and shot
The soul of summer through the air,
Till all the buds grew quick with thought,
And sweet greep births were everywhere?

The very bird! And this was all
His crown of song for such display—
To strike against the wire, and fall,
And bleed his little life away.

He sang of Spring in fond delight,
He would not see her blossoming;
He sang of Summer, but its light
Would never strike against his wing.

Yet these were throbbing in his song,
As yearns some poet in his rhyme,
To flash against a burning wrong
The sunshine of a happier time.

But ere the light for which he woke
His song, dawns upward, faint and dim,
He, bleeding from an unseen stroke,
Sinks in the dark, and dies like him.

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NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.

THE tidings that thousands of the inhabitants of Newfoundland and Labrador were in a state but little removed from absolute starvation have recently startled the civilised world, and in many places prompt measures were immediately taken to alleviate the sufferings which they were said to be enduring. To blacken a picture whose every detail was dark enough, it was further reported, at least on this side of the Atlantic, that hundreds of the unfortunate sufferers had succumbed to their misery, and that their bodies had been savagely devoured by troops of hungry Polar bears, which had been driven to the coast by hunger. The interest and sympathy of multitudes were excited, and the question was being asked on all sides, 'What can we do to help?' While the hearts as well as the heads of philanthropists were thus devising schemes by which to succour and relieve their less fortunate brethren, a third report was spread, giving an unqualified denial to its predecessors, which, it asserted, had been cruelly invented by an enterprising Canadian journalist for base and unworthy motives. Which report are we therefore to believe? Beyond the shadow of a doubt, the bear story is a pure fable; equally fabulous is that which relates the number of deaths which are said to have resulted from starvation.

The truth seems to be, as far as can be gathered from available sources of trustworthy information, that the cod-fishery, both on the coast of Labrador and also in the greater number of fishing stations in Newfoundland, has been an entire failure, and that hundreds of families are consequently almost or wholly destitute. From a recent letter, received by the writer from a friend resident in the north of Newfoundland, we learn that the cod and herring fisheries in his district have been unusually good, and the fish of exceptional excellence; but this can in no way make up for the distressing failures which are resulting in such widespread and genuine misery in all the other parts of the island.

It has occurred to the writer that the present is a favourable time to convey to the readers of this *Journal* the information resulting from his observation of people and things during the period of two years which he recently spent in the island of Newfoundland.

It must first be remembered that the population—numbering about two hundred thousand—of both countries depends mainly upon the various fisheries which they prosecute for their subsistence; hence the fluctuating nature of their temporal condition. This will eventually result in the direst misery, and naturally so; for while the quantity of fish taken remains stationary, with an uncomfortable tendency to diminish, the population increases with alarming rapidity; and various symptoms are quickly developing themselves of the untoward fate which must sooner or later overtake the colony of Newfoundland, unless matters which at the present time are all awry and clamouring to be righted, are subjected to a radical reformation. So long as the unjust truck system is permitted to exert its evil influence amongst the people, it matters little whether the fishery be good or bad, they will always be in a state of poverty. But there is the further reflection, that even if the truck system were abolished, and full cash value paid for the fisherman's produce, the catch of fish would not of course be thereby increased. We are therefore confronted with the momentous fact, that people must either starve or turn their attention to some other means of gaining a livelihood; and the important question arises, what that other means shall be?

It has been said, by those who ought to know, that Newfoundland possesses agricultural capabilities of a high order, which only await the advent of the plough and the strong arm of labour to develop and to produce prodigious results. The writer is not prepared to deny this *in toto*; but he is fully persuaded that the picture is overdrawn, and that, if the soil were subjected to a trial, this would be apparent. It is further said by a recent writer on the subject that the island contains five million acres of land admirably

fitted for agricultural and grazing purposes. To talk and write in this way, however eloquently, is to waste time. If all that has been written and said upon the subject of the agricultural capabilities of Newfoundland is true, why is not immigration encouraged, and the immigrants, together with those of the native population who have the wish, but not the means, to become agriculturists, supplied with implements and grain until they have tided over the first year or two? It is patent to all who have studied the matter with the attention it demands, that the time is fully ripe for action, and that 'sharp and decisive,' if the inhabitants of Newfoundland are not to degenerate into a colony of paupers. It is equally clear that, with the largely increased and still increasing population, the cod-fishery can no longer be relied upon as the sole means of subsistence; and unless something is done by those in authority and others—of whom there are many who have reaped rich harvests of golden coin from the toil of the poor struggling fisher-folk—to remedy matters, the unanimous verdict of posterity will be against those who, from whatever motive, were instrumental in effecting the change which made Newfoundland what it was never intended to be, anything more than a mere fishing station of the British empire.

Again, it is a fact that the mineral resources of Newfoundland are practically exhaustless, and that, if they were turned to account, there need never be much destitution amongst the people, at least of such magnitude as that which exists at the present time. But it seems that all the mines which are of any practicable value are found on that part of the coast which is known as the 'French Shore;' and at every successive attempt which has been made by Englishmen to open up these mines, they have been met by the most serious and determined opposition on the part of the French, who presume thus in consequence of the very vague wording of the treaty made between the French and English governments by which their respective fishery rights are secured. So powerful has this opposition become, that work on the mines has had to be permanently suspended; and for some mysterious reason, the colonial, as well as the imperial government, has treated the matter with supreme indifference, or at least they have so far done simply nothing to effect a final settlement of the dispute, which is of vast importance. It is high time that some determined and united action were taken, by those to whom the welfare of the country is committed, to remove the serious obstacles which undoubtedly exist in the way of that section of the people of Newfoundland who would fain abandon the precarious and profitless life of fishermen, and secure employment which would at once be permanent and remunerative, and, in the future, afford an importance to the colony, which, so long as it depends on an annual catch of cod-fish, it can never enjoy.

The Newfoundlanders are an industrious and intelligent race; and they would not be slow to make the most of any advantages which might be procured for them, and by which they might improve their position, which hitherto has

never been better than that of a mere hand-to-mouth existence.

There is the last, but by no means the least important consideration, that of the seal-fishery, which, for the past fifty or sixty years, has brought almost fabulous wealth to a section of the community. It is now, however, failing, in consequence, it must be said, of the wholesale destruction which has been made of this valuable animal, alike in summer and winter, by those whose interest it was to preserve, and not, as they have almost succeeded in doing, to exterminate it.

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER V.—HANFORD HALL.

MR GABRIEL GOTHAM lived in what was called Hanford Hall, but in Essex, every farmhouse is a Hall. It was, however, the manor-house, and was the best house in the place—a long rambling building, plastered, and the windows painted Indian-red; a house long and shallow. It was embowered in trees. The grounds were not extensive, but they were pretty. A steep slope to the sea, with noble elms on it; a set of terraces, where roses grew luxuriantly, and where, in summer, the beds of calceolaria and geranium made a gay contrast to the dense green of the trees and the sweeps of grass. Here and there on the terraces stood statues of plaster painted, somewhat spotted with black and green decay. The terraces were gravelled from the beach with grit that would not bind, and was carried about by the boots of him who walked on it over the grass and into the rooms. The entrance gates were somewhat pretentious; the posts supported heraldic lions holding shields; but these also were of plaster, not stone, and were painted.

When the tide was in, the view from the terraces and from the windows of the house was very beautiful, through peeps among the elms to sea, and across Hanford water to a coast beyond, also studded with trees. The water was generally enlivened by passing sails, as Hanford was a colony of fishermen, either owning their own boats or going shares as a company in one smack. Barges came to Hanford with coal from Yorkshire and Newcastle; and barges left Hanford piled up on deck with straw, veritable floating stacks, for London. At certain seasons, the sprat-fishery supplied the farmers with unctuous dressing for their fields; at such times, clouds of gulls fluttered over the land thus manured, and unless the fish were quickly ploughed in, rapidly reduced the supply spread over the surface. At such times, the inhabitants of Hanford gifted with the sense of smell were heartily glad when the plough did turn the glebe over the dead fish; but there was a worse smell than that of sprats to which the Hanfordians were periodically subjected, and that was when a shipload arrived of what was locally termed 'London muck,' that is, the serappings of the London streets and the refuse of the

London ashpits. When such a cargo arrived, it announced its presence to leeward for two or three miles; whereupon the farmers lifted up their noses, ordered out their wagons, and distributed the stench broadcast over the country. The gulls were unattracted by this dressing; consequently, the farmers were less precipitate in working it in.

At all times, daily, throughout the year, the noses of the Hanfordians were required to inhale the effluvium of decomposing weed when the tide went out, and so nature providently blunted the organ against offence through the periodical dressings of sprats and London muck. The smells, if not pleasant, were salubrious, according to the opinion of the inhabitants; and, to judge from their robust forms and florid complexions, these odours cannot have been noxious.

The marshes, backwaters, and ditches bred countless mosquitoes, which lay in wait for strangers, whom they tortured to madness; but they did not touch natives. On a warm summer evening, the gnats might be seen hovering in clouds over the elms and oaks, so dense and so black, that the stranger supposed the trees were on fire and smoking. The mosquitoes brought birds, and the trees resounded with the song of nightingale, thrush, and blackbird. In winter, the water was covered with gray geese and wild-duck, and the shooting of these occupied the men, when nothing was to be got by the fishing.

What was it that made Mr Gotham start and tremble and shrink back, as he passed through the side-gate for foot-passengers into the grounds? Before him stood a woman, old, with gray hair, holding a baby in her arms, whilst two little children clung to her skirts. She was a fine woman, commanding, with bright eyes, and a strongly marked nose. She held herself very erect, and there were dignity and sternness in her manner and attitude as she confronted Gabriel Gotham. He, quivering and speechless, shrank from her, as trying to hide himself from her eye. He had occasion thus to cower before her; for if ever a despicable man had done a dastardly act, that man was Gotham, and the proud woman before him was the one he had wronged. Gabriel Gotham's father had been a solicitor at Newcastle; but his uncle, Jeremy Gotham, a successful merchant, had purchased the manor of Hanford and the Hall. Jeremy had lived there in his old age, and as he had no children of his own, invited his nephew, Gabriel, to stay with him; also his brother and his sister-in-law occasionally. As a boy, Gabriel liked to be with his uncle; the old man made much of him, and was liberal in supplying him with pocket-money. He had a pony and a boat at Hanford, and was called by the hangers-on 'the young squire.' But Gabriel was a weak, lanky boy, badly put together, without colour in his cheeks, and with pale blue eyes and fair limp hair—not at all the ideal young squire that his uncle would have desired as his successor. He supposed that the boy had been overworked at school or overtasked in his father's office, and insisted that the sea-air of Hanford would set him up. He urged him to out-of-door pursuits, to ride with the hounds and to row. But Gabriel preferred to jog to the meet and then ride home; and if he went out in the boat, to sit in the stern

with his hands in his pockets and let some one else row him.

Jeremy was very proud of his position as lord of the manor, and made himself disliked by exacting all kinds of rights which he believed to be his legally, but which had been ignored or encroached on by the fishermen of Hanford. By the shore was a piece of sandy ground overgrown with coarse turf, occasionally covered by tides of extraordinary height. On this the Hanfordian youth were accustomed to play cricket. Jeremy Gotham laid claim to it; as lord of the manor, it was his. If the young men ran over it, they would establish a precedent, and he would be unable to inclose and extend his grounds in that direction. Consequently, he railed it off. Thereupon the young men tore down his rails. He repalised the ground: it was again assailed. Then ensued a lawsuit, which he gained. But he had accumulated against himself so much ill-will that he was fain to accept a compromise, and allow the cricket club the use of the land for a small annual acknowledgment. Then, again, as lord of the manor he had heriot rights over two farms; and on the death of one of the farmers, he demanded the two best horses out of his stable. He had a right to the horses; but to exact his right was unwise, and brought on him bitter ill-will. There was a copious and unfailing spring in his stable-yard. The villagers were badly off for drinking-water, they were supplied with surface-water collected in tanks. This failed in dry summers, and they came with their cans and pails to his pump. He bore the inconvenience a little while; but when a farmer sent a barrel on a cart to be filled, he put a chain and padlock on the pump, and refused to remove it, and allow of water being taken from his well except at an acknowledgment—every cottager to pay him a shilling per annum, and every farmer five.

The dislike felt for the retired merchant who had set up as squire extended to his nephew; and Gabriel was jeered at when he rode out, and had stones or mud thrown at him when he showed himself in the village street. He was conscious of his own deficiencies, because told of them by his uncle, and because they were flung contemptuously in his face by the village lads. At the same time, his position as heir to the estate and house made him proud, or rather—for there is dignity in pride—conceited. Thus he grew up a mixture of diffidence and vanity. At the lodge lived a woman who had been wife of the boatman of the former squire, a Cornish woman, named Cable. She was left with an only daughter. Her husband had been drowned one night going out in a punt after wildfowl. Mr Jeremy Gotham kept her as a lodge-keeper, and she did charring in the house. The daughter was two or three years older than Gabriel, a strong handsome girl, determined in character; and she constituted herself the protector of the young squire. When he had been assailed with stones or bad words, he would tell her; and if she knew the name of the offender, and he was of or near her age, she would chastise him with her fist or with a stick. She often rowed him out, when he had a fancy to be on the sea, and looked after him—that he had his greatcoat with him; that he wore his muffler; that he did not wet

his feet, or, if they were wet, that he changed his socks as soon as he came home. This sort of intimacy had sprung up when they were children, and continued when they had grown up. No one thought seriously of it, as she was older than he, full of sense and strength of purpose; and he, a weak, washed-out creature without manliness. Nevertheless, she became attached to him. She was one of those strong characters which do not look for a support, but to become a support, and find satisfaction in sustaining the feeble creeper that pulls itself aloft by its means. There were several young fishermen in Hanford who tried to get Bessie Cable to walk out of a Sunday with them; but she gave encouragement to none, and finally left the place as servant to Mrs Giles Gotham of Newcastle, who had taken a fancy to her when on a visit to her brother-in-law. Mrs Giles could never get on with her servants, and laid all the blame on the Newcastle girls. If she could induce a young woman to come to her from a distance, she would be sure of keeping her for a twelvemonth. Moreover, the mother of Bessie being in the service of the Gotham family, the daughter might be reckoned on to do her utmost to have the interest of the Gothams at heart. The handiness, the willingness, the robustness of Bessie, pleased Mrs Giles; and so Bessie, whom her mother relinquished somewhat reluctantly, departed with her to Newcastle.

Gabriel remained with his uncle some time after his mother left. He was now a young man, who looked as if a good shake would shake him to pieces. His legs and arms hung too loosely to his trunk, his back was bent. He never, apparently, could get a tailor to master the conformation of his body and clothe him well. He maundered about, after Bessie was gone, much at a loss for a companion. He had clung to her and made an associate of her, had looked up to her and trusted her; and very forlorn he felt when deprived of her company and protection.

One day, a few months later, Mrs Cable died suddenly of a stroke. The distance from Newcastle was too great for Bessie to come down to the funeral, and the poor woman left but a few trifles for Bessie to inherit. These Gabriel undertook to have put away safely for her.

Before Christmas, Gabriel went home to Newcastle, taking with him such things of her mother's as Bessie wanted. His uncle was reluctant to let him depart, but could not dispute the right of his parents to reclaim him for a while. At Easter, Gabriel was to return to Hanford Hall. But at Easter, Gabriel did not appear; at midsummer, however, he did, looking the same—a limp creature without vigour of body or mind. What had happened in the interim between him and Bessie, his parents and uncle—only these interested parties—knew. What had occurred was this. On his return to Newcastle with plenty of money, which his uncle had given him, Gabriel was delighted to renew his friendship with Bessie. But circumstances were different. She was servant in his father's house, and that house was in the town. She had her duties, and could not row him on the sea or saunter with him in the garden. He found his way down into the kitchen, to complain to her about his mother's tyrannical ways; but Mrs Giles came after him

and pinned a dishelout to his coat, and warned him not to go below stairs again.

Gabriel was almost a stranger in Newcastle, and had no friends there of his own sex and age. He was not a man to make friends, except of boys and girls. He was not muscular enough to feel himself the equal of those of his own age; he could not cricket, or shoot, or play billiards. If he found a boy before whom he could swagger, he would take him up for a day or two and patronise him and give him tartlets; but boys speedily found him out, and despised him and deserted him; occasionally, he caught them caricaturing him. Girls did not pay him attention; they slighted him; only Bessie Cable stood by him, ready to fight his battles and hold him up, and be to him the tower of strength he needed. His father despised him; his mother bullied him; but Bessie loved him with infinite pity and disinterested fidelity. He was flattered and touched, and in his loneliness drew towards her the more because forbidden to associate with her.

One day, both had disappeared from Mr Giles Gotham's house. Gabriel had persuaded Bessie to elope with him over the Scottish frontier and to be married. Married they were in Scotland; and from Scotland, Gabriel wrote to his father and his uncle announcing the step he had taken. He received no answer from either. He remained in Scotland with his Bessie for some weeks, as long as his money lasted, the money wherewith he had been provided by his uncle; and when that was expended, he wrote for more. Then he heard from Mr Jeremy Gotham. His uncle was furious. He would disinherit him, unless he at once separated from the low-born maid-of-all-work he had mated with, and whom Mr Jeremy absolutely refused to acknowledge. Then, Gabriel wrote a penitent letter to his father. Mr Giles came to Scotland, and discovered that the marriage could be invalidated. According to the Act of Parliament on the subject, one of the parties contracting a marriage in Scotland must have been resident there twenty-one days previous to the ceremony. Gabriel had not resided there with Bessie the full time: it was short by exactly five hours; therefore, the marriage could be upset. With Gabriel's consent, it was upset. He was in no position to earn a livelihood; he was destitute of private means; he listened to reason, as his father said, and deserted Bessie. Mr Giles had the marriage cancelled; and when Bessie became a mother, her child was not qualified to bear his father's name.

Three years passed before she reappeared in Hanford with her boy, Richard. There she remained. Of her story, nothing was known; she never spoke of it. She had lost her character whilst in service, people said; but so had many another maid, and the particulars did not transpire. Gabriel was received again into favour by his uncle. He and Bessie never met again to speak; she avoided him, as he avoided her. In his base mind rankled a sense of degradation, of shame for his desertion of the faithful creature. Her pride sustained her. She could not forgive his treachery. So she lived by herself, and reared her son, and the son did not know who was his father.

No wonder that now, after a lapse of but a little short of forty years, Mr Gabriel Gotham started and shrank from the woman he had wronged, when she broke through her reserve and came to meet him within his own gates.

(To be continued.)

COLLIERY EXPLOSIONS AND THE DAVY LAMP.

It is more than seventy years since Sir Humphry Davy constructed his safety-lamp. During all that time it has been greatly used in coal-mines. The British miner is but slightly acquainted with any rival. Of late, authoritative opinions have been expressed that the protection it affords is less efficacious than could readily be attained. Yet, throughout all the period named, no experience has been made known that bears on its alleged defects with an instructive force comparable to that of a story which has been told about a recent explosion at Woodend Colliery, situated betwixt Tyldesley and Leigh. The tale is that of a man who saw, directly and plainly, the origin of the catastrophe. He is thus able to explain what has hitherto been the subject of surmise, authenticated partially by circumstantial evidence, or by analogies drawn from artificial experiments. He saw how the explosive mixture and the exploding flame came together. His testimony demonstrates that if there be need for a better class of lamps in mines, much greater is the need for a more careful handling of them by the miners.

The chief component of the explosive mixture is carburetted hydrogen, with unequal proportions of olefiant, nitrogen, and carbonic acid gases. According to these proportions, the compound, when mixed with atmospheric air, shows different degrees of inflammability. The hydrogen is the chief, perhaps the only, inflammable constituent. It contains two volumes of hydrogen, and one of vapour of carbon. It is the confinement of this gas which causes it to explode. Left free, it is harmless as loose gunpowder. If the proportion of olefiant in combination with it be large, its inflammability is increased. If nitrogen or carbonic acid is present in quantity, the inflammability is diminished. In no case will it explode so as to occasion a mine accident except when it mingles with atmospheric air in a rate varying from seven to twenty-five per cent. Under seven, the gas is too diluted and diffuse: over twenty-five, common air does not contain sufficient oxygen to combine harmfully with so large a proportion. The most dangerous ratio has been found to be about twelve and a half per cent. Davy, following up a series of experiments which gave him the materials for his first Bakerian lectures, discovered these facts early in 1815, when he turned an earnest attention to the hazards of mining; and in November of that year he laid his discoveries before the Royal Society. They have since been substantiated by ample corroboration. The gas described is the firedamp of the collier. It exists in varying quantity throughout coal-strata in general. Cavities in and around the coal-seams are filled

by it, often in a highly compressed state. When the workings advance so that these receptacles are pierced, the hitherto confined gas rushes forth with a hissing sound, and the workmen name them 'blowers.' When it exudes in great plenty from many apertures, the pit gets the reputation of being 'fiery.' The more bituminous the coal, the more readily it *cakes* when burning, so much the more does it for the most part contain of this dangerous *aëriiform* gas.

The exploding flame is also gaseous matter heated so intensely as to become luminous. Simultaneously with his investigations as to the explosiveness of firedamp, Davy also prosecuted experiments regarding different modes of its contact with ordinary light derived from artificial sources. He ascertained that in tubes the seventh of an inch in diameter, explosive mixtures of air and damp could not be fired, as also that metallic tubes were better preventives than glass. Upon this he acted in designing his safety-lamp, which was planned and finished between the middle of November—when he reported to the Royal Society—and the commencement of the ensuing year. The lamp is a simple contrivance. It consists of an oil-fed wick inclosed in a wire-gauze cylinder six inches long by one and a half in diameter, with a double piece at top. The standard first adopted for the number of apertures in the gauze was twenty-six for every linear inch, or seven hundred and eighty-four to every inch square, now sometimes reduced to six hundred and twenty-five. Through these apertures the flame will not pass except by applied force; and the cooling influence of the wire-gauze is such that though the firedamp may get in, yet, in an ordinary case, neither it nor the external air will explode, the quantity that surrounds the wick giving forth a feeble blue flame, which in extraordinary cases may fill the whole interior. This is a signal of danger not to be neglected. Should the wire-gauze, notwithstanding its efficiency as a conductor of heat, become incandescent, then a powerful 'blower,' suddenly discharged, may either extinguish the lamp, or drive the flame through the gauze with most disastrous consequences. The Royal Commission on Mines, that sat five years ago, concluded that a system of ventilation which drives the atmospheric air with great velocity, mingling it with the firedamp which it is meant to carry off, may produce exactly the same result. There is no reason to doubt it; though the fact illustrates how the attainment of a desired benefit may be marred by bringing with it an accompanying evil. How best to get air into coal-mines, causing it to circulate rapidly through every hole and corner, has long been an object of practical regard, and astonishing improvements have been effected on the early and imperfect modes of attaining this end; but if they induce counter-hazards, if improved arrangements for putting in air give rise to a necessity for equal improvements in the method of putting out fire or avoiding it, then, pending their discovery, the gain will be more than questionable.

Both air and fire are powerfully affected by outside influences. Atmospheric changes tell upon the ventilation of a mine when that ventilation appears to be most efficient. Thus, a pit may be well supplied with air during a whole day,

and show every sign at its close of being safe and free, yet, ere the morning a variation in atmospheric pressure may cause such a difference that it is unfit for being entered. Should the weight of common air be lessened, the 'blowers' will be relieved from opposition, and much gas will be released from the hissing crevices of the coal, as well as from the old waste places of the mine, called *goaves*. It is very probable that several unexplained explosions are attributable to this cause; and there is much likelihood that it helped to enhance the violence of the Woodend catastrophe. High winds will change the temperature and the weight of air; and it is always found that a sudden fall of the barometer is closely followed by a derangement of pit ventilation. Hence the propriety of diligently observing barometric changes; while it would be well to discover by a large induction of instances whether the presence of gas is in anywise, like the prevalence of certain weathers, distributed in areas. Another hazard is that which is connected with the comparative density or minuteness of coal-dust. In a dusty mine, the abundance of particles lowers the proportion of firedamp which forms an explosive mixture, extends the flame once it has passed the barrier of wire-gauze, and, by its own partial combustion, increases the poisonous and suffocating character of the air which remains to be breathed. The Woodend pit was dusty; and it seems well nigh evident that the characteristic qualities of such a pit were evinced in connection with the mishap. Still, though such conjectural explanations may supplement, they will not invalidate, the distinct and remarkable narrative of the survivor.

His name is John Wooley. He is not an experienced working collier. His labour was the removal of props at the end of a *goaf*, where the workings have been long exhausted. Within sight of him was another man, Brown, apparently more unskilled, whose duty was to clear away rubbish from the coal-hewers. He had a Davy lamp swinging betwixt his legs from a strap. Wooley says this lamp was fired. 'The gas began coming into his gauze; his gauze burst. Brown shook his lamp, and blew into it. I saw the light flash from it, and there was a terrible report.' He then recounts how he was knocked over and burnt by the flame, as also how he found relief from putting his mouth to the cold iron rail on which the trucks ran, which 'gave him breath,' and 'seemed to revive' him, enabling him to hold out till he was extricated. It was a remarkable deliverance, unexampled by the record of any exact precedent or parallel; and it is replete with suggestions which ought to be as largely influential as they are instructive.

The narrative substantiates in so far the conclusions adverse to the Davy lamp which have been lately indicated. They were expounded in the clearest and most effective manner by Professor Sir F. Abel in a contribution he submitted to the Society of Arts. Agreeing with the Royal Commission on Mine Accidents as to the inferences derivable from their painstaking investigations, he pronounced it certain that with a velocity of air amounting to thirty or thirty-five feet per second, the lamp must cease to afford security. This, however, though it was brilliantly illustrated, did not amount to a new

revelation—it was only to reiterate what has been long familiar. It tallies with reason; it has been confirmed by experiment; it was admitted by Davy himself. He proclaimed with emphasis that his lamp was not an infallible protector; that it gave a guarantee for safety only under certain conditions; that the flame would undoubtedly pass through the gauze in such circumstances as occurred at Woodend. The inquiry thus comes to be: ought the protecting influence of a brisk ventilation to be abated in order to avoid a related danger? or can science so amend the safety-lamps which are in use as to reconcile the two benefits of fresh air in abundance with freedom from explosions? The reply would be easier were the benefits of ventilation, taken separately, well assured. It must be remembered, however, that a large quantity of air is not the sole necessity; much depends on how it is distributed. A mine with a small circulation of air properly sent through all its various passages may be better ventilated than one with a large circulation injuriously applied. Especially is this the case if the air-current so visits the dikes and slips by the sides of which the firedamp collects as to dilute them merely up to the explosive point, for then is good turned to evil, and the intended benefit may prove fraught with extreme peril. This has been exemplified in circumstances wherein the best lamp, most skilfully handled, would not have availed as a preventive.

Still, though the Davy must ever remain a fine instance of inductive and experimental research, it is not in all respects the best lamp now. It were strange had perfection been reached at once, so that no advance was possible during seventy years. The progress made has been slow, though many efforts have been put forth. The oldest rivals to the Davy lamp are the Clanny and the Stephenson—familiarily named by the miners of the north 'the Geordie,' after its famous inventor. Neither is so much liked by the workmen, for they yield less light and require great care in use. Both have shared the condemnation pronounced upon the Davy, as being insecure if exposed to air-currents of even moderate velocity. Belgium has been a fortunate competitor in the provision of a substitute. Many years ago, the Belgian government recommended the invention of one Boty, a citizen of their own. Four years since, a French Colliery Commission advised the adoption of the Mueseler, the work of another Belgian, who had combined the Clanny and the Stephenson, adding original improvements. In their last Report, the British Commission speak favourably of it in a form still further amended, with the view of overcoming two grievous practical defects—one, that when quickly turned it is apt to be extinguished; and another, that its light does not reach the roof of the mine, so that the workers are exposed to danger from the fall of detached masses, and that it is impossible to get through the same amount of labour by its aid.

It is represented that these objections have been obviated by what is called the 'bonneted' or 'protected' Mueseler. The claim seems to be valid, for a Welsh miner told the Commission: 'We can see six yards better with it than we can see three with the other'—that is, the ordinary Mueseler. The Commissioners, notwithstanding,

gave the preference to a lamp contrived by a Welshman, Evan Thomas. He has also taken as the base of his activity the invention of Dr Clanny—an intellectual and philanthropic man, who got little of fame or profit from his labours in this department of exertion. The modifications introduced by Thomas seem, however, to have been very successful. The Commissioners say of the lamp as he has altered it: 'The flame is bright, and remarkably steady in the strongest air-current we can produce. In an explosive atmosphere moving with a velocity of three thousand two hundred feet per minute, it showed no sign of danger after an exposure of nearly eight minutes. With current velocities down to four hundred feet per minute, the gas always burned continuously in the gauze, which did not become visibly hot till the velocity approached sixteen hundred feet. The lamp-flame was in all cases extinguished in the gas mixture in a few seconds.' This last contrivance, it should be said, is borrowed, with improvements, from Stephenson. If the experience of practical men should confirm that of the Commissioners, then Evan Thomas's device ought forthwith to become the lamp of the future, and to keep its place till an unquestionable masterpiece appears.

But the astounding negligence and rashness of colliers are such as to defy enumeration or conjecture. In this Woodend case, it seems indisputable that with ordinary sense and precaution the calamity might have been avoided. Brown, at whose lamp the ignition took place, had obviously slight experience as a miner, yet he was employed at the end of a *goaf*, which is usually a reservoir of carburetted hydrogen. Wooley was at the same time engaged in removing props, an operation likely to disturb the strata, and so to cause a discharge of the gas accumulated in that deserted portion of the pit where the ventilation, unless exceedingly well managed, often does not reach, and sometimes reaches only to aggravate risk. Brown must have been ignorant about lamps, for he had his swinging between his legs, an arrangement which only a very stupid or a very careless man would have adopted. He must have been equally ignorant about firedamp, for when he found the whole interior inside the gauze aflame, instead of removing to the place where the lamps of Wooley and his companion showed that the gas had not reached, he halted amid the explosive atmosphere and blew into his own; a method than which none could be better fitted to bring on the disaster which ensued. Wooley has erred in saying that the lamp burst immediately after, for it has since been found uninjured; but it is certain that no expression could better describe the appearance that must have struck him when the flame burst through the gauze, and was instantly followed by the explosion. That the safety of the Thomas lamp will be lessened when it is less carefully handled than it was under the inspection of the Commissioners, may be assumed. When the hardihood, bred of familiarity, which prevails among colliers is considered, then large allowance may be made for extra risks. It is known how prone they are to the use of naked lights; with what ingenuity they can unfasten even the lock invented by Mr Bidder as a protection for the Davy lamp; what a strange disposition they show to leave

it dingy and foul, though no one has ever heard of a Davy, properly cleaned, 'bursting' while immersed in gas, through the strength of gas alone. The general conclusion is, that wanton laxity or reckless evasion will defeat the most skilful invention backed by the utmost rigidity of rule, and that the safety of the miner must always depend in large measure less upon ingenious contrivance or precise regulation, than upon the conscientious forethought and prudence of himself and his fellows.

TOLD BY TWO.

A NOVELETTE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. V.—THE NARRATIVE OF EMMELINE BURT CONCLUDED.

TIME passed on, and soon the eventful day was here. Great preparations had been made in honour of the occasion; but of these I should have known little, had it not been for garrulous Mrs Case, who, notwithstanding that she was, as she said, 'nearly driven out of her mind,' yet contrived to find time for her customary gossip. It was from her I learned that Mr Bruton and Mr Felix had been away in London for a day, but that they had returned together on Tuesday afternoon. Early on Wednesday morning, Mr Bruton himself went over to Cheriton to fetch her ladyship's diamonds from the bank.

I had seen nothing of Mrs Ion since that night when I had watched for her in the park; we had not even met casually on the stairs, as we had not unfrequently done before. It almost seemed as if she were shunning me of set purpose.

In the afternoon, after his return from the bank, Mr Bruton took his nieces for a canter across the downs. From my window I watched them start. Mr Bruton happening to look up, recognised me, and smilingly raised his hat. As I sat at my window, I saw Mr Felix, smoking a cigar, pass and repass several times at a distance. He seemed to be strolling aimlessly about the grounds, enjoying the fresh air and the sunshine. What would the next few hours bring forth? If any attempt were about to be made to purloin the diamonds, it would have to be made that night or not at all, seeing that on the morrow they would be returned to the custody of the bank. All day I was restless and uneasy, and unable to settle my mind to anything. I experienced the same quivering tension of the nerves that always affects me in thundery weather. For me the moral atmosphere was charged with electricity. It was a relief when the short spring day drew to a close, and Mary came in with the tea-tray and a lighted lamp. By-and-by the guests began to arrive. From where I sat, I could hear the faint roll of wheels on the gravel as carriage after carriage drove up to the front entrance. It was the evening I always set apart for writing to Will, and I had never yet missed doing so since his departure; but to-night, pen and paper lay untouched before me. 'One day

can make no difference,' I said to myself; 'and to-morrow I may perhaps have so much more to tell him.' I sat like one who waits for the first thunder-clap.

Hour passed after hour, and no one came near me—a respite for which, under the circumstances, I was not unthankful. Now and then, when some distant door opened for a moment, a faint waft of music would reach me from the ballroom; but for that, I might have fancied myself the sole inmate of the great rambling old mansion, which to me always seemed big enough to house a regiment of soldiers. It was long after midnight before I went to bed, and when sleep at last came to me, it brought with it dark, troubled dreams, from which I awoke at daybreak feverish and unrefreshed. Meanwhile, strange things had happened of which I knew nothing.

Hitherto, I have only written of that which came within the scope of my own experience; what follows is derived from information supplied me by others, but chiefly by Mr Bruton.

It was four o'clock when the last of the guests drove away; day would not break till two hours later. Lady Clavison retired at once to her dressing-room. The first thing she did was to take off her diamonds and put them away in the oaken casket, clamped with silver, which stood there on the table, and had never been out of sight of her maid the whole evening, containing as it did a quantity of rings and other jewels which she had not required. Lady Clavison locked the casket with a key which never left her own possession, and a few minutes later dismissed her maid. Her ladyship's dressing-room had three doors—one opening into the corridor, one into her bedroom, and a third giving access to a pretty boudoir, where she generally partook of breakfast, read her letters, and issued her mandates for the day. The dressing-room had two windows, both of which were secured by iron bars, so that either ingress or egress by means of them was impossible. The boudoir had one window—a French one—opening on to a balcony, which in summer was crowded with flowers, but now, in this month of March, held only two or three tubs containing evergreens. Heavy winter curtains draped all the windows. Having dismissed Simpson, Lady Clavison proceeded to lock and bolt the door into the corridor, and then satisfied herself that the corresponding doors in the bed and morning rooms were also secure. Having extinguished the lamp in the latter, she locked the door of communication between it and the dressing-room, and further drew a thick *portière* across the doorway. In the dressing-room, a dim night-light was left burning. These things done, Lady Clavison retired. Sir Francis had retired long ago; he never stayed up beyond a certain hour for any one. The door opening from the dressing-room to the bedroom was shut, but not bolted. Below stairs, Mrs Case, cross and thoroughly tired out, had hurried every one to bed, and in a little while silence and darkness reigned throughout the mansion.

Simpson, sitting in solitary confinement as it were, and keeping watch and ward over the jewel-case, had had one visitor in the course of the evening. Between eleven and twelve o'clock a tap had come at the dressing-room door, and

when it was opened, there stood Mrs Ion, her head shrouded in a black lace shawl. She was suffering from neuralgia, she said, and as she knew that her ladyship sometimes suffered from the same cause, she had come to see whether Simpson could supply her with any drops or tincture that would be likely to alleviate her pain. Simpson of course asked her in, and conducted her from the dressing-room, where the jewel-casket was standing on the table, into the boudoir, where she was able, from a phial kept by her ladyship, to supply Mrs Ion with some drops which would doubtless answer the required purpose. Notwithstanding the pain she was in, Mrs Ion's quick-glancing black eyes seemed to let nothing escape them. 'I have been in this room once before,' she said; 'it was on the occasion of my first interview here with her ladyship.' As she spoke, she drew aside the curtain that shrouded the window. 'Yes, of course—a bay-window with a balcony outside. I remember it quite well;' and with a profusion of thanks, she presently went her way.

The old house was wrapped in darkness and silence, but not in sleep. All through the long hours of the March night, sharp eyes were on the watch, quick ears on the alert both indoors and out. The stable clock had just struck five when from under a chintz-draped couch in Lady Clavison's boudoir there crept a lithe, under-sized, dark-visaged man, who must have been hidden there for some hours. Having struck a silent match, he lighted the lamp which Lady Clavison had extinguished, and then turned it down till nothing of it was visible but a tiny point of flame. His next proceeding was to glide behind the curtain, open the fastenings of the window, and suspend a rope with a steel hook at one end of it from the iron-work of the balcony. In case of a surprise, he would merely have to lower himself by means of the rope and plunge into the darkness beyond. He had brought a small case of tools with him; and to a craftsman so skilled in his peculiar line as he presumably was, the door between the boudoir and the dressing-room doubtless proved but a trifling obstacle. A quarter of an hour later, he emerged on the balcony with the precious casket in his arms. Peering cautiously down, he could just distinguish the outlines of a cloaked figure. He gave utterance to a low 'Hist!' and at once a voice gave it back like an echo. Agile as a gymnast, a moment later he clambered over the balcony and lowered himself and the casket to the ground. Alas! it was only to feel four bony knuckles inserted between the nape of his neck and his cravat, and to see several dark-coated figures that seemed to spring from nowhere close round him the instant his feet touched *terra firma*.

'Allow me to carry your parcel for you,' said a voice as some one took the casket out of his unresisting hands, while an instant later the light of a bull's-eye was flashed in his face.

'Ah ha, just as I suspected!' said he who had spoken before. 'At your old games, Mr Tony. We have been on the lookout for you for some time, and are glad to make your acquaintance once again.'

'Anyhow, you needn't throttle a fellow,' he contrived to gasp out.

They took him indoors, and there he found his

wife—Mrs Ion, as we must still call her—in charge of two constables.

It is enough to say that they were put on their trial at the next Chertiton assizes, and that both of them were sentenced to long but different terms of penal servitude. In the case of the man, two previous convictions were proved against him. Both of them were persons of good education and tolerable ability, and had started in life with fair prospects. How it happened that they had sunk step by step till they had come to be what they were now, was one of those sad mysteries of which unhappily we see but too many around us.

As a matter of course, the testimonials by means of which Mrs Ion had procured the situation at Normanfield turned out to be barefaced forgeries. It was the fame of Lady Clavison's diamonds which had first set the man's brain to work at concocting a scheme by means of which he hoped to make them his own; and it was through the agency of Mr Felix, who was connected with a Secret Service Office in London, that the plot ended in such a signal failure.

After her conviction, Mrs Ion, having nothing further either to gain or lose, made a full confession of her share in the bank robbery. In that instance the scheme had also emanated from her husband's plotting brain. The young woman who was her confederate in the nefarious transaction had died about a year later.

The particulars of Mrs Ion's confession were duly notified to Mr Yarrell, and through him to the directors of the Bemerton Banking Company. If the slightest shade of suspicion had ever lingered in their minds with regard to Will's honesty in the affair, it was now dispelled for ever. Mr Yarrell, in the name of the Board, wrote him a very handsome letter, in which he did not fail to state that he had always held him in the very highest esteem.

Will and I have been married for several years; but in our happy Australian home, as we sit in the veranda, on the still summer evenings, after the youngsters are in bed, we often call up the pictures of the past, and live over again in memory the events of which we have here endeavoured to give a plain and unvarnished narrative.

A FEW WORDS ON BRONCHITIS.

THERE are very few months in the year when bronchitis is not more or less rife among us. This complaint is, however, notwithstanding its prevalence, little understood by the general public. It is the fashion nowadays, not only with people generally, but also with many medical men, to call all colds in which a cough is one of the symptoms—bronchitis. It is really not so. Bronchitis may be contemporary—if we may so phrase it—with an ordinary common cold. A cough is always present in bronchitis; but bronchitis is not always indicated whenever there is a cough.

Before proceeding further, it will be well, in order that we may better understand the nature of the disease, to examine the structures in which the lesion of bronchitis takes place—namely, the lungs. Imagine a large tube, consisting of

muscular and fibrous tissue, terminating at one end in the throat, at the other end dividing into two tubes, or bifurcating, as it is called. These two are again subdivided; the resulting tubes are subdivided; and so on almost to infinity, terminating at last in little puffed-out, bag-like extremities. This mass of tubes, each running into a larger tube, comprises the whole mechanism which is called the lungs. It is easy to imagine that in the most minute divisions, two tubes have a common wall, and as a matter of fact this is so. The first tube is called the trachea, and with it we have now nothing to do. Its divisions are called the larger bronchi; its subdivisions, for a somewhat indefinite distance, but at anyrate only so far as they can be traced easily with the naked eye, are called the smaller bronchi. It is here, then, that the disease bronchitis, or inflammation of the bronchi (the termination *-itis* in all medical words always means 'inflammation of'), is found. A similar disease is no doubt also found in the smaller tubes and their terminations; it is, however, called by another name, and the symptoms are somewhat different. Bronchitis is not altogether a correct term, for the *walls* of the bronchi are not affected with inflammation throughout their whole thickness, but only the thin lining membrane called the mucous membrane is so affected.

Inflammation, then, of this mucous membrane causes the minute blood-vessels running in its substance to become highly charged with blood and much congested. This condition, it is easy to see, would cause some swelling and thickening of the membrane, lessening the diameter of the tube, and so obstructing the passage of air through it. It also causes the surface to be reddened in the same manner as we have all observed in inflammation of the eye, a condition which is commonly called 'bloodshot.' From this congested, blood-charged, swollen, and thickened membrane, a sticky, glutinous discharge is poured forth, forming the expectoration—another symptom of the disease. During the time that the inflammatory condition is being induced, the patient constantly coughs a hard, dry, hacking cough, making him complain of a soreness down the middle of his chest, shaking the whole body in the effort, yet unable to expectorate. No sooner does this discharge appear, than the symptoms abate, the cough is less painful, and though probably frequent, is far less troublesome—the feverishness subsides.

Respecting the poultices—it is not the *drawing power* of the material of which the poultice is composed which does good, but simply the heat which is held by its substance, so that by leaving one of these applications on for a long time, in the hope of it *drawing*, does as much harm as good; for no sooner does it get cold than it begins to do harm, and counteracts what good its heat had already worked. Put on, then, a poultice as hot as it can be borne not only over a small part of the chest, but over the *whole* chest, both back and front, and remove it as soon as its heat has become absorbed.

The medicines used should never be taken with a view to stop the cough; coughing is nature's method of removing the offending matter, and is set up by the irritation of the inflamed surface. To remove the cough permanently, it

is necessary to cure the inflammation, and by taking medicines which prevent the expectoration of the products of that inflammation simply extends and intensifies the disease. The medicines should tend to increase the ease of expectoration, to decrease the viscosity of its composition, and to allay and soothe the irritability of the inflamed membrane.

Bronchitis becomes a dangerous disease when the inflammation is so intense that the mucous membrane becomes so swollen and thickened that the blood can flow with difficulty through the lungs. We must here explain that all the blood in the body is passed through the lungs in the course of its circulation, and is there purified and aerated. Should it pass through less quickly than is natural, its purification is less rapid; its effect upon the tissues through which it passes is less beneficial. The heart has to expend more power in propelling it in its course, and the partial stagnation acts prejudicially upon the whole system.

RECENT HOAXES.

THE worst of English humour is that it is so apt to take a practical form. Practical joking is generally considered, except, indeed, by the unfortunate victim, the cream of English fun, and is tolerated in England to an extent that seems to a foreigner incredible. The most abominable form of practical joking is undoubtedly the hoax, and during the last few years hoaxing seems to have been on the increase. It was only a short while ago that a lively gentleman in one of the London suburbs was fined five pounds for sending a telegram to a friend's wife to say that that friend had seriously injured himself by burns and had gone to the hospital. Never was a penalty better deserved; and the culprit's ardour for practical joking will probably have cooled considerably by this time. A still more senseless and cruel hoax was perpetrated a short time before, when a man was informed that a Newcastle gentleman whose life he had once saved had left him an estate worth a thousand a year. Needless to state, the message was untrue. A still grosser case was the Liverpool hoax of last winter, when an advertisement was inserted in the papers for a large number of working-men to help in preparing the Exhibition grounds, all candidates for employment to bring spades and pickaxes. There were a great number of men out of work in the city: crowds of them streamed out to the Exhibition site, many of them having purchased, out of the remnants of their savings, the required tools; and when, after a weary walk, they reached the ground, they found the whole affair was a hoax. Can senselessness and barbarity in a so-called practical joke go much farther than this?

More humorous, though hardly less cruel, was the recent advertisement which drew some hundreds of would-be ladies of the ballet to the house of one of the best known and sternest of

the judges. Had it happened to Mr Justice A or Mr Justice B, there would have been nothing so very laughable in it; but occurring as it did to that member of the bench whose name every one instinctively associates with the majesty of the law and the scarlet and ermine of the assize courts, it was irresistible.

Of a more harmless kind was the Downing Street hoax of last July, when several furniture vans from different firms arrived—so it was said—at Mr Gladstone's official residence shortly after his resignation, to remove 'old collars, hats, coats, and similar effects'; such, at any rate, was the object named on the postcards they had received.

It is tolerably well known that for an undergraduate to be abroad in the evening without cap and gown is an offence against the laws of his university, and if detected in his transgression by the proctors, the offending Cantab or Oxonian is invited to call on the proctor next morning to make a modest contribution to the university finances. In case he does not respond to the invitation with sufficient alacrity, a form is filled in requesting him to attend without delay. In 1884, at Oxford some evil-disposed person purloined a number of these forms, filled them in, and sent them to some sixty or seventy undergraduates; and the scene on the proctor's staircase next morning may be better imagined than described.

But perhaps the most notable hoax of recent years occurred about two years back. An American cotton-planter in the Southern States had, it was reported, after years of fruitless attempts, succeeded in crossing the cotton plant and the *oœra*, a species of hemp. The result had exceeded all expectations. The new plant bore only one blossom, of large size, of a fragrance similar to the magnolia—pink at first, and gradually fading to white. When this fell off, its seed-vessel swelled and swelled; till at last, when ripe, it burst, and revealed a large mass of cotton at least two pounds in weight, quite free from the troublesome seeds, which were all at the bottom of the pod. The account was copied from one paper into another; showers of letters came beseeching the lucky planter for a few seeds, and it was confidently predicted that the cotton industry would be revolutionised. The *Standard* and other English newspapers devoted a leading article to the new discovery. And after all this discussion, it turned out that the whole affair was the invention of some waggish Southern editor at a loss for a subject in the holiday season.

Finally, only in the last days of October, comes the news that a clergyman of Dublin has been led on a wildgoose chase into the wilds of Colorado by a message that a deceased Irish emigrant named Moore had left sixty thousand pounds to the Irish Protestant Church, which accordingly, on behalf of the Church, the clergyman set out to claim. Arrived at Denver, after the journey of so many thousand miles, the unfortunate gentleman found that the affair was the production of the fertile brain of a Denver lawyer. It is, however, some kind of satisfaction to hear that the State considers this very practical

joker too valuable an inventive genius to be lost sight of, and there is every probability that for the next few years he will have neither leisure nor opportunities for hoaxing the Britishers.

THE LAW OF TREASURE-TROVE.

THE Home Office notice as to accidentally discovered treasure, technically termed treasure-trove, effects a great change in the practice, if not in the law. Although the arrangement is avowedly a tentative one, and the rights of the Crown are expressly preserved, there can be little doubt that the regulations of the Lords of the Treasury will practically supersede the law, or at anyrate render it obsolete. In future, all finders of treasure-trove—on condition that they report their discoveries to the authorities—are to be entitled to all such articles as are not actually required for national institutions, and to the antiquarian value of those that are so required, less twenty per cent. But although the proceeding seems to be a little irregular, it is certainly a step in the right direction. The rights of the Crown to treasure-trove have without doubt led to many a 'find' being concealed. Old gold and silver coins of almost priceless value to numismatists, rare silver plate of unique interest to collectors, and objects innumerable of 'bigotry and virtue' have often been smuggled into the melting-pot, and converted with all speed into a shapeless mass of metal. This was the fate of a quantity of probably Saxon jewelry found by a labourer when ploughing a field near Hastings some twenty years ago. The plough unearthed a number of old rings and chains, which the ploughman sold for old brass at sixpence a pound. When melted down, the eleven pounds of old gold realised five hundred and thirty pounds. It is of course impossible to estimate the antiquarian value of such a find, and the case illustrates the temptations of the law. The sterling value of gold and silver is enough to tempt ignorant cupidity; and it is easy to conjure up instances in which objects of surpassing historical and archaeological interest have been recklessly destroyed. On this ground alone, then, the Home Office order is abundantly justified.

The right of the Crown to treasure-trove can at anyrate boast a respectable antiquity, for it rests upon the king's prerogative of coinage. This right, under which all gold and silver mines were declared to be royal, and in pursuance of which, under various statutes, the Crown has the right of purchasing the ore of those copper, tin, or lead mines in which gold or silver may be found, at the price of the baser metal, seems to have been founded upon the notion that it was necessary to supply the king with materials for the coinage; at least it is put no higher in the books.

'Treasure-trove' has been defined as consisting of 'money or coin, gold, silver, plate, or bullion'; and must be found 'hidden.' In other words, nothing is included under the designation except gold and silver; and although it is practically immaterial where it is hidden, there must be evidence of actual hiding. Thus, it is not enough to show that it was lost or abandoned. The distinc-

tion is illustrative of the subtleties in which the law delights. If treasure be found on the ground or in the sea, and there is nothing to show who is the owner, it belongs to the finder; but if it be found buried in the earth or in the roof or walls of a house, it is treasure-trove, and belongs to the Crown. The difference lies in the intention of the owner. The fact of the hiding is held to be evidence of the owner's intention not to relinquish his rights of property. But, on the other hand, treasure which has been thrown into the sea otherwise than as flotsam, jetsam, or ligan, or left on the ground, is returned, as Blackstone puts it, 'into the common stock,' and so becomes the property of the finder, in the same way as if he were the first occupant. That 'finding is keeping' was at one period in the world's history also true in the case of treasure-trove; but with the growth of the royal prerogative it was excepted from the general rule. Grotius even speaks of the right of the Crown to hidden treasure as *jus commune et quasi gentium*; and it is not a little remarkable that it was recognised in his day in Germany, France, Spain, and Denmark, as well as in England.

The Goths seem literally to have been the first to declare the prince's property in buried treasure. The rich hoards hid by the Romans when driven out of their homes by the northern barbarians, fell a prey to the conquerors; and such was their value, that the generals made it a capital offence to conceal or appropriate them. This was, too, once the law of England. Both Glanville and Bracton, who wrote in the reigns of Henry II. and Henry III., record that the *occultatio thesauri inventi fraudulosa* was punishable with death. This is the more curious, since treasure-trove was never the subject of larceny; its concealment belonged to the class of misprisions or high misdemeanours. But the penalty was long since reduced to fine and imprisonment.

The holding an inquest upon treasure-trove is among the most ancient duties of the coroner. By a statute of Edward I., the coroner was required, on being certified by the king's bailiffs or other 'honest men of the country,' to go to the places where treasure was said to be found and to inquire who were the finders. It is quaintly suggested that it may well be perceived who is to be suspected of finding it, 'where one liveth riotously, haunting taverns, and hath done so a long time.' Moreover, the individual might be apprehended upon this suspicion.

But the new regulations will probably supersede all these old processes. In the future, there will be little temptation to conceal treasure-trove, because the finder will be quite as substantially rewarded by discovering it to the authorities. In a recent case, the Treasury gave a practical illustration of this. A number of old English gold coins of various dates were found by a workman in some old oak-beam which had been taken from a farmhouse near Luton. Of these, many proved of such rarity that they were sent to the national collections; but the Treasury gave orders that the finder should be paid for them at the rate of their value as old gold; while the remainder were returned to him. But it is a curious instance of the changes of the law, that we should now offer a substantial reward to deter persons from committing an offence

which in the 'good old times' was punished with death, and is still a high misdemeanour second only to misprision of treason and misprision of felony.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

DIFFERENT theories have been enumerated to account for the phenomena exhibited by the so-called 'variable' stars, which wax and wane, and which—many of them—have fixed periods of brightness and dullness. These theories are mostly of an unsatisfactory character, and have been necessarily little more than vague guesses. But at last the spectroscope seems to have done something towards solving the interesting problem involved in the behaviour of these distant bodies. Professor Sherman, of Yale, has brought before the American National Academy of Sciences the results of certain spectroscopic observations made upon the well-known variable star Beta Lyre. Sometimes the spectrum given by this star will exhibit a number of bright lines, while at other times the lines are dark, some of these indicating the presence of magnesium and other metals. It is believed from these observations that the atmosphere of the star consists of three layers, 'the outer layer consisting of carbon and hydrocarbons, which occasionally descend into a subjacent layer of oxygen, and undergo combustion, and ultimately descend into the third layer, where the intense heat again separates the products of the combustion into their chemical elements.' This theory would explain the cause of the variability in the star, for it is obvious that such changes as are described must be attended by evolutions of bright light, which at times are absent.

In the course of a discussion which followed the reading of a paper before the Bristol Naturalists' Society relative to the Deposition of Dust and Smoke by Electricity, the suggestion was made, that in flour-mills and coal-mines, where the dust is of an inflammable nature, electricity would be dangerous, and that it would be better in such situations to water the ground with some solution of a sticky nature, to prevent the dust rising in the air. The President of the Society, Professor Ramsay, remarked that in Paris, some years ago, a solution of chloride of calcium had been used to water the roads, in order to prevent the formation of dust. But the remedy was worse than the disease, for in very hot weather the salt became dry, and formed in itself a dust of such an irritating nature that its use had to be abandoned. He also stated that in certain lead-works, the lead-dust was most effectually retained by passing the smoke through thick flannel bags, a process far more simple and cheaper than the employment of electricity.

According to the *Gas and Water Review*, pipes made of paper have lately been exhibited at Vienna, such pipes being designed to take the place of the iron tubes which convey gas and water beneath our streets. They are rolled from sheets of paper, like firework cases, and are coated on the inner side with an enamel the composition of which is a secret. The paper is also charged with asphalt during the rolling operation. If it

be true, as stated, that these pipes will resist an internal pressure of two thousand pounds, although the material is only half an inch in thickness, many uses will be found for them. But we must remember that this idea of substituting paper pipes for those of iron and lead is one which crops up periodically, and never seems to get beyond the newspaper paragraph stage of existence.

The new submarine boat *Nautilus*, which was successfully tried the other day in presence of the Admiralty authorities, differs from its predecessors in the manner in which it is caused to sink or rise in the water at will. The machinery by which this upward and downward movement is brought about is as simple as it is efficient, and one is tempted to wonder why no one thought of it before. At each side of the vessel are four portholes, into which fit cylinders two feet in diameter. When these cylinders are projected outwards, as they can be by suitable gearing, the displacement of the boat is so much increased that the vessel rises to the surface; but when the cylinders are withdrawn into their sockets it will sink. The idea is such a good one that it seems at once to remove submarine travelling from romance to reality.

The principal use of submarine boats is for the attachment of torpedoes to the bottoms of ships in time of war. But surely the confidence of the authorities in torpedoes must be somewhat shaken after the recent experiments at Portsmouth, when a Whitehead torpedo, carefully fixed to the hull of the *Resistance*, failed to inflict any very serious damage to that old ironclad when it exploded. An American paper, commenting upon this experiment, pays the builders of our ships a compliment in contrasting its effects with the results of a recent accident which occurred to the flagship of the North Atlantic squadron. This ship, while lying in the Brooklyn navy yard, was run into by a small steam cutter, and a hole was opened in her nearly three feet long. It would thus seem that a ram is a more efficient weapon than a torpedo.

Dr Magowan has sent to the American Agricultural Bureau a collection of shoes made of rice-straw, like those which are worn by the labouring people in the south of China. These shoes are made by the old and feeble who are unfit for hard labour, and cost only a few pence per pair. It is suggested that the manufacture of such shoes in the rice-producing regions of the Southern States would be a most useful innovation. It is also suggested that for nursery use, straw shoes would be invaluable, in giving greater freedom to the growing feet of children.

A new method of making cement from blast furnace-slag has recently been described. While the slag is in a molten condition, it is run into water, and thereby reduced to a state of fine powder. After being ground and screened, this powdered slag has added to it a certain proportion of slaked lime. The mixture is next placed in a machine which thoroughly incorporates its particles. This machine consists of a revolving drum containing a number of metal balls, and it is the constant crushing action of these balls which reduces the mixture submitted to them to a state of the finest possible division. It is claimed that this thorough mixing gives

to the cement a tensile strength almost double that of cement prepared without the help of the machine.

Dr Campbell Brown, the public analyst of Liverpool, recently gave evidence in some cases of pepper adulteration. In one case the pepper which he had examined contained upwards of sixty-five per cent. of rice and four per cent. of a hard ligneous tissue resembling ground olive stones. He explained that this worthless substance was imported into this country under the name of poivrette, or pepperette, for the purpose of increasing the weight and bulk of pepper. He had much difficulty in ascertaining the exact nature of this compound, which is advertised in circulars sent from Italy to English pepper merchants. It seems to consist of some kind of ground fruit stones or nut-shells, but ground olive stones seem to produce a substance most like it. The price of this rubbish is one penny a pound, or less than one-twelfth the price of pepper.

The carrier-pigeon service of Paris is almost as completely organised as is the telegraph system, for missives can be sent by the winged messengers to neighbouring forts and towns, and even to distant places in the provinces. The staff numbers two thousand five hundred trained birds. The Parisians, during the terrible days of the last siege, learned the value of the pigeon post, and the lesson has not been forgotten.

Our contemporary, *Iron*, remarks that a ton of coal contains far more ingredients than most people are aware of, and gives a list of substances which it yields in addition to gas. First of all, we have fifteen hundred pounds of coke, twenty gallons of ammonia water, and one hundred and forty pounds of tar. It is by the destructive distillation of this coal-tar that we find what a number of useful products are yielded by it. Pitch, creosote, heavy oils, naphtha of various kinds, alizarine, aniline, and toluene are some of these. From the last-named comes that new compound called saccharine (referred to elsewhere in this *Journal*, No. 159, p. 44), which is said to be two hundred and thirty times as sweet as the best sugar.

In spite of all these wonderful products, coal-tar is at present at such a low price in the market that some of the Gas Companies are using it for fuel for heating their retorts as a substitute for coke. The necessary alterations in the furnaces are not of a very important nature, and the whole of the smoke caused by the combustion of the tar is consumed as it is produced.

From various experiments detailed in the *Journal* of the Chemical Society, it would seem that copperas or green vitriol is a most valuable dressing for many descriptions of crops. These experiments took place in 1886 on different farms, and in each case the plot of land treated with the iron salt is compared with a plot of similar size not so treated. Here are some of the results: a plot measuring one-eighth of an acre and treated with fourteen pounds of copperas yielded five thousand two hundred and eighty-seven pounds of potatoes—showing an increase of four hundred pounds against a similar plot not treated. Another experiment showed that the copperas obtained from a field as good a crop of turnips

as did one treated with guano and dissolved bones. In an experiment on two fields of hay, the yield was nearly doubled in that one treated with the green crystals of copperas. Good results were also obtained with crops of onions, beans, and mangold-wurzel.

A new method of getting rid of the snow which had accumulated in the streets of London and stopped the traffic after the great fall during the Christmas holidays, was tried by the authorities of one parish with great success. The snow, instead of being carted away, was thrown upon a large tray which was kept hot by a portable boiler. By this method it was quickly melted and passed off into the drains as a stream of water. The snow-plough was also used with good effect in the main thoroughfares, clearing a broad track in the centre of the road, but raising up a hill of snow on either side, which did not conduce to the comfort of pedestrians.

In a Polish medical journal, Dr Bielczyk gives the results of some observations which he has made upon the health of workmen employed in petroleum wells. Acute poisoning follows the continued inhalation of gaseous matter from the wells, and this is accompanied by delirium; but the symptoms quickly subside when the patient is brought to the surface of the earth. The mortality among the workmen is not high, and they are all remarkably free from diseases of the respiratory organs and from infectious complaints. But they are subject to an eruption like acne, which affects the extremities. The same observer has found that raw petroleum is like carbolic acid, an excellent agent in the antiseptic treatment of wounds.

A Russian official Report states that the use of peat as fuel in factories is rapidly increasing, and from this circumstance, the price of peat-bogs has risen so much that a bog is worth more than a well-timbered forest. Last year, twenty-eight peat-bogs belonging to the Crown were being worked on leases, the total area being six thousand acres. This year there are thirty-three such bogs, with an area of fifty thousand acres, containing peat to the estimated extent of forty million Russian cubic fathoms. Many manufacturers are giving up the use of wood in favour of peat, and this is especially the case in the province of Vladimir. Peat-cutting machines are supplied chiefly from Moscow, but a few are sent from Belgium and Germany. The fuel has been tried for railway work, but so far without any great success.

A correspondent of one of the technical journals has been making some experiments in gastronomy, which certainly do credit to his power of overcoming natural prejudices. He caught by the aid of his terrier two plump barn rats, and after preparation, presented them to his cook to be made into a pie. The pie was, he states, delicious, and was voted a luxury by some friends who partook of it unwittingly. He also says that he can from experience safely recommend a hedgehog stewed in milk as a real delicacy. It is well known that roast hedgehog is a favourite dish with English gypsies. Our readers may also remember that during the last siege of Paris its inhabitants were reduced to such straits that vermin of this kind were often submitted to similar trial. One writer states that so palatable

were they that long after the siege, when beef and mutton were again plentiful, rats often found their way to the French bill of fare, disguised alike by cunning flavouring and fanciful names.

Mr O'Connor, the British *chargé d'affaires* at Peking, has made a collection of Chinese picks, hoes, spades, hatchets, trowels, and razors, which are manufactured in that country at the present time. These, through the Foreign Office, have been sent to the Birmingham Council of the Chamber of Commerce, who will shortly exhibit them, and will invite inspection of them from the local tool and implement makers. It is believed that similar implements can be manufactured in this country of far better quality and at a lower rate than in China, and that they would, from their superiority, find a ready sale there. Some of these implements are of the most primitive form, and are cut from rough sheet-iron.

Some few years ago, there was much outcry against the use of aniline dyes in textile fabrics, and more especially in the case of hose, the use of which had been shown to be followed by skin disease of a serious character. The alarm has now spread to Persia, where strong measures have been adopted to prevent the importation of these dyes, on the ground that when used for carpets and brocades they are not only unstable and inartistic, but are positively injurious to health. In India, too, where the dyes have been much used, it is feared that the reputation of the beautiful fabrics made there will greatly suffer, unless stringent measures for the exclusion of aniline colours be adopted.

A Polish doctor has adopted a new method of employing the electric current for the treatment of neuralgia, which is said to bring relief in the severest cases. One pole of the battery is connected by a chain or wire with a concave metal plate lined with carbon. This carbon surface, after having been saturated with chloroform, is applied to the spot where pain is most intense. The current, weak at first, is gradually increased as the operation proceeds. A constant battery is said to be the right thing to use, although it does not quite appear how the current can be made to vary in the manner indicated. We should think that if the remedy be really effective, it would be much easier to apply it through the medium of one of those little magnetic machines which are now so commonly used for medical purposes.

Engineering gives some account of a new ammunition which is being adopted by the German army, and which is about to be manufactured under British patent rights at Millwall. The bullet is partly of lead and partly of steel, and is said to have a great penetrative power, and it is urged from the barrel by compressed powder. In what way this compressed powder differs from ordinary gunpowder, which, during manufacture, is submitted to an hydraulic pressure of one hundred and twenty tons to the square foot, we are at a loss to conceive. The new cartridge will keep for any length of time without deterioration and with safety, for the explosive portion need not be attached to them until they are required for use.

The steam yacht *Chic*, which is owned by Messrs Alley and McLellan of Glasgow, is being fitted with an electric light for submarine pur-

poses. The *Chic* is destined for the pearl-fisheries of Australia; and it is estimated that the light given will serve as a torch to the divers at a depth of seventeen fathoms. The necessary current is furnished by a Brush dynamo-machine.

So many terrible accidents through the use of petroleum lamps have been recorded, that we are pleased to notice any invention having for its object the rendering more safe that mode of illumination, which, from its cheapness, is most popular with the poorer classes. In the 'Shaffesbury' Lamp, invented by Mr E. Phillips, of 84 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, an extinguishing cap is so fixed over the burner that directly the lamp is knocked over or dropped from the hand, the flame is automatically caused to go out. The principle can be applied so cheaply, that the commonest forms of lamps can be made with the new attachment, and these will soon be in the market. Thus our poorer brethren will have at hand a brilliant method of illumination without any qualifying condition of danger in its use.

The results of some experiments made by Mr A. Richardson, of University College, Bristol, form a further very useful contribution to the controversy which has lately taken place with regard to the permanence of water-colours. But whereas the former disputants confined their attention almost exclusively to the injurious effects of light on pigments, Mr Richardson has also included the question of damp. By exposing pieces of paper washed over with various water-colours to the influence of light, of damp air and of dry air, he has made the following observations: cadmium, a yellow hitherto considered permanent, disappears in a fortnight in damp air; Prussian blue, another permanent colour, vanished in a month under like circumstances; while the lakes gamboge and indigo appear to be as unstable in damp as they are known to be in a dry atmosphere.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

IRONING BY MACHINERY.

HOUSEWIVES will learn with interest that they can now procure mechanical ironers, and that the engineer, Mr Samuel Bash, 32 Cornhill, London, ever mindful of the requirements of the age, and watchful to lighten by his ingenuity the tasks of others, be those tasks ever so humble or so homely, has succeeded in perfecting a machine designed to press and iron with a precision equaling, if not excelling that of the human hand, every article that modern civilisation demands, from the highly priced mantle to the cheap pocket-handkerchief. The iron is suspended above the ironing-board by an attachment to a radiating arm, which, similar in principle to the well-known jib of a crane, moves freely around its axis, and thus commands the whole board. A pedal, worked by the foot of the operator, actuates a lever which brings the iron down on the article lying on the board, the intensity of the pressure thus produced being regulated by the force of the operator's foot. The table itself is, moreover, movable, and can be moved backwards and forwards by means of a handle,

the iron being held rigidly in its stand. The workman, whether sitting or standing, has thus full command over his machine.

The iron is heated internally by means of gas laid on through flexible hosing; and it will be perceived that a considerable saving both in the time and labour involved in constant reheating at the stove is effected. The labour entailed in handling the present irons, which range in weight from seven to twenty-eight pounds, is entirely obviated. A reduction in the cost of fuel of seventy-five per cent. has been calculated as likely to result. The machine is simple in construction and design, and is not liable to get out of order—a great desideratum in work of this class.

Irons of different shapes can readily be adjusted to the same machine; and throughout the wide range of the manifold industries of dressmaking, mantlemaking, hat and cap manufacture, besides laundry-work of all kinds, every process now performed by manual labour can be speedily accomplished by this machine.

The importance of the industries to be benefited by the mechanical ironer will be appreciated when it is stated that upwards of half a million persons are estimated to be employed in the United Kingdom in the trades enumerated above.

Any mechanical improvement tending to lighten the labour of so large a percentage of the population, or to render more healthy the conditions under which that labour is performed, cannot fail, more especially when viewed in conjunction with its other advantages, to command the attention of an age justly styled that of machinery.

DERMATINE.

A compound known as Dermatine has recently been placed before the public by the Dermatine Company, 13 Billiter Street, London, with a view to supersede gutta-percha, india-rubber, or leather in many of the varied uses to which these materials are applied. Dermatine, it is claimed, is unaffected by changes of heat and cold, and suffers no ill effects from exposure to moisture. The new material is furthermore uninjured by oil or grease—a great desideratum for any substance employed in connection with machinery—and offers, it is stated, a better resistance to the effects of friction than either india-rubber or leather.

There are many purposes to which Dermatine should be successfully applied: Belts for machinery in exposed situations; pump-valves of all descriptions; hydraulic packing, railway buffers, &c.; whilst its waterproof properties would doubtless render it specially suitable for that large class of goods comprising lawn-tennis shoes, boating shoes, mats, &c.

Dermatine is unaffected by high temperatures, and has been employed with success for the insulation of underground telegraph wires.

The new material has been subjected to various tests—immersion for a considerable period both in boiling oil and sulphuric acid; and it is satisfactory to learn that in each instance, the severe nature of the test notwithstanding, the substance was found to have received comparatively trivial injury. Belting made of Dermatine has after nearly a year's continuous running been

found free from any tendency to clog and in excellent condition in all respects.

Beyond all question, a large field exists for a material of this kind; and Dermatine has certainly thus far made good progress, and acquitted itself to the satisfaction of both introducer and consumer.

TRAINING COLLEGE FOR LADIES.

Within the last few months, there was opened in Edinburgh a small College for training educated women who intend to make teaching in secondary and higher schools for girls their profession, or who desire engagements in private families. It is undeniable that of late years great progress has been made in the more thorough and systematic teaching of women; but many a young girl fresh from her own class-work has felt at the outset of her career as a governess that she lacked the power of imparting her knowledge or the right method of teaching. In Germany, every girl who intends to teach receives a professional training; in England, two Colleges have been, within the last few years, turning out fully equipped governesses; but in Scotland, no kindred institution was to be found. It was therefore in the hope of making provision for this want that the Committee of the St George's Hall classes determined to establish a Training College in Edinburgh. It was judged best to make a small beginning last autumn; and thanks to the kind liberality of friends interested in the education of women, a sufficient fund was raised to enable the Committee to take premises in St George's Hall, Randolph Place. Miss Walker, whose name in connection with the St George's Hall classes is so well known, has been chosen Principal, and will be assisted by Fräulein Wuschack and Miss M'Lean, and also by several lecturers who have kindly offered honorary services. The course of instruction includes (1) Practice in class-teaching under supervision; (2) The theory of education, (a) the scientific basis of education, (b) elements of the art of education; (3) The general history of education in Europe since the revival of learning; (4) The practice of education, (a) methods, (b) school management. Further particulars of the work and all information can be had on application to the Principal, St George's Training College, Randolph Place, Edinburgh.

DISCOVERY OF TWO ROMAN POTTERY KILNS.

A curious discovery was recently made in the neighbourhood of Bury St Edmunds, at the sewerage works now being carried out at West Stow Heath, about four or five miles from the town. During the progress of the operations, two pottery kilns were laid open, similar to those which were found about six years ago by a well-known antiquary of Bury. These are pronounced to be of the late Roman period; and the place where they were found, though now a remote common, was, at the termination of the Roman occupation of Britain, an important station, possessing a considerable population, forming, in fact, a sort of suburb of the still larger Roman station of Icklingham. In the centre of the western part of the heath, called Wildham, is situated a Saxon

cemetery; and the whole region abounds with historical memories and localities, taking us back to the commencement, so to speak, of early English existence, and of the deepest interest to all antiquaries and archaeologists. The specimens of Roman work just unearthed are about five feet in diameter, the walls two feet eight inches in height, composed of tempered clay, which still shows, by its deep redness, that it was subjected at one period to the constant action of fire. One kiln was filled with blackened earth and broken vessels, which had probably been spoiled and thrown aside. Some of these were circular vases with handles in delicate buff-coloured clay. The second kiln was in a more broken condition than the first, yet contained more interesting remains, all the vessels being jars, saucers, pans, &c. of a dark colour, showing that black and slate-coloured work was specially produced in this kiln. A part of a bowl, of very fine red ware, with delicate red-coloured glaze, and ornamented with the figure of an animal resembling a dog, was discovered, together with a quantity of specimens of pottery of various kinds and in different states of preservation. The ground on which these sewerage works are carried on now belongs to the Bury St Edmunds town council, very fortunately, for no doubt a careful watch will be kept for any Roman relics which may be turned up by the workmen during the sewerage operations.

OIL CALMING A HEAVY SEA.

That oil properly used, as has been frequently urged in this *Journal*, has an extraordinary effect on troubled waters there can be no sort of doubt, and it is much to be regretted that the experiment is not brought into general and regular practice, and that every sea-going ship is not provided with a quantity of oil, and the proper apparatus to employ it, as a sea-calmer, if not a tempest-stiller. Its singular efficacy has been proved over and over again by English seamen in English ships and boats, and it is gratifying to find that the same practice has been tried in America with marked success. From a private letter, dated at Truxillo, in October last, from a passenger on board a large trading steamer plying between that place and New Orleans, we learn that the vessel encountered a terrible hurricane in the Caribbean Sea, early in that month, when the ship was disabled and became unmanageable, and lay in the trough of the sea in a dangerous position, and entirely at the mercy of the waves, which ever and anon broke over her. The captain, having tried almost every expedient to keep the ship's head up without success, determined to have recourse to the oil experiment. We give the result in the writer's own words: 'The captain now put four oil-bags on the windward side of the ship, when the oil acted like magic. The sea became smooth for at least twenty-five yards in that direction, and not a sea broke over her, while ahead and astern and to leeward, the ocean was in a wild rage, and the howling of the winds drowned all other sounds.' Here was an extraordinary escape from immediate danger; and the remedy was apparently repeated or continued, for the letter goes on to say that the ship lay for thirty hours in the trough of the sea free from the danger of broken water, and

protected by the application of the oil, until, at the end of that time, the hurricane passed away, and the ship was enabled to proceed on her voyage uninjured. Now it is not too much to say that, had it not been for the efficacy of the oil, the ship in her helpless condition must have succumbed to the violence of the hurricane, and probably all on board would have perished. Could not the Board of Trade be urged to lay down some rule making it incumbent on all sea-going ships to be provided with a certain quantity of oil for use in case of need?

HOW THE KING CAME HOME.

'Oh, why are you waiting, children,
And why are you watching the way?'
'We are watching because the folks have said
The king comes home to-day—
The king on his prancing charger,
In his shining golden crown.
Oh, the bells will ring, the glad birds sing,
When the king comes back to the town.'

'Run home to your mothers, children;
In the land is pain and woe,
And the king, beyond the forest,
Fights with the Paynim foe.'
'But,' said the little children,
'The fight will soon be past.
We fain would wait, though the hour be late;
He will surely come at last.'

So the eager children waited
Till the closing of the day,
Till their eyes were tired of gazing
Along the dusty way;
But there came no sound of music,
No flashing golden crown;
And tears they shed, as they crept to bed,
When the round red sun went down.

But at the hour of midnight,
While the weary children slept,
Was heard within the city
The voice of them that wept:
Along the moonlit highway
Towards the sacred dome,
Dead on his shield, from the well-fought field—
'Twas thus the king came home.

FLORENCE TYLER.

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BIRREL'S DIARY.

OF Robert Birrel, a burghess of Edinburgh in the time of Shakspeare, we should probably never have heard anything, had it not been for the famous *Diary* which he left behind him. Sir Walter Scott refers to him as 'this good old citizen of Edinburgh,' and occasionally quotes from his really valuable pages; but Scott apparently knew nothing about him beyond what may be learned from the journal itself. It is likely that he was not remarkable in any other way, and that, in keeping this record of the events of his day, he was doing the best he could for posterity. Although written in order that it might be read—as may be seen from an appeal made in one place to the 'gentill reader'—the *Diary* slumbered in manuscript until about the close of last century, when an energetic young antiquary (afterwards Sir John Graham Dalyell of Binns, but then a newly fledged advocate of the Scottish Bar) searching for literary treasure in the recesses of the Advocates' Library, brought it to light, and published it along with other 'Fragments of Scottish History.' What gives it a genuine historical value is that it is not in any sense of a private nature, but deals with public events, whether local or national, 'containing Divers Passages of Staite, and uthers Memorable Accidents.' Though purporting to run 'from the 1532 zeir of our Redemptioun till ye beginning of the zeir 1605,' it really begins with the coronation of Robert II. in 1371; and this entry is followed by some others which also ante-date the earliest recollections of Birrel himself. But the great bulk of the *Diary* records circumstances which must have occurred during the lifetime of the diarist, and which for the most part seem to have been registered by him at the time of their occurrence. Many of these circumstances relate to the most prominent personages in the history of Scotland during Birrel's time; others, again, are of a more trivial description; but, as illustrating the life and manners of a bygone

age, they are none the less interesting to modern readers.

What is properly regarded as the beginning of Birrel's own observations is about the year 1567, when the entries begin to grow in number. Many of these treat of matters so well known to history that it is unnecessary to make more than a passing allusion to them here. The murders of Rizzio and Darnley (the latter of whom is spoken of as 'the King,' 'King Henry,' and 'Henry Stewart'), and many other leading events of that period, are duly chronicled in Birrel's pages. It is noteworthy, however, that there is no mention made of Queen Mary after her arrival at Carlisle, following the defeat at Langside; no word, even, of her tragic death at Fotheringhay. One explanation of this may be found in the hypothesis that Mary's fate was too supremely sad for any written notice. On the other hand, it may be that Birrel was not much affected by the event. One can see from his *Diary* that he was a Presbyterian, and not a 'papist,' although the passages which reveal this are admirably free from sectarian intolerance. As such, then, he could scarcely have felt inclined to quarrel with the course of events which ultimately brought the unfortunate Mary to the block. And it is quite evident that he cherished no feeling of animosity towards Queen Elizabeth for her share in the tragedy, as the following entry witnesses: 'The 24th of March 1603, Queen Eliz[abeth] departed this life, at the pleasure of Almighty God. . . . She did reign in her time in peace and in great love with her commons of England—a godly, wise, and loving princess to her subjects, as ever lived in England.' Clearly, the writer of these lines did not regard the English queen as in any degree guilty of judicial murder; moreover, the lines pleasantly testify to an agreeable feeling of friendliness between some sections of the Scotch and of the English prior to the Union, which feeling may also be observed in the pages of earlier writers, English and Scotch, long before the period referred to.

Perhaps the chief charm of the journal is what Scott styles Birrel's 'gossiping way,' for, apart from his many historical statements, he very frequently notes down little incidents that may have been important enough to the Edinburgh citizens of that day, but that were quite beneath the notice of the historian proper; and yet it is just such artless touches as these that help us to form some notion of the manners of sixteenth-century Edinburgh. For example, we learn that on the 10th of July 1598, a certain acrobat 'playit sic sowple tricks upone ane tow [rope], fastened between St Giles's steeple and a stair beneath the Cross, of which 'the lyk wes nevir sene in yis countrie, as he raid [rode] doune the tow and playit sa many pavies on it.' Again, we read of various accidents, murders, and suicides: of two women poisoned from eating hemlock root; of a prisoner trying to escape down the cliffs of the Castle rock, but breaking his neck in the attempt; and of deaths by drowning—suicidal or otherwise—in the Nor Loch, which once covered the site of the modern Princes Street Gardens. At that period, the corpses of suicides were treated with the greatest indignity, and we read of one man whose drowned body was 'harled through the town backward, and thereafter hanged on the gallows.' The unlucky prisoner just spoken of received a more prolonged ill-treatment, although his was not a case of suicide. Not only did the poor man break his neck in his endeavour to escape, but 'thereafter he was trailed to the gallows and hanged, and thereafter was quartered, and his head and four quarters put on the four ports' (gates) of the city.

Forgery, whether of coins or of documents, also met with the most severe punishment in sixteenth-century Scotland; and many are the notices of death by hanging, strangling, burning, and drowning for the commission of this sort of crime. One remarkable feature of this offence was that the offenders were very frequently men of respectable position. Thus we see that, in 1564, two lairds—Forbes of Monymusk, and his brother, John Forbes of Pitsligo—were accused of coining false 'balbeis' or 'bawbees,' and that two other lairds stood surety for them. Again, an Edinburgh goldsmith, son of a burgess, was convicted of forging and uttering 'diverse false testons, half-testons, non-sunts, and lions called hardheads'—otherwise *hardtits* or *hardies*, stated by Pitcairn to have been a copper coin of the value of three-halfpence—for which he was sentenced to be hanged and quartered, and his head and quarters to be put up on the chief gates of Edinburgh. Various burgesses of Aberdeen and Dundee also appear about the same period as guilty of the same offence; and in 1601, Birrel notes that 'Mr Alexander Drumaquham, George Douglas of Bangor,' and two others, were 'burnt for false coin.' Among those who 'suffered' for forging documents we have a Captain Baillie, who, on the 4th of December 1594, was 'hanged for counterfeiting the Great Seal against the merchants;' also in 1595, 'Cumming the Monk' was 'hanged for making of false writs;' and a Captain James Lowrie and others were 'all hanged at the Cross for counterfeiting false writs' in the year 1598; while, in 1599, 'James Corbet, writer,'

was 'hanged in like manner.' (Some of these citations will be found in Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, if not in Birrel's *Diary*.)

Executions for witchcraft were of course equally common at this time. Thus, Birrel notes that in 1591 Euphane M'Kalen was burnt for this offence; as also, in 1603, a certain James Reid, accused of 'consulting and using with Sathan and witches, and who was notably known to be a counsellor with witches;' and in 1605, Henry Lowrie was 'burnt on the Castle Hill for witchcraft done and committed by him in Kyle.'

Many also are the notices of punishment dealt out to thieves. The designation 'thief,' however, must often be interpreted 'mosstrooper' or 'Borderer,' as in the following instance: 'The 10th of October [1567], there was a proclamation to meet the Regent [Murray] in Peebles, upon the 8th of November next, for the repressing of the thieves in Annandale and Eskdale; but my Lord Regent, thinking they would get advertisement, he prevented [anticipated] the day, and came over the water secretly and lodged in Dalkeith; this upon the 19th day; and upon the morrow he departed towards Hawick, where he came both secretly and suddenly, and there took thirty-four thieves, whom he partly caused hang and partly drown—five he let free upon caution [bail]; and upon the 2d day of November he brought other ten of them with him to Edinburgh and there put them in irons.' In this further instance, it is also evident the same caste is referred to: 'The 13th day of September [1568], the Lord Regent rode to the fair to Jedburgh to apprehend the thieves; but they being advertised of his coming, came not to the fair; so he was frustrated of his intention, excepting three thieves which he took, and caused hang within the town there.'

That such 'thieves' were really the peculiar class also known as 'Borderers' may again be seen from the threat made by King James, during his quarrel with the Edinburgh citizens in 1596, that he would bring in 'Will Kinmond the common thief and as many Southland men as should spoil the town of Edinburgh.' This Will Kinmond was a noted Borderer, and was under the protection of the Laird of Buccleuch, who on one occasion rescued him from Carlisle jail by force of arms. Of the same description were those thieves of Liddesdale against whom James V. had marched in 1528, and whose 'king' he had hanged in front of his own tower. Indeed, one phase of what was called 'theft' in sixteenth-century Scotland had been regarded as the privilege of a ruling caste only a century earlier, at which time this species of 'theft' was called 'sorning.' To *sorn* was 'to exact free quarters against the will of the landlord;' and it was not until 1445 that this was declared by statute as 'equivalent to theft.' Scott states (*The Monastery*, Note D) that 'the great chieftains oppressed the monasteries very much by exactions of this nature. The community of Aberbrothwick complained of an Earl of Angus, I think, who was in the regular habit of visiting them once a year with a train of a thousand horse and abiding till the whole winter-provisions of the convent were exhausted.' Thus, a *sorning* lord of one year became in the next

a 'thief' in the eyes of the law. Of course this change of name did not at once put a stop to the practice; and even so late as the eighteenth century, we find men of good birth and education still living this sort of 'sornor' existence, though by so doing they were liable to the severest punishments.

As if to show how little the nature of boys has altered during the last three centuries, Birrel describes a celebrated 'barring-out' which took place in the grammar-school of Edinburgh in the year 1595. Because they had been refused a certain annual privilege, 'a number of scholars, being gentlemen's bairns, made a mutiny, and came in the night and took the school, and provided themselves with meat, drink, and hags-buts, pistolet, and sword: they reinforced the doors of the said school, so that they refused to let in their master nor no other man without they were granted their privilege, conform to their wonted use.' Whereupon the magistrates commanded a certain ill-starred Bailie Macmoran to force an entrance, which, with the assistance of other officials, he attempted to do. But, disregarding the threat of one of the boys that he would shoot him if he persisted, the unlucky bailie received the contents of 'ane pistolet' in his head, 'so that he died.' At this, the townsfolk rose up against the scholars and conveyed them to the Tolbooth prison; 'but the haill bairns were letten free, without hurt done to them for the same, within ane short time thereafter.'

Many other records of local events find a place in the pages of this entertaining journal. Of private duels and street-frays, such as those referred to by Scott in *The Abbot*, there is frequent mention. The ravages of the pestilence or 'pest,' which in one year (1585) carried off more than fourteen hundred of the citizens, are also more than once spoken of. Nor does the diarist omit to record incidents of a meteorological nature; thus, we learn how 'the street' of Edinburgh was deluged by 'ane suddaine shower of rain and halle' in the spring of 1593; and how there came 'ane horrible tempest of snaw' in March 1595; and how a total eclipse of the sun took place in the forenoon of the 17th of February 1598—one effect of which was that 'merchants and others that were ignorant steikit [bolted] their booth doors and ran to the kirk to pray, as if it had been the last day.'

Side by side with such little items are the descriptions given of various historical events: royal marriages, births, and christenings; state banquets and ceremonies; the reception given to ambassadors and princes from England and the continental countries; and such important passages in European history as the despatch of the Spanish Armada and the massacre of St Bartholomew. It is interesting, among other things, to notice the chain of events which ultimately placed the Stewarts on the British throne; or, rather, to observe the development, in Birrel's time, of the policy inaugurated in an earlier day. There is the abdication of Queen Mary, and the coronation of her infant son. Later on, in 1589, comes the young king's marriage with Anne of Denmark. The birth of their eldest son, Henry, is of course duly recorded, as also his baptism, which was performed with high

ceremony in the Chapel-royal of Stirling Castle. But this Prince of Scotland, though he lived to become Prince of Wales, was prevented by his early death from inheriting the honours to which his father succeeded. It was not until six years after Prince Henry's birth that the heir to the British throne was born, at which time our worthy burgess made this entry in his *Diary*: 'The 20th day of November [1600], the Queen's M[ajesty] delivered of a child at the pleasure of Almighty God; at which time the cannons shot for joy.' The baptism took place on the 23d of December, when the infant prince was 'namit Charles'; and again the happy cannons 'shot for joy.' Little, then, did the good citizens know what was in store for their baby prince; or how the life, ushered in with such joyous acclamations, was to end in the gloomy tragedy at Whitehall.

About three years after the birth of Charles, Birrel chronicles the last illness, and then the death of the Queen of England; after which come entries such as this: 'The same 24th of March 1603, after Her M[ajesty] departing, the King of Scotland was proclaimed at London, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland.' Then follow statements relating to this most interesting time, when 'the nobility [of Scotland], at least the most part of them, came, accompanied with seven noblemen of England, to the Cross of Edinburgh,' where the new kingship was proclaimed. Thereafter come notices of the king's southward journey, and, not long after, of the departure for London of the Queen and Princes. And on the 19th of November 1604, the diarist records: 'A proclamation, that these countries shall be no more called Scotland and England, but Great Britain'—with which entry we may take leave of Robert Birrel and his *Diary*.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,'
'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—BESSIE.

'WHAT—what has brought you here?' asked Mr Gabriel in a trembling voice. He had a walking-stick, and he held it horizontally with both hands, one at the ferrule, the other at the handle, and thrust it before him, as making a barrier between himself and the woman.

'Not myself—my wants and my wrongs,' she answered sternly. 'For myself I ask nothing but to be left to myself; I have no wants. My wrongs are buried in my heart, known to none but you; no—not even to my son—to your son. He has never learnt who was his father. I should cover my face with shame, were it known.'

'Then, what—what do you want, Bessie?'

'I say, I want nothing for myself. I have come here not for myself. God forbid! I would not receive anything of you for myself. No—if I were drowning as my father drowned, and as my poor son has drowned, and you held out a hand, I would clench my fist and smite it away, and sink, rather than owe my life to you.'

'Then—what is it?' asked Mr Gotham, with his knees quaking under him. 'You agitate me.'

'No wonder that I agitate you. The wonder to me is that the agitation has not become a Saint Vitus's dance that never leaves you. God forgive me! I loved you once. I could tear my flesh off my hand with my teeth now—after these many years—at the thought that it ever held yours. I loved you!' She reared her proud form; in spite of age, it was full of nobility and reminiscence of grace and beauty. 'I loved you!' She looked at him with scorn. 'I ask myself, whenever I see you pass along the road, what could I find in you to love?'

'I was rich,' said Gotham; and as he spoke, he raised his stick level with his face, as if to ward off the blow that he deserved for the sneer.

'You coward!' cried Bessie. 'How dare you hint at that! As if I cared for anything but you. And you I cared for only because I was your help and support, your nurse almost; I cared for you because you were laughed at, cold-shouldered, delicate, helpless, and clung to me as this babe now clings to my bosom.'

'It is of no use, Bessie,' said Gabriel, with quavering voice—'it is of no use raking up old graves—that is what Mr Cornellis has just said.'

'It is of use,' answered the woman, 'when the bones do not lie in holy ground. The ghost will walk and flap its winding-sheet and scream in the black, still night, and you must see it and hear it. I—I have not spoken out my heart all these weary years. I have seen you, and you have seen me, but we have not spoken. I, sitting on the hard bench in the aisle, have looked to the squire's pew in the chancel, and watched you there during service. Once, when my seat was taken, I came over and occupied a bench outside your pew, and leaned back with my ear to the board, and heard your shaky pipe whine: "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us." Did you feel the pew shake, that Sunday morning, Gabriel? I was not crying; I trembled with rage, and the pew trembled with me. Then you stood up and looked over; and when you saw me there outside, sitting and lying back with my eyes raised, you thought you saw a ghost, and sank again to your knees. For all these many years we have been no nearer each other than on that occasion; and then we neither spoke, but our eyes met, and I saw that baseness was in them still.'

'Why do you talk like this, Bessie? It can do no good. You are so fierce, you frighten me. My nerves are unstrung and sensitive.'

'Unstrung and sensitive!' scoffed the woman, her noble face gathering grandeur and beauty in her passion. 'I will tell you why I talk. Because, for six-and-thirty years I have nursed my wrongs in my heart, which has boiled and boiled, but never been poured out. To whom could I pour it out? Who was to hear the story of my wrong? Was it one to shout to the parish? To publish in the papers?'

'For pity's sake, Bessie, consider me: do not speak so loud; neither of us wishes that story to be known.'

'Ah! on whom fell the shame? On me, who was innocent of all wrong, save of having loved a wretch without manliness. I could have the pity of the place if I told my tale; but what care I for pity? I let them think me a lost woman, because I did not care to have it thought I had trusted you—you.'

'Well, Bessie, the marriage was not legal. The court annulled it.'

'With your consent. Could you not have made it right, had you chosen? Have made me an honest woman, and your son legitimate? No; you were mean enough to cast me over because you could not trouble yourself to fight through life in poverty. What if you had been disinherited? You need not have worked for a living; I would have worked for both. You might have sat at home with your hands in your pockets, and rocked the cradle with your foot; but you would not have had your luxuries then, and therefore I was thrust aside.'

'You cannot say, Bessie, that my father and uncle did not make you an offer that was reasonable. They promised you a yearly allowance.'

'I spurned it; I refused it. I would have nothing of theirs, nothing of yours any more. If I knew what drops in my son's veins were drawn from you, I would wring them forth. If I thought in his heart were any seeds of your baseness, I would dig them out with my nails.'

'Even now, after these many years, I will help you, if you will allow me to do it.'

'I do not want your help—not for myself. I would not take anything of you for myself. I have gone on all these years alone, and now I do not need you. I worked and sustained myself and my son till he was old enough to work and sustain me. Then he married.'

'If, Bessie, he had only looked higher. If you had allowed me to assist—under the rose, without letting people know the circumstances; if he could have been put into some more respectable situation, say a clerkship—why, in time'

'If, if, if—and in time!' repeated the woman wrathfully. 'Why should he be other than my father, who was a plain man of the people? If my father had been a gentleman, perhaps he also would not have been straight and true and thorough to his wife and his child, his duties and his God. No; I would not have Richard a gentleman; he might have learned falseness and been cruel to me, as you were cruel. I have kept him in my station. He is a poor, rough, plain man, with simple thoughts and simple faith, a simple life, and simple knowledge of right and wrong. I would not have him thrown into that tangle which you call social life, where every duty is blunted with an *if*, and every act is a patchwork of compromises.'

She paused to take breath, and then Gabriel Gotham made a movement to shuffle off.

'Stay!' she ordered. 'You are sneaking away from my reproaches; but I say to you with loud voice now only what your conscience says to you nightly in whispers. You can do nothing for me now. You could do nothing for me after that one great act of treachery. Then,

then only did I measure to the bottom of your baseness. If you had come to me later and said you would remarry me, I would have refused you, because I knew you, and I could never have trusted you more.'

'What do you mean by bullying me so?' whined the miserable man. 'You have no consideration for my nerves. You do not know, or if you know, you do not think, what a martyr I am to them; and you tear at my nerves as if you were ripping a harp to pieces. You used to be more kind and pitiful.'

'If you had kept me by your side,' said the woman with a touch of softness, as the appeal of weakness always did melt her, 'I do not think that you would have done amiss for your own self, Gabriel.' She looked at him steadily, and the glare went out of her eyes. 'A poor, pitiful, broken creature you are, who has slipped into bad ways, because he has none that love him by his side to check and rally him. You are killing yourself, not by inches, but by feet, with opium, Gabriel, as all Hanford knows.'

'I take my drops because I suffer such pain.'

She disregarded his explanation. 'A lonely, unhappy man, suspicious of all about you; preyed upon by the designing; clinging to those that are unscrupulous, who flatter you because they seek your money. You have no one near you to bar the way you are stumbling down; no one to give you a hand to help you up; no one to cheer your spirits when evil fancies and buried transgressions start up to frighten you.—I say, Gabriel, that had you acted as a man and a Christian, you would not be the God-forsaken wretch you now are. You would have a faithful woman at your side to stay you; and a gallant son, on whom you could look with pride and love; and seven little angels to intercede with heaven for you.—Look at these!'—she turned her head to the children who were hanging to her skirts—'see here!' She threw back the shawl and exposed the sleeping babe she carried. She gazed down with a softened face on the slumbering infant. 'A dry stick,' she said, raising her head, and recovering some of her sternness; 'that is what you are; and in my house is Aaron's rod that buddeth, and putteth forth blossoms, and beareth almonds. You, the wrong-doer, are indeed the wretched one. I, the wronged, am blessed, as a bedewed field.' Then, all at once, her tears burst forth. 'No!' she said; 'my Aaron's rod is cut asunder, and all the little blossoms will wither. I am like the prophet who took to him two rods, and he called the one Beauty, and the other Bands; and first was Beauty broken, and then the strong rod also.—Do you see these three children? There are four more, and all are orphans. They have lost their mother eleven months ago, and now their father is taken from them. My Richard is drowned, as was his grandfather; and these little ones have none to look to but me. I am getting on in years.' She recovered her composure with an effort; what she had to say concerned the children and their welfare, and she would not allow her own emotion to interfere with her purpose for their advantage. 'I am getting on in years. You, Gabriel, are younger than me; but I am still the strong one. For a while I may be able to earn enough to support the seven;

but one is a babe, and I cannot leave it and take work. They do not bear your name, yet they have your blood in them. For myself, I ask nothing; I would take nothing; but I ask you not to forget these orphans, your own grandchildren.'

'I—I will do something,' faltered Gotham. He had lowered his stick when Bessie's rough tone passed away, and now he leaned one hand on it and shook his head, and shuffled his feet on the gravel. 'But, Bessie, I must do it slyly. I mustn't let it be supposed that any obligation attaches to me. I particularly do not wish to have that unfortunate affair brought up now. I—I dislike to have my private matters talked about. I am sensitive, and the least trouble affects my nerves.'

'I am not going to speak; rely on me,' said Bessie gravely. 'Let all the past be dead, buried the wrong and the sin. Forgiveness is a hard plant to grow; it does not strike root freely. I cannot say that it grows lustily in my bosom. There is certain soil in which it will not thrive, nurse it how you may.—But as for these children, I can do much for them. For their sakes I have come here to-day, for their sakes I plead. I would not die and leave them destitute in the world, beautiful little maids—seven of them, fatherless, motherless, friendless. For their sakes I will strike my plant Forgiveness once more, and pray that it may flourish.'

'I will consult with Mr Cornellis; I will take his opinion how best to manage it; I will do something.'

'Consult with no one but your own conscience, and on your knees with your Maker,' said Bessie Cable.

'I cannot—I cannot act without advice.'

'It has always been so,' said she, half impatiently, half sadly. 'You never were able in the old days to do anything by yourself. Then you came to me. Now you go elsewhere.'

'I assure you that I will do something. Mr Cornellis knows all about the matter.'

Just then, Mr Gotham felt something touch his hand. Little Susie, attracted by his ring, had deserted the skirts of her grandmother, and, unnoticed, had stolen over to Mr Gotham, and as his hand hung limply down, she took his finger in her small hands and began to pull at the ring.

'What—what is it?' he asked with a start. Then he looked down and saw the fair head, the sweet face, with blue eyes and delicate complexion. A lovely little child, with a truly angel face. Gabriel studied it, nervously twitching his head from side to side, and asked: 'What is your name, my dear?'

'Susie.'

'Do you want my ring? You shall have it; and keep it as a proof that—that— Bessie, I will do what is right by the little ones. It is a pretty child, and might—might do me credit. I think I trace a likeness to myself, when about the same age; she has my hair and my eyes and complexion.'

The little girl still held his finger, and twisted the golden hoop. The touch of the tiny fingers was one so strange to Gabriel, the beauty of the child was so attractive, and its confidence so engaging, that the feeble man was moved.

'I would like to kiss you, child—Susie,' he said, 'but I am afraid of stooping. I might fall; it would bring on neuralgic pains.—Would you mind, Bessie, holding her up, that I might kiss her?'

The woman hesitated. She had the baby in her arms. She could not do as required unless she disposed of it. She stooped, laid the shawl on the gravel at Mr Gotham's feet, then placed the sleeping infant gently upon it. She put her hands to Susie and raised the child, whilst the other little girl, Lettice, stood by, still holding her grandmother's skirt; but she now extended the other hand and grasped Gotham's cane low down, about two feet from the ferrule. Thus, unconsciously, the child Lettice linked these two together; and at the same moment he pressed his lips to the cheek of Susie.

Susie turned her face sharply away—the smell of opium oppressed her. 'I want the ring,' she said.

Then, an explosion, followed by a clatter of bells in the church tower hard at hand, and a cheer. 'What is the matter?' asked Gotham with a start.

The explosion was caused, as he guessed, by the discharge of a small cannon on the shore, fired on grand occasions.

The side-gate opened, and Mr Cornellis came in, walking quickly. He drew back when he saw the group. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'attacked by a swarm of mosquitoes, Gabriel? Drawing your blood, eh?—Mrs Cable, you had better run home. Your son has returned; and the lads are giving him an ovation.'

'I want my ring,' said little Susie.

'Another time,' answered Gabriel nervously. 'I—I—had better not. It would lead to inquiries; it might rouse suspicion; and my nerves must not be shaken. I cannot bear it. I will send you some sweeties; but I cannot part with my ring.'

BEGGING AS A FINE ART.

CARLISLE, it was formerly said, if well begged, was worth ten shillings a day. Now, when so much is said to awaken sympathy for the destitute, it is necessary to warn the compassionate against unintelligent giving. There is too little charity in the world, for any one to say a word to lessen it; but it is all the more important that it be wisely bestowed. It is very unwisely bestowed when given to the professional beggar, and drawn from you by a tissue of lies, as is almost certain to be the case when it is given without thorough investigation. It will not do merely to cross-question the beggar; he is quite prepared for that, and the result is sure to be a conviction that the case is both genuine and urgent. Inquiries must be made where he lives, and amongst those to whom his antecedents are known. Without this, you are duped, and the money that would have been a boon to deserving sufferers, is worse than thrown away. I will record in part the experience by which I have learned this, in the hope that it may have a similar effect on others.

I have been the minister of a church in the north of London for many years; and having come from a quiet country parish, knew little of the tricks of the begging trade. I had been here only a few months when a woman called on me in a state of great destitution, having walked from Chelsea without breakfast, and with only a little bread the day before. She coolly told me she had lived in my district four years ago, and sat under my ministry and enjoyed it greatly. I had only said I did not know her, when she interrupted me, assuring me I was mistaken: I had often been in her house, seeing her poor dear mother when she was dying, &c. I was in no danger of giving her anything; she made no pretension other than that of relying on her own assurance to overreach me.

A little more skill was displayed by a man who called—by design, doubtless—when I was out, and was seen by my wife. He had been dreadfully bitten in the leg by a ferocious dog, was to get into a hospital next day, but had not a copper for food or bed for the night. While he spoke, by a convenient arrangement of his trouser-leg the awful wound was disclosed to view. Ladies are all nervous nowadays, and one can easily imagine how effectual such a trick as this must be. The first coin that can be got hold of is thrust into his hand, and, with a sigh of relief, the possible victim of hydrophobia is hustled out at the door. I heard of him several days after, still telling the same tale, but not just ready to go into the hospital.

But the art in many cases reaches a far higher mark than this. The plot is so constructed by the adept as to prove inquiry to be quite unnecessary, and difficult or impossible. One Sunday evening in August 1879, when service was over, I found a young man of about seventeen years, surrounded by several members of the congregation, waiting to see me. He had arrived just as I entered the pulpit, and requested the officer to hand up to me a note asking me to intimate, that if a Mrs Macfarlane from Newcastle was in the church, a friend wished particularly to see her at the end of the service. The officer declined to give me this note, but asked the lad to wait and see me. He was of medium stature, sharp and intelligent features, and, in speaking, used some Scotch words and pronunciations, but with an English tone. He was in a sad fix: had come from Edinburgh, where he was employed in a large printing establishment, to see an aunt in Newcastle; found she had come to London, leaving no address, but telling one of her neighbours that she would attend my church. He had spent all he had with him on his railway fare, having no doubt that he would easily find her, and here he stood penniless, four hundred miles from home. Great was the sympathy of the friends whom I found standing around him. One Scotch gentleman was ready to give him as much as would take him back

to Edinburgh; and a poor widow offered him bed and board till next day.

I took him home to supper, and subjected him to a severe examination, having some knowledge of the Modern Athens. I found that he knew all about it, could name a number of its leading men, and especially of its ministers. He spoke of having been connected with the Carrubber's Close Mission, and deported himself in every respect as such a person should. His speech, however, was the one difficulty I could not get over; it was like the attempt of a Cockney to speak Scotch, and would doubtless succeed with a listener who had not lived in Scotland. He said he had money in the savings-bank; that the good woman with whom he lodged would be ready to answer for his honesty; and he would send whatever was advanced to him as soon as he got home.

On Monday, having slept at the house of the widow, he came to breakfast with me, spoke of religious matters fluently at table, and continued in all things to meet the demands of the most suspicious. I got his landlady's address, told him to go down to the docks and see if he could get a passage cheaply in the Carron Company's steamer, and return in the afternoon. He agreed to do so, and was thankful for the suggestion, as his trip had already cost more than he intended to spend or could well afford. I telegraphed to the address he had given me, but got no reply; and he never returned. I found he had gone round to the poor widow and borrowed a small sum from her as he passed.

Six months afterwards I saw a letter in a newspaper warning ministers against the arts of this same youth, and narrating this same tale. He was looking for his fugitive aunt in the churches of the midland counties, and probably is still continuing the profitable pursuit. The poor widow kept her faith in him till this letter appeared; indeed, so effectively had he played his part, that even then she seemed more inclined to believe in him than in the writer of that communication.

One June morning about eleven o'clock I was told there was a gentleman in the drawing-room to see me. I found there a man of about forty years, rather under the average height, of fresh complexion, with red whiskers, neatly trimmed, and respectably dressed. He introduced himself in the most polite manner; was very sorry to trouble me; had walked up from Stepney, about five miles; had left his poor wife there ill in bed, and without a crust of bread for breakfast. Their privations were all the harder to bear from their former affluence. He had lived on his own little estate in the country in perfect comfort, till he became security for a friend, who proved a defaulter, and he lost his all. He came to London to find a situation, bringing his wife with him. He could not, as he had hoped, get into a counting-house, having no experience of business, and was at last glad to take a place in Clapton as a gardener. He had been accustomed to work a little in his own garden, but the continuous labour soon broke him down. He had just recovered from an illness in which they had parted with everything that could be pawned; and, having often been comforted by my preaching when he was in Clapton, he thought of me very strangely that morning, in fact could not

get the thought of me out of his mind, and determined to call upon me and submit his case to me for advice. He had been on the way from half-past seven till eleven, being weak and lame, and was now in dreadful anxiety about his poor starving wife. He showed me his last pawn-ticket: 'One pair boots, six shillings.'

I asked about their friends. He had been ashamed to let them know of their destitute condition; but at last, driven by starvation, he had written his wife's mother; and here he took out a packet of letters and selected from it one which seemed the most recent. The envelope bore the postmarks all correctly enough, and the contents fully corroborated his story. It was the reply of his mother-in-law, written to her daughter, his poor wife. Father was away arranging for a farm for dear George, who was preparing to get married; there was no money in the house till he returned, which would be in two days; then a few pounds would be sent to bring them home, and there they would remain till some suitable situation could be got, &c. Now, if he could in any way borrow a few shillings for two or three days, all would be well, and he would never forget the kindness; indeed, he would bring his wife up herself, to thank me, when the money came. That letter with all the post-stamps on it, together with the man's appearance and manner and tears, satisfied me. I gave him a few shillings, and have never seen him since. Six weeks afterwards, I read a letter in a daily paper, dated Rochester, describing this same gentleman, and giving the same story as the means by which he was going about there, imposing upon the kind-hearted to whom he could get access. He is probably still performing his little comedy, and carrying off in triumph the donations of sympathising listeners.

I determined thereafter never to give until I had made inquiry; but one fellow proved too clever for me even then. He came one night about half-past eight—a big, broad-shouldered, round-headed, pugilistic-looking man, whose whole appearance testified against him. He had just come from the prison at Gosport, where he had served two years as a deserter. When taken, he had been for some months living in my district, and working at his old trade as a bricklayer. The chaplain had shown him the folly of his wicked life, and advised him, as he had expressed his determination to turn over a new leaf, to seek help from the nearest minister. He had slept in a shed last night, but had that day got promise of a job to begin to-morrow morning at half-past six. But every bricklayer must have a trowel, line, &c.; and he had no tools, nor money to get them. If I would lend him as much, he would be at my house on Saturday at half-past two, as soon as he got his pay, and return it, and hoped to attend my church and go on in the right way as long as he lived. He showed me the D branded upon his side; he offered to leave his coat, worth three times the money, and took it off as he said it. I replied that it was quite unnecessary; I had a friend a builder who in the circumstances would lend him the tools.

But ah, that would not do, as no one must know his story; men would not work with him if they did. He had confided in me as a minister. I knew how any one who had been in prison

found it almost impossible to get anything to do. This offer had been made to him, and seemed to open the way to a new life, if only he could get the loan of four shillings or so, till Saturday; and if not, then God help him! he did not know what was to become of him; but he did trust me that I would keep his secret. Again he offered me his coat, which was a good one, so I asked where the articles could be got. He said, 'In Holloway Road;' now it was past nine o'clock. I said I would go with him and see what could be done; and away we went at full speed. He entered a small marine store, and came out immediately with a sad face—they had none. He thanked me for my kindness; said I had acted like a gentleman and a Christian, and I could do no more. I asked where was the nearest place at which he thought they could be got. He said they were sure to be found down near the *Angel*. I said I would trust him, gave him four shillings; and with a gush of gratitude, he thanked me and said I would see him on Saturday at half-past two sharp. When half across the street, he turned back and said he had had nothing to eat that day—could I let him have a copper to get a bit of bread! I gave him twopence.

He never appeared on Saturday; but a friend to whom I mentioned the circumstance, when in Croydon about three months afterwards, saw a letter in a local paper—which he sent me—describing this rascal, and stating that he had called on several persons in that neighbourhood and succeeded in getting money from each of them by the same ingenious story.

There came another 'artist' only recently, the bearer of the last message from his dear sister, sent me from her deathbed, to thank me for services I had never rendered. But he persisted that I had visited her often, when she lived in my district, and was long laid down with severe illness. She died in the country, and wished him to call and thank me. She had a strong wish to be buried beside her dear mother in Abney Park. He could not afford the expense. But her heart was so set on this, that he promised to do so. She also requested him to mention this to me and some other kind friends; and had great comfort in her dying hour from the belief that we would contribute towards this last fond wish. This man minutely described all the details of the last days of his sister—her many pious speeches, and especially her frequent references to things she had heard in my sermons. He accompanied the narrative with appropriate action, every attitude evidently carefully studied and rehearsed many times. I hear he is still carrying about these grateful messages, and gathering contributions to defray the expense of his lamented sister's funeral; and from the artistic skill with which he performs the part, I should suppose that he makes as much in two or three days each week as keeps him in food and drink—and he consumes mainly the latter—all the rest of the time.

The result of my experience leads me to say to every one: Make it a rule never to give on the spot or instant to any applicant not known to you; ask the address, and get inquiries made; and be sure that you know what you are doing before you give. Seek out the deserving poor;

they, as a rule, do not come to ask alms; yet you may find *them*, and your gifts will do both you and the recipients good—you, as much as them.

THE BUSHFORD CASE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—THE VICAR OF BUSHFORD.

ONE morning, in the early part of August 1856, I, Henry Devon, a young briefless barrister, was seated in my chambers in the Temple, partaking of breakfast, and thinking how I should spend the long vacation, then just commencing. A week or two must be passed, as a matter of course, with my mother at her little cottage in Buckinghamshire, and a similar time with my uncle and cousins at Bushford Vicarage; but I should still have about two months at my disposal, and how to dispose of myself for that time was the problem which now puzzled me. To remain in London for more than a week was not to be thought of. To start on a pedestrian excursion was equally out of the question; for I disliked walking alone, and I could think of no congenial companion, with the exception of my cousin, Ernest Carlton; and he, I knew, could not leave London, as he was studying hard for the medical profession, and hoped shortly to pass his examination. Personally, I should have liked to extend the length of my visit to Bushford, and I felt sure that my little cousin Amy would not object to my society; but my dear old uncle the vicar, pleased as he always was to see me at the vicarage, objected strongly to my wasting too much of my time, as he expressed it, in 'spooning'; and 'spooning' was almost the only occupation that I should have indulged in there.

I had just pushed my plate on one side, and was finishing my last cup of coffee without having come to any decision, when I heard a hurried rush of footsteps on the stairs, and then came a thundering knock at my door. The instant I opened it, Bob Coveney, an old college friend, rushed in, and shaking my hand warmly, exclaimed: 'Harry, old boy, pack up your traps at once and come off with me. The governor is going to take advantage of the peace for a cruise in the *Baltic*, and you and I are to go with him. The *Mermaid*, you know, is no racing yacht, but a thorough seagoing craft. We shall have a glorious time of it.—Now, no refusal, old boy; you must come.'

'I shall be only too pleased to come, Bob,' I replied; 'but'—

'Now, none of your "buts,"' he burst in.

'Yet this "but" is absolutely indispensable,' I said. 'I must run down and say good-bye to my mother, and also to my uncle Nicholas.'

'And your cousin Amy, eh?' said Bob.—'Now, you needn't blush. I only wish I had such a dear little cousin to give a farewell kiss to.—'

Well, now, look here! I'll give you two days: you can start at once for Buckinghamshire, pass to-night there, back to town to-morrow morning, and take Bushford on your way to join us.'

'But shall I not be delaying Sir Robert?'

'Not a bit of it: he has to get the stores on board, and won't be ready to sail before then. So, that's settled.—Good-bye for the present, old boy, for I'm off at once;' and he rushed out of the room in as great a state of excitement as he had entered it.

Nothing could have been more opportune than Bob's invitation. I was an enthusiastic lover of the sea, and an excellent sailor. Sir Robert Coveney had been an officer in the navy; but having lost a leg at the battle of Navarino, had been compelled to retire from the service. He was sixty years of age, and a fine specimen of an old British seaman. My partiality for blue water made me a great favourite with him, so that there was no doubt as to the correctness of Bob's assertion that we should have a glorious time of it.

My preparations were soon made; and having half an hour to spare, I gave Ernest a hasty call at the hospital on my way to the station. Ernest and I had been great friends and companions from our early boyhood; but though we had both resided in London for some time past, I had seen but little of him of late. He seemed to me now somewhat ill and worn; but he made no complaint, and there was all the old heartiness in his reception of me; so I attributed his looks to hard work at his studies, and therefore said nothing to him on the subject. We parted with a grasp of the hand and a cheery 'Good-bye, old fellow;' and I was soon in the train on my way to Buckinghamshire, little thinking under what circumstances I should next meet him.

My mother had been a widow for some ten years past. My father, dying comparatively young, had left her but a modest competency; and it had taxed her means to the utmost—even with some little help from my uncle—to provide for my education. She lived in the little cottage which she now occupied, for the sake of economy; and I longed for the day when I should be able to place her in a better dwelling, and repay her for all her love and all her sacrifices for me.

I need scarcely say with what affection I was welcomed. Her disappointment at the shortness of my visit was tempered by the thought of the pleasures to which I was going, and by my promise to make a longer stay on my return.

The next morning I returned to London, and merely calling at my chambers for my sea-traps, crossed the Thames, and proceeded on my way to the vicarage, at the small town of Bushford, situated south of the Thames, about half-way between London and the coast. The railway station at that time was nearly a mile from the town, through which you had to pass in order to reach the vicarage.

My uncle, the Rev. Nicholas Blaine, though

in his sixty-fourth year, was almost as hale and active as in his youth. He had spent his younger days well and wisely, and in his later years reaped the benefit of having done so. Six years previous to the date of my story there were no marks of age about him; but about that time his wife, whom he devotedly loved, died; and thereafter his dark-brown hair turned to a silvery white. This and a slight deepening of the lines of his face, with perhaps a somewhat quieter—I can scarcely call it sadder—look in his bright grey eye, were all the outward signs that indicated the deep grief within. Immediately after the funeral he resumed his usual habits and duties, and in course of time began to regain some of his old cheerfulness. When he had occasion to speak of her who was gone, it was not as of one lost, but as of one parted from him for only a brief space of time, and whom he should soon join, to be parted from no more. He was a truly Christian man as ever lived, but his was not the religion of gloom and sorrow. While unsparing in his condemnation of sin, he was ever ready to pardon the repentant sinner. Many and many a time have I heard him sternly rebuking the loafing vagabond at the alehouse door, and a few minutes afterwards seen him, with his coat off, in the cricket-field among the boys—a boy himself.

Uncle Nicholas was a childless man, and that was why, perhaps, he loved to gather round him his sisters' children. His youngest sister, the mother of Ernest and Amy, died in giving the latter birth; and her husband, a few years afterwards, followed her to the grave. Then Uncle Nicholas took the orphans under his roof, and was as a parent to them both. Another sister married a gentleman whose avocations compelled him to reside abroad. For many years they lived in Italy, and there a daughter was born. When she was sixteen years old, her parents had to remove to India for a few years; and not wishing to take their child with them, Laura Cleveland was placed under the care of the vicar, and shared his affection equally with her cousin, Amy. I, too, his eldest sister's son, was an inmate of his house during my early years, for he undertook the education of Ernest and myself until we were old enough for college. He had engaged a governess for Amy; and Laura, when she arrived, was also placed under her care. But the girls' education had been completed several years before the date of the incidents I am about to relate, and the governess no longer dwelt at the vicarage.

On leaving college, I repaired to London to study for the bar; and Ernest—two years my junior—shortly followed me to do the like for the medical profession.

No two girls could be more unlike than my cousins. Laura was dark and tall, with a Grecian face, and a figure which, though somewhat slender, would have served as a model for a sculptor. Amy was fair, slightly below the middle height, and stoutly built. Her features, though regular, were far from classical; indeed, when seen in repose, they might have been called plain; but, to my mind—perhaps I am not altogether impartial—she was a perfect pattern of an honest, healthy, English girl. In disposition, too, they were equally dissimilar: Laura,

calm, quiet, rarely allowing her face to betray her thoughts; Amy, quick, impulsive, and every emotion of her heart visible in the play of her mobile features and the glance of her eyes.

In one thing did they resemble one another—in their great love for their uncle, though each showed it in her own peculiar way; Laura, in her constant attention to his every want; Amy, in the caresses that she lavished upon him. Not that Amy was neglectful of him; for if he expressed a wish, no one more eager than she to gratify it at the expense of any trouble to herself; but Laura seemed to anticipate his wishes.

Ernest's disposition much resembled his sister's. His temper easily ruffled, he was prone to sudden bursts of anger, when he would say and do things that the next minute he repented of, and was quick to make atonement for.

In their younger days, they would both frequently render themselves liable to reprimand from the vicar; but almost at the first word of reproof, Amy would throw herself into his arms, begging to be forgiven; while Ernest would frankly confess his fault and promise never to repeat it. As these promises were seldom broken, actual punishment was rarely inflicted; but punishment once threatened, that punishment was sure to fall, for my uncle never broke his word.

As for myself: I was of an even, easy-going temper; and Ernest and I were always the best of friends both as boys and men. I had never made any positive declaration of love to Amy; but we knew that we loved one another with a love that had imperceptibly grown from our childhood. This love was no secret from any one; we could not have kept it secret if we had tried, and we did not try. My uncle evidently approved of it; and I looked upon it as a settled thing that, so soon as my circumstances warranted me in marrying, Amy would become my wife.

When Laura came amongst us, I saw that her beauty made a deep impression on Ernest; and it was not long before she had gained complete possession of his heart. Whether or not she returned his love, it was impossible to say, though she evidently had some partiality for his society. With Ernest's impulsive nature, it was not likely that he would remain for any great length of time in suspense; so, when she had been with us a little more than a year, he declared his passion, and was made happy in the knowledge that it was returned. No engagement, however, was permitted by Uncle Nicholas until Laura's parents had been communicated with; but their consent arriving in the course of time, the marriage was looked upon as certain to take place when Ernest had established himself in his profession.

Leaving my luggage at the station, I walked to the vicarage. My two cousins were in the garden, talking to Luke, the old gardener, and did not perceive me till I arrived at the gate. Each received me in her own characteristic way; Amy, exclaiming, 'Oh, here's Harry!' ran to meet me, and gave me a loving embrace; while Laura, following more sedately, presented her cheek for my cousinly kiss. Luke welcomed me with a grin of welcome all over his honest old

face; and my uncle soon appeared at the door and received me with all his usual cordiality.

After luncheon, my uncle having some duties to attend to, I went for a ramble in the garden and adjacent fields with the girls, Laura occasionally discreetly lingering behind. Amy was inclined to pout a little when I first mentioned my intended cruise in the *Mermaid*, but the clouds soon left her face, and not all my uncle's jokes about the beautiful wife that I might perhaps bring with me from the shores of the Baltic, could call them back again. It was a happy day we all spent; if we mortals were permitted to look into the future, I wonder how many such happy days we should pass!

When the girls had left the dinner-table, and Uncle Nicholas and I were alone together, his manner suddenly became serious, and he abruptly asked: 'Did I understand you to say, Harry, that you saw Ernest just before you left London?'

'I called on him at the hospital, yesterday morning, uncle.'

'And was he well?'

'He made no complaint of being otherwise,' I answered.

'But his looks,' Uncle Nicholas continued—'did you observe whether he appeared to be in his usual health?'

'I certainly noticed that he was somewhat pale, and'

'Ah! I feared so,' he ejaculated with a sigh.

'He has no doubt applied himself too closely to his studies,' I said.

'You wrote to Amy, I think, about a week ago, that you have seen but little of him of late. Is this so?'

'Previous to yesterday, I had only seen him once, and that only for a few minutes, for more than a month. We have both been studying hard, you know.'

After a short pause, my uncle said: 'Harry, my dear boy, I am sure that I can trust you to tell me the truth; I need scarcely say that it is for Ernest's good I am asking it.'

'My dear uncle, what do you mean?' I exclaimed in wonder.

'Do you know anything, or have you heard anything, of his habits and amusements?'

'Until lately,' I answered, 'we frequently passed an evening together, either at my chambers or his lodgings, usually alone; though, sometimes, one or two of his fellow-students or of my acquaintances would join us. Occasionally we have visited the theatres, and supped together afterwards. When we could spare a day or an afternoon, and the weather suited, a long walk or a row on the river. That is all, I think.'

'I greatly fear that these innocent amusements have been thrown aside for others, Harry, which, if he be not checked in time, must ultimately lead him to his ruin. I have heard tales of drinking, gambling, and of other things besides. It has cut me to the heart; for I love him and you, Harry, as I should have loved my own sons, if heaven had blessed me with them.' He covered his face with his hand, and I saw a tear trickle from between his fingers.

I was myself much moved at witnessing his grief, and it was some minutes before I could trust myself to speak. When I could, I said:

'I cannot believe this of Ernest, uncle. He may have been led into some youthful follies by wild companions; but for any serious vices—— No! slanderous tongues must have been at work.'

'I sincerely trust that it is so, but I have little hope. My information came from people whom I believe I can trust. Anyhow, the matter must be investigated at once.'

'Shall I return to London, uncle?'

'No, my dear boy; you are but little older than he; and if it be as I fear, your influence would have little weight. I will go myself.'

'Let me accompany you,' I urged. 'I can easily write to Coveney, telling him that I am unable to join him.'

'No, no; you must not be deprived of your holiday. I will go alone; and God grant that I may be in time to save him! If not, he must think no more of Laura, for she shall not be sacrificed to a libertine and a sot.'

'Ernest cannot be that, my dear uncle, believe me.'

'Well, well, we shall see.—And now, no more on the subject. Let us join the girls; and not a word to them, on any account.'

He resumed his usual cheerful manner; and the evening passed as many such a happy evening had passed before, but such as we were destined never to pass again together.

In the morning, I bade good-bye to the girls at the garden-gate; but Uncle Nicholas walked with me to the station. Not another word was, however, spoken respecting Ernest, except that I asked my uncle to write and tell me the result of his journey to London, promising to send him an address where a letter would reach me, when I arrived at Sir Robert Coveney's.

When we parted, and he said, 'God bless you, my dear boy!' I thought that I could see a tear glitter in his eye, and that he held my hand in a more than usually lingering grasp. Was it that he was thinking of Ernest? or was it that he had a presentiment that he should never grasp my hand again on earth?

SOME ODD ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE following curious advertisement appeared in the *Edinburgh Courant* of October 28, 1758: 'We, Robert M'Nair and Jean Holmes, having taken into consideration the way and manner our daughter Jean acted in her marriage, that she took none of our advice, nor advised us before she married, for which reason we discharged her from our family for more than twelve months; and being afraid that some or other of our family may also presume to marry without duly advising us thereof; we, taking the affair into serious consideration, hereby discharge all and every one of our children from offering to marry without our special advice and consent first had and obtained; and if any of our children should propose or presume to offer marriage to any without as aforesaid our advice and consent, they in that case shall be banished from our family twelve months; and if they go so far as to marry without our advice and consent, in that case they are to be banished from our family seven years. But whoever advises us of their intention to marry, and obtains our consent, shall not only

remain children of the family, but also shall have due proportion of our goods, gear, and estate as we shall think convenient and as the bargain requires. And further, if any one of our children shall marry clandestinely, they by so doing shall lose all claim or title to our effects, goods, gear, or estates; and we intimate this to all concerned, that none may pretend ignorance.'

A young gentleman 'offers his service' to the ladies in an advertisement which appeared in the *Daily Advertiser* (1758): 'Ladies! A young gentleman aged twenty-five, easy in fortune, happy in temper, of tolerable parts, not superficially polite, but genteel address, some knowledge of the world, and little acquainted with the "Fair," presumes to offer his service to one not exceeding ten years older than himself, of good-nature and affable disposition, absolutely mistress of at least one thousand pounds. Will find the utmost sincerity from one who would make it the ultimate end of his ambition to render the matrimonial state truly happy. Any lady who has spirit enough to break through the idle customs of the age and not give trouble out of mere curiosity, inclined to answer this, may leave a line for X. O. at *Gregg's Coffee-house*, in York Street, Covent Garden, shall receive immediate answer, and be waited upon in person at any time and place she shall appoint. The most inviolable secrecy and honour will be punctually observed.'

The following flattering description of himself is given, by a gentleman of 'sweet disposition,' to a lady in the *Public Advertiser* of April 17, 1759: 'Whereas I had long despaired of meeting with a temptation to enter into the holy state of matrimony, till, taking up the paper of Friday last, I read the agreeable advertisement of a lady, whose sentiments jump so entirely with mine, I am convinced we are cut out for each other, and therefore take this method of describing myself. I am a gentleman of an unexceptionable good family; losses and crosses have reduced my fortune to my wardrobe, a diamond ring, a gold watch, and an amber-headed cane; but as you have generously said, you don't even wish a fortune, I imagine this will be no hindrance. My person is far from disagreeable, my skin smooth and shining, my forehead high and polished, my eyes sharp though small, my nose long and aquiline, my mouth wide, and what teeth I have perfectly sound. All this, with the addition of a good heart and sweet disposition, and not one unruly particle, compose the man who will be willing upon the slightest intimation to pay his devoirs to the lady. If she will direct her letter for S. W., to be left at *St James' Coffee-house*, the gentleman will wait on her wherever she pleases to appoint him.'

The following advertisement is taken from the *Daily Advertiser* (1758): 'A Single Gentleman, in a very good way of business, and who can make two hundred per cent. advantage out of it, and who is free from debts, about twenty-six years of age, and is what the flatterer calls genteel, and rather handsome, of a cheerful disposition, and of very affable temper, not at all given to drinking, gaming, or any other vice that a Lady can take umbrage at; one that would

rather get a fortune than spend one, has been in most parts of England, and is very well acquainted with London, and no stranger to the "Fair Sex," but entirely so to any one he would prefer for a wife. As he has not been so happy as to meet with a Lady that suits his disposition as yet; of a cheerful disposition and free from the modern vices; one that is of the Church of England, and has no objection to going there on the Sabbath, and to take some care for a future happiness, one that would think herself rather happier in her husband's company than at public places; one that would more consult the interest of her than the glass, in the morning; to be neat in person and apparel. As to the Lady's person, it will be more agreeable to have with it what the world calls *agreeable* than beauty, with any fortune not less than five hundred pounds at her own disposal, except she has good interest, then less will be agreeable. Any Lady this may suit will be waited on by directing a line to G. C. at *Peel's Coffee-house*, in Fleet Street.—Inviolable secrecy may be depended upon, as the gentleman does not choose a seven years' siege.

'Miss Fisher' inserts the following paragraph in the *Public Advertiser* of March 30, 1759: 'To err is a blemish entailed upon mortality, and indiscretions seldom or never escape from censure, the more heavy as the character is more remarkable; and doubled, nay trebled by the world if the progress of that character is marked by success; then malice shoots against it all her stings, the snakes of envy are let loose; to the humane and generous heart then must the injured appeal, and certain relief will be found in impartial honour. Miss Fisher is forced to sue to that jurisdiction to protect her from the baseness of little scribblers and scurvy malevolence; she has been abused in public papers, exposed in print-shops, and to wind up the whole, some wretches, mean, ignorant, and venal, would impose upon the public by daring to pretend to publish her Memoirs. She hopes to prevent the success of their endeavours by thus publicly declaring that nothing of that sort has the slightest foundation in truth.

C. FISHER.'

A maiden lady, who wishes to enter 'into the honourable state of matrimony,' inserts the following in the *Daily Advertiser* of April 13, 1759: 'A middle-aged Maiden Lady, with an independent fortune, has been determined by the cruel treatment of those who from their connections ought to have been her friends, to think of entering into the honourable state of matrimony. She is indifferent as to fortune, so she meets with a gentleman of good morals and family; indeed, she would rather wish to marry a person without any fortune, that the gentleman may have the higher obligations to her, and of consequence treat her with that tenderness and regard reasonably to be expected from persons under such circumstances. Her reason for taking this method is, that it has been industriously given out by people interested (in order, she supposes, to prevent proposals), that she had determined never to marry. Letters with proposal will be received at the bar of the *Smyrna Coffee-house*, directed for Z. Z. A description of the gentleman's person, age, and profession is requested to be inserted, and how to direct if

the proposals are approved of. The lady's conduct will bear the strictest scrutiny. No letters received unless post paid, to prevent impertinence.'

WASTED UPON THE WIND.

A STRANGE CLUE.

OSWALD declares that I saved him. I write the story of the most momentous episode in his life and mine, in order that this generous delusion may once for all be corrected, and that others at least—for he is obstinate—may understand how slender and fortuitous was my share in that singular deliverance. It seems to me that my narrative will gain in clearness and in coherence, if I begin with the day on which I first made Oswald Wardour's acquaintance.

I had arrived at Charing Cross alone and unattended, except by my maid. The friends with whom I had wintered in Rome had paused at Folkestone, to recover from the effects of a somewhat rough Channel passage; while I had decided to keep to the letter the promise made in my last homeward despatch from Paris. I was suffering in no degree from *mal de mer*, though the immunity is small credit to an admiral's daughter, and I longed to be at rest once more in the quiet haven of the sombre house in Lincoln Square. It was my expectation that upon the arrival platform I should find in waiting either my uncle or Mr Hollinsworth, his chief clerk. But I was subjected to disappointment. I scanned the many different groups of bystanders in vain, and was just confiding to a porter information on the topic of luggage, when a young man, whom I had observed inspecting the compartments nearer to the engine, advanced and lifted his hat. 'Miss Craig, I believe?' he said.

I was taken aback, for the speaker was a stranger to me, and I marvelled not only what his business might be, but how he had obtained the secret of my identity. He was tall and well built, with fair curly hair, and gray-blue eyes as frank and genial in their expression as the summer sunshine. I am afraid I was frigid and haughty in my affirmative, which in turn was an interrogation.

'I have come,' he said, 'in response to the wish of Mr Geoffrey Craig. Our principal has an engagement in Lombard Street at this hour which he is reluctantly compelled to fulfil; and Mr Hollinsworth is unfortunately invalided. You will permit me to see to your luggage, Miss Craig?'

He was one of my uncle's staff, then—a newcomer. 'Thank you so much; I shall be extremely obliged,' I answered.

My uncle's carriage was in readiness—upon that point at least I need have entertained no doubts. When seated within it, I soon learned from my companion that his name was Oswald Wardour. He was deferential, but it was the deference of one bred to habits of courtesy. There was neither presumption nor servility in his manner. He was self-possessed and unassuming. Simply a clerk! It was hard to believe it. In my not very extended travels, I had met many a wealthy and titled individual who, to all outward seeming, was less deserving of the title gentleman.

Even in the first hour of reunion with my dear uncle and guardian, I somehow found opportunity to turn the conversation in the direction of his messenger. He rallied me with the slightly elephantine mirth which I knew to be a sign of his content at my reappearance. 'You are as much a daughter of Eve as when you teased your father to let you see the clockwork that moved the ship's compass! Ha, ha! It was a favourite joke with Ferdinand, poor fellow'—the laugh changed into a sigh.—'And Wardour has bewildered your girlish wits, has he? Well, what the surface shows is neither more nor less than the fact. He looks a gentleman, and he talks like one; and he *is* one. His family is a branch of the Leicestershire Wardours. They have been rich in their day; but a lawsuit has come on the heels of other disasters, and left Oswald—their last representative—with but a barren patrimony—barren in the literal sense of the word, for it mainly consists of a few hundred acres of miserable, half-reclaimed land somewhere in the north.'

I still wondered why it was that the young man had not preferred an opening in some profession, to the drudgery and humble status of a desk in a ship-broker's office, and I made some careless remark of the kind.

A momentary shade of disapproval rested upon my uncle's countenance. By implication, though quite inadvertently, I had reflected upon his own choice of a career. 'Let me tell you that, in my opinion, Wardour has acted wisely,' he said. 'Mercantile pursuits are as deserving of honour and respect as any others, and they more frequently lead to competence. Wardour has gone the right way to work in his effort to conquer fortune by the exchange of law for trade.'

Here was a supplemental disclosure. The young man's ambition had at one time soared to what in my heart of hearts I fear I still regarded as a higher level. With an apology, perhaps a little wanting in candour, on my part the talk turned into another channel.

This, as I have hinted, was the commencement of the reproduction of a story old yet ever new. What woman can commit to cold, callous paper the record of her wooing, or even breathe the cherished secret into the ears of her bosom friend? I at least should find the task impossible. It is enough to state briefly that during the lengthening days of that blissful spring, Oswald and I met often, at first casually, and then of design; that feelings of mutual interest deepened into regard; and before either of us knew, it had undergone yet another and more momentous evolution, and had become—love. The awakening was brought about by circumstances which threatened to quench in miserable gloom the struggling flame.

It is necessary to explain something of the architecture and interior arrangements of the quaint, old-fashioned building. There is a tradition that our house, at the south corner of Lincoln Square, was once the home of one of Elizabeth's most famous courtiers. It is one of the few in the City still possessing a garden—a green gem in the grim, unsightly setting of encircling bricks and mortar. The counting-house and business premises occupied an entire and commodious suite of rooms at the west corner of the edifice.

They were carefully divided and made distinct from the still larger section of Raleigh House, which for forty years had been my uncle's bachelor residence.

There was a room built out from the main portion of the eastern pile, and connected by a covered passage with the conservatory, which was devoted to my own use. In it I set up my easel and gave free rein to the enthusiasm for art which my stay in Rome had quickened; and it was the custom for Mr Hollinsworth and Oswald Wardour to leave the counting-house from the rear—they were invariably last—and sending in their keys by the trusted butler, a man who had been in my uncle's employ for a quarter of a century, to pass under the windows of my studio to the gate at the end of the broad path. I trust that this will make plain the happening of that which next I have to relate.

It was excessively close for the last week of May—there was surely thunder in the air. I was tired of painting, and I had retreated from the slowly slanting blaze of sunlight which had crept half-way up my easel, to a shady corner behind the screen that masked the entrance to the conservatory. The steps I knew so well soon sounded on the asphalted path without. The window was open, and I heard voices in earnest debate. Oswald had looked furtively in, and fancied the room was vacant, while I smiled in my roguish mischief at his error—a smile that quickly faded.

'Yes, it is a round two hundred that I need, and that, by hook or by crook, I must have. Can you accommodate me at a pinch, Hollinsworth?' Oswald said.

They had halted; and in my own despite I was forced to play the eavesdropper, to hear, with tingling cheeks, my own name brought into the discussion.

'Possibly I can. But you must answer a question before I give you a definite decision,' said the senior clerk in smooth tones, that somehow made me shiver. 'Do I argue correctly from observation in believing that you are aiming at high game, Wardour—that you propose to win the hand of Miss Bertha Craig?'

Plainly, Oswald hesitated. My poor foolish heart seemed to cease its beating, awaiting the reply. At last it came, in an outburst of tempestuous passion. The incoherent syllables revealed the speaker's agitation: 'You have—divined—very strangely—I regret it—my secret. I love Bertha. You are the first to hear the confession.' He little guessed that he had two listeners. 'It will go no further, I am convinced, from your lips, Hollinsworth.—What bearing has this on my request?'

The other gave a dry cough. 'The fact constitutes a sort of security, don't you see?' he said.

They had resumed their progress towards the gate. I was alone with my new-found joy. My heart went out yearningly in a full and free response. Oswald should ask but to have.

Yet even at this stage there were storm-clouds on the horizon. My uncle, who for so many years had stood to me in the place of both my dead parents—and a mother could scarcely have been more tender, a father more patient and forbearing—would very probably object, and consider himself victimised by those he had

befriended. I was but a child in his eyes still, though my twentieth birthday had passed; and I had a conviction that he had formed quite a different plan for my future. Again, there could be no very cheerful meaning to Oswald Wardour's urgent need of so considerable a sum as two hundred pounds.

My forebodings with respect to my uncle's opposition speedily were justified by the event. He drew me very quietly one morning into the big, desolate chamber which was called the library and so rarely used. 'I have heard a whisper, Bertha, which I hope has no foundation in fact,' he said. 'I will keep my own counsel as to its precise terms. I have two things to say. Your cousin, Roger Hilton, is coming to England in the autumn from his firm's branch at Hong-kong. He will be made a partner at Christmas. I want you to be friends.' He emphasised the word. 'The other matter concerns Wardour. I would like to help him up the ladder; but you must not tempt him to presume. You and he had better be practically strangers to one another. If there is any danger of mistake, I will at once fill Wardour's place with a substitute; there are plenty to be had.'

It was in every sense plain speaking. Twice I had attempted—in vain—to interrupt; and when my uncle had finished, he waved me sternly into silence. 'Not now; some other time, Bertha,' he said, and was gone.

Perhaps it was well that my indignant self-defence and championship of Oswald was ruthlessly suppressed. I am of an impulsive temperament, as doubtless has already been disclosed, and might have pitifully blundered. But my brain was in a whirl, and I was imbittered against Mr Hollinsworth, who, beyond reasonable question, had made traitorous use of the admission wrung from his too confiding colleague.

This disagreeable episode was but the early muttering of the coming tempest. Two days later, the storm broke in its fury. My uncle had been robbed. A forgery had come to light, and every atom of evidence combined to fix the guilt of the nefarious deed upon Oswald Wardour.

'The chain of proof is complete and irrefragable, Bertha. I earnestly wish I could escape the conclusion to which it points,' said my uncle, sitting in his smoking-chair and watching with a curious, troubled pity my pale and pleading countenance.

'You will forgive me that I have still faith in Mr Wardour's integrity,' I said. Very strange and far off my words sounded in my own ears.

'Certainly. I wish I could share it. I knew Wardour's mother once; she was a noble woman, and pure as the driven snow. It was for her sake I listened to the young fellow's application. And the blow will kill her.'

Had I been less absorbed by the one aim which was now before me, I should have detected in this outburst the echoes—yet reverberating down the years—of an old romance. The interpretation was to come later.

'Then at least you will refrain from pressing the prosecution?' I said, plucking up hope. Alas! for a girl's ignorance!

'It is the bank, not I, on whose initiative Wardour will be committed,' my uncle answered; 'and once the charge has come under their cog-

nizance, there is no option but to proceed. At the trial, the incriminating circumstances—black as they appear, I am constrained to admit, even to me—may be explained, and Wardour may be acquitted; but until then?—

I heard no more. They told me afterwards that I had swooned.

There were two dreadful appearances in a police court, of which, like an epicure in anguish, I studied all the details in the daily journals. I was not forbidden, for I think my uncle fancied that so only could my mind be effectually freed from the delusion of Oswald Wardour's innocence.

The case was indeed dark against the prisoner, and there were moments when confidence reeled, and I feared that I might have to drink my cup of bitterness to the dregs, and with my own reasoning faculties acquiesce in a verdict of condemnation. But the memory of many and many a quiet chat in which Oswald's high aspirations and upright character had stood revealed, came back like a procession of mournful ghosts and reproached me with my doubts.

Gathered into narrow space, the testimony on which the charge was based was as follows: Oswald Wardour had admitted to Mr Hollinsworth the pressing want of precisely the sum obtained as the fruit of the unscrupulous deceit. He had tried to borrow the amount, and ultimately failed.

To the truth of the greater part of this sworn evidence of the senior clerk, I, too, could have witnessed, had the prosecution had any inkling of the circumstance; luckily, they were in darkness.

The cheque that bore the forged signature was one that had been drawn 'to bearer,' for Mr Craig's approval and completion, on the previous evening; and as, contrary to expectation, my uncle had not reappeared in the counting-house after noon, had been left in a private letter rack until the morning. But on the morrow, it had mysteriously vanished—until a confidential warning sent to the bank had revealed that it had already been negotiated by Oswald Wardour. The fraud was at once detected.

The prisoner's defence was declared by the newspapers to be 'daring,' which was their euphemism for improbable and unsatisfactory. Without equivocation, Oswald acknowledged that he had asked Mr Hollinsworth for a loan of two hundred pounds for three months. He further affirmed that his senior had alternated between willingness and unwillingness to grant his petition for monetary aid. But what was his meditated use for the money, he refused to say; and the silence was interpreted against him. Finally—on the very night in question—he had casually met Hollinsworth, and had been recommended to a friend who would supply the required sum on the following morning at a coffee-room in Cannon Street. Suspecting no evil, he went to Torleni's Restaurant, and met there a middle-aged man, with massive features, raven-black hair, and a hawk-like nose—such was Oswald's description, and it fixed itself in my memory—who said that he was the junior partner in Wiltonwort & Co., a new firm recently founded in the same line as the great house of 'G. Craig.' He knew and respected Mr Hollinsworth, and on his introduction would oblige Oswald. It

was a surprise—said the accused—to find that the draft thus offered bore Mr Craig's name; but a plausible account of a business transaction was carelessly given, and Oswald did not dream of treachery. Even when the unsigned cheque was missed, a vague sense of uneasiness was all that troubled him, until his feet were actually caught in the net.

This tale pointed to a conspiracy, of which no fragment of corroboration was forthcoming. Mr Hollinsworth denied every word of it that inculcated himself, and was believed—except by one weak girl. I had never liked this man, although at one time or another and in divers ways I had seen much of him, and had been impressed by his great mercantile knowledge and his impassible demeanour. Still, my uncle had always implicitly trusted him.

The case against Oswald as it stood, awaiting the last word of so-called justice, was currently held to be tested and determined by a single question: Where was the shadowy individual who played so conspicuous a part in the prisoner's narrative? Wiltonworth & Co. knew nothing of him. Let the accused produce him, or put the police upon his track.

My uncle was very kind to me in those days. He could not help seeing that I was suffering, and the cause was not far to seek. But he refrained alike from harassing inquiries and from expostulation. He probably reproached himself for ever bringing into juxtaposition the inflammable material of two young hearts. My knowledge of what was in Oswald's heart was surreptitious; he had never told me that he loved me or had asked me to be his wife.

'London is not suiting you in these close days, Bertha,' said my uncle gravely, one evening, in the interval that was to precede Oswald's trial at—name of horror and doom!—the Old Bailey. 'Suppose you run down to the Edgerleys' place in Warwickshire for a week or two: they'll be delighted to make you welcome.'

These were the friends of my Italian pilgrimage, and I was sure that the suggestion was not broached at haphazard. There had doubtless been a correspondence.

I hesitated. Then—'Well, if you wish it, I think I will go, uncle,' I said.

My preparations for the journey were not elaborate. Mrs Brett, the housekeeper at Lincoln Square, was a person of forethought and resource, and a few hours sufficed to have my travelling boxes inspected and packed; and my uncle saw me into a reserved first-class carriage at Euston.

The train by which I travelled was an express, but not one of the imperial kind that carry Her Majesty's northward and westward bound mails. It stopped at all the chief junctions from Willesden to its goal. It was immediately after passing one of these stages that a seemingly trivial circumstance occurred, upon which, with a mental vision less quickened by suffering, I should perhaps have bestowed no particular attention. Certain fragments of torn paper fluttered in the breeze past my open window, and one of them—somewhat larger than its companions—became fixed between the mahogany slide and the blind-cord. It quivered there like an ensnared live thing. Suddenly I started, and a queer thought dominated my brain.

The clear, fine caligraphy was wondrously like the writing of my uncle's chief clerk. I examined the scrap narrowly, and my suspicion was confirmed. The very paper had the water-line of that used in my uncle's office, and was of similar texture. I read:

.... dour will be con
..... at No. 8 Tower Street
.... letters will be sure to

A whisper—which was the product, doubtless, of my heated imagination, but which sounded as the voice of one even then languishing in prison—filled in the missing syllables in the first line, and I repeated mechanically: 'Wardour will be convicted.'—'He shall not!' I cried aloud.

Who had destroyed and scattered upon the winds this letter? Could it be the trickster of Torleni's Restaurant?

The inspiration was justified by what my eyes beheld at the very next station. To scrutinise those who alighted from the forward half of the train was now my absorbing occupation, and I was quickly repaid. At Densford, my glance was riveted, as if by magnetism, upon a man who answered almost exactly to the word-picture given from Oswald's lips in the columns of *The Daily Sun*. There were the ponderous features, the coal-black hair and scanty beard, the nose of distinctly Israelitish cast.

I drew down my veil, and, oblivious of my luggage and its fate, of everything save the imperative necessity of tracking the apparently unperturbed stranger, left my compartment also. It was neither a long nor a difficult pursuit, or I might have betrayed my purpose. My quarry entered a third-rate inn at the bottom of the station hill; and as he was accompanied by a porter with a bag, who left the latter behind as he reappeared from the side-door of the bar, I had good grounds for my hope that a stay was intended. I sought out the Densford post-office, and despatched a telegram to my uncle.

I felt I had stumbled upon the trail of the real criminal in that dreadful business of the forgery; or rather I should say criminals, for, as the sequel showed, the guilt was about equally divided.

In the afternoon, my uncle arrived, listened with amazement to my startling story, and adopted bold measures. On the strength of his cogent representations, a magisterial warrant was granted; and armed with this, the Densford inspector of police arrested the man called Edgar Hollinsworth.

Discomfited and demoralised by the swift suddenness of the blow, the victim threw himself on the clemency of the magistrate, in other words made full confession. It was a disclosure full of pain for the upright merchant whose trust had been abused.

Again I will try to condense an intricate narrative. James Hollinsworth, my uncle's senior clerk and cashier, had allowed to grow up in his heart a jealous hatred of Oswald Wardour. He feared that in due time Oswald might step above him into the partnership at which for so many years he—Hollinsworth—had aimed. Hollinsworth had a scapegrace brother called Edgar, long accounted dead, who had reappeared in one of those evil junctures which are the touchstones of men's characters. He had visited my

uncle's clerk in the office at an hour when Oswald was away at the docks, and had tried to levy blackmail. Then came the temptation, to which his elder and hitherto outwardly virtuous brother had succumbed. Could not Oswald Wardour's need of two hundred pounds be made the basis of a plot to ruin him? James Hollinsworth told his ally what was required, and purchased at a heavy price his assistance. How the scheme worked has already been made plain.

It was a singular coincidence, and one which did not redound to the man's credit, that under pressure of these revelations, a waiter at Torlen's Restaurant had his memory quickened, and was prepared to testify to the occurrence within his master's precincts of the interview between Edgar Hollinsworth and Oswald Wardour, as related in Oswald's earliest statement. My uncle always believes that this waiter had been bribed to silence.

It proved impossible to hush up the affair, and a sentence of penal servitude was passed upon both the brothers.

'And you saved me, Miss Craig,' Oswald said, when, for a few precious minutes on the morrow of his release, we were alone. 'But for you, I might be in yonder cell yet;' and he shuddered. 'Miss Craig—Bertha—is my guess a right one—that you care—that at least you can care—for me, a little, when I tell you that my heart, my life, are yours?'

Oswald will have it that I was too excited to know exactly in what terms he did reveal the secret which was no secret; but I stand to what I have written. At least I am correct in reporting my answer: 'I can care—everything,' I murmured.

A few months after the one remaining mystery was solved, coal had been discovered on Oswald's 'barren acres' in the north. It was for purposes of experiments in which he was sworn to secrecy, that he had required the loan of the two hundred pounds. But even without the prospect of this wealth, my uncle would now have withdrawn his opposition to Oswald as my suitor. 'Your love, child, has been tried in adversity; may it be the stronger and more lasting,' he said.

We are grateful and content.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS—MYCENÆ SWORD-BLADES.

A CURIOUS 'find' has recently taken place at Athens, and that is the discovery of a 'staircase.' Twenty-two steps have been uncovered within the walls of the celebrated fortress, and it is supposed that the continuation of this staircase was cut down to the rock itself of the citadel. It was thought that these steps were those by which the enemy ascended during the Persian siege; but, on further examination, they are found to be of a later date. With the exception of a few decorative lions' heads and such-like, no sculptures or inscriptions were found on or round the stairs.

Whilst on the subject of Athenian antiquities, we may refer to the famous Mycenæ sword-blades, now preserved in the Museum at Athens. These have recently been admirably reproduced in two

beautiful chromo-lithographs. Fac-similes of these blades were taken in 1884 by M. Blannette in water-colour, and the paintings passed into the possession of M. Albert Dumont, by whom they were presented to the Academy of Inscriptions, Paris, and ultimately placed before the public. They have also been produced in black and white both in Greece and Germany; but without the colouring, they lose effect. These swords formed part of the contents of the Mycenæ tombs, and are said, on high-class authority, to date about the twelfth century before Christ, at which time Phœnicia belonged to Egypt. The fashion of the sword-blades would therefore be rather of Egypt than of Assyria, although they may be supposed to have been executed for some Prince of Mycenæ by a Phœnician artist. They are amongst the oldest and most perfect specimens of sword-making in Europe, and possess an untold interest and value.

A MODERN 'SECRET CHAMBER.'

It is not perhaps generally known that the celebrated architect, Sir John Soane, who left his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and all the treasures and curiosities which it contains, to the nation, to be inspected by the public on certain days free of all charge, left also a veritable 'secret chamber,' or rather closet, which was not to be opened until a certain number of years had elapsed after his death (January 20, 1837). It was, however, opened on the 6th of December 1837, by the executrix, in the presence of three trustees, in accordance with the opinion of Dr Lushington, to ascertain whether there was money or valuables requiring the payment of further probate duty. Nothing but papers were found, and these were returned without examination. This closet was again opened in November last, in the presence of eight of the trustees, the curator, and the solicitor. It was found to contain a nest of sixteen drawers, to the outside of which was affixed a memorandum referring to the first opening in 1837. The drawers contained merely papers, which are to be the subject of careful examination, although they do not appear to possess any public interest, as they are supposed to relate to various buildings with which Sir John was professionally connected, and to a well-known family dispute of many long years ago.

SLEEP—A SONNET.

We sleep and dream. Who has not seen and met
His heart's desire in that charmed palace—Sleep,
And hugged the happiness he could not keep,
Or kissed an ideal he could never set
In place of waking facts? Thus, from the fret
And toil of life, we enter, wandering deep
Through the long corridors, where dreams, that steep
Our souls with gladness, wile us to forget
That they are dreams. Here in the sleeping-place
We come into the presence, face to face,
Of longings realised; here stretch our hands
To touch some well-remembered form of yore,
And speak the words we should have spoke before
Our friends passed from us into distant lands.

ROSE HOWARD.

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WHY ARE WE COQUETTES?

WE hear sometimes, only sometimes—for this age, fortunately perhaps, prides itself on its utilitarianism, its realism, and contempt of sentiment—of some man, whose faith in woman, in human nature almost, has suffered shipwreck, because some girl has won his love, toyed with it, and cast it from her. Such a victim is, not unnaturally, an object of wonder to his fellow-men. Some of them, it may be, condole with him, giving him that word-sympathy which is often so much more powerful to wound than to heal; but for the most part his practical and hard-headed friends congratulate him on his escape from the unstable maiden, remarking, with complacent and all-unconscious insolence, that there are as good fish in the sea as ever yet were taken out of it. It is cold comfort. Or still more probably, they, being self-centred and self-absorbed, are quite unaware that the heart of their once jovial comrade is bruised and broken. It is well they should be ignorant of that which could but kindle their lofty scorn. What, say they, have men and women to do with hearts? There is money to be made; there is a name to be perpetuated; fame and honour, or it may be a seat in parliament. In a world which is made up of stern realities, there is no room for idle sentiment. But there is room for sound and reasonable domestic happiness. A marriage founded on mutual respect, with a little dash of preference, is all-sufficient. Such marriages in the long-run turn out best. So say the hard-headed.

Look at him, your wealthy friend! See how happy he is, and how comfortably himself and wife have shaken down together. And yet people did say when he went courting that he loved her fair inheritance better than the dark-eyed heiress. Perhaps he did love her the better for it. What of that? She wanted his ancient name; he stood in need of a start in life. They both got the thing they wanted, and the bargain being struck, they were content to make the utmost of it. And it turned out well, as if, managed with common-

sense and common skill, such bargains are bound to do. They have grown almost fond of each other; and their neighbours, who married for love pure and simple, and have found out their mistake, look at them with envy, and uphold them as a model of conjugal happiness.

As for romance! Well, in these days it is an exploded fallacy, or at most abandoned to schoolgirls of the more foolish order, and housemaids with propensities for flashy and meretricious literature. Don Quixote would have in these days a worse time than ever of it!

And to escape such well-meant but futile coarseness, the wronged lover sinks back upon himself, and consumes in silent misery his lacerated heart. He is silent, for of what avail are words to him? He is a man, and could hope nothing from a breach of promise case. He will not have his friends insult him with their stupid sympathy, nor his foes and rivals exult over him; so he keeps silence, and because he says nothing, covering his skeleton bravely over with rose-petals, he believes his secret to be safely buried. He is wrong there; his whole life is bearing witness to his inward sorrow. For men's lives are not ineloquent, and his shallow cynicism and sceptical mistrust are only too unerring indicators of the inner wound.

It is a woman who has done this—the woman in whom he trusted! And though after a time he gets over it, he is never the same man; and he never trusts a second time as he trusted *her*. He has been hardened and soured by it; and in the years to come, his wife, who knows nothing of this little love affair and its cruel sequel, thinks him unfeeling because he checks so sternly the first love-symptoms in her darling boy. The dear boy has got it into his foolish head that he must marry that pretty, penniless, little governess or be 'wretched for life'; and she, who is his mother, and has had whole volumes of a like experience on her own part, of course sympathises, though she does think 'he might have looked a little higher'; but his father—their own

courtship ran so smoothly—knows nothing of such things; and the father smiles grimly and keeps silence, but—he has not forgotten.

There have been such cases, soul-tragedies which no man knoweth, and other tragedies less reticently guarded, and of a more disastrous result. But it is not men who suffer oftenest or most cruelly. It is women, with their finely strung organisation, their emotional nature, their excitable temperament, who endure most. Not the women who proclaim their wrongs before a world which gains a laugh from their love-letters and love-follies; but those who have been wooed by the soft flattery of word and glance to a depth of love of which the fickle wooer never dreamed. For is it not strange that a man incapable of love should be able so ardently to inspire it? But is it strange that the girl, with her outraged feelings and sense of inner degradation, the degradation of having loved so slight a thing, should seek some solace from a counter-vengeance, compelling all to suffer for the crime of one? For, woman-like, by his standard she measures all. He has been faithless to her; and if he, her heart's idol, could show himself so base, what must not the rest be? He has done this thing; and yet, false as he has proved, he is surely nobler than they are!

A thousand times his dark eyes have said: 'I love you!' A thousand times his lingering hand-clasp has been all-eloquent, and his musical voice has been more musical when he turned to her. A thousand times he has seemed about to say in spoken words what she knows already, yet he has not said it. But though he leaves her with the words unspoken, she has faith in him, and wholly trusts him, until her belief is rudely shaken by the cruel news of the brilliant marriage in prospect for him. Then her cheek pales, and she weeps secretly. Tennis has no longer a charm for her, and her friends remark on her altered looks, until the friend, of them all the most trusted, lets out some inkling of the bitter truth, and they whisper together how the poor girl had cared for him! How foolish of her! What reason had he given her to care so much? How wrong—how unmaidenly! What was he to her, that she should care for him? What was he? Alas, nothing! And, stung to some show of spirit, she nerves herself to a feint of mirthfulness, and laughs more loudly if less merrily than in the old days; and smiles coyly, and is false and friendly and capricious and enchanting all in one, eager after power, and unscrupulous in her use of it, from frozen misery rather than wanton heartlessness, reckless in her lamentable course. And in this way the coquette is formed!

Such a view may be open to the charge of sentiment, but even sentiment is true sometimes. It may be objected that no right-minded woman could act from so base a motive. Granted. But are all women, and lovable women, right-minded, any more than all men are leal and manly? We know that they are not.

We know that among the middle-aged and sober-minded an idea is prevalent that men-flirts are less culpable than girl-coquettes. *Prima facie*, there is plausibility in such a notion, since it proposes for woman a higher moral code, and, by

insinuation at least, endows her with a purer faith; but on closer view the position is untenable. Women are by nature more emotional than their stronger brothers, and in common justice at any rate, by way of apology and extenuation, a wider latitude in giving expression to such feelings ought to be accorded to them.

But we know that such is not the case. The weak young man with his would-be love affairs is at the worst looked upon with tolerant contempt; while the weak young woman with her studied coquetties is regarded with a universal disapproval. She is an unsatisfactory young lady; by all means let 'my sons' avoid her, and on no account permit 'my daughters' to come within the range of her contaminating influence. That is right enough; and yet 'my sons,' not being the very pink of manly perfection, have an unwise predilection for her; and 'my daughters,' for all they look so modest and speak of her as 'that dreadful creature,' secretly envy her, and, at a respectful distance, try to imitate her. But if there were no men-flirts, girl-flirts would be unknown.

Theoretically, men hold coquettes in detestation. Unfortunately in this work-a-day world, theory and practice are very often out of harmony, as we sometimes rise above our creeds, so sometimes we fall below them. It is men who sink most frequently below their cherished theory; for, though the fact may be disputed, it is the coquettes who absorb the lion-share of their admiration. We do not speak here of the old campaigners who have had their fling, and have outgrown the piquant charms of girlish wiles, but of the young men who have still to learn by dire experience that the thralldom of two blue eyes may be a cruel thralldom, and *la belle dame sans merci* a fickle mistress. They may not love these capricious flirts with the best love of which they are capable; they may not respect them; but they like them and admire them, and talk to them, and flirt with them, and seem to love them.

Is such an admiration worth the having? Perhaps not. But a woman's nature, which craves love so intensely, if the real thing be denied her, finds some solace in its brilliant semblance. Paste diamonds will sometimes serve the purpose of the pure gem. The homage and admiration of the many cannot atone to her for a lost love, but to some degree they will bring alleviation. A crust is better than no bread.

To some men, notoriety is so necessary, that they would rather be notorious by evil-doing than languish in obscurity, mediocre and unknown. By women, who are too often vain and self-conscious, admiration, which is love's counterfeit, is unduly prized. They have missed the reality; but while they clutch the shadow, it is possible to deceive others as to their real loss; for here truth and falsehood are so deftly mingled, that dreams will pass for realities, and realities for dreams. It is something to know one's self enviable, if enviable only by reputation. Such misplaced envy can scarcely fail to fill them with scorn and wonder and secret bitterness; and yet, because human magnetism is so potent, they are tempted to fancy that after all there is something in it. And if the young men of their acquaintance, young men who are for the

most part cynical or frivolous, prefer paste jewels, who can blame them that, instead of striving to be sterling diamonds, in loftiest aim they scarcely soar beyond a polished imitation?

Naturally, men turn to women for the chief pleasure of their leisure hours, looking to them to soothe and soften and to render pleasant a thorny way; but it is not to the women who have chosen to become their rivals that they care to turn. Such women may instruct, but our gilded youth do not wish to be instructed. What they desire is to be entertained; and here the fair coquette will serve their purpose. The woman who has made it her cue to please is never dull; her highest aim is to give pleasure, and because she is content to spare neither time nor pains, she will succeed. Consequently, of these two classes, there is no doubt which is the more pleasing to creation's lords. The generality of men—there are of course many honourable exceptions—are of strong prejudice, almost amounting to a frenzy, against learned women. They feel that their domain to be invaded; their oldest and most cherished principles to be violated; and they are too valiant to acknowledge awe, though the comfortable suspicion that they may be so-called is called upon to vindicate their superiority, is displeasing to them. Their cause is good, and they have no fear for their inherited laurels; but long inaction has made them indolent, and ease is a pleasant thing, and they would rather go on in the good old way, as in the good old days. It is hard, after generations of undisputed sovereignty, that a fight for it should be remotely possible. Women, say the so-called lords, are very charming—in their place, if only they would know that place, and—keep it.

To such men, and emphatically they are many, the vainest, foolishlest coquette is in comparison a household deity. Be it reasonable or not, such feelings are not unnatural. There is something ignominious in the thought of being superseded, and by a woman.

The 'fair girl graduates' have their own triumphs—triumphs neither few nor insignificant; but over the lives of men their triumphs have not extended. In the drawing-room, the despised coquette is queen-regnant, and there the pale student, the class-room's glory, is simply nowhere. The coquette knows her power and revels in it. In self-defence, the exercise of such a power has been thrust upon her. She is not—or was not always—heartless. She knows—who better?—that this light trifling is ignoble. It is not the life she would have chosen had the choice been given her; but there is magic in it. The sense of sway is delightful to her; the sweets of adulation, like a subtle poison, intoxicate their victim with a transient rapture; and she knows that while she is young and has health and gaiety she can hold her own. And afterwards? But why dream of the stormy morrow? To-day is fair. Why trouble as to what the end may be?

In the meantime, she will laugh and flirt, and be fitful and charming, vivacious, dreamy, cruel, kind; she will attract and repel, draw hearts to her, whose homage her own levity will quickly alienate; she will be wondered at, censured, admired, and perchance loved; but until the sun shall dawn on that unknown country where men

are constant, leal, and true, the land where unobtrusive kindness is dearer to them than feigned flatteries and bewitching arts—she will be a coquette!

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER VII.—AN INSULT.

GABRIEL eagerly caught the arm of Mr Cornelis, and passing his hand through it, suffered himself to be led away from the gate through the winding drive to the house. He did not look back to see the woman and children; his shuffling feet moved hastily, and his arm and head were jerked forward spasmodically, indicating eagerness to get away from an interview that had distressed him.

Mr Cornelis helped him up the steps and in at his door, and almost led the way to the library, a snug little room, where, indeed, were a few books, but where very little study was done.

Gabriel let himself down into his easy-chair with a groan, and held out his stick to Cornelis, who took it and put it on a rack where Gotham kept an array of hunting-whips and walking-sticks and fishing-rods. The wretched creature was full of small vanities. He liked to deceive himself and others into the belief that he was a strong athletic man, only deterred from showing his powers by his nervous malady. He talked as if he hunted and shot and fished; but he did none of these things—he never had. He had long given up boating, because the damp and cold on the water brought on neuralgia; and he rarely mounted his horse, because he was too weak to endure the jolting. He had his top-boots, his corduroys, and scarlet coat; but he never wore them except once, to be painted in them. He had a sailor's blue jersey, a complete boating costume, which he put on occasionally, but wore it about the house and grounds, not on the sea. His gun was never discharged, not even at sparrows and starlings, because the noise so near his ear shocked his highly strung and irritable nerves.

He was made up of pretence. Now he was playing with a new assumption, and Justin Cornelis helped to amuse him with it, and flatter him into belief that there was reality in it. This new assumption was that he was going to contest the county at the next general election. He never asked himself whether he seriously contemplated the expense and effort; he amused himself with talking about the campaign, making sketches of electioneering addresses, and drawing up lists of voters who must be canvassed. So little in earnest was Mr Gotham that he had not decided on his politics; he rather thought of standing as an Independent candidate, but whether the shade was to be Liberal Conservative or Conservative Liberal remained undetermined.

Justin Cornelis humoured and flattered him in all his pretences, affected to regard them as serious, and obtained great influence over him accordingly. He never laughed at Gotham, who

was sensitive to ridicule, having a lurking consciousness of his inability to do those things to which he pretended. He was incapable of judging for himself, and felt about him for some one stronger than himself to whom he could appeal, and on whom devolve irksome and perplexing duties.

The management of his property was beyond his abilities, and he was jealous and suspicious of every solicitor and agent whom he employed. He had no power of concentrating his attention for long on any subject, or of supervising accounts, or considering the nature of the leases and agreements he was required to sign. He invited Mr Cornellis, as a disinterested person, to assist him, and soon delegated everything he could delegate to him, to save himself the trouble of going into the matter. He had himself thrust his neighbour into the position of unpaid agent for his property, which consisted not only of the manor of Hanford, but of houses in London, and investments in various securities foreign and domestic. His uncle had been a shrewd business man, so also had been his father, and till the death of the latter, Gabriel had allowed Mr Giles to manage his money matters for him, satisfied so long as he had enough to spend; but after the death of his father, he had put his affairs in several hands, changing out of suspicion that he was being defrauded, and invariably being most apprehensive of dishonesty in the more upright men, because they were straightforward and did not flatter him.

With his usual inherent meanness, he played a part with Cornellis. He was related to Justin Cornellis, whose mother had been a Gotham; and it was partly for his wife's health, and chiefly to be near a man of means to the reversion of whose estate he might lay claim, that Cornellis had settled at Hanford. Mr Gabriel Gotham encouraged Mr Cornellis to think that he would inherit the property after his, Gabriel's, death—without, however, having really so by will disposed of his property. By holding out this hope before Cornellis, he secured his fidelity and obtained his services.

But Gabriel Gotham was only an extreme instance of that shallow pretence which cloaks the life of every one of us who moves in society. Our very waistcoats are a pretence: they assume to be all cloth, and are only cloth on the front that shows; they are calico behind. And so is it with our manners, our conversation: it is all only half what it pretends to be; the cloth does not go the whole way round the heart. We have smiles and a squeeze of the hand for an acquaintance—a front of cordiality, a back of indifference. We are liberal in opinion, generous in action, frank in demeanour, sympathetic in intercourse; but the backing is all narrowness, meanness, closeness, and selfishness. The writer once thus addressed a little boy: 'Why, Fred, what an extraordinary fit your nether garments are!'—'Yes, sir,' answered Fred; 'they are reversible. When I've sat out one side, I turn 'em about and sit out the other.' Which of us dare reverse our moral garment, that has only one face good? Which of us dare expose the calico and hide the cloth? Yet let the moralist growl: there is merit in pretence. The world

would be an unendurable world were it not for the painted screens, and the disguises which conceal its uglinesses, its waste and lumber. What pleasure should we reap from social intercourse, were our acquaintances to tell us exactly what they thought of us? Do they not exercise self-restraint in hiding from us that we bore them? Why should the worst side be thrust to the fore? Every picture has two sides, every flower has an ugly sordid root. We show the blossom of life to our neighbours, but do not thrust the root into their faces. The man who blurts out all his mind, and the woman who despises conventionalities, are shunned—they are agreeable to no one, not even to themselves. To a meal belong empty wine-bottles, potato parings, cabbage stalks, old bones, and fag-ends of gristle, together with cinders and dust from the kitchen fire; but also very good wine and toothsome dishes. The ash-heap and the pig-pail get the first, and we the rest. We are not swine, to be given the refuse; nor scavengers, to carry off the dust. Life is a milk-pan; and to it belong cream and sediment: we exhibit the cream, and cast away the sediment; we retain the thin skimmed milk for our private consumption. Then, not a word against pretence! It invests life with grace; it saves it from becoming material. Without it, life is not worth having.

There is even heroic virtue in pretence. It is generous, it is unselfish. We offer the best to others; we keep the thin and poor for ourselves. Our neighbours know that what we offer is superficial; but they are superficial likewise, and give us back in return their best—hearty welcome, smiles, cheerful conversation—in a word, they give us all their cream. When our faces have vanished, they sit down to sup 'sky-blue.' The fire blazes in the drawing-room for the visitor; but the lady shivers at her needlework in her fireless room up-stairs. The visitor enjoys the warmth for ten minutes; she endures the cold the long day, because the coal-bill is too heavy to allow of a second fire. The visitor has hot mutton; when he is gone, the family eats the cold remains. The visitor has the silver candlestick, and every one else a benzoline lamp. For the guest, the best Worcester or Swansea service is produced; when he is gone, it is put away, and the household dines off very cheap chipped ware. The guest, if very young and green, goes away impressed with the comfortable circumstances of his late host.

Then, I say again, not a word against pretence; it is one of the first of human virtues.

There are pretences and pretences. Mr Gabriel Gotham was contemptible because his pretences profited no one; not because they were in themselves pretence. We are selfish in our estimate of pretence. We condone, even applaud that which conduces to our own comfort, and blame and deprecate that out of which we reap no advantage.

'So, they have been here sponging,' said Mr Cornellis. 'I knew it would be so. But the old woman did not know her man. She thought you soft, weak, easily moved by the tale of misery. The whole thing was cleverly got up, a theatrical effect—the baby, the twins. But you see through those sort of things. Not so soft as supposed, eh, Gabriel?'

'Mrs Cable thought her son was drowned, and was in distress about the children.'

'O yes—of course. Yet the bells are ringing for the return of Richard. She knew he was safe; but she wanted to wrest a promise of help from you before the news reached you. It was ingenious, but not honest. With another man, it might have succeeded, but not with you.'

'No,' said Gabriel dispiritedly; 'perhaps not with me. She said I was weak. Indeed, she was not polite.'

'Tried the domineering dodge, did she?' said Cornellis. 'Had no consideration for your nerves?'

'None in the least,' answered Gabriel. 'What I have suffered is more than words can describe.—I will ring the bell. I must have some Chartreuse; I am so shaken, so overcome by the scene. It was very distressing to me.—You will have some of the liqueur also. I feel as if I should sink if I did not take some; and all my nerves are in a quiver.'

'If she comes again, send her to me.'

'I will do so, Cornellis; I cannot endure another interview.'

'You have made no promise.'

'I—I only said that if the children were really left orphans, I would consider what was to be done. I would not let them starve; but I made the condition that nothing was to transpire; and I thought it would be wise for me to manage the matter through you, so that no suspicion might attach to me, and because I really am not equal to the fatigue and excitement. Bessie is a very alarming woman, so impulsive, threatening.'

'That is like you, ever cautious and prudent. Ah! what a man you are!' exclaimed Cornellis; 'always ready at an emergency. And with those shattered nerves too! If I did not see it, it would seem incredible.'

The Chartreuse was brought in. Gabriel's hand shook so that he was unable to fill the liqueur glasses; therefore Mr Cornellis helped his friend and himself. As he was sipping his Chartreuse, he laughed, and put down the glass.

'What is it?' asked Gotham, with a suspicious twitch in his mouth. He disliked to hear laughter; he thought that he was the object of derision.

'I was thinking of the condition of those Cables,' said the ex-missionary. 'Supposing they carried their point, and all the seven little brats became heiresses of your estate, what a scramble there would be among the ragtag of the place for them! What airs the young misses would give themselves! How they would flout about in fine feathers and silks, and brag of their grandfather, talking in their broad vulgar Essex dialect, so close akin to Cockney, of wessels and winegar and violets.'

'Very funny,' sniggered Gotham. 'But they have not got my property yet.'

'And never will,' said Cornellis. 'If you wanted to send them to the bad, you could not better insure their ruin. They make respectable mudlarks. Dress them in peacock plumes, and they become vulgar fowl.'

'They are pretty,' said Gotham.

'As children. But with that class, good looks disappear early. Good looks associated with bad

manners, dirty nails, fine clothes, and dropped *h's*, make a hideous muddle.'

'I suppose you are right,' said Gabriel with a sigh. He thought of the little hand closed about his finger, and the warm sense that stole from it up his arm to his heart. 'Poor little things. They have my blood in them—that accounts for their good looks.'

'But how diluted with ditch-water! If Richard had married some one of a superior class, there might have been improvement; but as it is, the deterioration is irretrievable.'

'You know what I have done, Justin,' said Mr Gotham, after a pause.—'Give me another glass of Chartreuse; I spilled half the last, my hand shakes so.'

'I beg your pardon. What have you done?'

'You know what I have done. I could not manage in any other way to keep my memory clear of reproach and to save my conscience. I have left everything to you, and you have my secret instructions. Should Richard be ever in want of money, you will let him have it; and the little girls must not be allowed to need. You will manage all that for me. I am a poor frail creature, and may drop off any day.'

'Not a bit—not a bit. You have to become an M.P. yet, squire. It will do you good to contest an election. By Jove! I would not be the man to stand against you, known as you are, and respected in the county, and generally beloved.'

'I am respected, I believe.'

'And loved. Every one sympathises with your infirmities.'

'They are temporary. I may look to a time when I shall be able to go out after the hounds, and speak and take my place in the House without being subject to these neuralgic attacks.'

'Certainly you may. I believe they have been brought on by worry. This wretched affair of the Cable woman has tormented you for years.'

'For near on forty years,' said Gotham.

'You have felt that something must be done, and yet you could not, with respect for yourself, your name, and position, in any way countenance a claim. Now you have, with your usual sagacity, hit on a mode of extrication out of the dilemma. Rely on me. I am a plain, straightforward man, and I will execute your wishes with fidelity, should the time come when I am called on to do so; but'—Cornellis laughed. 'By Jove! Gotham, which is the most likely to outlive the other? I have been battered about in the East and in Africa, and have had fevers and privations; whilst you—you tough old fox-hunting squire, lapped in luxury, have a constitution like heart of oak, only temporarily troubled by neuralgia—all brought about by external worry—produced by that insinuating woman. Don't tell me the contrary—she ran away with you. She was half-a-dozen years older than yourself.'

'Only two.'

'A woman ripens before a man in wits as in everything else. She drew you on—it was a plant; and uncommonly lucky you were to get out of your difficulty as you did. I am not sure—you clever dog—that you had not prepared the loophole beforehand.'

'On my honour, it was not so.'

'In love, as in war, all is fair,' said Cornellis. 'In this little game, the play was first-rate. It was checkmate after the first two moves.'

Mr Gotham held out his glass for more liqueur. 'As Richard has returned, it is possible that Josephine may not be lost,' he said, as Mr Cornellis poured out the Chartreuse.

'She is not lost; she has come home.'

'What—Josephine! How did she escape?'

'In a somewhat singular manner. She was blown out to sea, and picked up by the lightship, which also lost its moorings, and was wrecked on a sandbank.'

'What—Richard and Josephine?'

'Yes, Cable was in the vessel.'

'But not the boy. I heard he had come ashore before the gale, so that Richard was alone in the boat.'

'No, the boy was not there.'

'Only Richard and Josephine. That was quite romantic—Paul and Virginia.'

Mr Cornellis bit his lip. 'Excuse me, Gabriel; I do not like this joke. You are clever and witty, but my daughter must not be made a subject of your satire.'

'Ah! Cornellis,' said Gabriel with a sigh, 'that was a pity, that marriage of Richard's. If he had but looked above him! If, for instance, he could have aspired to your Josephine.'

'He would not have had her,' said Cornellis.

'Why not? I could then, perhaps, have done something for him through you.'

'I would not have suffered it.' The ex-missionary for a moment lost his temper. 'I could not allow my daughter to marry a common sailor, and one who is without a father.'

Gabriel fidgeted in his chair, with his elbows on the arms of the seat, and spilt his Chartreuse down his waistcoat. 'I was but supposing a case,' he said—'supposing it for my own convenience. If I had particularly wished it, Justin, perhaps you would have yielded. The fellow has good blood in his veins, you know, though the world does not know it.'

'Exactly—the world does not; and we must consider the opinion of the world. A man may have the blood of a peer; but if he is not in Debrett, he is a commoner to me.—Let us change the subject, Gabriel. Let us go over together the list of the voters.'

'Not now, Justin; I cannot attend to business. Do you not see how white, how twitching my poor cheek is? There is a nerve which reaches from the brain down the whole side of the system to the small toe—that nerve is just as though pulled and twisted and nipped with pincers. I am in indescribable pain. I cannot remain here any longer. You will allow me to go upstairs; I must have recourse to my drops for relief.—Take some more Chartreuse. There is noyan, if you prefer it, or absinth. You will not be offended if I leave you. I have been overwrought. I shall not be in a condition to see you till to-morrow afternoon; I must have complete rest after the trials and exertions of to-day.' He shuffled to the door.

Cornellis did not remain after Gotham retired. He was angered out of his usual equanimity; the suggestion made by the wretched man had stung him like an insult. 'That he should dare

—should dare to think of such a thing!' he muttered as he walked back to Rose Cottage. 'My Josephine and his'—He clenched his fist, and did not complete his sentence.

ECONOMY AT THE COLONIES.

THE welfare of our 'kin beyond the sea' is in many ways so intimately connected with the interests of the mother-country, that any indication of their prosperity and happiness must be hailed with sincere satisfaction. It may be well, therefore, to refer at the present time to a highly significant indication of the very decided and substantial progress which our colonies generally have made within the past few years. This is in no way more pointedly shown than in the very considerable money accumulations which many thousands of our countrymen now resident in the colonies have at their credit in the savings-banks recently established there. And no happier 'sign of the times' could surely be pointed to than the continued increase in the number of such excellent agencies throughout the United Kingdom, or indeed in any country where an increase occurs. But with such a great future before our vast colonial possessions, it is a fact of especially happy omen that, in a comparatively brief period of time, the ingrafting, not a day too soon, of our well-known and appreciated savings-bank system on almost every section of the colonies, should already bid fair to surpass, in results actually accomplished, anything of the kind that has been done at home.

According to the latest official returns on the subject, the accumulated results of an average of fully fifty years' operations of the two systems of savings-banks in vogue in this country may be approximated at about, in round numbers, a hundred millions sterling, representing something like five million depositors. With the population approaching thirty-seven millions, the proportion of money saved by means of these banks does not indeed seem unduly large; but it is well at the same time to remember that not a few other attractive agencies now compete with the savings-banks for a share of the savings of the working-classes, who are of course their best patrons. As a matter of fact, numerous Friendly, Co-operative, and Building Societies annually receive a very considerable sum of money from the classes referred to; and it would seem to indicate that the wage-earning, or rather the wage-saving classes of this country are not a whit less prudent than the wealthier portion of the community with respect to the adoption of the well-known adage about having 'too many eggs in one basket.' Considering, therefore, the very brief career of our colonies, and having regard also to the many peculiar difficulties and disadvantages that stand, or may be thought to stand, in the way of their making a combined effort after their general independence, and burdened, too, with such a heterogeneous mass of people, gathered for the most part from the four quarters of the globe, to be instructed in the principles involved, it is truly gratifying to note the real and substantial progress they have made in the direction indicated by means of the savings-banks during the past ten or twelve years.

The great colony, or rather group of colonies, of Australasia naturally commands first attention, both on account of the importance and extent of our connective interest in its material welfare, and likewise because of the fact that the credit of having attained up to the present time the highest figure in colonial savings-banks is due to antipodean depositors. Of the seven colonies comprising Australasia, Victoria takes the lead by a far way in the number of depositors and also in the amount at their credit. The last returns give the former at 137,093 and the amount at £2,818,435—or an average of about £20 to each depositor. The colony of New South Wales comes next with 66,604 investors, holding £2,805,856—or £42 apiece, the highest average of all. New Zealand follows with 69,966, or between three and four thousand depositors more than New South Wales, but with only £1,687,738 at their credit—or £24 apiece. The widely scattered nature of the districts, or centres, of population which characterises New Zealand will probably account for this in some degree, besides the fact that the other class of banks have more numerous agencies there than in any other division of the colony. Next to New Zealand comes South Australia, which figures, all things considered, very creditably in the account, having 46,338 depositors, with the sum of £1,500,249—or £32 to each. Queensland stands fifth on this list; there, no fewer than 26,642 persons own savings-bank accounts, representing a total sum of £1,086,685—thus giving the very high average, second to that of New South Wales, of £40 to each depositor. Tasmania and Western Australia follow in the order named, the former having 17,231 depositors, owning £380,343; and the latter 1904 depositors, with the creditable sum of £24,838. The total for the seven Australasian colonies thus shows the very gratifying result that there are as many as 365,828 depositors in the General and the Post-office Savings-banks established there, and doing splendid work, who have accumulated an average sum of £28 apiece, or altogether £10,304,144 sterling. In 1881, the census of this great colony gave 2,833,608 as the population, exclusive, however, of that of the Fiji or Friendly Islands. The above sum in the savings-banks gives, therefore, the average of £3, 12s. 8d. per head, which is thus considerably more than the average per head of the population in the same banks in this country. It must not, however, be assumed that the working-classes of the colonies, any more than those at home, practise thrift exclusively by means of savings-bank agency; such an agency no doubt receives by far the largest share of their saved earnings; but it by no means receives it all. Investments in land, in house-property, &c. are, it is stated, extensively patronised by a large section of the classes in question; the former by small capitalists in the more outlying districts, and the latter by those resident in the large towns and cities, where it is very desirable to own property of the kind. For instance, it is stated—and the fact was quoted by the late Postmaster-general—that 'no fewer than three-fourths of the mechanics of the city of Melbourne own the houses they live in.'

In Canada also, a highly satisfactory state of matters with respect to the efforts of the working-

classes throughout the Dominion to save money, is to be recorded; there, too, the Post-office savings-banks are making rapid progress, having already received a very flattering amount of patronage, in spite of the many other competitors longer established in the field. On the 30th of June 1884, there were 66,632 depositors in Canadian savings-banks, possessing altogether the handsome sum of 13,245,552 dollars, or £2,649,110 sterling.

Here, then, we have at a glance an exceedingly happy and certain indication of colonial prosperity, which it would surely be unwise and ungenerous to ignore. For if, in the very brief time since the opportunity was first afforded them, the great working-class population of the colonies, representing three-fourths of the whole, have made, in spite of much uphill work and real hardship, such genuine material progress as is evidenced by their praiseworthy thrift-accumulations in the savings-banks, what results may they not achieve in, say, the next generation! In the meantime, they deserve every encouragement which it is possible for the government to give them in extending and perfecting, where the same is necessary, a system which seems already, as the foregoing references make very evident, to have received and maintained a very large share of their support and confidence.

THE BUSHFORD CASE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. II.—BACK FROM THE BALTIC.

It is not my intention to describe our cruise, that having nothing to do with my story; suffice it to say that it was a most enjoyable one. We had lovely weather, with enough stiff breezes to blow all the dust of the law out of me.

It was at Copenhagen that I received the following letter from my uncle:

MY DEAR HARRY—I have been to London, and have seen Ernest. What I had heard of him was but too true. He did not deny it. I am thankful that he has not lost that respect for the truth which I always so earnestly endeavoured to instil into all your hearts. Had he done so, I should have had but little hope of saving him from ruin; as it is, I trust that he is fully impressed with the knowledge of the danger of the course of life that he was pursuing, as well as its sinfulness, and that he has the strength of mind to abandon it for ever. He had contracted some debts, and these I have paid; or, rather, have furnished him with sufficient money to pay them, for I would not let him think that I had lost all trust in his honour. I placed before him, in the most forcible language at my command, the consequences of the vicious pleasures in which he had been indulging, if they were continued. I endeavoured to show him how he had been offending, not only against me, his sister, and Laura, but also against his Maker. I told him that the dear girls as yet were ignorant of his conduct; but that, if he did not change at once, I should inform them of it;

and then, I felt sure that Laura would cast him from her heart, as I should do from mine; and that he must look for no more pecuniary aid from me while I live, and no share in my little property when I die. I drew a vivid picture of what his fate must be both here and hereafter. I spoke strongly, but lovingly, and with that eloquence which always comes when speaking from the heart, and, heaven knows, I spoke from mine.

He seemed truly penitent, and vowed that he would never give me cause to speak to him in such a way again. I left him with the firm conviction of his sincerity, and with the fervent hope that his early training and the innate goodness of his heart, now that the enormity of his sin has been brought home to his understanding, will enable him to resist temptation for the future.

I trust that we shall never have to recur to this painful subject.

Not having told the girls that I am writing to you, I can give you no messages from them, but I think you will receive a letter from Amy at the same time as you receive this.

Wishing you every enjoyment from your cruise, and praying that God may ever bless you, I remain, my dear boy, your affectionate uncle,

NICHOLAS BLAINE.

As my uncle had said, Amy wrote to me by the same post, and there was also a letter from my mother, but neither of these epistles contained anything that I need transcribe here. All three letters had been written about a fortnight after my departure from Bushford.

Our course, after leaving Copenhagen, not having been previously decided on, I heard no more from home until I landed in England, exactly seven weeks from the time when we started.

At the post-office of the town where we landed, I found another letter, in an envelope with a deep black border, addressed in my mother's handwriting. With a beating heart, I tore it open. It was headed 'Bushford Vicarage,' dated a fortnight back, and contained only these words:

MY DEAR BOY—Before receiving this, you will have doubtless read the fearful tidings in the newspapers. I need not tell you what trouble we are all in. Come to us at once.—Your loving mother,

EMMA DEVON.

Fearful tidings! What could my mother mean? I had read nothing. I had not seen a newspaper during the whole time I had been away. Why was she at the vicarage? The fearful tidings must relate to some one there. Was my uncle or one of the girls dead? or was it Ernest? For several minutes I stood in the post-office, holding the letter in my hand, lost in conjecture, and dreading I knew not what. Then I hastened to the nearest newspaper shop and bought a morning paper; but I could find nothing in it to solve the problem. One thing was certain: I must go to Bushford with all possible despatch. Consulting

a time-table, I found that a train left in half an hour. I had just time to return to Sir Robert and Bob, tell them the reason of my sudden departure, and reach the station as the first bell was ringing. I was hurrying along the platform, when, glancing towards the bookstall, the placards of the evening papers, just arrived, caught my eye: 'The Bushford Murder—Committal of the Prisoner.'

The guard's whistle was already sounding, but the boy heard me call. I jumped into an empty compartment, and he placed a paper in my hand as the train steamed out of the station. And now that I had the means of learning the truth, I dreaded the reading of it. For a minute or two I held the paper, fearing to open it. At length, I slowly unfolded it, and, as well as my agitation would permit, read as follows: 'This morning, Ernest Carlton was again brought before the magistrates, charged on remand with the murder of his uncle, the Rev. Nicholas Blaine, at Bushford Vicarage, during the night of the 17th of September last. The evidence having been completed at the previous examinations, the depositions were now read over and signed by the witnesses, and the prisoner formally committed for trial at the next assizes.'

The paper fell from my hand on to the floor of the carriage, and I sat for some time as it were stunned. My dear uncle murdered, and Ernest accused of being his assassin! I could not realise it! It seemed as if I must wake presently and find it all a dream.

I picked up the newspaper and read the paragraph again slowly and deliberately; and then the conviction came to me that it was but too true! My uncle dead—murdered! That dear old man, whom I had left but seven weeks back in the full enjoyment of health and strength! That good and true servant of his Maker, who had never wronged a fellow-creature in his life, murdered! Ernest his murderer? No!—a thousand times—no! Whatever his faults, follies, or even vices, he was utterly incapable of that! What chain of circumstantial evidence could have fixed the deed on him? The paper gave me no clue. It was useless to conjecture: there was nothing for it but to wait.

The train was an express, and yet how slowly it appeared to move: it seemed as if I could have walked faster. The very fact of sitting still gave me the idea that I was wasting time. I got up, and walked backwards and forwards from one end of the compartment to the other; but my agitation increased as we neared Bushford. At last the train drew up at the station. The stationmaster recognised me as I sprang out on to the platform. I might have learned the full particulars from him, but I could not speak of it to a comparative stranger now; so, taking my small portmanteau in my hand, I set off to walk to the vicarage. There were vehicles waiting in the station-yard; but in my present state of mind, I felt that I must exert myself—I must be *doing* something.

There were some lanes round the outskirts of the town by which I could reach the vicarage without passing through the main streets; and although it was a little farther, I went that way in order to avoid meeting any of the townspeople whom I knew. At length I came

in sight of the old house. I almost expected to see something different about it—something to indicate the dreadful deed that had been done there. But no; there was nothing: the blinds were not even drawn down. Of course not. I might have known it: the funeral must have taken place a week ago.

My mother and the girls saw me open the gate, and came out to meet me. What a contrast to our last meeting! Amy threw herself into my arms, sobbing bitterly. Laura did not weep, but there was a fixed look of agony in her face and eyes that was even more painful to see than Amy's violent grief. My mother grasped my hand and kissed me in silence, while the tears trickled down her face. My own eyes were far from dry, though, for their sakes, I restrained the evidence of my sorrow so far as I could. Not one of us spoke until we had entered the house and became somewhat calmer. Then I ventured to ask for the particulars of my poor uncle's death, telling them how little I already knew. Amy's tears burst out afresh; and I begged her and Laura to retire for a while, leaving my mother to tell me all. This they were persuaded to do, and I then learned the following particulars.

Ernest suddenly arrived at the vicarage on the morning of the 17th of September, and had a private interview with my uncle. The old gardener, who was at work near the open window of the room in which they were conversing, heard some high words pass between them, though he could not distinguish their purport, except that he heard the words 'my will' mentioned. Soon after, Ernest left the house, evidently much ruffled in temper.

That night, when the household retired to rest, the vicar was left writing in his study, the last persons who saw him being Amy and Laura. In the morning, the housemaid, on entering the room for the purpose of opening the shutters, found my poor uncle leaning back in his easy-chair, at his feet a pool of blood, which had flowed from a wound in his breast. He was quite dead and cold. The window was closed, but unfastened, and outside there were marks of a man's footsteps.

The local police were at once communicated with; but they could discover no clue to the murderer. A London detective was then sent for, and he arrived at the vicarage during the afternoon. Commencing with the footsteps in the garden, he possessed himself of evidence which appeared to bring the deed clearly home to Ernest, who was arrested the same evening, and who gave no explanation of the circumstances that seemed to fix the guilt on him, simply contenting himself with declaring his innocence. He had positively refused to see any of his relations or friends, and had also declined to employ a solicitor, saying that he would receive no legal assistance except from me. It was pointed out to him that the preliminary examinations before the magistrates, as well as the coroner's inquest, would in all probability be finished before my return. This, he said, was of no consequence, as he should offer no defence before the trial.

My mother attempted to give me a detailed account of all the evidence collected by the

detective; but the agitation of mind from which she had suffered, and from which, indeed, she was still suffering, prevented her from forming a clear idea of it; and therefore, I determined on seeing the man myself. One thing, I gathered from my mother's discourse—that Ernest's late course of life had become known, as well as my poor uncle's visit to him in London. I was therefore no longer silent as to my knowledge on this point.

I now expressed my intention of visiting my dear uncle's last resting-place. My mother offered to accompany me, but I preferred to go alone. There would be no difficulty in finding it, for he had, of course, been laid in the same grave with his wife. As I approached, I saw old Luke planting flowers on it. It was a sad welcome that he gave me.

'I little thought, Master Harry,' he said, 'that I should live to plant flowers on his grave. Him and me have often planted them together when it was hers only;' and he pointed with his trowel to my aunt's name on the headstone, while he drew the back of his other hand across his eyes.

'Luke,' I said, 'it is selfish in us to grieve for his loss, when we know that he has gone to join her. You must have often heard him say with what longing he looked forward to the time when he should do so.'

'Ay, ay, Master Harry,' Luke replied; 'that's true enough. I shouldn't 'a felt it so much if he'd died quietly in his bed, as she did, so that we could 'a said good-bye to him, and he could 'a spoke a last kind word to all of us; but to be cut off like that—all alone, and all in a minute'—

'But we must remember, Luke,' I returned, 'for how short a time he suffered pain, and how well prepared he was for sudden death. We must think how good he was, and'

'Good!' he interrupted; 'there ain't another so good a man left in the world; and I feel afeared sometimes, Master Harry, that I ain't good enough to meet him *there*.' He looked up into the sky, raising his hat reverently from his head.

I then referred to the murder. 'You don't believe that Ernest did it?' I asked.

'I hope not, Master Harry—I hope not,' he replied, 'for he was a good lad in the days gone by. But it looks very black agin him—very black indeed.'

I was returning to the house, when Laura met me, and, taking my arm, drew me towards a remote part of the burial-ground beyond the church. 'Harry,' she said, 'I want to speak to you about Ernest. It has added much to the intensity of my grief that he refuses to see me and Amy. Can you conjecture why?'

'I can form no idea, unless it be that he is ashamed to look you in the face, after his conduct of late.'

'You allude to the course of life he has been pursuing in London, I presume?'

'Yes.'

'I know but little,' she went on. 'Tell me all—that is, all that is fit for me to hear.'

'I am acquainted with nothing but what is written there,' I said, placing the letter I had received at Copenhagen in her hand.

After reading it slowly and carefully, Laura resumed: 'Something more must have happened subsequently. When Ernest had left the vicarage on that day, Uncle Nicholas told me that he was no longer worthy of my love, and that I must think of him no more. I asked for explanations; but the answer I received was: "Another time, my dear." That other time never came.'

'Then you have no idea of what passed between Ernest and his uncle at that last interview?'

'None whatever,' she answered; and then we walked on for a few minutes in silence.

Laura had hitherto conversed in her usual quiet manner; but when she spoke again, it was with an earnestness and passion such as I had never seen in her before. 'Harry,' she said, 'I should have obeyed my dear uncle to the uttermost extent of my power, though my heart had broken; for I know, loving me as he did, he would not have spoken so without sufficient reason; but now that Ernest is in this dreadful trouble, all is changed. Whatever follies—whatever wickedness he may have committed, I forgive him. Tell him this, Harry, and tell him that he has my undying love.'

'You do not think him guilty of?—'

'Think him guilty!' she exclaimed—'think him guilty of that, knowing his heart as I do! I *know* he is not!' Then suddenly resuming her wonted manner, she said: 'Let us go in.'

When we re-entered the house, we found my late uncle's solicitor, Mr Patnor, there. The will was in his possession. It had not been opened in consequence of my absence; and hearing of my arrival from some one who had seen me walking from the station, he had now come for the purpose of performing that duty.

Uncle Nicholas had inherited a large property from his father, and had also received a considerable amount with his wife. His charities had absorbed a portion of the principal in addition to what he had given out of his annual income, but there was still sufficient remaining to enable him to leave a handsome sum to each of us.

The will was dated some years back. It gave legacies to all his old servants; a thousand pounds to Laura; a like amount to my mother; and the remainder to be equally divided between Amy, Ernest, and myself. Amy's portion was left in trust till she married—Mr Patnor and myself being named as trustees, and also as executors. To all of us he left his blessing.

He had called on Mr Patnor in the afternoon of the day on which he met his death, and instructed him to add a codicil revoking his bequest to Ernest, and substituting a small legacy only, the reasons for this alteration being given. This codicil, however, was never executed. Mr Patnor had not even time to add it to the will before he heard of my uncle's death. The solicitor, having settled with me some necessary preliminaries as to proving the will, retired.

The agitation of my first meeting with my mother and cousins having somewhat subsided, I endeavoured for the remainder of the evening to lead the conversation into ordinary channels, and the subject which occupied the foremost place in our minds was not again mentioned, with the single exception that, when we parted

for the night, Amy, as she kissed me, again burst into tears, and sobbed out: 'O Harry, save Ernest, save Ernest!'

And so passed the day of my return.

SCOTTISH HUMOUR AND CHARACTER.

MINISTER AND BEADLE.

THE office of an English beadle is commonly allied to the duties attaching to a messenger or crier at court. A Scotch beadle, however, is invariably associated with the minister and the kirk. He is a home-grown product, a Scotch beadle, and is, as a rule, eminently characteristic and racy of the soil. In rural parishes, more especially, the kirk beadle is an indispensable adjunct or tailpiece of the minister, and is usually alluded to as 'the minister's man.' Next to the minister himself, the rural parish beadle is often, by force of individual character and position, the most conspicuous personage in the kirk, the precentor ranking third only by a good long way. As the handy confidant of the reverend gentleman in small and purely mundane matters, the minister and his man have conjointly furnished the ready humorist with endless situations of characteristic and amusing portraiture. In these humorous collisions, the beadle has generally the best of it. As a rule, our shrewd, long-headed, canny-going Scotch beadle, in common with the ruling elder—both of whom are privileged to see behind the scenes—has too often discovered in his grave spiritual superior many of those little weaknesses native to us all. As a result of this, the amalgam of humoristic story and anecdote, which sticks to the Scotch minister and his man like feathers to glue, is a healthy, relishable product of the soil, flavoured oftentimes with the driest of Scotch humour, and entirely denuded of objectionable hypocrisy and mean cringing to the 'cloth.'

The following story may be instanced in this connection, in which the beadle, by an ingenious exercise of sly humour, or *pauciness*, as it is termed north of the Border, fairly out-generals his parsimonious spiritual superior.

A parish minister in Stirlingshire, noted for his parsimonious habits, had his glebe land wholly cropped with corn upon one occasion. After the ingathering of harvest, news reached him that a considerable fall in prices was expected; and he ordered his serviceable 'man' John to get the corn thrashed and taken to market with all possible speed. Now, the beadle, having a well-founded hatred for his master's greed, set about his work in his ordinary style—a slow if sure process. John's style, however, did not on this occasion please the minister, who ordered him to get through with the task, even although he should get it done by candle-light.

'Weel, weel,' said the beadle; 'say nae mair aboot it; it'll be done, sir, e'en as ye desire.'

Next day, the minister, hearing the sound of the flail, entered the barn to see what progress

was being made with the work, when, to his astonishment and anger, he found his beadle 'flailing' away with might and main, and a candle burning brightly on each side of the thrashing-floor.

'What's this I see? What's the meaning of this?' demanded his master. 'Candles burning in broad daylight!'

'Oh, contain yersel', sir—contain yersel', replied John with provoking coolness. 'I'm daein' nae mair than ye bade me, for I'm daein' the job baith by daylight and by can'le-licht.'

The beadle, after being severely lectured on his extravagant conduct, was ordered to take the candles to the kitchen, and henceforth and at all times he was to be deprived of their use.

One night shortly after, a message came to the minister that one of his parishioners, who lived at a distance, was supposed to be dying, and was anxious to see him. John was despatched to saddle the horse; and his master set about equipping himself for the journey. He then stepped across to where John was waiting with the animal, and seizing the reins, was about to mount, when suddenly, seeing a pair of horns on the crest of his steed, he shouted: 'What in all the earth is this you have done, John?'

The beadle, comically peering in the darkness at the creature, exclaimed: 'I declare, sir, if I hav'na saddled the coo instead o' the horse, for the want o' can'le-licht!'

In olden times, the serviceable beadle was armed with a small wooden 'nob' or mallet, with which he was quietly commissioned to 'tap,' gently but firmly, the heads of careless sleepers in church during the sermon. An instance to hand is very amusing, and is not out of fair probability.

In the old town of Kilbarchan, which is celebrated in Scottish poetry as the birthplace of Habbie Simpson the piper and verse-maker of the clachan, once lived and preached a reverend original, whose pulpit ministrations were of the old-fashioned, hoddin-gray type, being humdrum, and innocent of all spirit-rousing eloquence and force. Like many of his clerical brethren, he was greatly annoyed every Sunday at the sight of several of his parishioners sleeping through the sermon. He was especially angry with Johnny Plane, the village joiner, who dropped off to sleep every Sunday afternoon simultaneously with the formal delivery of the text. Johnny had been 'touched' by the old beadle's mallet on several occasions, but only in a gentle though persuasive manner. At last, one day the minister, provoked beyond endurance at the sight of the joiner soundly asleep, lost his temper.

'Johnny Plane!' cried the reverend gentleman, stopping his discourse and eyeing the culprit severely, 'are ye really sleeping already, and me no half through with the first head?'

The joiner, easy man, was quite oblivious to things mundane, and noticed not the rebuke.

'Andra,' resumed the minister, addressing the beadle, and relapsing into informal Doric, 'gang round to the wast loft [west gallery] and rap up Johnny Plane. Gie the lazy loon a guid stiff rap on the heid—he deserves't.'

Round and up to the 'wast loft' the old-fashioned beadle goes, and reaching the somnolent parishioner, he rather smartly 'raps' him

on his bald head. Instantly, there was on the part of Johnny a sudden start-up, and between him and the worthy beadle a hot, under-breath bandying of words. Silence restored, the reverend gentleman proceeded with his sermon as if nothing unusual had occurred.

After sermon, Andra met the minister in the vestry, who at once made inquiry as to the 'words' he had had with Johnny in the gallery. But the beadle was reticent and uncommunicative on the matter, and would not be questioned as to the reception the joiner had given his salutary summons.

'Well, Andra,' at length said the reverend gentleman, 'I'll tell ye what; we must not be beaten in this matter; if the loon sleeps next Sunday during sermon, jist you gang up and rap him back to reason. It's a knock wi' some force in't the chiel wants, mind that, and spare not.'

'Deed no, sir,' was the beadle's canny reply. 'I'll no disturb him, sleepin' or waukin', for some weeks to come. He threatens to knock pew-bibles and hymn-books oot o' me, if I again daur to "rap" him atween this and Martinmas. If Johnny's to be kept frae sleepin', minister, ye maun just pit the force into yer sermon.'

Robbie Fairgrieve was sexton as well as kirk-beadle in the parish of Ancrum, Roxburghshire, and despite the solemn duties attaching to his vocation, was on the whole a genial man, about equally fond of a joke and a good dram. In fact, Robbie was afflicted with a chronic 'spark' in his throat, which was ill to quench, and was indeed never fairly extinguished during the fifty years he officiated as kirk beadle and sexton.

One day, the minister of the parish met Robbie coming home from a visit to Jedburgh fair much sooner than was expected, he (Robbie) having found the fair painfully *dry*, in the sense of an unprecedented absence of friendly drams. Curious to know the cause of the beadle's quick return, the minister inquired as to the reason of such correct conduct, since most of his fellow-parishioners would likely stay out the fair.

'O sir,' said Robbie, 'huz yins [us ones] wha are 'sponsible kirk-officers' (alluding to the minister and himself), 'should aye strive to be guid ensamples to the riff-raff o' the flock.'

The following bit of true Scotch humour may be classed in the same category as the preceding sketch, the witty impeachment once more coming from the lips of the minister's own beadle. The story is put down to the credit of the very learned Dr Macknight, one of the lights of the Scottish Church in his day. The doctor's beadle, or 'man in attendance,' seems to have possessed a keen sense of dry, pawky humour, and had judged the doctor's habit of writing and publishing learned Scriptural books as just so much waste of time.

'Is the worthy doctor at home?' asked a reverend caller at the manse one forenoon.

'Na, indeed, he is not,' promptly replied the beadle. 'He's awa like a chased hare to Edinburgh on a fell fuilish job.' (The learned doctor had just gone off to the printers with his laborious and erudite work, *The Harmony of the Four Gospels*.)

The caller was inquisitive; and on being further questioned as to what this 'fell fuilish'

job might be which so engaged his minister's attention, the witty beadle made answer: 'He's gane awa' to mak' four men agree wha never cast oot' (disagreed).

A MUTUAL MISUNDERSTANDING.

I AM one of the senior travellers for a well-known Birmingham house of business. Early in 1884, my engagements called me to the north of England, where, among other things, I was commissioned to get in several considerable sums of money which were owing to my employers. Money happened to be pretty plentiful; customers were compliant, and affairs turned out most satisfactorily; so it was with a light heart and heavy pocket that I got into the train at Newcastle and found myself speeding comfortably towards Carlisle. I had in my possession close upon seventeen hundred pounds, of which a large quantity was in gold and notes. Most of this I carried in a small but strong handbag, which I locked securely, and which no power on earth could have persuaded me voluntarily to lose sight of for a moment. By the time I reached Carlisle, the afternoon was pretty far advanced; and although my business there did not take very long, the early darkness of a February evening had already begun to set in when I found myself back at the Citadel Station with nearly two hours to wait for my train to Dumfries, where I intended staying that night. Having so much time to wait, I thought I would take a stroll in the streets and spend the time in looking around a bit, instead of hanging about the station and making the delay seem doubly long by doing nothing.

It was a bitterly cold evening, with a regular Cumberland east wind sweeping down from the slopes of the Brampton Fells, which was doubtless the reason why there were so few people about the streets. So I buttoned up tightly my long ulster, pulled my American 'squash' hat well over my ears, took my bag in my hand, and with a lighted cigar between my lips, commenced walking in the direction of the cathedral. On my way, I paused to admire the massive strength of the county jail, which frowned sternly down from its solid keep on my left hand as I set out from the station. I stood for two or three minutes, during which my cigar went out; so, moving on where I might be out of the wind, I stopped to relight it in the main gateway; an innocent action enough, but one destined to cause me no slight vexation of spirit before the evening was over. Having successfully accomplished this, I resumed my walk down English Street, through Castle Street, till I found myself outside the precincts of the cathedral. On trying the gate of the Abbey—this is the name given to the cathedral close—I found it locked. I shook it two or three times, but was obliged to give up the idea of getting inside. I was turning to retrace my steps, when I observed on the other side of the street a man who seemed to be watching my proceedings with intense interest. He was a square-built, sturdy-looking person, not too well dressed, and it seemed to me that he looked slightly disconcerted when I turned and noticed him. He quickly recovered himself,

however, and whistling in a nonchalant manner, commenced sauntering slowly in the opposite direction.

Ordinarily, I should have thought nothing of such a slight and insignificant incident; but the possession of a large sum of money on one's person in an unprotected condition imparts a wonderful stimulus to the imaginative faculties. I could not help quickening my pace, and my heart beat faster at the bare thought that perhaps I was being followed by a dangerous member of the criminal classes who had unlawful designs upon me. After proceeding a few yards, I looked round, and my uneasiness was not lessened to discover that the man had turned round too as soon as I had taken my eye off him, and was evidently keeping me well in sight. I was so alarmed by this discovery, that in my anxiety to dodge this spy upon my actions, I now did a most foolish thing. Instead of keeping straight on towards the principal street, I turned sharply round the first corner on the right, and hurried on as fast as I could without actually running. The narrow street I entered led to another, past a church, and into a low part of the town, where I had never been before, and which seemed to be quite deserted. But, walk as I would, I found it impossible to shake off this man, who seemed indeed, if anything, to be gaining on me.

I was now really alarmed. Here I was, in a strange town and in a low and solitary part of it, with a large sum of my employer's money in my possession, and a footpad at my heels; for I had no doubt now that the man was a thief, who had somehow got an inkling of my business in the town, and resolved to annex my valuable bag. What would I not now have given to catch sight of the shops of English Street, or to hear the measured footfall of one of our blue-coated guardians of the peace! Nearer and nearer sounded the footsteps of my pursuer. In despair, I decided to run for it, although my mind misgave me that such a step would only serve to confirm his presupposition that I was a prize worth capturing. Penniless persons have no need to run away from pickpockets. Still, I hoped I might have the luck to reach a main street, or at anyrate come in contact with some people whose presence would serve to avert the felonious design of which I stood in dread.

Off I started, the man after me, and ran as I never ran before. Flying round the first corner, I tore along as if the enemy of souls had been behind me. My honour, my situation, my money, perhaps my life, were at stake. Hampered though I was with heavy ulster and heavy bag, I could have given my ordinary self a long start, fear lending me wings. But before I had gone fifty yards up this new turning, what was my horror to discover that my last state was worse than my first; for I had blindly entered a *cul de sac*. I had in my haste, without noticing, turned up an alley, with nothing but dark and deserted factory premises on either side and a high wall in front. To proceed was impossible; to turn back meant to rush into the arms of the thief. No inhabited house near, not another individual in sight, everything in darkness, myself panting, and weak with excited dread, my situation did indeed seem desperate. How I upbraided myself for not having been content to stay quietly at

the station! How I cursed myself for leaving the peopled safety of the principal streets! Reflections of this sort, however, were speedily cut short by the advance of my pursuer in a threatening manner towards me. Grasping my precious bag firmly in one hand, I shortened my heavy stick with the other, so as to be ready for any emergency.

Coming close up to me, the first words the man said were: 'Open that bag.'

'Stand back,' I cried, 'or, by heaven, I'll floor you!'

'O no, you won't,' seizing my right arm with an iron grip. 'Come, show me the inside of that bag of yours.'

'Never!' I shouted, struggling violently, but vainly, to free my arm from the vice which all the while held it fast. I was as a child in his strong hands. I expected every moment to feel the bag wrenched away from me. Strange to say, however, he made no movement to seize it; on the contrary, while retaining a firm hold of me, he seemed by no means anxious to come to close quarters with it.

'Don't get excited, my Fenian, or you may drop that blessed thing here, and blow us both up, which would be no use to you, and decidedly disagreeable to me.'

'Fenian,' 'blessed thing,' 'blow us up'—why, what could such words mean? A light flashed across my mind and gladdened my soul. It was too ridiculous. I laughed aloud. I was suspected of being a dynamitard by this man, who was, after all, no more than an over-zealous detective, vigilantly carrying out the instructions for special watchfulness throughout the country which followed the dastardly outrages in London a few months before! But stay; was not this some wily artifice to throw me off my guard, some *chef-d'œuvre* of knavish wit, the device of an artist in his profession? This thought sobered me.

'Why, what—what do you suppose is in the bag?' I stammered.

'What is in the bag, indeed,' rejoined he with the air of one who was not going to be taken in by subterfuges. 'You come along with me to the police station; we'll soon see what's in the bag.'

'And who are you, that you talk of taking me to the police station?'

'I am a detective officer.'

'Show me your warrant,' I said, waxing bolder. 'I am an honest man of business, whom you have nearly run to death already. I can't afford to waste any more time; and I doubt now whether I shall be able to catch my train—through your officiousness.'

'So do I,' said he grimly; 'I doubt it very much.' He evidently wished it to be understood that he was not to be got over in that way.

'Come,' said he, 'if you are an honest man, you cannot object to prove to me the harmlessness of the contents of your bag.'

His request revived my former suspicion. I dared not risk this, with no evidence to the truth of the man's professions other than his own allegations.

'If you are an honest man,' I rejoined, 'you will produce your authority to make such an unheard-of request.'

'Very easily done,' said he roughly, as he commenced to drag me along. 'All your shifts and arguments are no use, Mr Fenian. Your sort take too much nabbing, to let you get the slip, once we've got you. Come on to the police station; I'll show you my authority soon enough for you.'

The cathedral clock chimed the half-hour. There was just twenty minutes to the time for the departure of my train. If I went to the police station, I knew I should lose it. This I was particularly anxious not to do. An idea struck me. I turned to my companion.

'Look here. If you merely want to satisfy yourself as to the innocence of my bag, that can be done just as well in the presence of some respectable inhabitant of the place as if you wasted my time, and made me lose my train through a vexatious pilgrimage to the police station. Besides, I am not anxious to be dragged there like a felon. I'll tell you what, if you will come with me to the railway station, I am willing there, in the presence of the station-master or some responsible official, to show you my bag. But open it here for your curiosity in this lonely spot, I will not.'

To this proposal he assented. Keeping tight hold of my arm, he soon piloted me to the station, where we were ushered into the station-master's private room. One of the head booking-clerks came and assured me of the worthy detective's identity, of which I was of course getting more and more convinced from the time he agreed to my proposal. Then, to fulfil my part of the compact, I unlocked my bag there in the office, and showed him its precious contents of bright gold and crisp bank-notes.

'Now you will understand,' I said with a smile, 'why I was reluctant to open this to a stranger in a dark street.'

'I humbly beg your pardon, sir, for my mistake,' said he, looking very crestfallen. 'But really, sir, when I saw you standing and examining the jail, and then trying to force the gates leading in to the cathedral, I thought I'd got hold of one of them abomination dynamitards. And begging your pardon, sir, but with that long ulster and soft hat and black bag, you looked the very picture of one of these here Irish Americans who do the mischief; and I'm bound to confess I mistook you for one, especially when you bolted down the slums and tried to get away. I apologise humbly for my mistake. But we're bound to look sharp.'

'Don't mention it, my friend. The mistake was mutual. I took you for a desperate thief.—Good-bye.' And the train steamed in to the platform, and in five minutes I was spinning along towards Dumfries.

PREHISTORIC ITEMS.

NOTHING is more interesting than to speculate upon the social condition of those rude progenitors of the human race whose history, until our own epoch, has lain shrouded in the night of Time. For the most part, all is mysterious and enigmatic concerning them; yet, owing to the researches of the archaeologist, the geologist, and last, but not least, the student of botany, we are enabled in some degree to penetrate the gloom. We

can tell with what implements they went a-hunting, with what material they made their clothes, and what food they ate. The botanist can even inform us how the prehistoric host adorned his little feast; the cates he offered his guests for grace rather than for need; the dessert he set before a wedding party, and the provender he placed before the no less joyous convivalists bidden to rejoice over the advent of a first-born! These archaic boards were not so scantily furnished as we might suppose. Foremost figured the time-honoured pear and apple; the homely fruits, so dear to schoolboys of all ages and all countries, we now know delighted the palates of children born ere recorded history began. The prehistoric area of the apple was chiefly in the region lying between Trebizond and Ghilan. The lake-dwellers of Lombardy, Savoy, and Switzerland made great use of apples. 'They always cut them lengthways, and preserved them dried as a provision for the winter,' writes Decandolle in his interesting work on the *Origin of Cultivated Plants*. Two varieties of apples seem to have been known to the lake-dwellers before they possessed metals. Whether they ever solved the problem that hopelessly puzzled George III., and got them into a dumpling, archaeology does not as yet inform us. The abundance of the fruit found in prehistoric stores would seem to indicate some kind of cultivation.

The pear is of less frequent occurrence, although it is found in the prehistoric dwellings of Switzerland and Italy, usually in a dried state and cut lengthways. Then, as now, therefore, the pear was a greater luxury than the apple. The abundance and variety of names testify to the very ancient existence of the latter from the Caspian Sea to the Atlantic. Philology comes largely to our aid in this interesting study. The more ancient and widely spread a plant, the more numerous its names.

But prehistoric diners-out possessed one of the best of all fruits, the grape. Seeds of the grape have been discovered in the lake-dwellings near Parma, dating from the age of Bronze; also in the prehistoric settlements of Lake Varese and of Switzerland. M. Decandolle, moreover, informs us that vine-leaves have been found in the tufa near Montpellier, where they were probably deposited before the historical epoch, also in the same formation in Provence. Whether they combined the two we know not, but it is quite probable that wine and walnuts delectated the palates of primitive feasters.

The walnut is of great antiquity. Walnut leaves have been found in the quaternary tufa of Provence, and a species of walnut in some of the Swiss lake-dwellings. The species possesses a Sanskrit name, a fact testifying to its early cultivation in India. The tree was introduced into China about 140 B.C.

Only one cherry-stone has been as yet found in any prehistoric settlement of Italy or Switzerland, nor is the antiquity of the stratum quite certain.

One of the most curious and suggestive discoveries in this field is that of the poppy. Were, then, these rude fishers and hunters troubled with carking cares, low spirits, and melancholia, as well as the worn-out brain-workers

and anxious bread-winners of the nineteenth century? Was there perhaps a Coleridge or a De Quincey among the Swiss lake-dwellers of the age of Stone, some dreamer hopelessly wedded to opium? The capsule of the poppy has been found in these primitive abodes; whilst its numerous names in the language of antiquity prove its ancient origin. Besides Sanskrit, Persian, and Arabic names, several exist in the Slav languages.

Tobacco-smoking in America was very common in ancient days, and pipes of wonderful workmanship have been discovered in the tombs of the Aztecs. The use of tobacco in Western nations, however, dates from the discovery of America, so that it is not to be taken into account here. When we come to vegetables, and what is generally summed up under the head of farinaceous food, we find that our lake-dwellers fared not so badly after all. In the age of Bronze, the ancient inhabitants of Switzerland and Italy had beans most probably served up with bacon; lentils also figured in the domestic bill of fare; very likely, the housewife concocted better lentil broth than many a mistress of genteel households nowadays. Nor were nursery puddings and invalid dishes wanting in those early days. The prehistoric cook had several varieties of wheat, millet—of which they made great use—oats, two varieties of six-rowed barley, besides other cereals. It is needless to insist on the interest and value of such facts and conclusions as these, arrived at with patient care and after unremitting investigations. Doubtless, archaeology and palæontology have many more revelations of a similar kind in store for us.

Before leaving a fascinating subject, let us mention one curious fact more. The great antiquity of the cultivation of flax is well known. The prehistoric inhabitants of the peat-mosses of Lagozza in Lombardy employed flax, the *Linum angustifolium*, though ignorant of the use of hemp and of metals. On the other side of the Alps, among the lake-dwellers of Switzerland, the same species of flax has been discovered, this perennial *Linum angustifolium*, now wild in southern alpine regions. Thus, before the arrival of the Aryans in Europe, before metals, even bronze, were known, before hemp and the domestic fowl were known also, civilisation had reached a certain development on both sides of the Alps. Folks wore linen; satisfied their hunger on beans and bacon; and cracked their nuts on high-days and holidays, much as they do nowadays.

DOMESTIC FIRE-EXTINGUISHERS.

AMONG civilised nations it is usual to make provision of some kind or other against the destruction of property by fire. In many large towns and cities, these provisions are as complete as science or experience can suggest. A staff of well-trained horses and men are maintained and kept in readiness at all times; fire-engines of the most approved forms can be turned into the streets in a few seconds ready for work; district stations are scattered all over the town; a lookout tower of some kind or other is usually provided; while not only are the several stations connected with each other electrically, but also fire-alarms are

situated at the corners of streets or other prominent places, at short distances from each other, connected electrically also with the district stations. By the aid of all these ingenious contrivances, a fire-engine can be brought to work on a fire very soon after the alarm is given, and often before much destruction is done. Small towns are content, or have to be content, on account of the expense, with the manual engine, which is not always ready when required, or if ready, is without the necessary supply of water to work it, and is, generally speaking, too late on the scene to be of any practical service. In villages, public institutions, and private houses, provision is rarely if ever made; and when a fire unfortunately occurs, the excitement is so great that everything of use seems to be in places where it is most difficult to be found. The buckets are nowhere within easy reach; the water apparently runs more slowly from the tap than usual; every movement is delayed, and all the while the fire is making rapid progress.

People in towns are better off in three respects than those in the provinces: first, they have greater facilities for insuring their properties; secondly, they do obtain the aid of the fire-engines; and thirdly, they have a supply of water in the house. But notwithstanding these advantages, it is generally felt, even in towns, that something more should be done; for, with fires, nothing is so serious as delay. A small jet of water will put out a fire while in its infancy; but ten thousand such jets would be ineffectual when the infant has developed into the dreaded giant. The tendency of modern teaching is to make such provision as can check the fire in its earliest stages; and what is required in this direction applies with more force to the provinces than the towns. There are three ways in which a fire may be checked before it becomes uncontrollable. One is, by providing each room with a flat cistern in the ceiling; the bottom of the cistern is perforated like a colander, but the perforations are closed by an alloy of low fusing-point. As soon as the temperature of the room rises above this fusing-point, the alloy drops away, the perforations reappear, and down falls the fine stream of water exactly in the place where it is most required. These cisterns were at one time largely used, but they are almost forgotten now. There are doubtless many objections to their use, especially in private houses; but they are certainly very suitable contrivances for the prevention of serious fires.

In America, most of the large stores and factories are supplied with steam for the working of machines. These places are at the same time usually provided with a steam-jet in each room, so that, should a fire originate in any one, the proper tap is turned, and a plentiful supply of steam directed on it checks with considerable certainty its further progress. Now, it has occurred to the writer that in towns in this country a similar method might be adopted. Given a water-supply to each house, and a cistern sufficiently elevated—on or near the roof at least—all that is required is to carry a small perforated pipe around and under the ceilings, and with a separate tap for each room. Should a fire break out in any particular room, the proper

tap could be turned on, and the fire would probably be subdued at once. The third method is a very simple, and may be made an inexpensive one. It consists in filling bottles or other convenient vessels with water or some other liquid, and placing them on racks in convenient places about the building. Most persons are familiar with the much advertised hand-grenades, so fashionable at the present time; and what is here suggested is an imitation of this system in an economic way. It is usually claimed that these hand-grenades are filled with some mysterious, highly efficient fire-extinguishing liquid; and judging from the high prices at which they are sold, it would not be unreasonable to expect some costly or difficult preparation. The following recipe produces a composition which is very effective: Common salt, 19.46; sal-ammoniac, 8.88; water, 71.66. Sal-ammoniac is about as cheap as common salt, so that the cost of the contents of each—say, one quart size—should be less than one penny. Sometimes the sal-ammoniac is altogether omitted without serious diminution of the efficiency. Our recommendation, therefore, is, that every householder, or proprietor of a large building, should provide his own fire-extinguishers. Ordinary beer-bottles are too thick, and resist fracture, even when thrown with force against wood; the flask, therefore, should be of thin glass. It is desirable that the flask when thrown with force against any object should fall to pieces. Ordinary corks will answer as stoppers. Then take twenty pounds of salt, ten pounds of crude sal-ammoniac, and dissolve in seventy pounds (seven gallons) of water; or take thirty pounds of salt and seventy pounds of water. Nearly fill your flasks with this liquid—call it a chemical fire-extinguishing compound or fluid, if you please—put them in convenient places all over the house or building, and your property will be secured as well as if the outlay were twelve times as great. Should a fire occur, break a bottle or several bottles over it, and the disaster will probably be averted.

When these contrivances are home-made, they cost but little, and they can in consequence be used more freely than if they are bought in the usual way. No large building should be without them, especially those buildings such as hotels, asylums, hospitals, &c., where people sleep in the upper stories, and where loss of or injury to life is possible; and had they not hitherto been sold at so high a price, it is almost certain that they would have become exceedingly popular.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SUBMARINE BOATING.

A SHORT while ago, an interesting account was published in the London newspapers of an experimental trip in a submarine boat at New York. The experiment ended with satisfactory results. The boat could be submerged or raised in the water at pleasure; it could be made to dive at any angle and to steer in any direction; it gambled in the water like a playful fish—now skimming swiftly along the surface, now diving beneath the keel of a passing steamer, and reappearing again where least expected, and to the

great astonishment of the surprised onlookers. It carried three passengers—the inventor, a newspaper correspondent, and an engineer. The heat developed by dissolving caustic soda in water was the motor power; and the steering apparatus consisted of peculiar-shaped fins, which were capable of being set at any angle, and so enabled the boat to be turned to the right or left, lowered or raised at the will of the engineer.

At the conclusion of the trip, a proposal or a suggestion was made to provide a similar boat on a somewhat larger scale for the purpose of carrying passengers between Dover and Calais, forty feet below the surface of the water, so as to insure complete immunity from sea-sickness.

It is not easy to understand why the Americans should be so solicitous for the convenience of the French and English as to desire to supply them with such a method of conveyance before it has passed out of the experimental stage. Our mania for underground railways may have given rise to this solicitude. We have now underground railways in London, in Glasgow, and more recently, under the Severn and the Mersey. But notwithstanding these, and the folly of attempting to prophesy what may happen in the future, it may not be too much to say that the bulk of English people at least will for a long time prefer sea-sickness on the surface of the water to freedom from it in a boat forty feet below.

But such statements coming from America are, for some reason or other, usually received here with a moderately large grain of the proverbial salt, and would probably have been very readily forgotten, were it not that in the same papers, a few days later, there appeared an account of a somewhat similar experiment which took place at the Tilbury Docks, London, in the presence of Lord Charles Beresford and a large number of naval and military men. The principles upon which the working of this boat depends appear to be sounder than in the case of the American boat. In the first place, electricity from storage batteries supplies the motor power; in the second place, its ascent and descent in the water are not dependent on the steering apparatus and combined working of the engines, but, in imitation of nature, the inventor, Mr Campbell, has provided an ingenious contrivance for producing contraction and expansion. This contrivance consists of a series of metal cylinders, into which are fitted rams or drums, which can be protruded or retracted in a very simple way. The speed of rising and falling is easily regulated, and numerous precautions are adopted in order to insure safety. The inventor claims that his boat is perfectly under control; capable of being noiselessly propelled at a rate of ten knots an hour; of being floated or submerged for any length of time without losing a fraction of its motor power; of being raised or lowered quickly or slowly. The vessel is cigar-shaped, sixty feet long and eight feet beam. It is divided into four watertight compartments, in one of which is stored all the machinery and projectors. It is fitted with water-ballast and horizontal rudders; and in case of any serious accident while submerged, the crew have only to release a heavy weight, and the vessel rises to the surface immediately.

Of course, the great advantages of such a boat

would be of immense service in marine warfare, especially since torpedoes have become such a power and a terror. Whatever may be the future of the *Nautilus*, it is certainly deserving of present notice, as a new and important departure in boat-construction.

THE FORESTS OF SWEDEN.

The forests of Sweden, according to the government statistics (1884), cover an area of seventy thousand square miles. At least a third of these vast forests are situated in some of the extreme north provinces. From these provinces alone, over fifty millions of cubic feet of sawn and hewn timber, chiefly fir and spruce, were exported; whilst the exports from one province alone amounted to a fifth of the whole country, and eight per cent. of the total exports of all kinds. It is also stated that the total wood-exports, including all kinds of manufactured goods, was forty-three and a half per cent. of the value of all exports. Further on are given some interesting statistics of the aggregate value of the exports of the various kinds of wood-goods, namely, deals and boards, four million one hundred thousand pounds; barks and spars, three hundred and eighty thousand pounds; beams and masts, two hundred and sixty thousand pounds; pit-props, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; manufactured goods, flooring, door and window frames, mouldings, two hundred thousand pounds; wood-pulp, sixty-five thousand pounds. Besides all this, stone is exported for building purposes amounting to seventy thousand pounds, and even bricks, five thousand pounds. This latter is an unexpected item, as most countries are ready enough to make their own bricks. An immense order was lately given in Paris for seventy thousand metres of Swedish pine deals, in stated lengths, for the purposes of wooden pavements. The cost will be much less than if the wood was procured in France, as no agents are employed save one, an engineer, who has been sent to Sweden with full powers to select and purchase.

ENTREATIES.

If thou at any time shouldst want a friend,
To cheer thee in thy weary walk through life,
To speak for thee, or aid thee in distress,
And, in thy brightest moods, to laugh with thee,
To guard thee from the slanderous tongues of men,
To stand by thee, and all thy burdens share,
To soothe thee when, in strife to gain the end,
Thy heart breaks down in sorrow: Then bethink
Thyself of one whose strength is never spent
When in thy cause 'tis given, whose love for thee
Will bear forgetfulness, distrust, and scorn,
And, strong beyond all other changeful loves,
Will still be thine when earthly things are past.
O friend, so loved! I ask no more than this:
That it shall always be as it has been
With thee and me; that thou remember not
My weakness and mistrust, and only know
My love for thee shall last beyond all time.

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RECENT TREASURE-TROVE.

TREASURE-TROVE—or, in other words, concealed treasure that has been recovered—what romance lies in the name! One seems to hear instinctively the creak of sliding panel, or the chink of Jacobuses or spade-ace guineas in the secret drawer, as the long hidden treasure is at length revealed.

For the imaginative Eastern mind, the subject has ever possessed a limitless fascination. Is it not to their legends of hidden treasures, guarded by magician or jinni, that the *Arabian Nights* owe half their wondrous charm? Does the oriental to-day see in the Frank's excavation in desert city or ruined temple anything but a quest after buried gold? Has not the Irish peasant his stories of crocks of shining coin, guarded by the 'good folk?' Will not the Bavarian tell you of Barbarossa and his knights lying somewhere, no one knows where, in a cavern among the mountains among countless treasures? One might have thought, indeed, that in this prosaic latter end of the nineteenth century, so much of the old had been swept away to make room for the new, that the day of such finds was over. But though one cannot expect to hear more than once in a generation of such princely finds as the Cuerdale hoard in 1840, when nine or ten thousand coins, and how many bracelets and armlets and brooches no one will ever know, rolled out of a bank at the touch of a labourer's spade, yet still hidden treasures seem to be turning up as fast as ever they did. Let us see what treasure-trove has come to light during the last seven years.

In February 1880, a goodly copper flagon was turned up at Fortrose with more than a thousand silver coins in it, all of the reign of Robert III., between 1390 and 1406. They were mostly struck at Edinburgh, though some few bore the stamp of Perth and Aberdeen. Such finds, by the way, are the bugbear of the coin collector, who may give a long price for a coin of which perhaps only half-a-dozen examples are known, and before the year is out, the discovery of a couple of hundred exactly similar will reduce

the value of his coin to the tenth of the price he gave for it. For instance, the holders of coins of Elizabeth and James I. of the scarcer mint-marks would not precisely bless the finder of a hoard of coins of these reigns at Barton Old Hall in the same year.

Another important Scottish find took place before last year was out. A shepherd at Langhope, near Hawick, found in a sheep-drain a brown pot, partly uncovered by the scouring of the water, which proved full of silver coins and jewelry. At first, it seems the coins were disposed of by the pound-weight, and the jewelry was not long in vanishing; but some, at all events, of both coins and jewelry were secured for the national collection of antiquities at Edinburgh.

The year 1881 saw a crockful of pennies of the Teutonic Knights, some of the rarest of coins, ploughed up by a peasant at Rosenberg, in West Prussia, some thousands of coins of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, stamped with the arms of the various Grandmasters of the order. An instance of the kind of treasure-trove dear to the heart of the novelist, occurred in the same year in Kent. Twenty years ago, a labourer bought for a few shillings an old chest of drawers. After frequent repairs, they had gradually become past service, and were accordingly in process of being broken up for fuel; when, quite in the orthodox way, out roll from a secret drawer some score of gold coin of the reigns of William III. and the earlier Georges. The record does not proceed to say whether, after this last signal service, the old chest was spared the flames.

The year 1882 fully atoned for the comparative barrenness of 1881. In January, while some repairs were being carried out in the house of Mr Stevens of Broughton-Astley, Leicestershire, a leathern bag came to light containing between twenty and thirty crowns and shillings of Charles II., James II., and Queen Anne. In February, a hoard of silver bowls was turned up at Vufarire, in Sweden, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, some of them with runic inscriptions; not to mention gold armlets, necklaces, rings, and

spoons. In July a big potful of late Roman coins was unearthed in some quarries near Yeovil, by a labourer of Montacute; and, as usual, the fortunate persons who were on the spot lost no time in buying a hatful or so. In the same month, a couple of lucky rustics hit upon two hundred and fifty coins of Queen Anne's reign in an old pot at Watford. But in December we hear of a find worthy of Eastern romance. In an old fourteenth-century house in the Rue Vieille de Temple, Paris, once occupied by the Marquis d'Effiat, were found in a copper jar seven thousand eight hundred and eighty-two gold pieces, worth fully four thousand pounds as simple bullion, and of some of the (numismatically speaking) rarest reigns of all French history. There were one thousand and ten of Jean le Bon (1350-1364), that same king who found London such an agreeable prison-house after turbulent Paris; six thousand one hundred and ninety-nine of Charles V.; and—most uncommon of all—five hundred odd of various feudal mints, one alone of them fetching sixty-six pounds at the sale in April 1883. How much the whole collection brought, cannot be learnt; but the lucky individual, who, by French law, is entitled to half the value of his find, must have blessed his stars that he ever demolished the venerable house.

That prodigious find of 1882 seems to have almost sterilised 1883 so far as treasure-trove is concerned. A workman, however, on the Earl of Darnley's estate at Cobham, Rochester, did bring to light a crock, or old clay pot, containing a number of Roman coins of the later emperors; and a tumulus at Taplow yielded up to the explorer the armlets and bracelets and brooches of gold and enamel with which once some old viking had been decked for the grave. But what were these by the side of the finds of the year before?

1884 was a fairly good year. In April, there was a find of silver coins in the bed of a stream near Portree, in the island of Skye—one of Elizabeth, one of Henry of Navarre, and divers Jacobuses. A peasant at Montcornet, near Laon, in France, turns up in the same month some twenty-five silver vessels of antique style. Then in July comes one of the funniest discoveries ever made—eight hundred and twenty-nine Anglo-Saxon coins at Rome—three of King Alfred, over two hundred of Edward the Confessor, and all but four hundred of Athelstane, which must have depressed both the minds and the market of holders of the Anglo-Saxon coinage, their especial holds being thereby depressed both in interest and value. Two months later, some three hundred silver coins of Queen Elizabeth and James I. are found in a mountain wall near Pontypridd, in Wales, doubtless a relic of the troublous times of the earlier Stuart reigns.

The year 1885 sees a large quantity—'nearly two hatfuls'—of the coins of Edward I. and King David of Scotland come upon by two men cutting a drain on the land of Mr Ferguson, Beaumont, Cumberland. In June of the same year, a vessel is found at Long Crendon, beneath the wall of an old stable, containing as many as eight hundred coins, mostly bearing the image and superscription of Queen Elizabeth, though a few were of the reigns of James I. and Charles I.—another *trouvaille* that carries us back to the days when neither Roundhead nor Cavalier was overscrup-

pulous about possessing himself of a good bag of silver if it came in his way. Our old friend the spade guinea, one hundred and eighty strong, turns up, or rather is turned up by a ploughman at Walton, in a pot covered with a stone. In December of the same year, when an old building was being demolished at Svendborg, in Denmark, the workmen came upon a regal hoard. Ten bars of fine silver, three thousand seven hundred and seventy-four gold and silver coins, were a treasure-trove worth finding. It is curious to note that, as in the Cuerdale find, there had always been a tradition of hidden treasure connected with the house, and the owner, when selling it, had expressly reserved the right to all treasures found therein.

The year 1886 witnessed another great Scandinavian find, this time in the island of Gothland, now half forgotten, but in the palmy days of the Hanseatic League, one of the great entrepôts of the eastern trade of Europe. Over three thousand silver coins came to light, not to mention silver bracelets, and numbers of the small rods of fine silver in early days that were cut up and used in lieu of coin. Nearer home, in the King's Field at Faversham, were found, in March, a large number of old coins, with a quantity of gold and silver jewelry set with garnets; which looks as if the somewhat vague statement referred to Anglo-Saxon coins. And we may fitly end the catalogue with a discovery last April, rather out of the ordinary kind. At Park Street, a little village on the borders of Bedfordshire, a workman was engaged in splitting up some old beams from a demolished farmhouse, when, in the centre of one, he came across a cavity, out of which rolled more than a hundred bright gold coins. They proved to be nobles, angels, and half-angels of the reigns between Henry VI. and Henry VIII. It was evident that the cavity had been made for the purpose of hoarding money, and the opening had been so artfully concealed as to be undistinguishable from the surrounding timber.

It is an interesting, though perhaps a not very profitable reflection to think what numbers of treasure-hoards there must be still, almost within arms-reach, if only one knew where to look for them. The origin of these cases of hidden treasure is obvious enough. In times of war and tumult, when organised bands of plunderers were afoot, the only way to keep money safe was to hide it. A violent death, a plague, or a war, sent silent to the grave the one or two who possessed the secret; and their hoarded wealth remained to be lit upon by an after generation.

With the law relating to treasure-trove, we dealt in a recent paper (No. 161).

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER VIII.—PAT-A-CAKE.

THE cottage inhabited by Mrs Cable with her grandchildren, and by Richard, her son, when ashore, was small, built of boards, painted white, with green windows, and a vivid green door. A good many houses in this part were of wood. When a wreck was broken up, the planks of the deck sold very cheap, were bought, and

served for the construction of cottages; they were laid on, feathered or weather-boarded, so that no joint could let in wind and rain. In the west of England such houses would not last; the ever moist atmosphere would bring about rot; but along the east coast the sun is hot and the air dry, and these wooden houses will endure for a century. The cottage was tiled; and over the brown tiles was laid a trellis of wood, on which a vine was stretched. The vine was not allowed to extend over the wooden walls; but it rioted on the roof and there ripened its purple clusters. That was a great day for the elder of the seven children when father ascended a ladder and scrambled over the roof, plucking the grape bunches, sweet and warm from the sun's kisses, and gave a cluster to each.

Between the road and the cottage was a narrow strip of garden, hedged with sweetbrier. In this strip grew tulips, narcissi, polyanthi, and velvety, brown, yellow-eyed auriculas. The soil suited bulbs, as does that of Holland.

The principal garden was at the back of the cottage; it covered an acre, and extended to a ditch and a line of willows, fine trees that whitened in every wind. In those willows the nightingale built and sung every year. Near the dike also grew a large, ungainly mulberry; it had been originally a branch of an old tree, cut off by a former inhabitant of the cottage who had been gardener at the Hall; and he had stuck the branch into the soil of his own garden, where it had taken root and grown into a tree that bore fruit in due season, but never grew into a gainly, goodly tree. Nor could the children enjoy all its fruit, for it leaned towards the dike, and dropped many of its fleshy berries into the water, where they floated, nibbled at by tadpoles and gudgeon. But there were enough for the little ones shed upon the gravel and grass, and they picked them up at the time when they fell, and put them in bottles with sugar, and ate them as they listed, smearing their lips and hands with purple.

In the hedge were some sloe bushes clipped like thorns, and the bitter blue berries were also eagerly sought by the children; but they were not suffered to pick the bullace, tiny round plums off a small tree in the angle of the garden. These, grandmother made into preserves against the season when there was no fruit.

Now was spring, and there was promise of yield; the storm had torn off the petals of the apples; but the low-growing bullace and the sloe blossoms had set before the storm.

The children were all out in the sun, sitting on the bank, with the sloe bushes behind them. They wore no hats or caps; the light air played with their shining yellow hair. They sat watching their father, who was digging in the garden; and Mary, the eldest, had the baby on her lap. Grandmother was within, engaged on household duties. Numerous white butterflies were about, chasing each other, gamboling over the broccoli plants, and seemed like flickering willow leaves adrift in the air. Every Essex garden along the coast has its bed of white poppies. The people suffering from ague and low fever have faith in the decoction of the round seed-vessels; but there were no poppies in Cable's

garden. Bessie had never approved of the use of the narcotic, because her mother had insisted that, in Cornwall, folks got on very well without it.

Richard had a bundle of peasticks; and after he had earthed up his early potatoes, he began to stake the delicate trailing peas, that were already bursting into white blossom. They should have been staked before; but his duties on the lightship had prevented his attending to them earlier.

Little Susie sat nearest the herb-bed, which was laid out on the slope to the hedge, and faced the sun. A way to the beach went behind this hedge; it had a wall between it and the garden—a low wall, three feet high, and from the wall into the garden sloped the bank. On top of it grew the sloes. The wall and bank ended at the dike, and thence the path dissipated itself in strands of gravel among coarse turf; a trodden way from the village led to the expanse of wild ground; and from the edge of that, every one went his own path.

The herbs grown on this bank were thyme, marjoram, mint, and rue. Baby, asleep on Mary's lap, had a handful of crushed young leaves of mint in her tiny grasp. She had been allowed to feel and smell the fresh leaves, and had grabbed them, to thrust them into her mouth. When plucked away, she had retained a handful, and gone to sleep still holding it.

The bees were busy over the garden, searching in the full sweet flowers; and Susie watched a great bumble which was clogging his hind-legs with pollen from the blossoms, when she was startled to see something like a big spider creep from under the leafy sloes and run down among the thyme towards her. It was a thin white human hand, with the nerves strongly accentuated, and the blue veins puffed on the back. On one finger was a gold ring with a blood-stone in it, engraved with arms. Susie knew nothing of arms, but she recognised the ring, and the bottle-green cuff on the arm to which the hand belonged; and throwing herself over on her breast, she laid hold of the hand with both hers, and proceeded to pull at the ring, which she had failed to secure two days before in the grounds of the Hall.

As she lay among the thyme trying to get the ring off, she saw under the dense foliage of the sloes, between the stems, the face of the gentleman who had spoken to granny in the Hall grounds. She could make out that it was the same; she saw his pale-blue watery eyes and his thin nose. The sun shone now on one side of his nose, and she thought that she could see crimson on the other side instead of shadow. He held his finger up to his lips and nose, and his head nodded.

Susie tugged at the hand and twisted the ring, but could not get it off.

'What are you about, Susie?—crushing the thyme?' called her father.

The little child turned her golden head round, let go the finger, and made some answer which Richard did not catch and understand. When Susie looked again for the hand, it was withdrawn.

Voices were audible on the path behind the hedge.

'What! Mr Gotham, you here? Come out to

solicit votes from the winkles, or to tally-ho after the crabs?’

‘I—I don’t like being chaffed,’ answered the gentleman.—‘I am glad to see you, dear Josephine, after your fortunate escape from the sea.’

‘To-day is the last meet of the harriers,’ said the girl. ‘Why are you not with them? Cousin Gotham, are not you something like the crab and lobster, that assume their scarlet when their hunting days are over, and they are boiled and done for?’

‘Your peril of life has not improved you,’ complained Gabriel. ‘You are very hard and unkind.’

‘I!’ laughed the girl. ‘Not a bit; only I do not humbug you, like others. Now I must leave you.—What are you doing here, so far from home? I have come to thank my preserver and see his little ones, for whom I have brought some sweetmeats.’

‘You came across the turf, I suppose?’

‘Yes. Have I been trespassing? Will you prosecute me?’

Richard Cable had heard Josephine’s voice and what she said. He stood upright, holding a pea-stick, and his face became of a warm colour. He hesitated whether to leave his work and go to the bank and speak to her over the hedge, or remain where he was, and wait till she came. Whilst he hesitated, he heard her calling him from behind the dike.

‘Mr Cable! Have you a plank? I will come over to you this way, instead of going round by the street.’

‘There is a bridge, miss, a little farther down.’

He threw down the stick, and walked along the brink of the ditch to the end, and opened a wicket-gate that closed the passage over a plank.

She tripped across and came through the gate. ‘Where are the children?’ she asked; then answered herself: ‘Oh—there! sitting in the sun.—What yellow heads they all have, and blue eyes.—How many?—Seven, did you say? I see but six. Ah! one carries the baby. What a frightful burden a baby must be—like an imposition at school.’

‘Did you ever, when a little child, go out a walk in spring and dig up a primrose, and carry it home in the lap of your pinafore?’ asked Cable.

‘I did not wear pinafores when I went out of doors.’

‘Of your frock, then?’

‘I daresay I may have done so.’

‘It was a burden; but it was a delight. I have seven little roots of primroses in my arms, and I carry them gladly wherever I go, thinking nothing of their weight,’ said Richard Cable. ‘Love lightens burdens.’

‘If ever I did dig up a flower, you may be sure I made the nurse carry it for me.’

‘I will let no one carry mine for me,’ he said, and caught up the baby and kissed it; then Mary, held her to his heart a moment and set her down again; then Susie, Effie, Jane, Martha, Lettice; and as he held up each, he named the child, only the baby he did not name—that was Bessie, called after his mother.—‘Look here, Miss Cornellis; Bessie is wearing the socks I knitted when we were wrecked. I finished them before I got home.’

‘I am not surprised at the children loving

you,’ said Josephine. ‘I should love any one who cared for me.’

‘Have you no one to do that?’

She shook her head. ‘My father—after his fashion; my aunt—after hers; neither, no one—after yours.’

He looked at her attentively. It seemed to him indeed a marvellous thing that this beautiful girl should have to complain of lack of love.

‘Go on,’ she said, ‘with your gardening. I will not disturb you. Let me sit on the bank with the children and talk to them, and watch you, and I will sing to them a song and feed them with sweetmeats.’

Then, almost reluctantly, he returned to the planting of the pearods; and as he worked, he looked across, between the alder-sticks, at Josephine, who had taken a place on the sloping bank and thrown off her hat, as the shadow of the twinkling willows fell athwart the place she had selected. She took out a cornet from a small basket she carried, and the children instinctively gathered round her.

‘It is a duty,’ she said to herself—‘a duty that must be gone through. I promised Cable to visit and play with his white mice.’ Then, as she held up a candied elval plum, and the little creatures raised themselves towards it with wide eyes and open mouths, and their golden hair rolled back over their shoulders—‘After all, the creatures are pretty, and perhaps less insupportable than most children are,’ she said to herself.

She wore a light dress, with a crimson ribbon about her throat supporting a gold locket. There were crimson bows on her pretty dress, sprigged and spotted with rose. The red agreed with her dark hair and complexion.

Richard Cable continued to observe her as he worked. He was flattered and pleased that she took notice of his children and sat down among them to amuse them.

She sang to them. She had a rich, cultivated voice; she sang the same mermaid’s air that she had sung in the stranded ship—the song from *Oberon*. Richard Cable could not understand the words, knew nothing of the origin of the song; but he recalled the melody at once—a lovely melody, lovely among all the beautiful creations of Weber. Josephine took little Bessie the baby in her arms, and swayed the child as she sang:

O wie wogt es sich schön auf der Fluth,
Wenn die müde Welle im Schlummer ruht.

Cable signed to Mary, who looked round to her father with a pleased face; and Mary started to her feet and ran to him when he beckoned.

‘Bring me her hat; do not let her see,’ whispered Cable.

Then the child rejoined the group, and presently returned with the straw hat of Josephine.

Richard had stooped to the border of red double daisies and gathered some, and these he now thrust under the red ribbon that girded the white straw. Then he resumed his work; and when Josephine had ceased, she heard a whistle, soft and sweet, repeating from among the peasticks the air of the mermaid’s song.

‘Hark, hark!’ exclaimed Josephine, laughing;

'do you hear the nightingale? It has caught my air.'

'No!' said little Effie. 'It is dada whistling.'

'He knows that tune,' said Mary. 'He has whistled it since he came home to us.'

Richard Cable had not known it before he heard the girl sing it on the stranded lightship; after that, he could not shake it out of his head. Why did not Cable leave his work and go up to the girl and speak to her? Was his work of so great importance that it could not be neglected for a few minutes? Was his time so precious that he could devote none of it to her? No; he was afraid of her. He was indeed attracted by her; but the attraction she exercised on him alarmed him. He had thought a good deal about her since he had returned home; as the tune of the mermaid's song hung about his memory, so did her face, so did the words she had said, the intonation of her voice, the movements of her graceful figure. All the time that she sang and played with his children, he was aware of a power exerted to draw him to her through the barrier he built up between of peasticks. Nevertheless, he would not yield to the force, because he had an instinctive consciousness that it was harmful to him, would disturb his peace of mind, and trouble his relations to his children. She, also, as she sat with the children, wanted him to leave his gardening and come to her. She was drawn to him by his simplicity, his sympathy, gentleness, and truth—qualities she did not meet with in her own home, and which possessed a strange fascination for her. She had told him to continue his work, but was vexed that he had taken her at her word.

Then she called out: 'Come here, Mr Cable! I must show you something.'

He could not refuse; he came slowly towards her, shyly, with his cap off, and the sun on his curling hair.

'See!' she exclaimed gleefully; 'I have taught your baby something. It can even now enjoy Pat-a-cake Baker's man. You told me on the ship that it had not reached that pitch of education; I have carried her over the Rubicon.'

Cable smiled as he saw Josephine repeat the infantile verses whilst she struck the baby's little palms. As the group was intent on the play, they heard a cough; and Josephine looking round was surprised to see her father in the garden. She coloured, rose up, and gave the baby to Mary.

'I have come to see you, Mr Cable,' said Cornellis. 'I little supposed that I should find my daughter here. She ought to be at home; it is her practising hour on the piano; but her late escapade has unhinged her: she neither recognises what she ought to do, nor is aware where she ought not to go.'

'How did you come here, papa?' asked Josephine, not at all abashed.

'I came by the door of the house. Mrs Cable told me I should find her son in the garden; she did not tell me I would find you here.'

'She did not know. I came over the dike.'

'It is indifferent to me how you came; I shall take good care to see you back,' he said coldly. 'I am here to speak not to you, but

to Mr Cable.' He turned to Richard, who looked at him with a puzzled expression.

'You were good enough to save Miss Cornellis from drowning,' said the gentleman stiffly, with a cold face. 'I have felt it my duty to come here to offer you a small gratuity—acknowledgment, I mean, for your services. I cannot in conscience allow your act to pass unrewarded.'

Cable became very red.

Josephine looked sharply at him.

'I expect no acknowledgment,' said the sailor curtly.

'You may not expect it; but that will not prevent your accepting it—a ten-pound note.'

Cable put his hand behind him. 'I will receive nothing, sir,' he said. 'What I did for Miss Josephine was my duty. I would do it for any one. I refuse an acknowledgment. I am paid already, over and over, by Miss Josephine's visit to-day.'

'That is right,' said Josephine, with a flash out of her brown eyes. 'I knew you would refuse.'

'Of course I do. I would do anything in the world for you, if you were in any danger, in any trouble; you know that, I hope?'

'I am sure of it,' said the girl.

Cable was agitated, partly with anger at the proposal of the father, partly with exultation at the daughter's recognition of his readiness to serve her unrewarded.

'Papa,' said Josephine, with a wicked light in her eyes and her lips twitching maliciously, 'if you are really grateful to Dicky Cable and wish to please him, not humiliate him, shall I tell you what to do?'

'What?' he asked, frowning.

'Play Pat-a-cake with the baby.' She stooped, caught up little Bessie, gave her a kiss, and held the child towards her father.

Mr Cornellis turned sharply away. 'How can you be so inconsiderate, so foolish, Josephine! Come home instantly with me.'

From behind the sloe hedge sounded a cackling laugh; but though Cornellis heard it, he gave it no heed.

As he left the cottage with Josephine, he turned to her with an ugly expression on his mouth, and said: 'You are a fool. Do you not know what you are exposing yourself to? Do you not think that people will talk?'

'Talk—talk about what?'

'I say you are a fool. I've heard sneers already—about you and that lout.'

'What lout?'

'Richard Cable.'

'Dicky?—I'm sure I do not care.'

RHYMES ON PANES.

IN a variety of places, but more especially in old village inns, reflections in verse, good, bad, and indifferent, have been found scratched upon window-panes. We have carefully copied the best examples which have come under our notice, and present a batch herewith, believing that they may entertain our readers.

A genial old Yorkshire parson appears, at the commencement of the present century, to have been greatly pleased with an inn situated between

Northallerton and Boroughbridge, for he visited it daily to enjoy his pipe and glass. On one of its window-panes he inscribed some lines, of which the following is a literal copy :

Here in my wicker chair I sitt,
From folly far, and far from witt,
Content to live, devoid of care,
With country folks and country fare ;
To listen to my landlord's tale,
And drink his health in Yorkshire ale ;
Then smook and read the *York Courant* ;
I'm happy, and 'tis all I want.
Though few my tythes, and light my purse,
I thank my God it is no worse.

Here is another Yorkshire example, written towards the close of the last century ; it is from an old wayside inn near Harewood-bridge, on the Leeds and Harrogate road :

Gaily I lived, as Ease and Nature taught,
And passed my little Life without a thought ;
I wonder, then, why Death, that tyrant grim,
Should think of me, who never thought of him.

Under the foregoing, the following was written :

Ah ! why forget that Death should think of thee ;
If thou art Mortal, such must surely be ;
Then rouse up reason, view thy hast'ning end,
And lose no time to make God thy Friend.

In the old coaching-days, the Dog and Doublet, at Sandon, Staffordshire, was a popular house. A guest wrote on one of its window-panes the following recommendation :

Most travellers to whom these roads are known,
Would rather stay at Sandon than at Stone !
Good chaises, horses, treatment, and good wines,
They always meet with at James Ballantine's.

A penniless poet wrote on a tavern window-pane the lines :

O Chalk ! to me, and to the poor, a friend,
On Thee my life and happiness depend ;
On Thee with joy, with gratitude I think,
For, by thy bounty, I both eat and drink.

'Chalk' is a slang word for credit. Innkeepers kept their accounts on the back of a door, written with chalk.

The following epigram was written under a pane disfigured with autographs :

Should you ever chance to see
A man's name writ on a glass,
Be sure he owns a diamond,
And his parent owns an ass.

On the accession of Her Majesty, this *jeu d'esprit* was inscribed on an inn window :

The Queen's with us, the Whigs exulting say ;
For when she found us in, she let us stay.
It may be so ; but give me leave to doubt
How long she'll keep you when she finds you out.

The following lines, dated 1793, were written on a window-pane at the Hôtel des Pays Bas, Spa, Belgium :

I love but one, and only one.
Ah, Damon, thou art he !
Love thou but one, and only one,
And let that one be me !

Early in the present century, it was customary for the actors to write their names on the panes in one of the windows of the York Theatre.

On the glass of the same window were found inscribed these lines :

The rich man's name embellished stands on brass ;
The player simply scribbles his on glass,
Appropriate tablet to the wayward fate—
A brittle, shining, evanescent state :
The fragile glass destroyed—farewell the name ;
The actor's glass consumed—farewell his fame.

Our next example, dated 1834, from Purwell Hall, Batley, Yorkshire, was composed by a Miss Taylor. It is generally believed that her heart was won by a lover who did not meet with the approbation of her friends, and that they made her prisoner in one of the rooms of the old Hall, and there, on a pane of glass, were written the lines which follow :

Come, gentle Muse, wont to divert
Corroding cares from anxious heart ;
Adjust me now to bear the smart
Of a relenting angry heart.
What though no being I have on earth,
Though near the place that gave me birth,
And kindred less regard do pay
Than thy acquaintance of to-day ;
Know what the best of men declare,
That they on earth but strangers are :
Nor matter it a few years hence
How fortune did to thee dispense,
If—in a palace thou hast dwelt,
Or—in a cell of penury felt—
Ruled as a prince—served as a slave,
Six feet of earth is all thou'lt have.
Hence give my thoughts a nobler theme,
Since all the world is but a dream
Of short endurance.

Robert Burns wrote several poetical pieces on tavern windows. On a pane of glass at the Queensberry Arms, Sanquhar, he inscribed the following :

Ye gods ! ye gave to me a wife
Out of your grace and favour,
To be a comfort to my life ;
And I was glad to have her.
But if your providence divine
For other ends design her,
To obey your will at any time,
I'm ready to resign her.

A second piece reads as under :

Envy, if thy jaundice eye
Through this window chance to pry,
To thy sorrow, thou wilt find
All that's generous, all that's kind :
Virtue, friendship, every grace
Dwelling in this happy place.

Burns's lines written on the window-panes of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, have frequently been quoted. The following inscription refers to the charms of the daughter of the factor of Closeburn estate, when the poet resided at Ellisland :

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's not a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.

In some editions of the poet's works, the following verse is given, and it is stated to have been copied from a window of the same tavern :

The graybeard, Old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures ;
Grant me with gay Folly to live ;
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures ;
But Folly has raptures to give.

An interesting relic passed into the hands of an admirer of Burns, on which the following was written :

Hers are the willing charms of love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law,
But still my Chloris' dearest charms,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Preserved with the foregoing is the following statement: 'The above manuscript, from the hand of the immortal Burns, written on a pane of glass on one of the windows of the Globe Inn, Dumfries, is presented by John Thomson, writer, of Lockerbie, to Mr John Spiers, Glasgow, in token of friendship and regard, 15th September 1824.'

Such are a few of the many rhymes scratched upon glass. Some of the panes on which they were inscribed may now be broken, and this may be the only means of preserving them.

THE BUSHFORD CASE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. III.—THE DETECTIVE.

As Ernest's legal adviser, I should, of course, have no difficulty in obtaining access to him; but after due consideration, I determined that before seeing him, I would seek an interview with the detective who had searched out the evidence against him, so that I might be prepared to question him on every point that required explaining. I should then be in a position to prepare his defence, and to hunt out such witnesses as I should deem necessary to support his statements. Accordingly, immediately after breakfast on the following morning, I departed for London. On arriving, I lost no time in repairing to Scotland Yard and inquiring for Sergeant Mellish, who happened, fortunately, to be in the office; but having some other important business in hand, he was unable to give me all the information I required then. He, however, promised to call at my chambers in the evening, bring his notebook, and enter fully into the subject. With this promise I was forced to be content; and I passed the intervening time in consulting such books as I possessed relating to the law of evidence in respect to murder, my studies having been hitherto devoted more to civil than to criminal practice.

Punctual to the hour he had named, Sergeant Mellish appeared. He was a type of his class: tall, broad-shouldered, middle-aged, keen-eyed, upright and soldierly in his bearing—as unmistakably a police officer as if he had worn his uniform. After mixing himself a glass of grog, he took his notebook from the breast-pocket of his coat, and commenced the relation of how, step by step, he had traced Ernest's movements and acts from the date of his uncle's visit to London to the time when he arrested him for that uncle's murder. Before, however, I relate what this evidence was, it becomes necessary, in order that the reader may thoroughly understand

it, that I should describe, more minutely than I have as yet done, the vicarage and the surrounding country.

I have already stated that Bushford Railway Station was about a mile from the town. It was situated in a byroad, a few hundred yards from the main thoroughfare, on entering which, you turned sharply to the right, in the direction of London; and following it for nearly a mile, almost parallel with the railway, but bearing slightly away from it to the left, you came to the town of Bushford, the ground rising gradually all the way. The main road formed the principal street of the town, which extended about half a mile along it. At the extreme end of the High Street—the London end—there was a cross-road. Turning up this road to the left for a quarter of a mile or so, and still ascending the hill, after passing a few scattered cottages you reached the church, which was on the right. Just beyond the church, on the same side of the road, was the vicarage, which, like the church, stood back, and was encompassed by a tolerably extensive garden. This garden was separated from the churchyard by a hedge, in which there was a gate, with a gravelled path leading from the vicarage to the church. Near the corner of the churchyard, where it joined the vicarage garden—at the back, farthest from the road—another gate led to a footpath across the fields. Following this path for about a mile, the ground dipping more abruptly than on either of the other sides of the hill, you reached a small rivulet, over which was a rustic bridge; and half a mile beyond—again ascending a little—you came to a stile, that brought the footpath to a termination in the main London road. Four miles farther along the road was Camelton Junction Station, the total distance of which from Bushford Vicarage, by the way I have been describing, being as nearly as possible six miles. At Camelton Junction, on the right coming from London, a branch line left the main one. On that line was a station called Briarly, which could be reached from Bushford by pursuing the road that passed the front of the church and vicarage, the distance from the latter being a few yards over four miles.

The vicarage, though far from modern, was a commodious building, having a great many rooms. There was but one floor above the ground-floor, and no basement. It is unnecessary to describe any of the rooms, with the exception of one; this was my uncle's library and study. It was one of the largest in the house, running through from front to rear, at the extreme end of the building next the church, and having two windows, one in the front, and the other at the back, the latter being a French casement, opening into the garden. The fireplace was in the centre of the side next the church; and the door was almost opposite to it—a trifle nearer to the back than the front. The walls were covered with book-shelves; and in the centre of the room was a large table, at which my uncle was accustomed to sit reading or writing every night for an hour or two after the rest of the house had retired to rest. It was in this room that his interview with Ernest had taken place,

and it was in this room that he was found murdered.

I now proceed to give Sergeant Mellish's narrative in his own words. He seemed to have brought his notebook more for the sake of having it in readiness for the verification of his statement in case of necessity, than from any real need he had of it, for he did not once refer to it.

'With your permission, sir,' he commenced, 'I will go through the case from the beginning exactly as I worked it out. You, as a lawyer, will find no difficulty in putting the bits together and seeing how they fit into one another.' Having paid this little compliment to my legal acumen, he took another sip of his grog, and went on: 'It was on the 18th of September, at eleven o'clock in the morning, that a telegraphic message came to our headquarters, asking that one of our best men should be sent at once to Bushford Vicarage to investigate a case of murder that had taken place there some time in the previous night, and which the local police could make nothing of. I happened to be in the office at the time, and the job was put into my hands.

'When I arrived at the vicarage about two hours afterwards, the local constable was there waiting to tell me all he had discovered and to offer me his help. Now, as all he had discovered was some footprints in the garden, and as I didn't want his help—I prefer to work alone, sir—I soon packed him off. There was a legal gentleman there too—a Mr Patnor. I should have liked to have got rid of him too, after asking him one or two questions; but as there were only the two young ladies in the house besides the servants, and as he was one of the deceased's executors, I couldn't very well do that. Well, the first thing I do is to have a look at the room where the deed was done.—I suppose you know the room well, sir?'

'Perfectly.'

'Then, there ain't no call for me to describe it. Well, sir, the body had been removed upstairs, so I sent for the young woman who discovered it to tell me exactly in what position she found it. Well, it seems she goes into the room almost as soon as she came down-stairs in the morning, to open the shutters and put the place to rights, and is astonished to find that the back shutters are open. At first, she thinks the old gentleman must have forgot to shut them. "How's that?" says I. "Was the old gentleman in the habit of shutting the shutters himself?"—"Yes," she says, "the back shutters in this room—leastways, in the summer-time; because he liked to have the window open while he was writing, after everybody else was gone to bed."—"And did you find the window open, as well as the shutters?" I asks.—"It was shut," she says; "but it wasn't fastened."—You see, sir, the table being a little behind the door, and the front shutters being shut, she noticed the back ones were open, before she noticed anything else.'

'Exactly,' I remarked; 'she naturally would do so.'

'Well, sir,' Sergeant Mellish resumed, 'as the young woman turns to open the front shutters, she sees her master sitting in the easy-chair, with his head resting on the top of the back.

The back of the chair being towards the light, she doesn't perceive the truth at first, but fancies he must be asleep or in a fit. However, when she goes up to him, she sees a streak of blood all down the front of his shirt, and a great pool of it on the floor. His waistcoat was unbuttoned, and his coat thrown back. Well, of course, being a woman, she screams and alarms the house. The other young women came rushing in; and immediately afterwards the housekeeper and the two young ladies. One of them—the fair one—faints at once; the other turns awfully pale, and seems about to do the same; but she pulls herself together, and sends off for the doctor and the police. Some of this I learn from the housekeeper while sitting at lunch. She seems to have kept her head pretty well. When the doctor comes, he sees at once that he's of no use: the old gentleman had been dead many hours, and was quite cold. I saw the doctor during the day, and he told me that the deed must have been done with a long, thin, and very sharp instrument. It had gone deep down into the old gentleman's chest, and he couldn't have lived many minutes after the blow was given.'

'My poor old uncle!'

'Ah! sir, it's very sad; but we're all mortal!' Having given utterance to this original remark, Sergeant Mellish took another drink, and proceeded. 'The next thing I inquired was if any weapon had been found near the body. But, no, nothing of the sort; so that did away with all possibility of its being suicide.'

'My uncle was not a man to commit suicide.'

'Perhaps not, sir; but, you see, I didn't know that. And besides, it very often happens that them that seem most unlikely to do it, are the very ones that do do it. However, to get on. Suicide not being on the cards, it must have been murder; and the next question to be settled was: Who did it? I asked if any property was missing. "No," says the housekeeper—"nothing at all." So the theory of burglars was soon disposed of. Then, you see, sir, as it wasn't done for robbery, it must have been done for revenge, or else for the sake of getting the old gentleman out of the way.

'I next made inquiries as to what relations the old gentleman had; and was told all about yourself, sir, and your mother—who, by-the-bye, soon after arrived at the vicarage—and Mr Carlton. Well, sir, you being at sea, couldn't possibly have done it, unless by deputy. Then I come to Mr Carlton. "What is he?" I asks.—"He's studying for a doctor," says the housekeeper.—"Oh!" says I to myself, "a medical student, eh! Wild young gents, most of 'em. This looks more promising.—What sort of a young gentleman is he?" I inquired of the housekeeper.—"As nice a young gentleman as ever was," she answers, "only a bit passionate."—"Oh!" thinks I, "passionate, eh!" Then, sir, I gradually got out of her that he had been there the previous morning—that he was heard by the old gardener having a sort of quarrel with his uncle—that he went away without having any refreshment, and almost without speaking to his sister and cousin—and that, when he went, he was heard to say: "It will be a long time before I set foot in this house again." I'd finished

my lunch by this time, so I jumps up, and says: "Now for the footprints."—Now, while I was examining the marks, up comes the old gardener. A queer old fish that, sir."

"Luke has been a good and conscientious servant to my uncle, and my uncle's father before him, nearly all his life."

"No doubt, sir; but a queer old fish for all that. Anyhow, I take the opportunity of asking him what he heard of the row between the late vicar and Mr Carlton. Well, sir, all I could get out of him was, that he was at work near the window, and heard them talking loud; but the only words he caught were, "my will." This, you see, sir, gave me a clue to the motive for the deed. The old gentleman was evidently threatening to alter his will, in consequence of something that Mr Carlton had done.—Well, as to the footprints. You see, the weather had been very fine for some time past; but in the afternoon and evening of that day—I mean the day of the murder—there had been some heavy rain, so that the ground was just in the best condition for taking the impressions, and there were no previous ones to interfere with them. They were therefore quite clear and sharp, and were evidently made by the boots of a gentleman—not swell boots, but such as would be worn by a gentleman who walked much—broad toes and good stout soles; and I soon found out that Mr Carlton had from a boy been fond of walking. Well, I traced these foot-steps from the gate in the road leading to the church, along the path in the churchyard, and through the other gate into the garden and up to the window of the library. There were also marks of muddy boots in the room. Then I traced them back again into the churchyard, and on to the gate opening into the fields at the back. "Where does that path lead to?" I asks.—"Into the London road," answers the gardener.—"How far to the road?" I says.—"Over a mile and a half," he replied.—"Very good," I says to myself; "that'll do here for the present." So I measures the footprints and draws a copy of them as well as I could, and then starts off back to the station in the cab, which I'd kept waiting.

"You see, sir, my reason for going back to the station was that I'd got an idea into my head that Mr Carlton, instead of going back to London, had hung about the neighbourhood till night. But I was wrong; for the station-master, who knew him well, told me that he saw him get into the train, which was one that did not stop for nearly twenty miles; and besides this, he was quite sure that he had not returned in the evening."

"Then, how could he have committed the murder?"

"Wait a minute, sir," replied the sergeant. "You see, there are other stations besides Bushford he might have come to—in fact, it was more probable he would come to one where he was not so well known. I soon ascertained the position and distance of the two most likely ones—Camelton and Briarly. I determined to try Briarly first, because it was nearer; so off I go in the cab again. I got out of the cab before I came to the station, and strolled on to the platform in a promiscuous way, and began inquiring about the trains and one thing and another; and, after a bit, I found out that Mr Carlton had arrived

there from London by the last train which stopped there, a little after ten o'clock. There was no mistake about it, for the porter I was speaking to knew him by sight. Now, the next thing to be considered was—Could he have got back to town that night? There was no train up from Briarly, and he had not been seen at Bushford; besides, the last train stopped there at eleven o'clock, so there was not time for him to catch it. But the up-mail stopped at Camelton Junction at ten minutes past twelve. I drove back to the vicarage, and sent the cab on to wait for me where the footpath joins the main road on the way to Camelton; for I meant to walk across the fields myself, to see whether I could find a continuation of the footprints. First of all, I inquired at the vicarage if Mr Carlton had arrived.—Did I mention that he had been telegraphed for in the morning?"

"No; you did not."

"Well, he had, and his not coming, of itself looked rather suspicious."

"He might have been at the hospital," I said; "and the telegraphic message was probably sent to his lodging."

"Of course, that was just possible. Anyhow, nothing had been heard of him at the vicarage. Well, off I set across the fields; and there, sure enough, were the footprints. I didn't stop to trace them all the way step by step, but I caught sight of them here and there till I came to the road, where they were lost among others. The cab was waiting for me, and on I went to Camelton. Here I dismissed the cab, for I considered I had quite enough evidence now to warrant me in arresting Mr Carlton on suspicion. As I had half an hour to wait for a train, I employed the time in asking a few questions. "Do you have many passengers by the up-night mail?" I inquired of a porter.—"Very seldom have any at all from here," he answered. "We hadn't one for a week till last night."—"Did you have any last night, then?" says I.—"One gentleman," says he.—"Did you know him?" I said.—"No, sir," he replies. "I'm a stranger here—only just been put on."—"Perhaps some of your mates knew him?" I suggested.—"There was only one on duty besides myself, and he's a fresh hand too."—"What was the passenger like?" I says.—"I only noticed that he was a good-looking young gentleman," he answers.—"And was he going through to London?"—"Must have been," he says, "for the mail don't stop till it stops at the ticket platform."

"Well, sir," continued the sergeant, "the train came up, and I was back in London by seven o'clock."

"You certainly did not waste any time."

"Not I, sir. It doesn't do to waste time in a job of that sort," said the sergeant, evidently feeling much flattered. "But I hadn't done my day's work yet. I gave in my report at the office; and the superintendent agreed with me that Mr Ernest Carlton had better be arrested at once—that is, if we could find him—so I takes a constable in uniform with me and sets off to his lodgings. Well, sir, he *was* at home, and didn't look much surprised when I told him my business, but surrendered himself at once. Of course I gave him the usual caution, that whatever he said might be used against him, and he replied

that it was quite unnecessary, for he did not intend to say anything, except that he was not guilty.—Well, sir, the next thing I did was to search his rooms.'

'And did you find anything against him?'

'I should think I did, sir. First of all, there was a coat with bloodstains on one of the sleeves; then there was a pair of muddy boots, exactly like the footprints at Bushford; and lastly, there was a case of surgical instruments, and amongst them a long, thin, sharp knife—just such a one as would have done the deed.'

'Was there any blood on the knife?'

'No, sir. I am bound to say there was not. But then, you see, an instrument like that is very easily cleaned.—Well, before taking the prisoner away, I questioned the landlady. She told me that he came home in the afternoon and went out again in the evening. At eleven o'clock he had not returned; but she went to bed, as he was frequently out late and had a latchkey. She heard him come in, but didn't know what time it was, as she had been asleep.'

'The evidence is certainly strong.'

'Strong!' exclaimed Sergeant Mellish; 'I should think it is.—But I haven't done yet. I had the prisoner up at Bow Street next morning, and got him remanded. Then I set to work again. I soon found out what sort of a game he had been carrying on—billiard-playing, card-playing, betting on horses—and of course losing at all of them. Then, you see, sir, all this generally leads to drinking and other things; and it did so in his case. He had told one of his fellow-students about three weeks before, that his uncle the vicar had been to see him—having somehow heard of his goings-on—and threatened to cut him out of his will if he didn't reform at once. He having promised faithfully to do so, the old gentleman had given him money to pay his debts. Well, he kept all right for a little while; but not for long, for one night he was persuaded to take a hand at cards, and lost the money he had reserved to meet a bill that he had accepted, which would become due in a day or two. There was nothing for it but to go down to Bushford and confess to his uncle that he had broken his promise. This he did on the day of the murder. His fellow-student didn't see him when he came back, so couldn't tell me whether he got the money out of the old gentleman or not; but of course he didn't, for only about thirty shillings was found on him at his lodgings. The bill, however, I discovered, had been paid by a cheque sent by the vicar direct to the money-lender who held it.—Well, I think this is about all, sir; and I think you'll say—enough too.'

'The case undoubtedly looks black at present; but you must remember that Mr Carlton has reserved his defence.'

'Exactly so, sir. He has positively refused to give any explanations whatever.'

'Well, I have no doubt,' I responded, 'that he will give such explanations to me as will enable me to clear him from all suspicion.'

Sergeant Mellish smiled dubiously as he said: 'Well, I hope he may, sir.'

'Did you attempt to find a clue in any other direction?'

'Lord bless you, sir, no. What was the good,

when the case was so clear against Mr Carlton? Between you and me, he hasn't the ghost of a chance; and if you're going to conduct his defence, I'm sorry you haven't a better prospect of succeeding.'

'At all events, I shall do my best.'

'That I'm sure you will, sir, and I wish you luck.' And with that, he bade me a respectful good-night.

I sat for hours thinking over what he had told me, and trying to find a way through the labyrinth which environed Ernest; but the more I thought, the blacker seemed the clouds that hovered over him; and when at last I retired to rest, they were still unpierced by any ray of light.

PERSIAN ASTROLOGERS AND DIVINERS.

PROBABLY Zadkiel was the last real astrologer in England whose predictions were regarded as serious by a few enthusiastic believers; certainly that retired naval officer had one of the needful qualifications of a prophet—he believed in himself. In Persia, the *monajem*, or astrologer, is a power. An astrologer is a man of science, a member of a recognised learned profession. It is his duty and privilege to 'rule the stars,' to predict the fate of men and nations, to cast horoscopes, to be consulted by rich and poor on every action of importance. The chief astrologer (the *monajem bashi*) is a high court official whose judgment is final, from whose ruling there is no appeal. And in a nation whose ancestors worshipped the sun and the hosts of heaven, it is not surprising that the astrologers, the last shadowy remnant of the old magi, should be accredited with the possession of occult knowledge.

Like most of the professions in Persia, the knowledge, real or pretended, of the astrologer is handed down generally from father to son. The *monajem* does not look on himself as a charlatan; he is quite serious as he predicts that the Asylum of the Universe must not start on a hunting expedition on Thursday, but that half an hour after midnight on Saturday will be the 'fortunate hour.' He will give you chapter and verse for his reasons. 'Saturn is in the ascendant' in the one case; while on Saturday night at the precise time mentioned there is a happy conjunction of Mars and Venus. Nor is this simple nonsense; for if you ask the question of any of these modern magi, the answer will be the same: these learned doctors never differ, though they may miscalculate. Every hour of the day, every day in the year, is worked out as fortunate, indifferent, or unlucky, in their manuscript ephemeræ, their Eastern Books of Fate. Their stock-in-trade other than their calendars is a plumb-line, a level, a watch, a celestial sphere, and an astrolabe. These astrolabes are of the form of a gigantic watch, and are often beautifully made. Every large town contains at least two astrologers; and these men do not starve, for they can always afford a long dark cloak of finest broadcloth, without which a Persian astrologer would be incomplete. This long cloak—a portion of the court costume of Persia—is *de rigueur*; without it, like a lord chancellor without his wig, the astrologer would be but a man,

and would cease to inspire respect and awe. Nor is the astrologer without his uses. Is a provincial governor ordered to the capital, and reluctant to leave his satrapy? What more powerful reply can he make to urgent telegrams demanding his presence in Teheran, than that he is waiting for a fortunate hour? The astrologer, his palm well 'crossed'—as the gypsies say—fails to find one. Meanwhile, the governor's emissary or agent at the court of the Asylum of the Universe administers the needful bribes; the storm blows over, and the fortunate governor receives a dress of honour. This dress of honour, or *kalaat*, is publicly donned: the governor rides out at a fortunate hour (the astrologer has no difficulty this time) to meet the royal gift, and to put it on in the presence of all the grandees of the province; and the townspeople, who close their shops, attend the ceremony, and at dusk illuminate the bazaars, by order.

Not so very long ago, astrologers were of importance at the English court. James I., Charles I., and Cromwell each consulted them. Dr Napier, astrologer and physician, predicted many things, among others the date of his own death. He died only in 1634, 'his knees horny with frequent praying.' The diary of 'this most renowned physician both of body and soul,' together with his portrait, are still preserved in the Ashmolean Museum. Still later, Lilly—the Sidrophel of *Hudibras*—in his almanac for 1666 predicted the great fire of London. He was the last of the great astrologers of England. Finding astrology no longer the fortune it was, he took out a license, became a physician, and died universally respected in 1681. Probably astrologers in Persia will soon go out of vogue, for the Persian civilisation is about two centuries behind the Western idea.

Omens, *fals*, and *istikhara*, or the decision by lot, are universal in Persia. The most common form of *istikhara*, or 'tossing-up,' is done with the ordinary rosary which is carried by every Muslim. A bead is grasped haphazard: 'Good, Bad, Indifferent,' is ejaculated at each bead till the big terminal one is reached; that decides the question. In common conversation, the Persians continually answer according to the indication given by the rosary—that is to say, they lie or tell the truth according to this peculiar manifestation of the will of heaven. A merchant makes or refuses a bargain under this guidance. Nor will any serious act of life be done without invoking the fates. Shall he go a journey? An omen. Shall he call in a doctor? An omen. What doctor? An omen. Shall he go to law? An omen. While gambling—constant omens. Shall he marry his son or daughter? An omen. To whom? An omen. Shall he divorce his wife, or wed another? An omen. Child-like, the Persian often tries again, and when much perplexed by contradictory results, he consults the astrologer or goes to a diviner. Not, however, till he has tried the *sortes Hafsiæ* by inserting a knife into the leaves of the divine poet of Shiraz; or perhaps he consults in the same manner the poet Saadi, or even the Koran.

The diviner is a charlatan pure and simple, but he is useful, very useful. By trading on the fears of the common people, the diviner, or *rammâl*, often will recover stolen property. He

will heap up a mound of earth and make an incantation over it, announcing that the stolen article will be found in the heap next day. The property returns, for the *rammâl* has informed the servants that in case of failure, the thief will surely burst, or turn blue for life. Or ranging the suspects in a row, he causes them to chew rice. The guilty man, his mouth dry with fear, cannot pulverise the grain; the *rammâl* pounces on him at once. Or he will place a pot, supposed to be empty, in a dark room. The suspects are told to enter one by one and dip their hands in. All are stained—for the pot contains dye—save one man, the culprit. Or all are shut in a dark empty room, and a bit of reed is given to each. The *rammâl*, with much ceremony and prayer, informs his victims that the reed of the guilty man will grow. Of course the criminal bites or shortens his reed, and is thus detected.

The writer got back a silver pipe-head thus. He sent for the *rammâl*, to the great indignation and disgust of the servants. No results. Strange to say, in the night the prophet Mohammed appeared in a dream to one of them and indicated the whereabouts of the lost pipe-head. The man smilingly communicated his dream, and asked permission to make a search. He found the pipe-head of course. He was the thief: the *rammâl* had frightened him.

Jadû is the preparation of a charm against a person. The professors of *jadû* are generally old women, negresses or Jewesses by preference. The usual way is to frighten the victim. A brick or flat tile is placed in the obnoxious person's room; a rude diagram in chalk or charcoal is scrawled upon it at the corners; and in the middle are placed small tufts of cotton wool saturated with naphtha or oil: these are lighted, and the victim fades away or dies, usually from fear. Often the *jadû* is merely the blind for the deliberate administration of poison. Love-potions, philters, and their like are common. The constituents of these are generally very abominable, as are most native prescriptions. The wife of a European once, out of curiosity and to please a Persian lady, took a prescription from a native doctor; his fee was only one-and-sixpence. The medicine, however, was expensive and bulky—it cost two pounds, and was a gallon and a half in bulk. It was to be taken internally. Before taking it, the prescription was fortunately translated. There were forty ingredients! The lady threw away that valuable remedy.

A CHANCE MEETING.

JOHN CHALLONER was feeling utterly miserable. He was a brown-bearded, sturdy-looking man, with every outward appearance of health and prosperity; but as he sat there in the corner of the railway carriage, with his hands thrust deeply into the capacious pockets of his fur-lined coat, and with his travelling cap pulled low over his eyes, I doubt if there were so wretched a man in the whole of that London express.

There was a terrible storm on, for it was the Christmas eve of '78, and destined to be a memorable night in the annals of the weather almanacs; but as he sat there watching the snow being

hurled in compact masses against the windows, John Challoner felt a certain grim satisfaction that nature should be in accordance with his own tempestuous thoughts. He was not very sure of their present whereabouts, but as far as he could judge, the train was already some hours late, and was progressing at a very slow rate indeed. Well, what did it matter, after all, whether or not he were home in time for the Christmas Day? The big dreary house, that a girl's young presence had seemed to flood with sunshine, would appear even bigger and drearier, now that that girl had left it for ever. There would be Sarah, of course, the silent elder sister, who had watched over John's motherless boyhood, and who loved him with so jealous a devotion; but then—Sarah wasn't Madge, and it was Madge he wanted. Not that he would have admitted as much for a moment; that would have been too ridiculous, when it was only last night, after a somewhat prolonged visit to the Scottish metropolis, that he had been talking to a lawyer in Edinburgh, and giving him instructions about the drawing up of the paper which was to separate the husband and wife. John was to go his way, and Madge was to go hers. And this was the end of those four years of married life which had opened so brightly and well; this was the end of that first tiny quarrel, when Challoner had forgotten the promise to take his girl-wife to an especial dance, and had spent the evening amongst the books which had been the sole companions of his hitherto solitary life. Whose actual fault was it that things had come to this pass? In what had the trouble consisted, that there had been such jarring in the home that they had ultimately decided to live their lives apart?

The train went slower and slower; the freshly fallen snow lay in high banks on either side; but John Challoner's thoughts never wandered from the old sore subject. One by one he recalled the various landmarks of those four years. How bitterly Sarah had resented the advent of the young bride; how impossible he had found it to live a society life with Madge and yet get through the necessary literary work which meant his livelihood; how eagerly his young cousin, Charlie Thorne, had volunteered to take her to dances and so on in his stead. Then he recalled their little daughter's birth, and the glad hopes that had sprung into life as he took his tiny Christmas rose in his stalwart arms and tried to trace the mother-look in the baby features. But the baby had only lived to see her second birthday, and with her death 'the rift within the lute' had slowly widened, and the faint music which still had echoed in their daily lives was turned into jangling discord. 'Madge was fonder of young Thorne than of John himself,' Sarah had averred; and the poor fellow had been forced to acquiesce, when barely had the dead child been laid to rest, before her mother had taken up the old whirl of dissipation, with Charlie Thorne in constant attendance.

There was nothing, I think, which John Challoner felt so bitterly as this same apparent hard-heartedness. It is not often that men care for very young children, but this curly-headed little daughter had been simply worshipped by her father. The fact that this man was a poet both by nature and profession may perhaps have

helped him in his love and comprehension of what Theodore Watts so beautifully calls 'the music of human speech—the beloved babble of children;' but certain it is that he had set high hopes upon this little one. The highest of all was that she would bind his beautiful wife closer to him; but the baby had died and was under the snow, and the dead hopes were buried in the scrap of lawyers' parchment which another week would see signed and attested.

How bitterly cold it was, to be sure! the hot-water cans had been useless long ago; and the windows were coated with frozen snow; but yet he never regretted having taken the journey. Albeit they were English folk, Madge's home and belongings were in Edinburgh, and Challoner had preferred leaving the question of settlements with those who would be careful for Madge's interests, rather than in less friendly hands. Of course there had been no actual obligation to go north in person; but Challoner, jealous for his wife's reputation, had dreaded the matter being discussed by unnecessary tongues. The separation was purely a personal affair, and was being settled by the family solicitors without any further appeal to the law.

There were only two other passengers in his compartment, and to rouse himself from his gloomy abstraction, he began listening to their conversation. They were both young, rather sporting-looking men, and one had evidently been describing to the other the personal appearance of some unknown lady.

'She is a thorough little beauty, I tell you, and I flatter myself I'm a good judge,' was his enthusiastic conclusion. 'Shouldn't mind travelling up to town with her myself.'

'Why don't you, then?' came in answer.

The first speaker laughed. 'I daren't, my boy. She has a gorgon of a maid with her, who is even more freezing than this beastly weather. Tell you what, though; at the next station, I'll try to get her some tea or something, and that'll pave the way to a chat.'

Challoner frowned involuntarily. Such talk was peculiarly distasteful to him; and for the first time it struck him that for the future his Madge would be open to any and every chance insult which men such as his fellow-travellers might choose to put upon her. The very thought of it made his blood boil. Madge was so pretty, so young, and in many ways so thoughtless, that even more than another, she might be made to feel her unprotected state; and whatever might happen, he himself would be powerless to shield her. He became so absorbed in this new thought, that he hardly noticed when the creeping train came to a stand-still; and it was only when a sudden blast of cold air made it apparent that his companions had thrown down the window and were leaning out, that he roused himself to inquire the cause. He was putting his head out of his own window to look about him, when the guard came along the footboard, feeling his way laboriously in the blinding snow, and shouting at the top of his voice that all passengers were to descend.

Instantly all was in confusion. Cries of 'Why? What's the matter? Are we in danger? and Guard! guard! resounded on all sides. Immediately the younger of his companions unfastened

the door, and ejaculating, 'Now for that pretty girl!' jumped out; while the other more slowly collected his wraps, and observed that he 'supposed the snow had been too much for the engine.'

This indeed proved to be the case; and after some pardonable grumbling, Challoner got out of the train and followed in the track of those who were picking their way towards a roadside station at some forty yards' distance. As he did so, he caught the rough persuasive tones of his late companion: 'Really, now, you had better take my arm; we shall get on first-rate.'

The door of a first-class carriage was swinging open, and standing before it—so directly in his path that Challoner almost fell over him—was the young gentleman who had vaunted his appreciation of feminine beauty. Naturally, Challoner's glance followed his; and although he could not distinguish the lady's features, he was becoming dimly conscious that the brown velvet coat was strangely familiar, when she spoke a few words in a tone which sent the blood rapidly coursing through his veins: 'Thank you; I will not trouble you; my maid is with me.'

Madge's voice! Challoner dropped his rugs, scrambled up on to the footboard, and held out his arms. 'Come down at once!' he cried authoritatively. 'It may not be safe for you to stay there. Jump, and I'll catch you. May I trouble you to get out of the way, sir? This lady is my wife.'

Madge flung herself instantly into the outstretched arms, and burst into hysterical sobbing. 'O John, John! I have been so cold and so frightened. And the light in our carriage went out, and I thought something might happen to the train and hurt you.'

'Why, Madge!'

Never before had Challoner seen his wife so thoroughly unhinged and frightened, and his heart gave a great leap as he echoed her last words: 'Hurt me? Of course not.—But how came you to be travelling to town? Why didn't you stay in Edinburgh? Do you think you have taken cold?' He asked the questions all in a breath; but when she began explaining that she wanted to spend Christmas in town with her aunt, he hastily cut her short.

'There is no time to talk; we must get on to the station.—Parker' (this to the maid), 'follow me closely, and try to walk in my footsteps. I shall carry your mistress: the snow is too deep for her.'

While speaking, he took the trembling girl in his arms, and began slowly plodding along in the direction the guard had indicated. Of course it was only a chance meeting, and Challoner was too free from superstition to look on it as anything else; but even while he was reminding himself that it was a terrible pity they had met—that their tempers were wholly incompatible—and that it would be misery to live again through the last few months, he was still holding the girl very closely and tenderly, and wishing in spite of himself that the distance could be doubled.

When they reached the little country station, they found it to be better provided with shelter than is usually the case; and though there was only one man in charge, he was a sensible, good-natured individual, who did his best for the poor

travellers thus thrown upon his hands. Either the sight of Madge's white child-like face, or the pleasant assurance that the gentleman would make it worth his while, induced him to open a little box of a room which appeared to be his especial property and to motion to Challoner to enter.

'Your lady will be more comfortable there, sir, than in the big room along o' the third-class passengers and all,' he suggested; and as neither husband nor wife could think of a sufficient excuse for preferring the company of their fellow-travellers, they were obliged to follow the man's lead.

'I will not intrude upon your privacy,' said Challoner stiffly, as soon as the station-keeper had left them alone. 'You and Parker will be quite comfortable here, and you'll soon get warm by the fire.'

Madge watched his broad form disappear through the doorway with a sinking heart. 'He hates to be with me even for these few minutes,' ran her thoughts; 'and yet, with a piteous little quiver on her lips, 'oh! how delicious it was to be held in his arms! If he had held me like that oftener, we shouldn't be hating each other to-day! If he had but kissed me in the snow!'

The dismal train of thought was suddenly broken by the discovery that one of her trinkets was missing, and Mrs Challoner was instantly on her knees. 'Come and help me to look for it, Parker,' she cried. 'I have lost my locket. Oh, what shall I do? I have lost my locket.'

The excitement both of mistress and maid seemed considerably more than the occasion warranted; but only Madge herself and the faithful woman who had nursed her as a child knew of the serious trouble such a loss would entail.

'Could you have dropped it outside, ma'am?'

'Not possible. The chain couldn't catch on anything, when I had my cloak fastened. No; it must be on the floor. Do look for it, Parker.'

And look for it they did, but without success; and when the long fruitless search was over, the expression on the girl's face was very woe-begone indeed.

'The mistress has lost her gold locket,' whispered Parker when John Challoner came again to the door. 'It's my belief, sir, that she dropped it on the floor of the carriage. Can't you send somebody after it, sir?'

'What locket?'

'The little gold one she always wears round her neck,' explained the maid, regardless of the urgent 'Parker! You are not to trouble Mr Challoner,' which came from behind her. 'She is fonder of it than of anything else, sir; it seems a pity it should be lost.'

'Parker!' again broke in the pretty girlish voice, 'I desire that you will not trouble Mr Challoner.'

The man's lips twitched involuntarily. It seemed to him that his young wife was only playing at dignity when she preferred addressing her remarks to him through the medium of a servant.

'Don't be so foolish,' he said peremptorily. 'Of course I'll go after your locket. I only came back to tell you that I am afraid you will have to spend several hours here. The snow has broken

at Weldron and Calstock, Cornwall. The precise words are recorded in Mr J. Potter Briscoe's *Curiosities of the Belfry*.

One of the ringers' regulations at Holy Trinity Church at Hull is this: 'It is ordered that every person who shall ring any bell with hat or spurs on shall forfeit and pay sixpence for the use of the ringers.' This was drafted in 1730, and was confirmed in 1838.

The penalty imposed for ringing 'with spur or hat' at Cardington, Salop, in 1755-56, was 'sixpence in ale;' and at Leigh, Staffordshire, 'two pots of ale are due for that.' A sixpenny fine was levied at All Saints', Hastings, in and after 1756; at Grantham, about 1764; at St Keyne, Cornwall, about 1774; at Haxey, Lincolnshire, in 1785; and it was ordered in 1793 that 'any person yt shall ring a bell with his spurs on, shall pay sixpence.' At Redbourn, the penalty was a groat (in 1764); and at Brington, the offender in the matter of ringing with spurs on had 'fourpence to pay or else begone.' At Bowden Magna, Leicestershire, the rule was that

If you shall presume in peal
With hat, or coat, or armed heel;

For each offence shall twopence pay.

Spurred would-be ringers at Newark-upon-Trent, Notts, were warned that if they with spurs on attempted to ring, they should forfeit twopence to the sexton.

Of the present century 'Rules for the Ringers,' relating to the imposing of penalties for wearing spurs whilst ringing bells, there are only a few instances recorded. At Burnley, it was enjoined, in 1804, that any person who attempted to ring with spurs on was to forfeit sixpence. The 'Ringers' Orders,' painted on a wall of the belfry in Beverley Minster, in 1823, inflict a fine of sixpence on any person who rang 'with hat or spurs on.' Spurred ringers were ordered to pull off their hats, belts, and spurs, at St Peter's, Shaftesbury; and the authorities at St Michael's, at Macclesfield, ordered that if any one

His hat or spur does wear,
Then 4 pence more 's the sexton's share.

The exaction of spur-money in the belfries of our places of worship is now one of the things of the past.

CURIOUS OAK CARVINGS.

There has lately been exhibited at the South Kensington Museum a set of interesting oak carvings taken from the newels of the grand staircase of Bickling Hall, Norfolk, the seat of the Marchioness of Lothian, which dates from 1620. They are figures representing soldiers, each two feet six inches high. One of them is an early representation of a private in the renowned and gallant '42d Highlanders.' It has, however, been thought to portray one of the old 'Royal Scots,' predecessors of the now '1st Royal Scots,' or Lothian Regiment, for the letters 'G. R.' upon his pouchbox go to show that the figure was carved in 1728. The 'Independent Companies,' six in number, were raised in 1729, as a sort of constabulary force for service in the Highlands. They were locally styled 'Am Freicadhán Dubh,' or the 'Black Watch,' from the sombre hue of

their tartans, in contradistinction to the 'Saighdearhan Deargh,' or Red Soldiers (regulars). The 'Black Watch' was established formally in October 1739 as the 43d Regiment, to which four additional companies had been added, and was placed under the command of Alexander Lindsay, fourth Earl of Crawford and Balcarres; but in 1749, their regimental number was altered to the '42d,' when the battalion, commanded by General Oglethorpe (Dr Johnson's great friend) was reduced. The carved oak figure, it is observed, carries no target; but most of the 'Black Watch' used targets at the battle of Fontenoy in 1745, and even as late as 1747. The careful carving of his arms and appointments, being very correct, are peculiarly interesting: pistol, dirk (*bedag*), broadsword (*glavgh-mohr*), socket-bayonet, and heavy flintlock musket, and broad belts, and gypsire or *dorlach*, represented by the modern sporran, are all admirably done. The fillibeg is very full, in ample folds over the hips and back; but, curiously enough, the carver has omitted the plaid, which should have been represented as thrown over the left shoulder. It is, however, generally understood that, about the period in question, most Scots dwelling in the north had only one plaid, not two plaids. This they first 'kilted'—that is, made into a shortened or tucked-up skirt, to go round the loins—and then drew the rest of the cloth or tartan as a plaid over their shoulders. So excellent is this one particular effigy, and so correct in all its details, that it is stated that Mr Boehm, the sculptor, is about to reproduce it as an authentic model of an original Highland soldier of the period marked by the reign of George II., or about the time when regular soldiers were first raised and classed under the distinct name of 'Highland Regiments,' the famous 42d having been the most celebrated and distinguished, always foremost when danger was to be faced, or the terrible work of war carried on.

LOVE OR LANDS.

'I BRING not houses, lands, or gold,
To give, sweetheart, to thee;
No richer than I was of old,
Am I to-day,' quoth he.
In sooth he looked his poverty,
If ever so did one;
In rags and tatters clad was he,
Bareheaded to the sun!

It was her love of long ago
Who took her outstretched hands;
'If you are he I used to know,
I seek not gold or lands.
If you but love me still, sweetheart,
I am content,' cried she;
'And I will share your lowly part,
For I your bride will be!'

'Then, by my troth, my heart is thine!'
Quoth he at her reply;
'Though rags and tatters may be mine,
No beggar now am I.
I'm richer than with gold and lands
The proudest monarchs be,
With thee for mine, and these two hands
To work, sweetheart, for thee!'

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

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THE HUMOURS OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

THERE is a humorous side to everything, not even excepting that most awful of nature's manifestations, an earthquake; and those who see it are not, as a rule, those who take the least serious views of life; rather, they are so sensitive to every influence, that were it not for this saving mental attitude which can unbend to any passing suggestion of the ludicrous, this faculty, which Wordsworth recommends, of taking

Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought,

the shock of such a catastrophe would shake also their nature to its foundations.

Amid the sudden awful desolations of the great earthquake at Lisbon, we do not suppose that there occurred anything at which even the 'fun-fiend' could have smiled. The destruction was so sudden and so overwhelming, that people's humours had no time for their manifestation. Moreover, the modern spirit, above all the American spirit, is more quick to grasp the humorous aspect of a situation than was that of Lisbon in the day of her visitation. In Charleston herself, that brave old city, whose inhabitants cherish for her something of the same passionate love and admiration which is felt for Naples by the natives thereof, suggestive of the very poetry and romance of patriotism—people might have been heard laughing, if a little tremulously, over some of the incidents of the earthquake, the very day after it had shaken their city to its foundations. And yet the proudest and the gayest of them all had joined, with a humble, lowly, and contrite heart, during the terrors of the night, in the prayers for mercy addressed by the wildly excited negroes; for no religious revival has ever quickened the people as did this rough shaking of their abiding-place, and, piercing the darkness and confusion all around, at the same time resounded the subterranean thunder of the earthquake.

Long years of humiliation have told on their sensitive spirit; and for all their bravado about

their blood being the same as the white man's, the ebony skin which becomes them so well is often a greater reproach to them in their own eyes than in those of their masters, so that at times they almost seem to doubt as to their also being 'God's image.' Therefore it was that next to their dependence on the Deity was the trust they put in the white people; and whenever they caught sight of a white face, while rushing blindly hither and thither in the fitful glare of flickering lights, losing sight and hold of one another in the darkness and confusion, they would turn to it as to that of an angel. To many a poor wandering coloured boy or girl, the glimpse of some white lady passing brought hope in their despair, and, dropping on their knees, they would seize hold of her dress, beseeching her to stay with them 'till judgment was done.'

The lower creation shared in, or anticipated the terrors of humanity, the buzzards that, with awkward dignity, patrolled the town, being the only living creatures unmoved by the catastrophe. Dogs howled in piteous fear; cattle pawed the trembling ground, lowing; fowls fluttered screeching from their roosts; while horses screamed like human beings.

Yet the spirit of heroism was abroad that night with the earthquake; and the deeds of devotion and self-sacrifice accomplished will never all be told. While Death was in the air, around, above, beneath them, making his presence known by the roar as of some wild, unearthly beast escaping from his prison—his rage was set at nought by gentle maids and women, as well as by stalwart men, by blacks as well as whites. In the veins of some of these poor negroes still flows the blood of African kings and warriors; and in many who had once been slaves, the heroic spirit broke forth grandly.

The scenes at the prisons might remind one of that thrilling night at Philippi, where one Paul of Tarsus and his companion were incarcerated some eighteen hundred years ago, when suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that

the foundations of the prison were shaken.' The earthquake here was not attended by the same blessed consequences of the doors flying open and of every one's bands being loosed. If it had been, the prisoners would certainly have failed to show the same admirable forbearance as those of Philippi in refraining from making their escape; for the poor wretches were frantic to get free, and could only be kept back at the point of the pistol as they dashed themselves madly against the bars, their shrieks piercing far beyond. It is almost a relief to think that at least some few of them accomplished their purpose. All those who retained the blessing of liberty had rushed from the perilous confinement of walls, and, by the lurid glare of conflagrations that lit the heavens here and there, were speeding towards the open squares and parks. Black and white, rich and poor, young and old, they moved along, like the phantasmagoria of some wild dream, shrieking, groaning, crying; clad in all manner of costumes, including night-robes, for it was past ten o'clock. One unfortunate lady, who was innocently engaged in her ablutions at the time, and upon whose garments a heavy bureau had inconsiderately fallen, was perforce obliged to masquerade it in her husband's coat. Some enviable little mortals, still wrapped in the sweet slumbers of infancy, were borne along, unconscious of the perils all around them, and laid on 'shakedown' in the open parks.

'Save who can' was evidently not the motto here. A girl of eighteen, who, like the hero of one of Grimm's fairy tales, did not know what it was to be afraid, in the midst of the panic succeeding the first terrible shock, while others stood aghast with fear, not knowing where to go, ran lightly into a rocking house, up the stairway into a burning room, to rescue a stranger's baby. (Where was the stranger?) Nor content with that, she paused, with tenderness as exquisite as her courage had been phenomenal, to wrap the little forlorn one in a blanket before her perilous descent. Sweet Sadie Gibbes! thy name evermore will shed a fragrance as of love and courage in the mention.

All Charleston spent that night beneath the open sky in eager watching for the dawn. To one of the crowded parks repaired the gallant news-editor of the Charleston paper, to lay his weary form upon the grass, after ranging the ruined city and writing his experiences in the quaking office; and when, amid the noisy babble of women, men, and children going on all around him—for few were the eyes, even of childhood, which closed in sleep that night—he fell at last into a troubled doze, he must have felt like one that dreamed on waking, in one of the small-hours succeeding midnight, to find himself surrounded by a compassionate group of ladies and gentlemen, engaged in earnest conversation over his covered form, which they mistook for

the corpse of some unhappy victim to nature's wrath. In no way appreciative of their sympathy, the 'newspaper man' gave a quick turn over, which dispersed the kindly group.

The earthquakes in the surrounding districts were so slight for the most part as to induce no more disastrous consequences than fear and nausea. At Cincinnati, nine persons out of every ten fancied themselves seized with sudden sickness; and many did not know till the next morning that the disturbance was in Mother Earth. A telegraph operator in communication with Washington told that place to 'hold on,' as he was *sick*. 'We've just had a shock of earthquake here,' flashed back Washington; and then the Cincinnati operator knew what was the matter with him. A lady in Pawley's Island—which was shaken, though not injuriously, like a plaything in the grasp of a giant—on being dashed back violently against her bed, fancied she had been seized with a fit, yet was puzzled at feeling perfectly conscious. But seeing everything in the room dancing, while her slumbering spouse was pitched from one side of the bed to the other, the thought of an earthquake occurred to her, and the alarmed household lost no time in betaking themselves to the shore. There, everything presented the most unearthly aspect, chaotic and unformed, as if the world were still in creation, and the earth not yet established—the sands rolling and heaving like the waves of the ocean. The little ones, just roused from their slumbers, and bewildered with the shock, knew not what to make of it. 'Don't push me so hard, Maddie, please!' called out a small boy to his sister, mistaking her for the earthquake; while a little damsel piously suggested that they should all go to church and 'take the communion.'

'It's an ill wind,' says the proverb, 'that blows no good;' and it is an ill earthquake, we may add, that shakes nothing into order. A young girl who had lost her power of speech from infancy, through severe illness, found it suddenly restored to her in the terror of that awful shock. Her first use of the recovered faculty, indeed, was to scream for fear; but even those screams, we may imagine, broke half-sweetly on her ear, unaccustomed to the pleasant sound of her own voice; and she was soon almost delirious with joy to find that her tongue could frame words—the names of her dear ones, so long sealed to it—though the long unfamiliar medium of expression halted somewhat strangely at this new beginning. But what a fresh delight to herself and her family must have been those doubtful initiatory attempts at clothing her thoughts in language!

People's idiosyncrasies will exhibit themselves, even at such awful crises as these, in an amusing manner. An old gentleman, the whole side of whose house had fallen in, escaped with his family to the garden, where they camped all night. In the morning he disappeared for about an hour, returning 'spick and span and self-possessed.' He had made his way into the house, taken his usual morning bath amidst the wreck of his household gods, dressed himself carefully in clean clothes, and informed his anxious family that he found the earthquake 'very exciting.'

and meant to stay and see it out. We should have liked to shake hands with that fine old specimen of humanity, whom the earthquake itself was powerless to shake out of the habits of a gentleman. An old lady, whom the shock surprised in bed, rushed out of the house in frantic terror to her friends, who were crouching among the fig-trees in the garden. She carried her stockings and other habiliments with her, but had taken time to put on her cap!

A merchant in Albany, whose dreams had probably often been of burglars, was disrobing for the night, when a sudden clattering of dishes in the china-closet made him think the robbers were at their work. Pistol in hand, and closely followed by his better-half, he crept cautiously towards the scene of disturbance, when the bed began to move violently. 'He is under the bed!' screamed the wife; on which the valorous merchant, in nowise daunted, prepared to expel the intruder or perish in the attempt. But other pieces of furniture began now to join in the unearthly dance; and this multiplication of invisible burglars proving too much for the worthy merchant, he rushed incontinently, with his partner, from the house—to discover that it was an earthquake he had been hunting with his pistol.

A certain hotel-keeper, awakened by the shock, and ever on the alert for the welfare of his guests, shouted out some forcible injunctions to a porter, who, as he thought, was dragging a traveller's trunks over the floor with unnecessary violence. But the earthquake, grimly intent upon its own business, paid no heed to the oburgation. A bar-keeper—with what grounds it would be uncharitable to surmise—suddenly experiencing a sensation as of drunkenness, clung to his bar counter, while suspended lamps swung east and west before his sight, and houses swayed to and fro like trees in a storm. Whatever that bar-keeper's condition may have been before, the shock of the discovery that it was an earthquake to which these supposed imaginary disturbances were due, must effectually have sobered him.

There were few who shared in the aforementioned old gentleman's enjoyment of the new sensation of an earthquake. People who were 'raised in bed' find little comfort in sleeping on the grass even under the shelter of a tent.

One man, who had evidently supped his full of horrors, took the liberty of declaring that he was 'about sick of the earthquake, and guessed every one had had enough of it;' while another, more enterprising, remarked that nothing but a good tidal wave was wanting 'to make the thing complete.'

Such familiarity will poor humanity pretend—when the first shock that blanched the cheek and made the heart to quake is over—with the dreadest visitor that has approached it from the Invisible. Such ease will it begin to affect in presence of the most awful misery and desolation. There was not one, indeed, but was awestruck at the contemplation of such resistless power, and of his own utter helplessness—apart even from the reminders of a misgiving conscience; for when earth begins to fail her children, to tremble beneath their feet, and to

shake their homes from off her, as if she were weary of them—what have they to cling to then, or to turn to for security? At such times, the human heart appeals from the treacheries of nature to the unshaken truth of the Eternal—even as Wordsworth turns from contemplation of the insecurity of all on earth, of the sea, the skies, and time itself—with an involuntary cry to his Maker:

But Thou art true, incarnate God!

The earthquake which hurried so many, either by fear or violence, into another world, also cradled some few little mortals into this.

'Now, mild may be thy life!' says Prince Pericles to his new-born infant, 'for a more blustrous birth had never babe.' But what was even that to these, where the earth, belying her character for firmness, proved herself unstable as water, and would give nothing to these little new-born ones but so rough a shaking for their welcome! But, in spite of their untoward entrance into the world, may these children of the earthquake live to prove a blessing yet to their birthplace, the 'thrice-scourged'—to use the words of the editor of the Charleston paper—'but still patient, still brave, still hopeful, still beautiful city by the sea.'

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER IX.—ON THE TERRACE.

JOSEPHINE lived in a condition of feud with her father. In her heart she repented of her rebelliousness; but when present with him, the antagonism broke out again, in spite of good intentions. She had naturally a good heart, truthful character, and abhorrence of meanness, but met at every turn with evidences of her father's insincerity and self-seeking. This condition of warfare had imbittered her heart and sharpened her tongue.

We begin life as believers, and end it as sceptics. We begin with trustfulness, and go on through every stage of disillusion into absolute mistrust. As children, we look up to every one; as old men, we look down on all. We expect this process to take place within us: to find out one subterfuge after another, to discover hollowness wherever we tap, and dust behind every rind; and we are pleased at the ingenuousness of the young, who believe all things to be solid and the rind to cover richness.

Josephine was brought up in an atmosphere so clear that no illusion was possible in it. Her father's conversation dispelled all faith in what is good and noble and real. His example was level with his opinion. He made no scruple to let his sister and daughter see the strings that controlled his movements, the hollowness of all his profession. Instead, therefore, of beginning life as a child with belief, she began with suspicion and distrust.

She was drawn to Richard Cable and his household by the contrast he and it exhibited to her father and her own home. She stepped at once from the scenery of a theatre to natural landscape,

from a hothouse to breezy open air. And as that which is true and wholesome always exercises attraction on a nature not wholly depraved, Josephine woke to consciousness of many fibres in her soul linking her to the Cable family, and to acknowledge a fascination which she could not explain.

Her father did not forbid her to go to the cottage; perhaps he so completely disbelieved in her obedience, that he thought it useless to do so. Instead, he sneered and threw about insinuations which offended her, and stirred in her the spirit of opposition, which always slumbered in her heart, waiting to be aroused. His remarks about Cable were so unjust and ungenerous, that she resented them indignantly; their injustice spurred her sense of fairness into assertion. The perverse tactics of Justin Cornellis recoiled on himself. Had he forbidden Josephine to go to the cottage, she would have obeyed sullenly, and admitted in the end that he had ordered discreetly; but as he took the other course, she persisted in her visits against her better judgment.

Aunt Judith exercised neither authority nor influence on the wayward girl. She was a lazy woman, who believed in her brother's cleverness, and thrust all responsibilities upon his shoulders. So long as she was comfortable, all was well. The profitable was always right, and success was the sanction of conduct however tortuous. She reflected, in this, the general opinion, took her tone from what prevails. We heap scorn on Mrs Grundy when she shakes her head over the gentleman who has a good cellar, and his lady who gives splendid balls; she is only listened to when she utters her doubts about the propriety of calling on that couple which drives a pony-chaise, and the grass-widow whose garden is too circumscribed for lawn-tennis. Those who have difficulty in making both ends meet have every one picking at their frayed edges; but those whose incomes are double-breasted are panoplied as in armour. When we reckon our income by hundreds, we scarce dare express an opinion; but when by thousands, we may calculate on our platitudes being regarded as words to be treasured. We return cold-shoulder to him who, when we drop in unexpectedly, gives us cold leg of mutton at dinner. A surgeon must put his groom in livery and drive a dashing turn-out before he receives a fee. If he walks to see his patients, no one will give a fig for his opinion. I know a banker who stopped a run and averted ruin by putting his footman into red velvet breeches: no one supposed that the bank was tottering, when Jeames assumed new, carnation inexpressibles.

'I wish, Josephine,' said Mr Cornellis, 'you would run across to the Hall and learn what has become of Mr Gotham. I have not seen him these three days. He has not been here; and when I went to inquire, he was not visible; stupefied with opium, I suppose. Tell him that I will come over and have a game of billiards with him, if he be so inclined. Throw in a word about Aunt Judith,' he added with a scornful laugh.

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'Why not? She would have no objections.'

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'He is a thorough man.'

'He could not have had that from his mother, who is only a common woman.'

'Why not? She is a superior person. I like her; she is so dignified.'

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'Nothing else offers. The ship will be replaced; I suppose a better one than that old cut down tub. But I fancy Richard would rather

from a hothouse to breezy open air. And as that which is true and wholesome always exercises attraction on a nature not wholly depraved, Josephine woke to consciousness of many fibres in her soul linking her to the Cable family, and to acknowledge a fascination which she could not explain.

Her father did not forbid her to go to the cottage; perhaps he so completely disbelieved in her obedience, that he thought it useless to do so. Instead, he sneered and threw about insinuations which offended her, and stirred in her the spirit of opposition, which always slumbered in her heart, waiting to be aroused. His remarks about Cable were so unjust and ungenerous, that she resented them indignantly; their injustice spurred her sense of fairness into assertion. The perverse tactics of Justin Cornellis recoiled on himself. Had he forbidden Josephine to go to the cottage, she would have obeyed sullenly, and admitted in the end that he had ordered discreetly; but as he took the other course, she persisted in her visits against her better judgment.

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take to something which did not withdraw him so much from home. I heard him one day say that if he only had a boat of his own, he would be a fisherman.'

'Why should he not have a boat?'

'He cannot afford one. Boats are expensive.'

'Why should not you give him one?'

'I!' Josephine almost started to her feet, she was so astonished at the proposition.

'Yes, you. Why not? He saved your life. You feel indebted to him. Give him what would make him happy. Do not ask him if he will have it and give him opportunity of declining; make it his.'

'But Mr Gotham'—her handsome face was flushed as she turned it to him—'how can I? I have no money—that is to say, of course I shall have my mother's money some day; but my father is trustee, and my guardian, and would not let me have the sum for the purpose. Nothing would please me better than to give this surprise and gratification to a kind, good man. But it is not of any use proposing it to my father; he would not hear of it; he would cover me with ridicule, jeer at the suggestion, and dismiss it.'

'But I suppose that when of age, you can claim your money to do with it what you will?'

'I do not know. I am of age next month; but it does not follow that I shall get my money if I ask for it. I am not going to have a lawsuit for it with my father.'

'I will make a suggestion, Josephine,' said the old man, still working his stick, and working it faster. 'I have money at my disposal which I am ready to lend you for this purpose. You shall borrow it of me, giving me an acknowledgment, and you shall buy Richard a ship. There is a new and beautiful little cutter being built by Messrs Grimes and Newbold. She is very nearly ready for sea. What do you say to buying her and fitting her up with everything necessary, and presenting her to Richard Cable?'

'My father will never allow it,' Josephine's face was burning, her dark eyes sparkling.

'Do not say a word about it to him. The arrangement is between you and me. I think with you that some fitting acknowledgment should be made to Richard. He was right to refuse ten pounds. The world will cry shame on your father and you unless something be done for your preserver. Do not bring me in. I lend you the money; I do nothing more. I am ignorant of the purpose for which you borrow it—it is a business transaction.'

'But'—Josephine hesitated. She was pleased with the idea, yet something in her cautioned her not to close with the proposal. 'But, Mr Gotham'—she coloured deeply—'will not people consider it odd? Will it not give occasion to talk?'

'People will suppose your father has in this way recompensed Cable. They need not know that he has nothing to do with it, any more than they need know that I have helped in the matter. The talk will be that Mr Justin Cornellis has done the right thing, and done it handsomely. Do not let it get wind that he offered ten pounds; that would make talk,

and talk not pleasant to hear. Folk would say he valued you cheaply. You shall buy the boat of Messrs Grimes and Newbold, and name her.'

'What shall she be named—the Bessie?'

'The Bessie!' Mr Gotham shrank back. 'No—on no account—the Josephine.'

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

II. THE QUESTION OF ITS ADVANTAGES.

THE general objection to higher studies for women appears to us to rest in a confused way on the idea that, somehow, they unfit a woman for her proper duties; and this wrong conclusion, if we sift the grounds on which it rests, seems to be drawn from the notion, right enough in itself, that women are different from men. Hence it is thought that studies which have long been known to be efficient in the training of the one sex, are not suitable for the other.

Setting aside any philosophical discussion as to the basis of the difference between men and women, and at once acknowledging simply that there is a difference, we may recognise as its practical outcome the fact that they have different duties to perform. Men and women, as being differently equipped by nature—he for the rougher tasks, she for the finer; he for the work of the outer circle, as it were, she for the inner—divide the duties of life between them; and thus it is only when each sex works faithfully in its own department, that the wheels of existence run smoothly and the world's work is well done. Woman is the helpmate of man, and fulfils this office not by doing the same things that he does, but by doing different things which he is not so well fitted to do. She is then the 'perfect music' which, set to his 'noble words,' makes the theme complete. We may illustrate their different spheres from the humblest family life, where the man goes out to his daily toil, and the woman is busy at home minding the house and looking after the children. The domestic sphere, all that concerns the care of the house and the household and the management of the children—pre-eminently is the woman's kingdom. In the perfection of its arrangements and management her true vocation lies; and in consideration of this, we even go so far as to hold that those women who have to earn their own living will do best to keep to work that lies within their own sphere. That, however, may on examination be found to have wider limits than is generally supposed; for although a woman's duties clearly begin and centre within the four walls of her own home, they do not by any means necessarily end there. There are many public duties recognised as work that can best be done by women for women or for children: works of usefulness, of charity, and of mercy. Such work, taking on ever new forms with new developments of society, women, who have no motive but benevolence, are now doing on School Boards and Poor Boards and in countless other ways; while those who must earn a living for themselves can do so by attending to the wants of others, as matrons in workhouses or prisons, or as teachers of all descriptions. So engaged, they are still working within the sphere of their legitimate duties. It

is domestic work they are engaged in, but domestic work to which the public service, the common good, calls them.

But the varied duties of life, public or private, demand the same mental qualities in women as in men. They, too, must exercise forethought and discrimination; must think clearly and consecutively, and judge calmly. These, the attributes of a well-trained mind, are as necessary to a woman in the petty skirmishes of home, taking even the narrowest view of her duties, as to a man in the wider battlefield of life. How indispensable they are to her if she attempt any work beyond that sphere, we need scarcely say. The difference between the sexes, wherever it lies, is not to be found in their intellectual faculties; and the just conclusion is, that disciplinary methods, which applied to these have been found beneficial in the one case, will be no less likely to prove as efficacious in the other. Any doubt as to the truth of this view can only arise from a mistaken notion as to the true function of all education. If education meant nothing more than the mere acquisition of so much knowledge, to be stored in the mind and reproduced in after-life when required—if education were a mere mechanical process of this sort, then, indeed, there might be some difficulty in showing that any practical good could result to women from a university education. But education, in the true sense of the word, means something more than this. To educate is not simply to instruct—to pour in, that is; but rather, as the very word signifies, to lead out, to draw forth. All true education is twofold—concerned with both facts and faculties. It always involves to a certain extent the assimilation of facts from without; but its other more important function is the bringing out of capacities that are within. It is in this sense the drawing forth, the development of the latent powers of intellect, powers of which we never know the extent until we try to fathom it—powers which may slumber throughout our lives, if the due means are not taken to elicit and to cultivate them. It is not, then, so much what is actually learned by women in university classes that is to be considered, although we hope to show that this also may often be turned to use afterwards. We are willing to grant, however, that the mere facts acquired, the Greek and Latin, the logic and mathematics, will possibly, in the majority of cases, just as with men, never be required in after-life—may even without disadvantage be forgotten. But far more important are the abilities developed in the acquisition of this knowledge; these become a source of power in all after-experience, a fund of strength for the remainder of life.

If we look closely at what really makes the difference between a competent and incompetent person, man or woman, we shall find it lies mainly not so much in the amount of information each possesses, or in the mere number of subjects each is conversant with, as in the ability to deal with any subject, in the power to grasp the idea of anything as a whole, and in its details—to look at a thing all round, as the saying is—to understand what it is in itself, and in its connection with other things. But such capacity is possessed by those only who, by

systematic practice in thinking, have acquired the power of making exact observations, of forming accurate judgments, and drawing correct conclusions. The man or woman of such mental habits, which may be turned to good account in any matter whatever, is a better educated person, in the highest sense, than one who, without these, should be able to repeat the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by heart. But mental power of this kind is not a gift of nature; it must be acquired by our own individual efforts, by painstaking and patient attention to a variety of subjects, by unwearied and persevering application in them all. In order to think well, the natural power to think which belongs to the human mind must be developed and strengthened by exercise; and when we think rightly of a university education as affording this exercise, during the years when the mind is in the best condition to profit by it, we can see no reason why women should be denied this advantage. On the other hand, we are inclined to ascribe the so-called 'unbusiness-like' habits of most women not to any natural incapacity, but to their defective education, to their lack of that continued practice in observation and reasoning which systematic instruction in higher subjects is calculated to afford.

While this drawing-out of the faculties, which, like the hand, 'grow by using,' is to be looked on as most important in all education, we are not prepared to allow that the mere facts acquired in university classes are to be counted altogether useless for women. On the personal solace, the relief from narrowing cares and petty anxieties, the mental refreshment, possible for the scholar whose mind is stored with the best sayings of the best writers of all ages, and who is imbued with that deepened interest in all literature and all learning which a thorough study of the best books in different departments of knowledge gives, we will not dwell. But apart from and in addition to all this, a woman will find that all the learning she can possibly gain is not useless in her own nursery, or in dealing with the dawning intelligence of any children who may come within reach of her influence. What a prodigy she would be who could satisfy the ceaseless curiosity and far-reaching questions of her little four-year-old son! And if a woman's learning is not out of place in her nursery, it is imperatively required in her schoolroom, or if she interests herself in any way in public education. Only she who has been well taught herself, and has learned how to learn, is competent to direct how and what others should learn.

But education continued on into the years when the mind is gradually becoming more fully developed, has another effect, long recognised in the case of men—it tends to bestow what is spoken of vaguely as general culture, or what may be described as a sympathetic interest in all that is human, an enlightened insight into all that is real, a quickened love for all that is true. Such a state of mind, although we do not insist that it is the inevitable result of increasing knowledge, is yet impossible without it, and is, it must be allowed, as admirable in a woman as a man. As Sydney Smith says: 'A woman of accomplishments may entertain those who have the pleasure of knowing her for half an hour with great

brilliancy; but a mind full of ideas, and with that elastic spring which the love of knowledge only can convey, is a perpetual source of exhilaration and amusement to all that come within its reach.' A mind well cultured is indeed absolutely indispensable to all who aim at doing any good or lasting work in the world, and no less necessary to the woman who finds her chief work in the world of home. As wife, mother, and mistress of a household, a married woman has dependent on her, for their comfort and welfare, many varieties of human beings. She must in turn play many parts, in attending to their various wants and requirements, and all will be better performed, according to her better understanding of different phases of existence, or to the breadth of her own mental horizon. Further, in society, she is called upon to take part in discussions on political questions, on the latest discoveries of science, in criticisms on literature and art. All women actually do this, more or less intelligently. It cannot be the worse for themselves or for society that their opinions on any subject should be the offspring of their own correct knowledge, observation, and reflection, rather than of haphazard reading and hearsay. 'Depend upon it,' said the emphatic Doctor, in speaking of the mistake a man makes when he chooses 'a fool' for his wife, in the hope of managing her—'Depend upon it, no woman is the worse for sense and knowledge.' If this is the case, she cannot be the worse for education which has for its aim to foster the one and bestow the other.

One word may be said here in answer to a possible objection. It might be urged that a university education is not indispensable to the acquisition of sense and knowledge, seeing that many men and women who do without it are sensible and wise. Now, we are well aware that no instruction or learning in schools or colleges can take the place of experience, the great teacher; but experience, from its nature, if sure, is nearly always slow; and a great deal that comes by experience, as detached facts, may be learned from books, the embodied experience of others, in the form of principles. Women, in the absence often of other means of learning, and oftener for want of the ability to find their way in books, are apt to rely too much on experience, and so waste long years in finding out for themselves, with difficulty, much that they might gain from books very easily and in a very short space of time.

It ought now to be evident, unless we have stated our case very badly, that higher education, such as we contemplate, need neither in its process nor in its results take a woman out of her proper sphere. There is nothing in the nature of the education itself calculated to do this; but, on the contrary, all the tendency is to fit women to live and act within that sphere in a way more likely to advance their own good and the good of others.

It is only by thus admitting what intellectual training can do for women, that we are all the better able to see what it cannot do; and what should be most clearly recognised is, that it cannot give a woman her distinctive qualities any more than it can take these away. To suppose that it can, is due, as Sydney Smith says, to the error of thinking 'that man does everything, and that nature does nothing; and that

everything we see is referable to positive institution, rather than to original feeling.' 'Can anything, for example,' he goes on to say, 'be more perfectly absurd than to suppose that the care and perpetual solicitude which a mother feels for her children depend upon her ignorance of Greek and mathematics; and that she would desert an infant for a quadratic equation? We seem to imagine that Cimmerian ignorance can aid parental affection, or the circle of arts and sciences produce its destruction.' To put it less ironically—no culture of the woman's head will bestow upon her the truly womanly heart; still less, where that is 'in the right place,' will any mental cultivation injure or destroy it. Intellectual pursuits may, however, supply the necessary balance, which will prevent that heart from becoming a torture to herself and others. The cultivation of her mental powers may enable her to guard against a too exclusive cultivation of the feelings, alike in her own case and in the case of those dependent upon her for their upbringing.

All play and no work, a state of things not likely to lead to good results of any kind, is too much the rule for girls who have left school. Our greater wealth, our more luxurious modes of living, render it impossible and unnecessary for our girls of the middle class to spend so much of their time in domestic occupations as their mothers did when they were young. In fact, during the years when, according to the old idea, they were being initiated in domestic duties, they now, in general, divide their time between lawn-tennis and reading novels, between going to amusements and preparing for them. But the girl who, without neglecting that recreation and amusement which are so essential to health both physical and mental, devotes an hour or two daily to intellectual culture, in the methodical study of almost any subject she may choose, will, in all ordinary cases, have ample time left for other duties, and will be preparing herself infinitely better for all that life may have in store, than if she were giving up the whole of her time to amusement and excitement. On the one hand—to glance for an instant at the moral aspect of the question—she cannot fail, in addition even to the knowledge and culture acquired, to learn daily lessons in perseverance, patience, and self-denial. On the other hand, by giving her thoughts and time mainly to various forms of diversion, there is too often engendered a state of mental vacancy and unrest, with sloth of body and mind.

'That state is the best possible in which not the men only, but the women also, are the best possible, and the best of both sexes are the best educated.' These words sum up, it seems to us, all that need be said in answer to the question of the advantages of Higher Education for Women, when education is rightly understood in the sense in which Plato here intended, as a calling forth of the capacities, a training for all the possible duties of woman—not those of wife and mother only, but of any station in life she may be called upon to fill.

[There is one aspect of the question relating to the Higher Education of Women which frequently confronts us in our editorial capacity.

It may be illustrated thus: A young lady writes offering us some translations of poetry or fiction from French or German authors, and telling us that she does so because her health does not permit of her engaging in teaching, or because she has failed in getting a situation, or because she has younger or older relatives dependent upon her, whom she cannot leave, and yet whom she must do something to support. She has received a good education, and can translate well, though she has not any original literary capacity to speak of. If we cannot accept her translations, what is she to do? and of what practical use to her is her French and German knowledge? Now, translations are not in much demand by editors, who greatly prefer original contributions, and have always more of these offered them than they can accept. What then, we repeat, is a young lady in these circumstances to do? As was shown by Mrs Lynn Linton in a recent debate in a London paper, the question of the education of our daughters is not one wholly of intellectual and moral considerations, but of pounds, shillings, and pence as well. The money spent in the education of his daughters may be all the capital in life a father of limited means can afford to give them; and the question arises: Is this capital being invested in the direction which will yield the best results in after-life? A great deal of time is spent in the acquisition of French, German, music, and the like, each girl going through the same stereotyped course, without much regard being had to her special proclivities or tastes, or, what is more important, to the work she may have to do for herself in after-life. The question is a difficult and complex one; but it may yet come to be a vital problem in educational methods, how far the uniformitarian system presently followed is deserving of support.—Ed.]

THE BUSHFORD CASE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. IV.—ERNEST.

THE night was passed in fitful sleep, haunted by dreams, in which Ernest, Sergeant Mellish, and my poor uncle, with blood flowing from his breast, were mixed up inextricably with the tall spars and white canvas of *The Mermaid* and the rolling waves of the North Sea. I rose, little refreshed by these broken slumbers; and, after a hasty breakfast, started for Goldstone. Although I felt that the truth would in a few hours be made known to me by Ernest himself, I could not keep my thoughts from seeking a solution of the mystery for myself; but the more I racked my brain, the farther I seemed from coming to any satisfactory conclusion. That Ernest was at the vicarage that night, scarcely admitted of a doubt. The recognition of him by the porter at Briarly Station; the departure of the single passenger, answering to his description, from Camelton Junction; the footprints leading across the fields in that direction; the muddy boots, exactly fitting those footprints—were facts which it appeared to be impossible to confute.

He must have been there at the time, or afterwards. Ay, afterwards; it must have been so. He had arrived to find the murder already done and the assassin fled. But if so, why did he not at once alarm the house? Could he have feared that suspicion would fall upon himself? He would scarcely have thought of that at such a moment; or if he thought of it, would not have allowed the thought to influence him when he knew himself to be innocent. Who could think otherwise? Ernest, so truthful, open, generous-hearted—so loving, so beloved—so like his sister! He capable of such a foul deed? No, no; it could not be!

I strove hard to put these thoughts—to put all thought—from me, and to read the newspaper I had bought before entering the train. But no; I could not. I mechanically read paragraph after paragraph; but my eyes conveyed no impression to my brain; and I kept on thinking the foregoing, or something like it, over and over again, in spite of myself.

So passed the time till the train arrived at Goldstone. Having obtained the requisite authority to see Ernest, I hastened to the jail.

When Ernest and I met, I hurried forward with my hand extended; but he drew back, and said: 'Before I take your hand, Harry, tell me that you believe me innocent.'

'Look me in the face, Ernest, and assure me that you are so, and not one doubt shall linger in my mind.'

'On my honour, I am, Harry!' he exclaimed, as his eyes looked into mine.

There was no need for further words: our hands were clasped; and from that moment, not a thousand Sergeant Mellishes could have made me think him guilty.

I had expected to find him much changed, but not so much! His face was pale, his cheeks hollow, his eyes sunken, his hair and dress neglected. His manner, too!—at one time deeply dejected; at another, almost reckless. He would speak solemnly and feelingly of our departed uncle, and with contrition of his own errors; but when I sought to turn the discourse to his present position, and to lead him to account for his movements on that night, he would change at once, assume a forced gaiety, and try to evade the subject with a laugh that made me shudder to hear.

Our conversation commenced by his asking me about my cruise in *The Mermaid*, but I dismissed the subject in a few words, and then said: 'Come, Ernest, we have something more serious to talk of than this. Don't let us waste the time we can be together in frivolous discourse. Come, there must be no reserve between us.'

'Reserve? Of course not! Why should there be? There never has been: has there?—Have you seen the girls?'

'Certainly,' I replied. 'I hastened to the vicarage as soon as I landed.'

'And are they well?'

'You can scarcely expect them to be well.'

'No, no; how could they be!' he said. 'But do they bear it bravely?'

'Amy seems almost overwhelmed with grief, both for our poor uncle's death and on your account; and Laura, though more composed—as it is her nature to be—feels, I am sure, not less deeply.' And then I gave him Laura's message.

'Her undying love!' he repeated, sadly and musingly.—'Amy does not think me guilty?' he went on, after a pause.

'Not for a moment did she; nor did Laura.'

'Laura!—No; I am sure *she* did not!'

'And can you imagine that Amy is less ready to put faith in you than Laura?' I asked, somewhat indignantly.

'Oh, no, no!' he responded quickly; 'only Amy's disposition is different; she is more easily swayed by the opinion of others.'

'Not in such a case as this.'

'Well, well, no doubt you are right,' he answered, though scarcely, I thought, in a tone of conviction.

'You add much to their sorrow, Ernest,' I went on, 'by refusing to see them. Why will you not?'

'Why!' he exclaimed bitterly. 'Can you ask me that? What! bring them to a prison! Would you have me do so?'

'Yes, I would. There can be no disgrace or impropriety in their coming to a prison to see the brother of the one and the affianced husband of the other, especially when he is confined there for a crime he did not commit.'

'Ah!' he rejoined; 'you and they may believe I did not commit it; but how about the rest of the world? Who else believes me innocent?'

We sat in silence for a minute or two, and then Ernest suddenly said: 'Well, Harry, how are you getting on? Any briefs yet?'

'I should accept no briefs,' I said, 'if they were offered. I shall devote my whole time and energy to your defence, though it will perhaps be advisable to secure the services of some celebrated counsel to lead.'

'No, no, Harry!' he exclaimed vehemently; 'I'll have no counsel but you.'

'I will, of course,' I said, 'conduct your defence, if you wish it; but I want you to tell me the whole truth as to where you were and what you did that night; and also to give me all the information you have it in your power to give that may enable me to obtain evidence to support your statement.'

'Harry, I can give you no information whatever.'

'You can give me no information!' I ejaculated in astonishment. 'Ernest, what am I to think?'

'Think what you will,' he answered recklessly, 'and leave me to my fate.'

'That I will never do, whatever I may think.'

'Whatever you may think!—Ah!' he resumed, speaking reproachfully, 'you believe me guilty now!'

'No, no, Ernest!'

'No wonder if you do,' he went on passionately; 'but I call God to witness that I am not. Guilty of the murder? I would give every drop of blood in my veins now to recall those wicked acts of mine that caused my dear uncle so much pain. I would give every drop of my blood to bring him back to life, if only for one brief

minute; and to hear him say, "Ernest, I forgive you." As he was speaking, the tears came into his eyes; he dashed them away once or twice; but as he proceeded, they came more plentifully, and at last he utterly broke down, and burying his face in his hands, he sobbed like a child.

I was glad to see this, though my own eyes were dim. I placed my hand on his shoulder and waited patiently till he recovered his composure, then I said: 'Ernest, this will do you good, I hope; but there was no need of it to convince me of your innocence. But I am lost in wonder as to what those circumstances can be which render you unable to give me your entire confidence.'

'Harry,' he said, quietly now, though still speaking with emotion, 'you must trust me blindly. Believe me, I have no alternative but to leave you in the dark.'

'At all events,' I urged, 'tell me whether the footmarks were really yours—whether or not you were at the vicarage that night?'

'I will not tell you.—There, Harry, that's a straightforward answer to a plain question.'

Seeing how pained I was at his manner, he took my hand, and said: 'Forgive me, Harry, for my petulance; you don't know—you can't know—what the state of my mind is. Don't ask me anything else, for I can't tell you the truth, and I won't tell you a lie. If you can get me acquitted by your own skill and eloquence, well and good; if not, I shall go to the scaffold with a knowledge of my innocence, and a firm conviction that I have acted for the best; and that knowledge and conviction will, I trust, sustain me to the end.'

I was now thoroughly convinced of the inutility of pressing him further, on the present occasion at least, and therefore made up my mind to rely wholly on myself. So, rising from my chair, I said: 'My time is up for to-day, Ernest; but I will see you again shortly.—And now, what shall I say for you to the girls?'

'Say to Amy all that a brother in my wretched position can say to console a sister whom he loves dearly. And say to Laura that there must be no more talk or thought of love between us—that whether these prison doors open to give me liberty, or only for my passage first to my trial, and afterwards to my death—whether I am declared innocent or guilty, we must meet no more!'

'Ernest, I cannot tell her that!'

'You must, Harry; and more than that; tell her I entreat her, at the earliest possible moment, to put miles of sea between herself and me—between herself and every person and every place connected with the last few years of her life, and, if she can, forget them.—And now, good-bye for to-day; but come again soon.'

'Most certainly; and I hope to find you then in a less morbid state of mind.'

He smiled sadly, and shook his head as we parted.

I left the prison more bewildered than I had entered it, and repaired to Bushford to tell my mother and the girls the result of the interview. They were as much perplexed as myself to account for Ernest's conduct, and could give no help towards the elucidation of the mystery.

After dinner, I found an opportunity of speaking to Laura alone, when I gave her Ernest's message.

Laura sat with her eyes fixed on my face, and made no comment until I had quite finished; then she said: 'Does he think so lightly of my love as to imagine that I could do this? If all the world deserted him—even if you and Amy were to desert him—I should love him all the more—if it be possible for me to love him more than I do now.'

She spoke quietly, but so impressively as to carry the conviction to me that what she uttered came direct from her heart; and I thought how truly womanly such sentiments are. A man's love rarely survives his respect: a woman's, on the contrary, remains unchanged however unworthy the object of it may prove.

The next day was the Sabbath; and we all attended the service in the old church, where we had so often heard the words of the sacred service from the lips of him who had been so cruelly taken from us. It was a great trial to our composure to sit there now, knowing that we could never hear his voice again; but we all came forth, I think, calmer and more resigned than we had been before.

The next morning, while at breakfast, we came to a settlement as to a residence for the girls, as we had no desire to occupy the vicarage longer. My suggestion of a lodging in London, at least until after the trial, was decided on as the best plan that could be adopted; and it was arranged that the removal should take place in the course of the week. When, therefore, I returned to London, I took suitable apartments for them in one of the quiet streets between the Strand and the river.

My next step was to see Ernest's fellow-student, who had given the information to Sergeant Mellish. I had no difficulty in finding him at the hospital; but I learned little from him that I had not known before. I thereafter repaired to the money-lender to whom my late uncle had paid the twenty-five pound bill. He received me with perfect politeness, and speedily put me in possession of all the facts connected with Ernest of which he was cognisant. He had had no previous transaction with Ernest, who had been introduced to him by a young gentleman of some property and considerable expectations, with whom he had frequently done business.

My third interview was with Ernest's late landlady. She was a garrulous old lady, who had seen better days. As I gained nothing from her that added to my stock of knowledge relating to Ernest's movements, I will not inflict our conversation on my readers.

The muddy boots, the blood-stained coat, and the case of surgical instruments, had, of course, been taken possession of by the police; and by making application to the proper authorities, I might, no doubt, have obtained permission to view them; but this seemed to me to be of little if any use. Moreover, as it was now growing late in the afternoon, and I wished to return to Bushford that evening, I postponed my inspection of those articles for the present.

The principal hope—I may say the only real hope—that I entertained was that I might be able to prove the impossibility, or at least the

great improbability, of Ernest being able to get from Briarly Station to the vicarage, commit the murder, and reach Camelton Junction in time for the mail. Could I do this, the theory of the prosecution would be considerably shaken; for the porters at Camelton had not ventured to swear positively to Ernest's identity; and the evidence of the Briarly porter might be broken down in cross-examination, for he had not seen Ernest many times, and in the darkness, might easily have been mistaken.

It will be remembered that in my description of Bushford and the surrounding country, I stated that Briarly Station was a little over four miles, and Camelton Junction, by the footpath across the fields, about six miles from the vicarage. The total distance, therefore, that Ernest would have had to traverse between Briarly and Camelton would be more than ten miles. Now, the train by which Ernest was supposed to have travelled from London, arrived at Briarly at a quarter past ten, and the up-mail was timed to leave Camelton at ten minutes past twelve. Supposing the mail to have been five minutes late—a rare occurrence with that train—there would be just two hours to do more than ten miles, without allowing any time for the committal of the murder.

Ernest and I had repeatedly tried our walking powers in opposition to one another, and there was little, if any, difference between us. We were neither of us great pedestrians as regards speed, but we could get over a considerable distance at a fair rate. I was certain that if I could not do the distance within the two hours, Ernest could not. I would test the possibility, therefore, of the feat, by going over the same ground as Ernest did, and at the same hour of night. But then, supposing that I should fail in accomplishing the task, I could not, as counsel for the defence, go into the witness-box to prove it. This was a dilemma, which at first had not entered into my thoughts, and it was some time before I could see a way out of it. At length I thought of Bob Coveney. He, I remembered, had on several occasions matched himself against both me and Ernest, and had invariably beaten us, though not easily. Bob, then, was the very man for my purpose; and I wrote to him at once, asking him to come to Bushford with the least possible delay.

Bob Coveney arrived the following morning; and when I explained to him what I required, he readily undertook to assist me, and went at the task with all his usual energy and impetuosity.

I had imparted my design to my mother and the girls, and they awaited the result in a state of considerable excitement, which I confess I shared to a great extent. As for Bob, it was with much difficulty he controlled his impatience.

At length the night came, and at nine o'clock we set off for Briarly, walking leisurely. The sky was clear, though there was no moon: on the night of the murder it was dark and cloudy. The roads and footpaths then were somewhat heavy from the rain; now, they were dry and hard. The circumstances, then, were decidedly in our favour. We got to Briarly a little after ten, and waited at the station gate for the arrival of the train. Punctual to the time it drew up

at the platform; and one minute afterwards we started, running some distance at a steady pace; then walking a while at the top of our speed; then running again; and so on, walking and running alternately, just as a man would who wanted to get over the ground as quickly as possible without actually exhausting himself. As we passed the front of the vicarage, I noticed my mother and the girls at one of the windows watching us. On we went through the churchyard and garden to the study window. We did not enter the room, but gave one minute for the perpetration of the crime—as short a time as could possibly be allowed—and then started again.

Hitherto, we had been on a good level road, and there had been nothing to delay us; but on entering the fields, the case was altered. The path was a good one; but it required some caution in pursuing it at night, for there were ruts on either side, which would have quickly brought us to the ground, had we stepped in them when running, perhaps with the penalty of a broken ankle. There were several stiles, too, to cross; some of these we were able to vault over; but others we had to pass more deliberately, knowing that there was rough ground on the opposite side. Then we came to the stream. This I have described as being spanned by a rustic bridge. The bridge was of the simplest character, being formed by a single plank, with a handrail on one side only. We were obliged to cross it cautiously, and had to relax our speed somewhat in ascending the hill on the other side. Soon after we gained the high-road.

We were fully a mile and a half from Camelton, when we heard the whistle of the mail as it passed through Bushford Station, without stopping. We looked at one another, but did not speak. We felt sure now that we should fail to reach the junction in time. Up to this time, we had kept well together; but Bob now put on a spurt and went slightly ahead. We were yet a mile from Camelton when we saw the train pass us on our right, and shortly afterwards we heard it stop. After a very short interval came the sharp whistle as it again started, and we knew that we were too late. Still, we went on to the station gate, which Bob reached about a hundred yards in advance of me. On looking at our watches, we found that it was eighteen minutes past twelve. The train had been gone eight minutes.

It was some time before we recovered our wind sufficiently to speak, for we had run the last mile or so. When we were able to compare notes, we agreed at once that it was utterly impossible that Ernest could have done the distance quicker than we had, or even so quickly.

As we were walking quietly back to the vicarage, Bob suggested the advisability of repeating our experiment on the following evening, so that his evidence should not rest on the result of one trial only. I heartily concurred in his proposal, and the matter was settled accordingly.

My mother and the girls were waiting at one of the back windows of the vicarage, watching for our return, and I need scarcely say how pleased they were to hear the result of our expedition.

The next morning I questioned old Luke respecting the words he had overheard my uncle

speak during his interview with Ernest. The honest old fellow varied his original statement in no way. They both spoke in an excited manner, but the only words he distinctly heard were 'my will.' He adhered firmly to the fact that he did hear those words.

'You see, Master Harry,' he said, 'I wasn't very near the window, and I'm getting the least bit deaf; but I had been used to his voice all my life, and I could hear him better than any one else. I heard him say "my will" as plain as ever I heard him say anything. I moved furdur away after that, for I didn't want to be a listener. I wish I hadn't heard him, Master Harry; but I did, and I must speak the truth.'

I honoured the old man for his sturdy honesty, though I heartily wished he was less positive.

It is not necessary for me to describe how Bob and I repeated our race against time; suffice it to say that, the sky being more cloudy, we were even longer than on the previous night in accomplishing the task. Bob returned home on the following morning.

The removal to London having been finally fixed for Saturday, it became necessary for me to look over my late uncle's furniture and effects. Such articles as were not closely associated in our minds with the deceased, or had not been particularly valued by him, we determined should be sold. The remaining things were to be warehoused until such times as we should ourselves require them for use. My poor uncle's library I resolved to preserve intact. The acquisition of it had occupied his lifetime, and the volumes composing it had been selected with much care, most of them being the best editions, and some of great rarity. I was sure that my fellow-legatees would willingly enter into some arrangement for it to become the property of one of us.

Since the day when the foul deed was first discovered, the room in which that deed was done had not been entered, except for the purpose of opening and closing the shutters. When I crossed the threshold, it was with a feeling akin to solemn awe, as if the spirit of my murdered uncle still hovered there. Scarcely anything had been moved; the furniture had not even been dusted; the signs of the crime were still apparent on the carpet and the easy-chair. My late uncle had evidently been employed in writing on the night when he met his death, as the pages he had written were on the table in front of where he had been sitting. The book he had been using as a reference or otherwise was a volume of Shakespeare, open at the last scene in *Hamlet*—a play he was never weary of studying. Near the bottom of the page appeared this passage—perhaps the last he ever read: 'If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.' There was no more for me to do in this room, so I passed on to the others. When I came to the room containing my late uncle's clothes, and looked them over, I am not ashamed to say that my sight soon became obscured by tears. Nearly the last garment which I had to examine was the coat he had worn on the last night of his life. I took it reverently from the peg on which it was hanging. I have elsewhere stated that it was thrown back when he was discovered dead; it therefore bore no marks of

blood. I was about to replace it in the wardrobe, when my fingers encountered something hard, apparently in the inside breast-pocket. I thrust my hand into the pocket, and drew forth the drop or pendant of an earring. I knew it well; it was one of a pair I had given Laura on her birthday, two years before. How could it have got there? I was holding it in my hand, wondering, and gazing on it in a listless, musing manner, without connecting it in any way with the murder, when suddenly a wild thought flashed into my mind. *Can Laura be the assassin? and does Ernest know it?*

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE great Egyptian Sphinx is being gradually excavated, the work having been going on for the past twelve months. At present the entire front of the great stone monster has been bared, together with its chest and the space between its paws. In addition to this, the altar in front of the Sphinx, with the platform upon which it rests, is once more open to the sky. A fine flight of steps about forty feet in width lies between the Sphinx and the large pyramid plateau. These steps were described by Pliny, and were uncovered in 1817, but have been hidden for the past seventy years. It is believed by many that this remarkable monument of antiquity stands in the midst of a huge and artificial amphitheatre hewn out of the solid rock; and it is considered to be, if not actually prehistoric, at all events the most ancient monument in the land of Egypt.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, the Rev. Mr Chalmers gave an interesting account of his exploration in South-eastern New Guinea. As a missionary of the London Society, it became his duty to seek for healthy places for settlements of native teachers, and his journey began, accompanied by his wife, in the year 1878. He found little trouble with the natives, but he says that it is true in New Guinea as elsewhere that 'familiarity breeds contempt,' and that he found that kindness blended with firmness and a good pinch of common-sense always helped him along and opened the way before him. One curious experience is worth quoting, and that refers to the fondness of the savages for music. He says that he had 'often seen hundreds of savages wild with delight when *Auld Langsyne* was sung, and the enthusiasm passed describable bounds when the joining of hands took place, and then all would seek to do the same, and ended their singing with shouting.'

The *Times* lately gave a very interesting account of the progress which has been made in Central Africa by an English Company known as the African Lakes Company. This Society is not a mere trading venture, but was started in 1878 to assist the various missions

that were then established to work out schemes initiated by Livingstone. One of its most satisfactory features is that it has proved the possibility of trading with natives in india-rubber, wax, ivory, &c. to a very large amount without any exchange of rum or other 'fire-water.' It is to be hoped that other traders and explorers will take this fact to heart, and will endeavour to follow so good an example. An episode in the history of this Company touches ourselves very nearly, and has a spark of romance about it. A single coffee-plant was exported from the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens. This one plant took kindly to the rich soil of the hills, and before long burst out into unwonted luxuriance. It has been computed that from this one plant one hundred thousand coffee-trees claim direct descent, and Scotland may be said to have put some of her own energy and pluck into its fibre.

Another contribution to our knowledge of Central Africa is found in a lecture delivered by Captain Cameron at the London Institution entitled, 'Urua—its People, Government, and Religion.' This place owns as a sovereign a great chief of the name of Kasongo, who is ruler over many other chiefs who pay him tribute. He seems, like other African rulers, to be most capricious in temper, and he amuses himself occasionally by cutting off the ears, hands, or feet of his attendants. These victims to his passion have a very ready mode of healing their wounds, and one withal which is not sanctioned by the medical profession—namely, by plunging their stumps into boiling porridge. The natives show great skill in carving and iron-work, which are mostly employed in the decoration of idols and parts of their houses. There is a trade carried on in salt and copper, and some gold has been discovered by a native; but, strange to say, little value seems to be attached to that circumstance. Captain Cameron believes that Urua will some day come into great prominence, for quite recently some of the officials of the Congo Free State had followed the river sufficiently to show that a branch of it was navigable, and that, if followed up, would lead to Kasongo's capital.

Recent storms have led to so much loss of life in the Bristol Channel, that the idea has once more been mooted of the establishment of a harbour of refuge upon some portion of its coasts. The inhabitants of Swansea, Cardiff, and Bristol have all passed resolutions calling upon the government to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the subject. Its importance may be gauged when we mention that the various ports in this part of the country have so increased in recent times that now the shipping trade of the Bristol Channel is equal to one-fifth of that of the whole of Britain. At the same time, the navigation is extremely difficult and dangerous, and it is recognised by all that a harbour of the kind named is an absolute necessity. It is natural

that a great deal of rivalry exists among the different ports immediately concerned as to the site of this proposed refuge, and if for this reason alone, the subject should be thoroughly investigated by a competent and independent tribunal.

The Council of the Royal Geographical Society have resolved to make a grant of one thousand pounds towards the expedition which has been organised for the relief of Emin Pasha, under the command of Mr. H. M. Stanley. In making this grant, the Society hope that the chief object of the expedition will be supplemented by some geographical exploration of the country to be traversed.

The story of the last French vintage is one of terrible disaster owing to that dreaded insect pest, the phylloxera. In the last three years, the vintages have decreased at a greater rate than one hundred million gallons per annum; and it now appears that a large proportion of the vintage of 1886 was produced from dried raisins and the dregs of the first and second press. Among the variety of remedies that have been proposed to get rid of this dreaded pest, one only is said to be really effectual, and that is, inundating the plants in the month of November, and continuing that operation for at least forty days. For a great many successive years this has been done at a certain vineyard near Avignon; but here there happens to be plenty of water available from the Durance Canal. Other vineyards are not so well off, and that mode of treatment is inapplicable. Among the chemicals tried, carbon bisulphide seems to be the most effectual; but it is considered that a great deal might be done by killing the swarms of insects before they take the wing. It has been estimated that the loss to the French vineyards already exceeds the cost of the Franco-German War, and no one can say with any certainty when the plague will cease. It is to be hoped that the authorities will give their serious attention to a subject of such great importance to the country, and that a Commission will be appointed, which will be able to deal with it in a satisfactory manner.

Although we still too often hear of those terrible fatalities in our coal-mines by which many workers annually lose their lives, it is satisfactory to record that during 1886 these catastrophes were far less in number than those of the previous year. If we look at the details of the Report recently issued, we find that the first disaster took place near Bristol, when eight men were killed. Naked lights were used on that occasion, and an unlooked-for evolution of gas led to the explosion. The greatest loss of life took place in August at a colliery near Manchester, the victims numbering thirty-eight. This explosion has one feature about it which is noteworthy, for it affects the efficiency of the Davy lamp, which the best authorities have long since known to be wrongly associated with the word 'safe.' On this occasion, one of the survivors actually witnessed the cause of the explosion, by gas being fired at one of these lamps. Looking through the other items of this Report, we find that the disasters were, with one exception, caused by naked lights being used in mines, one only being attributed to coal-dust. We may therefore say that most of the explosions in 1886 were preventable; and we may hope that in

future years the death-rate will be considerably diminished.

The value of the game killed in the woods and forests of Prussia during the year ending March 1886 is estimated at six hundred thousand pounds. It is stated that this sum would have been greatly lessened had not the keepers shown the greatest vigilance in killing the various kinds of vermin which prey upon the game. They killed during the period named more than a quarter of a million head of vermin, including birds of prey. Under the head of vermin come foxes, stoats, weasels, martens, polecats, badgers, otters, and wild-cats. Among birds of prey, crows and magpies have not hitherto been reckoned; but they will be looked after in future, as it is found that they do a great amount of mischief. One curious circumstance comes to light in this Report: only four wolves were killed. It is said that the German wolves followed the German army into France during the winter of 1870, and have remained there. In Alsace and Lorraine, the number of wolves killed during the year was thirty-seven.

A curious accident is recorded by the *Liverpool Mercury* as having happened to Mr Bauer at the Peabody Museum, Newhaven, Connecticut. He was in the act of boring a hole in a large ostrich egg weighing about three pounds, when, to the utter surprise of the bystanders, it suddenly exploded and knocked him senseless, besides injuring some of them severely. It is said that such explosions on a smaller scale are not uncommon on the Chinese coasts. It is common there to preserve hens' eggs for use on board ship packed in lime, and if not properly packed, they will begin in a week or two to go bad, and will go off with a noise like pistol-shots. The explosion in all cases is doubtless due to the generation of pent-up gas in the interior of the shell.

We are always hearing of new applications of electricity, but it seems certainly a novel idea to apply it to a musical conductor's baton. Recently, after some manoeuvres of the German army, a concert was given in honour of King William, in which more than one thousand performers took part. This concert took place in the open air on a pitch-dark night, and it would have been impossible for the performers to watch the conductor's baton had the tip of his baton not been furnished with a little incandescent lamp. We may add that the same expedient has more recently been resorted to at the Savoy Theatre, London, where Sir Arthur Sullivan, during a part of the performance when absolute darkness was necessary, resorted to the same expedient.

Sir Henry Bessemer has made a rather startling proposal in regard to the use of steel for building forts and turrets at our coaling stations. He proposes to cast an entire fort in one piece, and this is the way in which he suggests that the work might be accomplished: First of all, a mould would be built upon the site of the proposed fort, made of bricks, and lined with fireclay. With proper apparatus, Sir Henry Bessemer states that in sixteen hours the molten metal could be poured into this mould so as to form a fort of one solid piece of steel weighing nearly one thousand tons! Such an erection would require no backing or superstructure for its support, and the necessary

loopholes would be formed in their proper places at the time the casting was made.

According to the *Electrician*, an excellent carbon for electrical purposes can be obtained from seaweeds. After being thoroughly freed from adherent salt, the weeds are dried, and are then carbonised in closed vessels in the customary manner. The product is treated with acid, and is then said to present a perfectly pure form of carbon in soft masses, which can be easily crushed between the fingers, and which, after being ground, is fit for adaptation to any of the purposes for which carbon is usually applied.

The congregation of a church near Taunton, in Devonshire, lately ran a narrow risk of suffering the same fate as that which overtook the visitors to the Craræ quarries last autumn. At the time the sermon was drawing to a close at the morning service, the people were affected with a peculiar faintness, and some of them are described as 'falling like ninepins about the church.' This curious effect was traced to the products of combustion escaping from the heating apparatus, by which the whole congregation were gradually becoming asphyxiated.

Paper has been applied to so many industrial purposes, that there really seems to be no end to its various uses. In Germany, a piano has just been made, the case of which is entirely constructed of compressed paper. The tone of this instrument is said to be much altered by its novel casing, and to be characterised by a peculiar sweetness.

The recent snowstorms have once more called attention to the extreme inconvenience which arises from the breakdown of our overhead telegraph system; and most people, without knowing the difficulties involved in the change, loudly call for underground wires. The expense is not the only obstacle in the way of such a change. Underground lines are, for many reasons, not so serviceable as those which are carried overhead; the effects of induction retard the speed of the rapid systems to a very great extent; and there are other reasons which cause our telegraph authorities still to cling to a system which seems to outsiders too often productive of breakdown and delay.

According to *Industries*, there are nearly a hundred places in the Black Forest where the manufacture of clocks and watches forms the main industry. Ninety years ago, seventy-five thousand clocks and watches were made annually. The number has now increased to nearly two million, nearly a quarter of the number being sent out from one place alone. About nine thousand persons are employed in this industry.

The usual crop of winter fogs in the metropolis has brought the usual number of proposed remedies; but one of these, suggested by Mr H. W. Tyler, stands out from the rest as being really practicable. He proposes that the tax on bituminous coal, which is that generally used in London and most of our large towns, should be doubled or trebled, while at the same time other coals of the anthracite type should be untaxed. The object of this proceeding does not at first sight seem clear; but here is the explanation: bituminous coal gives off smoke, and anthracite coal is smokeless, or nearly so. Thus, it would be to the interest of the buyer to consume the

untaxed coal, while at the same time he would have the satisfaction of knowing that by saving his pocket, he was also saving himself and his fellows from much of the ill-health, dirt, and inconvenience caused by periodical fogs.

Frosty weather always brings us its contingent of explosions of domestic boilers. These occasionally are so fatal in their results, that it seems extraordinary that persons are not more careful to make themselves acquainted with the cause and its obvious remedy. If every boiler were fitted with a simple form of safety-valve, such explosions could not happen. We need hardly say that these disasters are caused by ice forming in the pipes leading from the boiler, and thus stopping the escape of steam.

A meeting has lately been held in Glasgow with the object of forming a Scottish Astronomical Society. All who are interested in this movement, or wish to become members of this Society, should communicate with Mr William Peck, F.R.A.S., 6 Hanover Street, Edinburgh.

Table Rock at the falls of Niagara, which was the favourite spot from which a view of the Horseshoe Fall could be obtained, fell last month into the river below with a tremendous crash. The mass of rock which has fallen is estimated to have measured one hundred and fifty feet long, sixty feet wide, and one hundred and seventy feet deep.

The last volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy* contains a very interesting article, entitled, 'Observations on Lion-breeding in the Gardens of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland.' It will be a surprise to most of our readers to learn, on the authority of Mr V. Ball, the writer of this article, that during the last thirty years no fewer than one hundred and thirty-one lion cubs have been born in the Gardens referred to. Of these, only twenty-one were lost—dying shortly after birth. Eighty-six of the remainder were sold to other collections in Europe, America, and Africa. The patriarch of this family was named 'Natal,' and his progeny amounted to forty-two—during his eight years of existence in the Gardens. The entire history of this successful breeding of the king of beasts so far from his native haunts is a remarkable one.

In Austria, an order has been issued which forbids the sale of cooking-vessels plated with nickel. It is said that vinegar and other acids used in cooking dissolve the metal to a certain extent, and that even so small a quantity as one-seventh of a grain will cause vomiting and other unpleasant and dangerous symptoms. Indeed, the salts of nickel may be looked upon as being more poisonous than those of copper.

The inventive American has discovered not how to make bricks without straw, but how to make timber from straw. At the forthcoming American Exhibition, which is to open on the 2d of May at Earls Court, Kensington, will be a house of straw, now being made in Philadelphia. This house is an American suburban villa, very handsome, and thoroughly artistic in design, two-and-a-half stories high, and covering a space of forty-two by fifty feet. It is built entirely of materials manufactured from straw, foundations, timber, flooring, sheathing, roofing—everything, in fact, including the chimneys, the material being fire-proof as well as waterproof. The inside finish

will be in imitation rosewood, mahogany, walnut, maple, ash, ebony, and other fine woods, the straw lumber taking perfectly the surface and colour of any desired wood. The straw villa will be devoted to the illustration of Philadelphia's commercial, financial, and industrial interests, by means of large photographs of the leading exchanges, banks, insurance buildings, factories, mills, schools, &c.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

'THE FOLLIES AND FASHIONS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.'

SUCH is the title of a most entertaining and delightful collection of the sayings and doings, the habits and fashions, of our ancestors of eighty years ago, collected from the pages of journals, newspapers, and magazines of the year 1807. The volume is published by Messrs Field & Tuer, London, and is printed and bound with that good taste which distinguishes that firm in all they issue. Besides a varied and entertaining letterpress, the book contains numerous coloured fashion-plates of the period referred to, in which gentlemen appear in those costumes of bright-hued materials that form so marked a contrast to the sombre and unpicturesque attire of the present day. The fashions of the ladies of 1807 are also fully displayed ('hand-coloured and heightened with gold and silver'), as also some sporting and coaching scenes of the olden time. There are likewise given portraits of many of the more distinguished men and women of the day, including George III., Lady Hamilton, Hayley the sculptor, Lord Byron, and Mr Wordsworth. The extracts from the various magazines are neatly arranged under headings, which makes reference easy; and the reading of them will afford much pleasure and not a little curious information to those who are fond of social history, or who love to compare the ways and habits of the present generation with those of past times.

A USEFUL BOOK.

Even with those who possess encyclopædias of general information, gazetteers of the world, and the like, the necessity frequently arises of finding the whereabouts of some small or otherwise insignificant place within our own islands, the name of which is not to be expected in works of a general character. A book such as is here desiderated has just been issued by Mr John Bartholomew, F.R.G.S., map-engraver, Edinburgh. The volume is entitled, *Gazetteer of the British Isles*, and is published by Messrs A. & C. Black, Edinburgh. It gives brief but accurate definitions or descriptions of the places mentioned; and having tested it in many ways both as to its accuracy and as to its inclusion of names of obscure or little-known places in these islands, we find the result satisfactory. In addition to the topographical information, we have in an Appendix a large body of tables of a statistical nature, embracing such subjects as the temperature, rainfall, tides, population, death-rate, agriculture, railways, &c. of the British Isles, all of which subjects

are illustrated by variously shaded maps, well calculated to convey information on any given point with the least expenditure of time. Turn, for instance, to the map of the death-rate—always an interesting though somewhat gloomy subject—and at a glance will be found the various districts in which the death-rate of these islands is high or low. The same with the birth-rate, with the relation of agricultural to industrial population, with the land under crops as compared with land under pasture, besides a number of other subjects regarding which accurate information is always welcome. We do not hesitate to pronounce it a useful book.

'FIERY HONEY.'

I.

An April face set in a summer sea
Of waving hair, that in the sunshine gleams;
Two laughter-loving eyes that brighter be
Than all the splendour of the day-god's beams;
And coral lips that can both smile and pout,
When passion's witchery breeds new loveliness;
And tender rosebud cheeks that make us flout
Those garden beauties in their gorgeous dress.
In that fair face, bright eyes, and wealth of hair,
A bitter sweetness these poor eyes have seen,
That looked for bliss, and blinded to despair,
Found laughing nymph too late a jealous queen.
So fade fond dreams, so wake sick hearts to sigh:
Yet are they blest who see the gods and die.

II.

The old truth is the new, that love is light,
And writ in shifting sand a woman's word;
Swift-winged from sleep, poor dreams of bliss take
flight,
Like heavenly strains forgotten soon as heard;
And joy brings sorrow; and fond hope, despair;
And from the sweet, the bitter ever springs;
And laughing eyes but make the false seem fair;
And music mocks us when an angel sings.
Bright eyes and sunny hair are ever bright
To one who sees not half their loveliness.
Once sell thy true heart for the vain delight,
And thou art bann'd, though still it seem to bless.
And yet not wholly bann'd; to-morrow's pains
Are as to-day's, and still—the past remains.

A. NAIRNE.

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THE POOR MAN'S HARVEST.

'MAN and boy, married and single, I never see'd a worse poor man's harvest than this is, master.' The speaker was a sturdy South Lincolnshire labourer, whom, in neighbourly country fashion, we had hailed as he trudged home from the harvest-field in a steady downfall of fine rain, which forbade all thought of further work for that day at least.

Not for the first time by many that season had Bill Ashford and his mates had to quit their work for the same reason. A few days of sunshine had alternated with one or two of heavy wet for weeks together, and still the harvest-work dragged slowly on. But how did this affect the 'poor man?' It is easy to understand how the getting in of the crops in bad condition affects the farmer; it is intelligible, also, that a protracted in-gathering implies extra expenses; and it is unhappily true that, for a number of years in succession, the character of the weather has given the agriculturist serious grounds for crying 'bad harvests.' But what have harvests good or bad to do with the 'poor man,' who holds no land except his garden-patch, and to whom, directly at least, the rise or fall of the markets can have little interest? A glance at the economy of humble rural life will at least be a variety to the more resounding tales of agricultural depression, and may at the same time solve the riddle of the 'poor man's harvest.'

The labourer is paid by the day; no work means no wages. The daily wage varies in different counties, and even in different districts of the same county, following in this the law of demand and supply. It is thus notably highest in those parts of England where extensive mining and manufacturing industries are carried on, and lowest where these occur but slightly, or are altogether absent. The neighbourhood of large towns, in fact, marks the localities in which comparatively high remuneration is given for agricultural labour, and the scale descends in

the ratio of the distance. Our remarks refer exclusively to the purely, or almost purely, agricultural districts, of which South Lincolnshire may be taken as a very fair example. No single province can be selected which would tally in every particular custom with those prevailing in others; nor can the condition of the agricultural poor in one part of the country be rigidly representative of that of the entire class. One faithful picture, however, will afford, in its outline and main features, no inaccurate idea of the general lot of the English peasant.

For some years past, the day's wage of Bill Ashford and his mates has been two shillings in winter, and two shillings and twopence in summer. It will be close on the truth to say that, year in and year out, they are able to make no more than five days' work a week, or an average weekly income of ten shillings and fivepence. Allowing—what is scarcely warranted by facts—that one shilling and fivepence pays the rent of his cottage, there remains to the labourer a balance of nine shillings wherewith to meet all other demands. There is little, perhaps, to call for sympathy in the lot of the unmarried labourer; for this sum, meagre as it is, finds him, as a matter of fact, in food and clothing, besides affording him a fair share of the rude enjoyments in which he delights. But once across the bourn of matrimony, his troubles come thick and fast upon him. Before many years, the cottage is crowded with children; doctors' bills become annuals; and for many a long day he has constantly before him the never-to-be-solved puzzle of making nine shillings serve ninety-nine different purposes. His establishment, we shall say, including himself and wife, consists of six persons strictly dependent on him. The first step in the partition of his earnings is impressively simple. Three stone of flour for bread and puddings, and, presto! three shillings remain to ponder over, to weigh, to stretch if possible, so that they may cover the shifting but never lessening area of other wants. Three shillings—less or more according to the

price of the great staple commodity—three shillings with which to purchase other items of consumption, to pay club-money, school-fees, doctor's bills, and to buy clothing. There is no mistake about the figures. We have gone over them many a time with the shrewdest and most industrious of the class, not without a certain secret hope, be it said, of finding some latent magical quality in these particular shillings which should make them go further than other people's, but without avail. The 'unconditional' philosopher may make something else of it, and prove that Bill Ashford ought to save money; but as we are one of those who consider 'conditions' everything, we venture to say that it were easier to persuade the philosopher to change places with the peasant—and that is saying something—than to prove its possibility.

There are doubtless many peasants with smaller families, and a consequently larger margin to work upon, just as there are many with larger ones whose cases are doubly hard. There are also little special facts telling, here for, and there against, the generalised case selected, in the possession of every one who has any personal knowledge of rural life. The foremen, or horsemen, the stock-tenders, lose no 'time,' and therefore average twelve shillings and sixpence a week. Skilful hedgers, ditchers, and 'thackers' are often paid by the piece, and earn comparatively large sums when so employed. Many, again, have children still under their roof who are old enough to earn a few shillings now and then—at harvest, potato-picking, or hoeing. As a set-off, however, there are numbers with none of these advantages, and with such additional drawbacks as an infirm parent to assist, a wife with chronic ill-health, or suffering themselves from some malady that diminishes largely the average number of clear days' work. Giving and taking, a roughly accurate estimate of the position of the farm-labourers, so far as that depends on their daily toil, may thus be obtained. Throw in the chances of a little private assistance in cases of sickness, death, or very severe seasons, a dole of a few shillings twice a year from the income of some charity-lands in the parish, and the chance of free schooling for one or more of the children, and the picture is complete.

Neither philosophy nor science will enable Bill Ashford to span the yawning chasm that lies between such means and those ends which, as a husband and father, he has to accomplish. Squeeze them, hammer them as he may, the two ends will never meet. Were he tied strictly to such an income, he might as well proclaim himself bankrupt at the outset. There is not enough cloth to do it, as an American would say. How, then, is the gap filled? Our object is not to produce a piece of special pleading on his behalf, but rather to paint his condition, so far as that rests on material circumstances, in all its brief lights and long shadows. We gladly disclose, therefore, the ways by which he is enabled to remain solvent, and even to afford himself the mild luxury of a bit of baccy or an occasional pint of fourpenny ale.

Bill Ashford's thatched, cramped, ill-lighted, and never weather-tight hovel—which we have hitherto called by courtesy a cottage—has a

garden-plot of half a rood or a rood attached to it. There, in fine spring evenings, he spends that portion of his leisure covered by daylight in digging and in planting or sowing potatoes, cabbages, or onions; looking to enjoy at the cost of his own labour what would otherwise trench deeply on his meagre earnings. These and his broad-beans, his peas, carrots, turnips, radishes, lettuces, celery, parsnips, and so forth, help him immensely in eking out the precarious revenue derived from regular labour. How valuable his crop of vegetables, and how serious to him a failure or blight of his potatoes, will readily be seen by any one who attempts to allocate his hard cash to the various claims upon it. There is also another aspect of the matter. His garden is one of the few joys of his existence, giving to it a perennial purpose and hopefulness. What a vast mental area his patch of land covers, to be sure! The pig—in a certain sense only a corollary to his crop—no doubt bulks largely in his scheme of economy; but his garden is his great centre of interest, and the staple subject of conversation at village corners, as well as over his glass of mild at the *Blue Lion*. It is thus a double blessing to him; it helps him to solve that grim problem which the world has set before him, and at the same time gives his career an individuality which distinguishes it from that of the mere beast of burden. It is pleasant and suggestive to observe Bill, in his shirt-sleeves, pipe in mouth, digging, hoeing, or setting out. His eye is full of speculation; he sees already the fruition of his self-imposed toil; reckons the quantity he may be able to spare for sale, hopes for a good market, and flatters himself that there is 'more sense in them there champion potatoes and them there marrows' than in any other he could have selected. His cheery hopefulness or his prognosticating growl is alike human and humanising.

So far, so well. But the gap between means and ends is still only partially filled up. How is he to get fairly abreast of that little world which has so much of unlovely care for him and his? Well, in a word, he relies upon his piece-work earnings in harvest-time to do this for him; mowing, tying, wagoning, and thatching are paid by the piece. When August draws near, Bill girds his loins for a heavy spell of work. He lays in extra provisions, and arranges for his score of small-beer at the village inn. He is on his mettle, and must sustain his strength; and he sets about doing so, you see, in the only way that he knows, or that seems good to him. He further looks about him for a good, steady, willing 'mate' to share his work and earnings—for they work in pairs. His eldest lad will drive a team, or the young 'wenches' will make bands, while the 'missis' will cook and carry the 'vittels' to the field; or some other arrangement of his belongings will be made according to circumstances. A few more days of warm sunshine, and the mustard in Sturshall's twenty acre will be 'fit'; Kilham's barley is almost ready, and wheat will be early this year. There is now only one subject of interest throughout the parish, one engrossing theme to the loiterers on the bridge, the toppers in the taproom, to old men and school children, to church-goers or market-goers—the coming harvest!

When the weather is favourable—light winds and warm sun—the whole series of operations may not occupy more than from three to four weeks. During that time, Bill obtains, perhaps, a weekly 'sub' from his employer of from ten to fifteen shillings. At its close, the land-surveyor measures the work each pair has done separately, makes out his statement, and gives one copy to the 'partners,' and another to the farmer. The balance of cash now due to them is paid. Its amount varies, of course, a good deal in different cases; but a good labourer may look to receive a clearance of from seven to twelve pounds. Times have been when the sums so obtained were larger, and of late we are sorry to say they have often been much smaller; but we are not writing of any particular case or any particular year. This harvest-money it will be seen raises the average of his earnings for the year by from three to five shillings a week; but, received in a lump, it is much more serviceable. He is now able to clear the ravelled skein of his affairs and start once more abreast of the times. He squares accounts with the village tradesman and the doctor, and lays in winter clothing for himself and family. If these claims are slight, he is able to buy a pig to rear throughout the winter, and thus gain one more advantage in his struggle against hard lines. It is, in fact, this annual godsend that makes his lot a practicable one in a world where he is supposed to have no business either to die of starvation or to steal to avoid it. Woe to the unlucky wight who sprains an ankle or a wrist at the beginning of harvest, or who, from other causes, is prevented from sharing its golden windfall!

It is clear, then, that the 'poor man' has a distinct, even a vital interest in the character of the harvest. In a dry year, such as we have above supposed, his work proceeds without interruption. His extra expenditure is limited to a few weeks, his clearance over and above his day's pay is large, and he finds himself, when he returns to day-work, a good round sum in pocket. A 'bad poor man's harvest' means one which alternate rain and sunshine have protracted to such a degree as to attenuate or altogether swallow up the much-desired overplus. Within late years, there has been a whole series of untoward seasons for the agriculturist, and to that fact the public has been kept pointedly alive. Much really deserved sympathy has been expressed for the farmer both by the press and from the platform; all manner of schemes have been ventilated for the amelioration of his condition; while rents have in many cases been liberally discounted, to enable him to bear up against the pressure of the times. But Bill Ashford's moan has been all unheard, unsympathised with, and unanswered. The simple annals of the poor penetrate slowly the hard rind of popular philanthropy.

There is yet another and a very touching reason why Bill and his mates should interest themselves about harvest-weather. In his locality, the good old scriptural custom of gleaning still obtains. The wives and children of the labourers who have reaped and got in the corn are privileged to go over the stubble and gather the ears that the rake has refused to collect. In a

fine season, this is no small boon. Some families are thus enabled to get as much wheat as will provide them with bread-stuff for a considerable time. The right of gleaning is extended to the widows and orphans of labourers, and gains by this an additional halo of interest. It may have its sad side, this picking up the crumbs; but we forbear to moralise. It is, let us consider, no small aid to the recipients; and it is a 'bad poor man's harvest' indeed when wet weather has sodden and swollen the gleaned ears. They are then unfit for anything but chicken-food, and many poor little human chickens are thus disappointed of their ration of wholesome home-made bread.

The tale is told. Bill Ashford has had various experiences—'man, and boy, married and single.' He growls like a disappointed aspirant to the Woolsack, and, like him, has to growl and bear his lot. Nor is there any violence in the metaphor, seeing that a man, whatever his station, has only to fill the mould in which he has been cast. The shell that surrounds us all, be it large or small, has a rough surface and many irritating angularities; philosophy, the philosophy of common-sense, tells us to avoid these by vigilance or endure them with fortitude. Our friend Bill has plenty of scope and to spare for this kind of philosophy. But we love rather to see him in his buoyant humours, when things are going well; in his grateful moods, when good money has been earned in good weather; and we trust sincerely that it will be many years again before he has to complain of a 'bad poor man's harvest.'

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,'
'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER X.—JACOB'S LADDER.

'You have been a long time at the Hall,' said Mr Cornellis, when his daughter returned with a heightened colour.

'Have I? I did not know I had been absent any considerable time.'

'The hour and a half must have passed very agreeably. You do not usually find the society of that old imbecile entertaining; nor he yours sufficiently pleasant to make him care to detain you. Perhaps,' he added with a sneer, 'you have been elsewhere.'

'I have not been elsewhere, papa.'

'And pray, what has kept you all this while?'

'We have been talking.'

'Does he want me to play billiards with him?'

Josephine considered a moment, then laughed, and said: 'Really, papa, I do not know. I forget. If he told me, I do not remember.'

'Your conversation must have been mightily engrossing, if you cannot recall an answer to a message. What was it about?'

'You desire me to tell you?'

'O no,' answered Mr Cornellis in his cold, contemptuous tone. 'If I were to insist, and you were indisposed to comply, you would tell me lies.'

Josephine's cheeks flushed. She had some difficulty in controlling herself sufficiently to say in a subdued tone: 'Do I generally tell you lies, papa?'

'I do not know. I do not care to inquire. I daresay you do, when asked inconvenient questions.'

Josephine walked up and down the room. 'Why, papa, do you always imagine evil of me, and—of every one? It is enough to make one bad. Is the world full of nothing but swindlers and liars and hypocrites?'

'Angels do not tenant earth here.'

'Nor devils either.'

'Perhaps not—a generation which is a mixture of both; but the gravitation is downwards. Did you ever hear of any one flying off into angel-tenanted space? No, my dear; we keep our feet planted on the earth, and are insensible to centrifugal action, but alive to that which is centripetal.'

'Papa, do you remember that man on the pier at Walton with an apparatus by means of which he pretended he could see through a brick?'

'What of that?'

'He did nothing of the sort. You explained it as an optical deception, contrived by a series of mirrors hid in the apparatus. Those who peered through the spyglass thought they saw through a brick, but they did nothing of the kind.'

'Right: it was a deception.'

'Well, I believe you are equally deceived when you assert that you see through every one you come across.'

Mr Cornellis bit his lip. He turned testily to his daughter and said: 'You need not pace the room as if you were still striding the deck of the lightship.'

She desisted at once, and left the room. She went out of the house, through the garden gate, upon the seawall, and walked there. The tide was out; a wide expanse of mud showed, and the mud exhaled its usual unsavoury steam. Gulls made a clatter over it, collecting food; a heron sailed up and flew away as Josephine approached where it fed. The tears were in her eyes. She was hurt by her father's remark that she would answer him with lies. She knew his ways of thinking and speaking; she had rebelled occasionally heretofore; her conscience had acquired fresh sensitiveness of late, and she shook off his ugly scepticism, as false to human nature. She had seen a true man, had met with genuine unselfish love, and had felt the charm it exercised. She began to suspect that there was a poetry and picturesqueness and music in the moral sphere as well as in mere external nature. She had been taught by her father, or had gathered from his conversation, scorn for the weaknesses of humanity, and now, with genuine surprise, perceived that there was infinite pathos and beauty in those very weaknesses.

The willows were quivering in the light wind, the leaves slenderly attached to the stem fluttered and flickered with a breath—their vibration exposed their silver lining. At one moment the trees stood dark against the sky, then a feeble puff sweeping over the mud-flat, brushed up the leaves, and converted the whole tree into a tree of snow exquisitely beautiful, a very tree

for fairyland. Josephine did not walk up and down the seawall, lest she should seem to be pacing a deck; she felt in her heart her father's sneer. Accordingly, instead of pacing to and fro, she walked along it, and came, unintentionally, to the willows and the dike, and looked into Cable's garden. Thence she heard children's voices. She went to the bridge, crossed the water, and entered the garden. She was drawn on by an invincible attraction. She saw a ladder set against the side of the house, a short ladder, for the cottage was but one story high, and Richard Cable was above the ladder on the roof, pruning the vine. He had his foot on the topmost rung, but rested his body on the trellis; and as he lopped off a young shoot with leaves and tendrils, he stooped with it to his little Mary, who sat just below her father's foot on a lower bar; and she stooped and handed the cluster of leaves to Effie, who sat a stage lower; Effie handed it to her twin-sister, and Jane to Martha, and she to Lettice, and Lettice to Susie, and at the bottom sat Mrs Cable with the baby, and insisted on the tiny hands receiving the cool beautiful leaves from the little sister. The pretty children were thus on steps of the ladder one above the other, with the evening sun on their shining golden heads and white pinafores, and their smiling faces and dancing blue eyes.

Presently, Cable called for some tying bast, and the baby was made to hold it to Susie, who received it and raised her arms over her head, when Lettice bowed and took the bast and passed it in like manner above her head to Martha, who in similar style delivered the bast to Jane, and so to Effie, and Effie likewise to Mary, and Mary to her father. The children were seated as masons on a ladder, when loading a scaffold.

Josephine stood where she had crossed, looking at the picture. It strangely moved her, it was so beautiful a picture of peaceful happiness. She did not know whether she had been observed. She hoped that she had been unobserved, and drew back. She would not break the happy chain, disturb the simple pleasure, by her appearance. She went back over the plank to the farther side of the moat, where were the willows, and walked on.

She felt very lonely, more so, after having witnessed this simple domestic interlude, than before. She thought of her father. What would have been his remark on what she had witnessed? The thought of him took the poetry out of the scene. She seated herself on the wall, built of chalk blocks brought from Kent by sea. Southernwood sprouted from the chinks, and fescue-grass; and sea-lettuce, now vividly green, pushed up its juicy fronds. She pulled some blades of grass and bit the wiry stems. She contrasted her life with that of Cable. His was direct, real, and transparent. Hers was twisted, artificial, and clouded. There was not a spark of sincerity in it. Her whole course of education had been directed towards making her false. She had been taught accomplishments, not because, in music, in history, in knowledge generally, there was anything worth pursuit, but because it was necessary for her to be acquainted with sufficient to fill her place in conversation without exposing

ignorance. She took a sprig of white southern-wood between her hands and rubbed it, and was suffused with the strong odour from the bruised leaves.

The tide was running in along a channel between the seawall and the mudbanks, sweeping along with it fragments of sea-tangle, little green crabs, and various small shells. She pulled off her stockings and shoes and put her foot down into the running fresh water. She still bit the fescue-grass, musingly, looking into the tide as it curled about her delicate foot. It was a pleasure to be alone, and free to do as she liked; to sit, if she chose, with one foot in the water instead of two. She was startled to hear a step behind her. She looked round, and drew up her foot.

Richard Cable was there. 'Miss Cornellis, I saw you pass our gate. As you did not come to us, I have come to you.'

'O Mr Cable!'—she always called him Mr to his face, only 'Dicky' when speaking of him to her father—'I did not like to interrupt you whilst you were pruning your vine.'

'I was giving my pets a lesson,' he said.

'A lesson! Of what sort?'

'A double lesson—to take their several seats and sit there content; and to form a part of the great chain of life, each assisting and assisted by the other.'

'What!' exclaimed Josephine, with a tinge of her father's sarcasm in her tone. 'Delivering a moral lecture to the infants!'

'No,' he answered.—'May I stay here a moment by you, miss? I said nothing to them. They take in these ideas naturally. Did you see how they were all of them, dear mites! on the ladder, and me at top, passing things up and down? It is not necessary for me to give a lecture on it. They couldn't understand it now if I did; but afterwards, when each takes her place in the social scale, she'll maybe remember how she sat on the ladder, and will pass good things down to those below, and also hand up what is due to those above. It is a picture of life, miss.'

'You are a moralist, Mr Cable.'

'I don't know that, Miss Cornellis; but I have time to think aboard my ship, and turn things about in my head, and so I see much that escapes others who are in active work and have no leisure for considering. In autumn, when the grapes are ripe, I shall be on the trellis again, and all the children on the ladder. Then I shall pass down the bunches; and the first bunch Mary will deliver to Effie, and Effie to Jane, and so down to baby, and not one of them will touch a grape. Then the next will go down like to Susie, untasted by all those above, and the third to Lettice, and the fourth to Martha, and the seventh and last to Mary. I need not give a word of teaching about it; they learn of themselves that the strong and the older, and those high up, must stoop to help the weak and the young and the lowly. It comes of itself, without words.'

'I do not know that your picture is a true parable,' said Josephine rather bitterly. 'I think that on the ladder of life we are all plundering the grapes and upsetting each other, to secure our seats and the first touch of the clusters.'

'The children will not do that; they see their father above them.' Then Richard Cable said in a lower tone, with great gentleness in his voice: 'Excuse me, Miss Cornellis; I came to you now because, whilst I was up the ladder about the vine, I saw at one moment all the seven pairs of blue eyes looking up to me—and then I thought of something you had said aboard the stranded boat, and I came down after you to tell you about it, for what you said troubled me.'

'What was that?' asked Josephine.

'Do you remember saying that you had no trust, no faith; nothing and no one to look up to?'

'I may have said it. I do not remember.'

'I do. It hurt me to think it was possible; and when I saw all the little eyes on the ladder looking up to their father—I thought of a pair of brown eyes that were not uplifted. Excuse me, miss.' He stood up, and without another word walked away along the seawall.

Then Josephine let down her foot again into the water and stirred it in the transparent stream, and thought. Her face was grave, and the muscles about her mouth worked, and every now and then twitched convulsively. She sat on till the tide, rising higher, drove her from where she sat; then she put on her stockings and shoes again, and walked slowly along the seawall homewards. As she passed the garden of the Cables she looked into it without stopping. The children, Richard, were no longer there. The shadows of the great willows fell athwart the garden, cool and gray. She went on to her own home, and in and to her own room. There she saw her jacket thrown on the bed; her soap, which after she had last washed her hands, had slipped off the marble top of her stand, lay on the floor where it had fallen. Her comb was on the pincushion, her brush in the window, one of her walking-boots on the hearthrug, the other on a chair. She was angry, and went to the bell to summon the maid and scold her for neglect. But it occurred to her, as she had her hand on the rope, that her father was expecting company to dinner. The household was not large, and the few servants were required to bestir themselves and make a show. Anne was cleaning the plate; she was parlour-maid, lady's-maid, and butler all in one. Anne must lay the cloth, have the silver and glass in excellent order, answer the door, dress the table with flowers, and bring in dinner. How could she also attend to Josephine's room?

'On the ladder, on occasion, we must stoop and help each other,' said Josephine, letting go the bell-pull, half pouting, half smiling, and bending to gather up the fallen piece of almond curd soap. 'I know what I will do—I will do more on the ladder. I will go down and arrange the flowers in the glasses for the table.'

Whilst she was thus engaged, her father came into the dining-room.

'Papa,' she said, 'will you, or shall I, decant the wine?'

'I will do it. We must not have the cheapest. The rector pretends to know good from bad; but he is an impostor. His son, who is in the army, may have a more cultivated taste, and detect rubbish, so we must have some decent wine for him.'

'Is any one else coming?'

'The rector's wife—that is all. I do not want a large party to-night. Dress becomingly, and show your best manners. When I bring out my inferior wines, you may wear what you like, and be rude. Behave yourself to-night; lay yourself out to please.'

'To please whom? The rector?'

'No; his son, Captain Sellwood.'

'And pray, papa, why should I make an effort to please him?'

'Because I always thought he admired you. He is heir to a good fortune; and it is important that you should not let him slip through your fingers.'

Josephine's brow reddened, and her eyes sparkled with an angry light.

Mr Cornellis looked coldly at her, and said: 'Do not put on stage attitudes and attempt heroics. I have invited the family here solely on your account. If you do not provide for yourself, I will not provide for you.'

'I have no particular eagerness to fish for husbands; I have no taste for that sport.'

'It is high time, Josephine, that you should understand your position. I am nearly at the end of my means.'

'There is my mother's fortune,' said the girl with a shrug of the shoulder and a toss of her head.

'Dissipated, my dear.'

'How dissipated? It is mine.'

'I was left trustee with full power to expend what was necessary on your maintenance and education.'

'That has not exhausted it.'

'It matters not how it is gone—gone it is.'

'Then,' said Josephine bitterly, 'you misstated the situation, papa, by the use of a wrong possessive pronoun, when you said that you were nearly at the end of your means; you should have said you had come to the end of *my* means.'

'I am not going to excuse myself to you,' Mr Cornellis said. 'Your education, dress, and caprices have cost much money. The little fortune your mother left'—

'Papa,' exclaimed Josephine, 'I always heard that my mother was well off.'

'Then you heard wrong. Her relations were displeased with her for marrying me, and she got nothing but what could not be kept from her. A good deal of that went before she died.'

'Not all—there is surely the principal.'

'The principal has been going like old Stilton. There is not much left; and before it is known that you are portionless, you must secure a husband.'

'Under false pretences?'

'You would not blurt out to every one that we are on the eve of a financial collapse? I am not going to argue with you. A woman is usually keen-witted in such matters.' He left the room with quick steps to get the wine.

Josephine had been arranging white lilacs and forget-me-nots in a little opal glass vase. Her hand trembled so that she shook out the flowers, and they fell on the white cloth. She tried to pick them up and put them in, but could not do so; and as Anne then entered, she held out the

flowers and vessel to the girl, and, with averted face, said: 'Finish doing this for me, Anne.' Then she ran up-stairs. Her cheeks were burning, her eyes hot, her temples throbbing. She was angry as well as distressed. Her father had robbed her, and had acknowledged it with effrontery. Not only so, but he told her this coolly just as company were expected to dinner. She must bury her wrath and humiliation in her heart, and appear with a smiling face, affect a careless spirit, and use her efforts to entrap a man into an engagement, letting him believe her to be the mistress of a handsome fortune.

She leaned her elbows on the window sill and looked over the garden out to sea. The tide was in, the bay was full of blue water. The sun had set; a still, sweet evening closed in the day. She saw a flight of white and brown winged fishing-boats coming in with the wind and tide. The sailors were returning to their homes with their spoils, to spend a quiet Sunday with their wives and children and parents; they were returning with light consciences; they had earned the bread for all the mouths that depended on them. It was otherwise in Rose Cottage. There, thought Josephine, the father, instead of laying by for his child, has wasted her fortune, and then bids her go forth and fish for herself with the net of fraud.

Her chin rested in her hands; her brows were knit; her lips quivered. No tears came into her eyes. 'Was there ever,' she said, 'a more miserable, forlorn girl than I? What I said to Richard Cable is true. I have no one to whom I can look up. My ladder is lost in cloud.'

PNEUMATIC GUNS AND DYNAMITE SHELLS.

THE problem of firing or, rather, propelling shells filled with high explosives may be said to have been satisfactorily solved by the Americans. Tentative experiments in that direction have been carried on for the last two years with powder guns by officers of the United States army. Early in 1885, trials were made with dynamite shells at Port Lobos, California, under the supervision of General Kelton, assisted by Lieutenant Quinan, of the 4th United States Artillery. The piece of ordnance used was a condemned three-inch rifled wrought-iron gun. Mr Quinan in person loaded the shells, each shell—an elongated three-inch rifled projectile—being charged with seven ounces of dynamite. The first projecting charge was a quarter-pound of ordinary powder as used in the United States artillery, subsequently increased to half a pound and one pound. In the first and second discharges, the shells did just what was expected of them: they did not explode until they struck the target, a rock one hundred yards from the gun. When the third charge was fired, however, the explosion of the charge, the bursting of the shell, and the shattering of the gun, appeared to be simultaneous, the piece of ordnance being torn into fragments. This may be said to have been just what was expected and intended, the object being to demonstrate how far a shell loaded with a high explosive may

be fired from ordinary guns if the propelling charge is properly regulated.

Subsequently, trials were made on the Potomac, near Washington, by the United States Dynamite Projectile Company with Snider dynamite projectiles. Four six-inch shells, carrying eleven-pound bursting charges of nitro-gelatine, were fired against a ledge of rock one thousand yards distant. The experiments were regarded as a success in every respect, and as a conclusive proof of the destructive power of six-inch shells, the latter exploding on striking the target, and doing good execution on the rock. But so far, all attempts to throw larger charges of high explosives out of powder guns have failed. At least four guns have been burst at Sandy Hook; one recently. Having failed in the attempts to throw uncamporated explosive gelatine, the very much less sensitive camphorated explosive gelatine was resorted to. This is also less powerful than the uncamporated, and requires very strong initial detonation by fulminate of mercury and dynamite or gun-cotton to attain its fullest development of strength. In no case have the requisite detonators of fulminate of mercury been thrown, as these are very sensitive to explosion, by the shock which they receive in the powder gun. All the experiments made were instructive, but they were also destructive of the guns.

The problem of propelling shells filled with high explosives, with safety to the guns and to those discharging them, was not satisfactorily settled until Lieutenant Zalinski, of the 5th United States Artillery, brought forward his pneumatic gun, on the invention and improvement of which he had been engaged for some time. This gun is in reality a tube sixty feet long, made of half-inch iron lined with one-sixteenth of an inch of brass, and having a bore of eight inches. The barrel is supported and stiffened by a light but strong iron frame, at the centre of which is a pivot, about which the gun may be revolved, the breech end being provided with wheels, which run upon a circular track. The gun is elevated and depressed by means of a piston, the cylinder of which receives air from eight reservoirs—each of which is twenty feet long, twelve inches outside diameter, and made of iron half an inch thick—placed upon the frame beneath the barrel, the air being supplied by a compressor. This piston presses upon the gun just forward of the trunnions to elevate the barrel. Upon the air being allowed to escape slowly, the barrel is lowered by gravity. To the pistons of two cylinders placed at the pivot are secured the ends of wire ropes, one of which is secured to the rear part of the frame, the other to the opposite side. The gun may be rapidly turned in either direction by admitting air to either of the cylinders. An arm at the centre of one of the trunnions, through which the compressed air passes to the gun, operates an auxiliary valve, which in turn moves the main valve, opening the passage to an air-chamber behind the projectile. From the instant of opening the valve, the full pressure of the air in the reservoirs is exerted upon the projectile until it reaches the muzzle, when the valves are automatically closed. The eight reservoirs contain enough air at one thousand pounds pressure to discharge the gun

six times; but as they can be continuously re-supplied with air by the compressor, there need be no delay in firing.

All the movements of the gun are controlled from the platform at the breech. The cartridge launched forth from the tube consists of two parts—a wooden tailpiece fifty-one inches long, which guides the projectile in its flight; and a head. The forward portion, or head, is a brass cylinder forty inches long, having a conical cap twelve inches long. In the tube are placed one hundred pounds of explosive gelatine, through the centre of which extends a core of dynamite; and in the centre of the dynamite, again, is an exploder of fulminate of mercury, from which a rod leads to the point of the cap. As soon as the latter strikes an object, the charge explodes. In order that the charge may be exploded, in case of failure of the above arrangement, a dry battery, placed in a little recess in the tailpiece of the cartridge, is connected with the fulminate exploder. The battery begins to work upon being brought into contact with water, and the gelatine is then exploded.

For it is for naval warfare, in the first place, that the pneumatic gun of Lieutenant Zalinski is intended. And it must be admitted that, while the United States are still without the much needed ships, fortifications, and heavy guns, which would place the country on a level with other naval powers, these pneumatic guns will form very efficient defensive weapons. Besides mounting them on points along the coast liable to attack by a hostile fleet, they are to be employed in a more decisive way. It is admitted that the range of pneumatic guns is limited as compared with powder guns. An enemy's fleet might lie beyond the range of pneumatic guns, and bombard American ports and cities with impunity. But it is suggested, and appears perfectly feasible, to mount pneumatic guns on fast sea-going torpedo-boats. With such boats, aggressive action of a very decided and decisive character would be possible. Boats have been designed two hundred and ten feet long by twenty-six feet beam, carrying from one to three of these guns, of calibres of from ten and a half to twelve and a half inches. The speeds of torpedo-boats so armed are to be from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour. The shells are to be thrown at least one mile, and to contain from two hundred to five hundred pounds of explosive gelatine, the rapidity of firing them being from one to two shells every two minutes.

The effect of such shells upon even the strongest ironclads would be irresistible. If dropped upon the deck of an enemy's ironclad, they would certainly crush it, for their action would not be confined to a simple local perforation, but the crushing in would ensue over a considerable breadth. Besides the direct breaking action at the point of impact, there would be a very great transmitted shock, which would seek out and break up the ship at all weak points in the vicinity. The decks even of the most heavily armoured vessels have less than six inches of armour, and they present by far the greater portion of the target fired at. Moreover, the most heavily armoured ships, leaving out of account their decks, have but a small proportion of the entire

surface covered with heavy armour. Should the shell strike the portions of the armouring too thick for perforation, the tremendous blow, as stated above, would seek out the neighbouring weak points by the transmitted shock. It might be assumed as almost certain that the effect of exploding a large quantity of dynamite or explosive gelatine upon the turret or the casemate of a ship would be such as to render the crew inside incapable for further action, even if the armour were not penetrated. Supposing, also, that the shell should fail to hit the vessel, if it exploded near enough, even if its explosion were not sufficient to disrupt the hull, it would certainly affect the motive-power and the steering apparatus, and thus practically paralyse the ship. Whilst twelve and a half inches is at present the limit of calibre, there is nothing to hinder the construction of a gun of sixteen and a half inch calibre, and such a gun could throw a charge of one thousand pounds of explosive gelatine. The effect of such a fearful missile exploding on board a ship had better be left to the imagination; but it is well to bear in mind that throwing such charges long distances has become perfectly practicable by the introduction of the pneumatic gun.

THE BUSHFORD CASE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. V.—ERNEST SPEAKS AT LAST.

I SANK into a chair, as it were stunned. The words, 'Can Laura be the assassin, and does Ernest know it?' seemed to keep on repeating themselves in my brain with a sort of rhythmical regularity like the ticking of a clock.

At last, with a great effort, I recovered myself sufficiently to reason it out. Yes; there could be no doubt of the truth. The cause of Ernest's silence, before so inexplicable, was now made clear. Why had I not thought of this before? Such an idea had never entered into my imagination. The finding of the little piece of gold I held in my hand—by itself a mere nothing—had supplied the clue to all that had been so unaccountable. Laura must have known of the intended alteration of the will, and to prevent that alteration, killed her uncle before he had time to carry out his intention. The pendant must have become detached from the earring as she bent over him; and his coat being open, it fell into the pocket. Ernest either saw the deed done, or came upon her before she could escape from the room. To shield her, he had allowed himself to be suspected and arrested; to shield her, he would go to his trial; and, if convicted, to his death. No, no; it should not be! He should not suffer for her crime! I would prevent it! But how could I prevent it? What proof had I? Absolutely none! The earring drop might have got into the pocket in many ways. It might have fallen from her ear at some other time, and remained there undiscovered. My finding it there was only significant when coupled with Ernest's conduct; and that conduct only pointed towards Laura's guilt, supposing him to be innocent.

Perhaps, after all, I was wrong, and she was

no more guilty than Ernest. During the four years she had been at the vicarage, she had gained the affection of all about her: my poor uncle had loved her as dearly as he had loved Amy, and she seemed to love him equally in return. For the present, I must conceal my discovery, and, subduing my feelings, meet Laura as usual, until I had seen Ernest again. Yes; I must see Ernest again at once. I would go to him to-morrow, and, armed with my discovery, endeavour once more to gain the truth from him.

During the remainder of the day, I kept apart from Laura so far as I could; but of course I could not entirely avoid meeting her; and when in her company, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could bring myself to treat her in my accustomed manner; indeed, I was not altogether successful in my endeavours. Several times I relapsed into a fit of thought, and my eyes would involuntarily turn towards her face; then I noticed that she was watching me intently. When we parted for the night, she lingered behind my mother and Amy, and as soon as they were out of hearing, she said hastily, and in a low tone of voice: 'Harry, your looks and manner have been strange to-night; have you discovered anything fresh?'

I knew not how to answer her without speaking falsely. Fortunately, she continued before I had time to commit myself.

'I mean,' she went on, 'anything fresh against Ernest?'

I could now answer truthfully in the negative, and she said no more.

While she spoke, she looked straight into my face. It was far more difficult for me to meet her eye than for her to meet mine. I felt that I had much more the appearance of a guilty being than she.

The next morning, I stated my intention of again visiting Ernest. This caused no surprise, as it was nearly a week since I had seen him, and I had as yet told him nothing of what I had been doing in his interest. This time I took no special message from Laura. Both she and Amy sent their fondest love, and again expressed their ardent wish to see him.

I found Ernest in no respect altered either in appearance or manner. He greeted me cordially, and inquired anxiously after Amy and Laura. His face wore a sort of faint cynical smile when I related how Laura had received his message; and he shook his head decisively when I told him how much both she and Amy desired to see him. Seeing this, I forbore to press him; indeed, I no longer wondered at his refusal.

I then went on to tell him how my time had been employed since I saw him last. He listened, it seemed to me, with little interest, as if he had anticipated the result of my efforts in his behalf. When, however, I spoke of my examination of the room in which the murder had taken place, he rested his elbows on his knees, and, burying his face in his hands, appeared to be much moved. But he soon recovered himself, and said: 'Harry, you have done wonders. Your securing Bob Coveney's services was a master-stroke, though I fear his evidence will avail me little. Anyhow, I thank you both heartily for the trouble you have taken.'

I thought that the time had now come to tell him all I had discovered. 'Ernest,' I said suddenly, and without preparing him in any way, 'I know who did the deed.'

The effect was electrical. He turned ghastly pale, and there was a look of absolute terror in his eyes as he fixed them on me. I thought he would have fainted, but he partially regained his composure, though apparently with much difficulty, and asked: 'Who did it?'

'Laura—and you know it!'

He was evidently prepared for my answer, and burst into a hollow and forced laugh. 'Ridiculous! You have discovered a mare's nest. How did you manage it?'

'It is no mare's nest, Ernest, and I must beg of you to treat the matter seriously.'

'Well, well, I will, if I can; but tell me how this absurd suspicion entered into your mind.'

'It is not a suspicion, but a firm conviction—almost a certainty.—Do you know this?' and I showed him the earring drop.

'Yes; I know it well enough. What of it?'

'I found it in the breast pocket of the coat which our poor uncle wore that night.'

'And what of that? What does it prove?'

'Nothing by itself, I admit; but viewed by the light of your conduct—your refusal to explain away the evidence against you—everything.'

'Nonsense!' Ernest exclaimed; and then, after a short pause, he said: 'You have not told any one of this, I trust?'

'Not as yet; but I must do so.'

'You must *not*,' he cried vehemently.

'I *must*,' I repeated with emphasis. 'I will not let you suffer for another's crime, if I can prevent it.'

'You can't prevent it—at least, not by accusing Laura. What evidence have you against her? You have admitted that finding that wretched piece of jewelry is nothing; and what else can you bring forward which would be listened to for one minute in a court of justice? You know well enough that there is nothing—positively nothing!'

'There is one thing that I can do—speak to Laura herself, and endeavour to wring a confession from her.'

'If you don't promise me not to attempt that,' he said passionately—'if you don't promise to keep this suspicion of yours entirely to yourself, I declare most solemnly that I will plead guilty at my trial.'

I felt that I was beaten now. I knew Ernest too well not to be sure of his carrying out his threat.

'Well, I will promise you, Ernest, on one condition—that you tell me everything you know.'

'And if I refuse?'

'If you refuse, I risk everything, and use every means that I can think of to bring the crime home to Laura; for I am as firmly convinced of her guilt as if I had seen the deed done.'

Ernest sat for a few minutes in silence, and then said: 'Harry, I trust to your promise, and will tell you all.'

'One moment, Ernest,' I interrupted. 'This promise of mine, so far as it relates to speaking to Laura herself, holds good only until after the trial. You must yourself feel the impropriety,

the impossibility, of allowing her to remain the companion of Amy.'

Although this speech of mine assumed Laura's guilt as a fact, Ernest now made no attempt to contradict me. After musing for a few minutes, he said: 'I must leave this to your discretion, Harry. If it be possible in any way to separate them without telling her the reason, so much the better; all that I demand of you is, that you will do nothing that will bring her within the reach of the law.'

Having assented to this, Ernest went on.

'Harry, now I have resolved to speak freely to you on the subject, I feel that I must make my confession a complete one.' I must have expressed surprise in my face when he said 'confession,' for he continued: 'I don't use the word confession in relation to the fearful crime with which I am charged—thank God! I am entirely guiltless of that—but in reference to the course of life I led, which indirectly caused the crime to be committed.'

'If it be painful for you to refer to it, Ernest, there is no necessity for you doing so: I have heard the account from others.'

'There is a necessity. If the relation serve no other purpose, it will, I think, to some extent relieve my mind from the load which presses on it. What strange infatuation could have induced me to commence that course of life, I cannot tell; but, once commenced, the downward progress was easy. Solitude was distasteful to me; so, failing your society, I sought that of those about me. Some of them possessed means far beyond mine, and a false pride prevented me from allowing my inferiority in that respect to appear. Thus I was led into expenses I could ill afford. Then I accompanied them to billiard-rooms, and soon began to take an interest in the game. I seldom took a cue myself; but I was induced to bet—and soon to bet heavily. When we met at the rooms of my fellow-students, cards would be introduced. At first, I would play for small sums only; but the demon of gambling soon got possession of me, and the stakes were increased. How our uncle became acquainted with my course of life, I know not. Do you?'

I shook my head; and Ernest continued: 'Well, it matters little *how* he became acquainted with it: he did, and the knowledge brought him to London. Never shall I forget our interview! Though he spoke with the utmost severity of the sins I had committed, he had not one harsh word for me. I had no hesitation in giving him the solemn promise he required—that I would at once renounce my bad associates, and never bet nor touch cards again. He warned me plainly that if my faults were repeated, I should meet with very different treatment from him, for he would then know that I erred knowingly and wilfully, and should consider me no longer fit to have help from him, or to become Laura's husband. He gave me money to pay every debt I owed; and I paid them all with the exception of the bill for twenty-five pounds held by Pollitt, and I reserved the cash to take that up when it became due. Would that, instead of doing so, I had paid it at once!'

'More than a month passed away, and during that time my word had been kept. I spent several evenings with some of my fellow-students;

but if card-playing took place, I was a looker-on only. One night, a young man named Temple, from whom I had formerly won a few pounds, was a member of our party. He now requested me to give him his revenge. I refused, and frankly stated my reason for doing so; nor could all the jeers and laughter of my companions move me; till at last Temple accused me of dishonourable conduct in winning his money and then denying him the chance of winning it back again. This taunt was more than I could bear, and I sat down to play. Had you been present—had Felton or any one supported me—I believe I should have resisted even then; but there was no hand held out to save me. Well, I lost; and to retrieve my losses, played on. I drank, too, in the vain endeavour to drown remorse; and when I rose from the table, I had little left of the twenty-five pounds. I passed the night in agony; sleep refused to come to me. I had no means of meeting the bill; there was no alternative but to go to Bushford and throw myself on my uncle's mercy. This I did. As he listened to me, his face wore the sternest look I had ever seen there. I had broken my word; he would not break his. The bill should be taken up; he would pay for my absolute necessities until I had passed my examination, and would let me have the means of starting in my profession—that was all. Laura I must see no more; nor must I attempt to correspond with her; and that portion of his will relating to me would be altered at once.

'The effects of the drink I had taken on the previous evening, and the sleepless night I had spent, had scarcely left me. My hasty temper was in no state to bear with his reproaches. I answered him in terms which will cause me poignant regret as long as I live, and left the house.

'Long before I reached London, the reaction came; I must see him again at once, and beg him to pardon the hasty words I had uttered, if he would pardon nothing else. Shame, however, would not permit me to seek him when there was a certainty of meeting Laura and Amy, both of whom had witnessed our parting. I determined, therefore, to go to him at night, when I knew he would be alone in the library. There was no suitable train to Bushford station, so I went to Briarly. I had no settled idea as to my return; I knew that there was no train back either from Briarly or Bushford, and I also knew at what hour the mail left Camelton; but, in the state my mind was in, it never once occurred to me that I should not have time to catch it; in short, I gave no thought to the matter. I walked rapidly from Briarly to the vicarage; and passing quietly through the churchyard and garden, gained the library window, which was partly open. I was about to enter, when I saw the door open, and Laura glide rather than walk into the room. She wore the Indian dressing-gown we both know so well, and her long dark hair was hanging down her back. Softly she approached our uncle, who, unconscious of her presence, wrote on. Just as she reached the back of his chair, he placed his pen on the table, and looking up, perceived her; then, swift as lightning, I saw her lean over his shoulder—her arm was raised—there was a gleam of steel in the lamp-light, and

As though the blow had fallen on myself, I staggered back, supporting myself against the

window-frame, paralysed in every limb, in every sense. I could not have remained so many seconds; but when I recovered the power of thought and volition, Laura was gone and the door closed. I rushed to our dear uncle's side, and what a sight met my view! My surgical knowledge told me at once that all human aid was useless, and that he had but a few minutes to live. I threw myself on my knees before him, and seizing his hand, passionately entreated him to pardon me. I saw that he understood me; but the power of speech was gone: I begged of him to press my hand in token of his forgiveness. There was a slight pressure—I trust in heaven it was a voluntary one—and—all was over. And now, what was to be done? My poor uncle was past all help; I could not alarm the house and accuse Laura. No, no! guilty as she was, she must be saved at all cost!

'I quitted the room, closing the window after me, and rushed on across the fields to Camelton. I never paused to think that I could not reach the station in time; I never thought of the blood on my coat; the only idea I had was that I must get back to London. Had I missed the train, I should have walked the whole distance; but the mail stopped at the platform almost at the same time that I reached it. It was not until afterwards that I knew it must have been at least half an hour late. I found an empty compartment; and so got back to my lodgings. Utterly worn out in mind and body, I succeeded in obtaining a few hours' sleep—such sleep as it was. Early the next morning I went out. I feared to remain at home, for I knew that I should be summoned to the vicarage, and I dared not go there to meet Laura—at least till I heard the result of the investigation that must take place. The same reason kept me from the hospital, so I walked about during the whole day. Of where I went, I have no recollection; I only know that I walked—walked mechanically. I bought an evening paper; it gave an account of the discovery of the body, but said nothing about any one being suspected of the perpetration of the crime. At first, it was my intention not to return to my lodgings till I had learned more; but afterwards, I thought I had better go back. A telegraphic message from Bushford was there, as I had expected: it had come soon after I went out in the morning. Should I go. No; I could not meet Laura. Yet, what excuse could I offer for not going? All choice was shortly taken from me by the arrival of the police and my arrest. I had not expected this, and yet I was not surprised, nor did I regret it. I felt it as a relief from my embarrassment, if only a temporary one; I could now refuse to see Laura, without casting suspicion on her.—Now, Harry, that you know all, can you blame me for keeping silent? I could not explain away the evidence against me without telling the whole truth, and telling the truth would be accusing Laura.'

'No, Ernest; I cannot blame you for keeping silent hitherto; but I do blame you for forcing me to keep silent. The doer of such a foul deed as that should not be permitted to escape from just punishment.'

'If you were in my place, and it were Amy who had done it, would you not suffer her to escape?'

'It is utterly impossible for me to imagine Amy doing such a deed.'

'So I should have said of Laura, had not my own eyes beheld her do it.'

'You surely do not love her still?'

'Love her!' he answered. 'I could not bear to speak to her or touch her; I should loathe the very sight of her. And yet, if I could give my life ten times over to save hers, I would do it. Now, tell me, Harry, do I love her still? for I cannot tell myself.'

'Your question is one that is beyond my power to answer, Ernest; but this I know, she can love you but little to allow you to suffer for and bear the odium of her crime.'

'I have thought of that; but, after all, she is only a weak woman; and perhaps she is waiting the result of the trial.'

'And if, after the trial, supposing you to be convicted, she should confess, you will surely not sacrifice yourself by declaring her statement false?'

'We will speak of that when the time comes, should it ever come.'

'And till then, must she remain with Amy?'

'It can't be helped. I like it little as you do, but I see no alternative. Afterwards—however it may go with me—at any cost she must be separated from us all for ever.'

I saw plainly that I should gain no further concession from him, so prepared to leave him.

As we parted, he wrung my hand and said: 'Harry, I shall be calmer and more resigned, now I have confided in you. I longed to do so before, but I was afraid. In the old days, my heart was always open to you, and it shall be now—till the end.'

THROUGH JEST TO MATRIMONY.

MARRIAGES are often the result of accident. It seems strange, but the most prudent persons will sometimes conceive an irresistible attachment at the suggestion of a word or a look. When once under the spell of the verb 'To love,' they go through all its forms, and finish the declension of the verb before the altar. The few may give this subject the consideration it deserves; but the many, there is reason to fear, are guided by impulse. A skipper of a coasting vessel called at the village inn and asked the landlady, a young widow: 'Do you know where I can get a mate? I have lost my mate.'

'I am very sorry for you, Mr —,' she said, smiling. 'I want a mate too, and cannot get one. As we are in the same position, I'll tell you what I'll do: if you will be mine, I will be yours!' He closed with the bargain; and the widow keeping to her word, he is now supplied with two mates.

A young man at a church bazaar was button-holed by a lady; she would not let him go until he bought something. He looked at her stall, which contained fancy-work of various kinds. 'Why,' he said, 'I see nothing here that would be of the least use to me, a bachelor—except yourself. The rest would be dear to me at any price.'

'I will be cheap enough,' she said coaxingly.

'If you could be dear enough, perhaps'—

'Oh, come! you are just the person I want'—taking him by the arm.

She sold him one article after another, keeping up an agreeable conversation the while; and before all was done, he had purchased everything on the stall. Then, at settling-up, there was something said about discount. 'I cannot return any money,' she said, blushing; 'but if you think me dear enough, there's mamma; she may give you my hand.' The bargain was accordingly concluded.

At another bazaar, in the Highlands, also got up for a religious object, the minister, who had just been appointed, gave so much attention to a particular lady, that one of his elders thought it prudent to interfere. Taking him aside for the purpose, he said simply: 'Mind! They will be speakin'.'

Comprehending the situation, and remembering that the elder possessed a keen sense of humour, he replied: 'It's all right, John. They can say nothing. A man may love his neighbour as himself, you know.'

'No doubt, no doubt,' said John, with a twinkle in his eye, 'a man may love his neighbour as himself; but can he love her as his wife?'

'That's a question I never thought about,' said the other, nonplussed. However, John's rebuke having forced the question upon him, he decided in the affirmative, and returning to the lady forthwith, proposed, and was accepted.

An eminent doctor who had saved the life of a lady, a personal friend, was asked his charge. He said he generally allowed his patient-friends to remunerate him as they thought befitting. 'But don't you often get disappointed on these terms?' she inquired.

'I may say, never.'

'As you are so easily pleased, here;' and she playfully gave him her empty hand, while in the other was concealed a cheque for a handsome sum. 'How easily I could have taken you in!' she added, producing the cheque.

'But you have only succeeded in drawing me out,' he said, declining to relinquish her hand. 'Don't insult me with a cheque; I am most generously rewarded.'

Perhaps she understood the doctor's difficulty, and wished to help him out of it; at anyrate, the giving of her hand led him to offer his heart.

This was how a gentleman got his wife, when, in a tobacconist's shop, he asked a girl behind the counter, who happened to have red hair, if she would oblige him with a match. 'With pleasure, if you will have a red-headed one,' she promptly replied, with such a suggestive, demure smile that she aroused his interest. Further conversation proved her to be a person worthy of regard, and eventually the red-headed match was handed over.

A lady with a fine figure having taken a fancy to a valuable ring which she saw ticketed in a

shop window, went inside to examine it. 'It is exceedingly lovely; I wish it were mine,' she said on satisfying herself. 'What smaller figure will tempt you?'

'No other figure than the figure before me,' he said, giving her an admiring look at the same time. 'It is exceedingly lovely. I wish—I could tempt you with the ring.'

'I think I'll take it,' she said, laying down the money amidst blushes.

Of course he accepted the money; but getting her address, he made such good use of the hint, that the next ring which she got was given by him in church.

Quite as singular was the beginning of the courtship of the man who went into a shop for a pair of boots. 'I want them wide, please,' he said to the girl in attendance, 'as I have a good, broad understanding.'

She laughed at this reference to the breadth of his feet, and said: 'A very good thing, too, in a man, but not in a woman.'

'How do you make out that what is good in one sex is bad in the other?'

'Ah, it is quite simple. You see nature intended man to be supported by a firm sole, but woman by a yielding husband!'

Whether he made a yielding husband or not, report at anyrate says that he made her his wife.

A man who had been very unfortunate in business, while relating his reverses to a rich lady, wound up by saying: 'There is nothing for me but the union.'

'Which one?' she inquired with a smile on her lips and a soft look in her eyes. 'If you care for me, choose that union in which I may see you oftenest.'

'Shall we say the matrimonial?'

'Ah, well, if you have a preference for that one, I have no objection;' and the agreement was ratified.

A lady in a railway train kept looking out at the window with her head well forward, until she remembered that the gentleman opposite might possibly object.

'Do I cut off the view?' she asked.

'Merely of all I do not wish to see!' he replied gallantly.

The ice having been thus broken, they entered into conversation, found they were to get out at the same station, and knew each other's friends. The rest was plain sailing into what somebody calls the 'matrimonial haven.'

'Are you married yet, Kitty?' said a sailor on meeting an old acquaintance after returning from a long voyage.

'No; that somebody has never come.'

'Ah, then, I have brought him, after a deal of bother,' he said, throwing his arms around her; and the matter was there and then settled.

This was ingenious enough, like the case of the theatrical manager who was brought to the point when he called to inform his leading actress that he had secured a play at last which was sure to have a long run.

'What part have you reserved for me?' she asked.

'You are to be a charming sweetheart, as you are.'

'Is there a wife in the piece?'

'There is.'

'Then I have done charming sweethearts till I am tired. I must be a wife in the long-run.' And she was.

FISH-PRESERVING AT ABERDEEN.

CHEAP FOOD FOR THE POOR.

AN interesting experiment (says the *Scotsman*) in the direction of solving the many problems connected with the utilisation of the 'Harvest of the sea' was recently made at the factory of the Normal Company, Aberdeen. The public have been familiarised from time to time by qualified writers on the subject with the importance of the fishing industry in relation to social economics, and the experiment under notice formed a remarkable and encouraging instance of the advantage of the application of science and scientific methods to the purposes of commercial enterprise. That scientific progress has at all times shown itself to be the surest lever for the elevation of our race from its misery is in this connection a pregnant saying, and the Normal Company deserve all praise for the vigorous impulse which their efforts for the development and improvement of the fishing trade are certain to impart. The production of cheap and nutritious food is the principal object of the Company, whose factory at Point Law, in interest and extent surpasses the famous fish-refuse and oil-making factories of the United States. Instead of looking merely to the development of a trade carried on by swift steamers, it is evident that if factories were planted here and there on our coasts where fish are known to be plentiful, a vast industry might be created, which will bring its reward to those who embark in it, and will also be a benefit to the inhabitants of these districts. By establishing factories for the manufacture of fish-extracts, for which there is a large demand both at home and especially on the Continent, of glue, gelatine, manure from fish-refuse, and by preserving fish *en masse* with the newer and much improved methods, there will be a new outlet for enterprise, and prospects of a great development of the fishing industry exactly in those localities which, for one reason and another, are the subject of great commercial depression. These views were formulated by the Fishery Board recently, and they deserve careful and anxious consideration.

The purpose, then, of the Company alluded to is to transform to the best advantage fish of all kinds into products of various descriptions, and to manufacture soups, vegetable extract, sausages, &c. For example, they are able to manufacture extract of meat and fish, and shell-fish; soups in a highly concentrated form, such as pea-soup, thick soup, clear soup, julien soup, fish-soup, sausages of various kinds, glue, cement, gelatine, albumen; oils for medicinal and other purposes, leather, guano, and bone-meal. To most people this list may seem somewhat incredible. The different processes of manufacture are most interesting, and are a triumph of scientific skill. The methods of preparation, which are secured by patent, were without exception invented by the technical chief, Mr C. A. Sahlström, as were also many of the machines employed in the manufacture, which are the outcome of research extending over a

period of more than fifteen years. As far back as 1862, Mr Sahlström received the first prize for the making of albumen from fish-roe at the London International Exhibition.

The experiments of the Company have been crowned with success, and the manufacturers are able in a cheap and simple way, without the use of injurious chemicals, to preserve fish so that they can be kept for a time in such a way that in neither appearance nor taste can they be found different from fresh fish. The extensive consumption nowadays of extracts of meat has induced the Company to use materials other than meat for the production of extracts. One sample is made exclusively from flesh of whales and allied marine animals. It takes time to overcome prejudices. In reality, the flesh of the whale resembles that of reindeer. It looks palatable, and is entirely free from smell or any oily flavour. At present, some of the valuable products of the whale are thrown away. The skin is only used for guano, although it has been proved to be far better suited for a greater variety of purposes than any other skin—as, for instance, traces for horses, driving-reins, &c. The meat of a large blue whale of two hundred tons yields, in round numbers, five thousand pounds of extract; and every pound of extract gives about one hundred pints of soup. The other soups can be made to suit the palate of the most fastidious. As an example of what can be achieved in the way of turning the so-called 'offal' to account, it need only be mentioned that the flesh of cod, ling, and other kinds of fish can be used dried, or for extract, glue, and guano; the bladder for isinglass: the backbone for glue, bone-meal; the head for extract, glue, guano; the roe for albumen; the liver for oil, extract fibrine; the entrails for glue and guano. The external coverings of the larger kinds can be profitably removed and tanned; they give a strong and good skin, very suitable for portfolios and bookbinding. Raw materials now considered as almost worthless are thus utilised to great advantage by the Company. The commercial and dietetic value of the products cannot therefore be under-rated.

In the factory, employment is found for about one hundred hands, and there is a staff of eighteen technical gentlemen, some of whom are to take charge of the Company's projected new factories. On the island of Barra (South Hebrides) and at Thorshaven (Faroe Isles), there are larger factories in course of erection. When these centres are in operation, the west-coast fishermen will undoubtedly receive a new stimulus to work. It is expected that the factories will give work to about one hundred and fifty men all the year round.

As indicated, there are departments for the manufacture of the different articles. There is also a large tinsmith's shop with the entire plant required for the production of tins, and carpenters' and coopers' workshops. About sixty machines are in operation, consisting in part of thirty-eight large and small jacketed pans and digesters, a couple of separators, vacuum pans, hacking and mincing machines, refrigerators, filter-presses, air-pumps, machine for refrigerating oil, and others too numerous to mention. A new invention of some importance is a drying-chamber and drying-machine for fish. The largest fish may be dried

here in twelve to twenty hours in any degree of heat required; and they give a far better result than if dried in the open air, exposed to all the changes of weather.

The chairman of the Company, it may be known, is Mr Nordenfeldt, London, the celebrated gun-maker.

They intend to establish in more populous places soup-kitchens, where a substantial meal of two dishes may be had for about twopence. The principal ingredients in these dishes will be fish; but they will besides contain fat, vegetables, meat, &c. mixed together in proportions which will make an enjoyable food. The restaurant, like everything about the premises, is a model of tidiness, and is capable of seating about one hundred and fifty persons. Fully one hundred children of the poorer class were invited to partake of the dinner, and Mr Sahlström gave an appropriate speech, stating that many had expressed their fears that the Company would never be able to give a dinner consisting of two dishes at the small price of twopence without loss. He was, however, in a position to state that it could be done, and, moreover, give a comparatively good profit. He ventured to say that there was no restaurant in the United Kingdom or the Continent founded on mercantile principles which could compete with the Company's in producing cheap and wholesome food. The object of the restaurant was not to give alms. Give the poor work, and let the aim of mankind be to provide them with the first condition of existence—namely, food at the cheapest possible rate. To realise this laudable object, the means to make it permanent must be constructed upon a purely mercantile basis, in order that both producer and consumer might benefit alike.

WHAT DID THE DOG SEE?

It has often been said that animals have as keen a perception and as quick an appreciation as man himself of anything out of the usual order of things, or partaking in any way of a preternatural character. Whether the whole animal creation are endowed with this singular sagacity, it is impossible to say, and would be equally impossible to prove; but as regards dogs and horses at any rate—if we are to believe the many stories which have been related on the very best authorities—it is certain that those animals have been the first to recognise—and to testify, by their fright and terror, the force of such recognition—that they are in the presence of something beyond their ken; and the next step is, with true animal sagacity, to seek safety in flight, with the usual accompaniment of scared looks, dropped tails and ears, and drooped heads.

In the following curious narrative, a remarkable instance is given of a dog having evidently seen something, not seen by either his master or mistress, which evidently at first caused him great delight, but which, on closer investigation, turned out to be empty space, and produced in the dog all the signs of abject fear. The peculiar circumstances of the story, which were related to the writer by a friend, whose word he can have no reason to doubt, are simply these.

A young lady, Miss F—, was on a visit to a family of name and position, Colonel and Mrs

G——, who occupied a large mansion in one of the home counties. They possessed a favourite setter, a pet of everybody's, but especially of Miss F——, who was as fond of the dog as the dog was of her. Wherever Miss F—— went, walking, driving, or riding, Flora was sure to be close at hand. And in the drawing-room, the dog would sit by Miss F——'s side, lay her long white nose on the lady's knee, and look up earnestly in her face, making that peculiar sort of snoring in the nose which pet dogs often attempt, either to attract attention or to express love. If, however, Flora was accidentally shut out from any room in which Miss F—— happened to be, she would scratch at the door and whine and cry in a pitiful manner until the door was opened.

Miss F—— had been staying with Colonel and Mrs G—— about three or four weeks, when she became suddenly ill, and determined to return without delay to her home in the adjoining county. Thither she was removed in an invalid carriage; but although she received every possible care and attention, she appeared to get no better; her malady was evidently increasing daily.

About a month after Miss F—— had left Colonel G——'s house, he and his wife were one day in their morning-room, which looked out upon an extensive lawn. The bells of the neighbouring village church had begun to ring for the usual daily matins, the time being a quarter before ten, and the colonel and his wife were preparing to attend, according to their regular custom, when they observed Flora—who was lying apparently asleep, close to the open glass doors leading to the lawn—raise her head quickly, and, with cocked ears and straining eyes, look intently down the lawn, as if she saw something there which attracted her attention. All at once she jumped up, bounded over the grass, and commenced leaping up two or three times, expressing all those signs of intense canine joy usually exhibited on meeting, after an absence, some specially loved object. In a moment, however, the dog ceased her gestures, dropped her tail and head, manifesting every sign of abject fear, and turning round, rushed back to the house, into the room, and crawled under a sofa, whence neither calling nor coaxing on the part of Mrs G—— could induce her to stir.

This peculiar conduct on the part of Flora, who was remarkable for her high training and perfect obedience, surprised and perplexed both the colonel and his wife, quite as much as the violent manifestations of joy, followed immediately by every sign of the most crouching terror, all of which were wholly unaccountable.

About two hours later on in the day, a telegram was received by Mrs G—— containing the sad and unexpected intelligence of the death of Miss F—— at a quarter to ten that morning.

It may fairly be asked what could have caused the dog suddenly to start up and rush down the lawn with all the outward demonstrations of intense joy usually exhibited on seeing and meeting a loved friend? Flora, without doubt, must have seen something, or fancied she saw something, though invisible to the eyes of man; but finding it had no tangible substance, her canine instinct told her that it was unnatural and unusual, and hence fear took the place of joy, and

she sought refuge in flight. That the object of these tokens of love on the part of the dog should have passed to her rest at the identical moment they were exhibited by the faithful and attached Flora, is a coincidence regarding which we will not pretend to offer an opinion.

AN UNINTENTIONAL TRIP TO NORTH BEMINI.

DOUBTLESS, many persons would find it difficult to make an intentional trip to this island, so the reader may expect that an unintentional one was attended with some grave difficulties. The writer, his wife, their four young children, and their female domestic servant, were desirous of proceeding to Mobile, Alabama, with the idea of 'bettering themselves,' into which folly they had been seduced by a friend, who, having casually rushed through some of the Southern States, and listened to the highly coloured accounts as to the future of that dismal land, had strongly advised them to 'go South.' Mobile was the place of all others for the emigrant with some capital. So to Mobile we intended going; but difficulty the first—no steamers ran to that charming city, notwithstanding its great attractions; and as the same friend knew of a small steamer, largely owned by another friend, going to New Orleans, only one hundred and forty-nine miles from Mobile, we were advised to go by the *Flexible*, as we will call her. She was a small flush-decked, screw steamer, commanded by a genial Yankee, who had once been a ship's cook, and had risen; and, like many such, never seemed sure of his position. The crew was a regular 'scratch one,' and ere we left the Mersey on that dreadful November 12, 1881, the captain had threatened to shoot the second mate. We were the only passengers, and, with the crew, numbered thirty-nine persons. When our pilot left us at Queenstown—where we stopped from very early on the 15th till the 18th, owing to bad weather—his remark was not cheering: 'Well, good-bye, Mr B——; I wish you had a better ship.'

The horrors of that winter voyage in that staunch but most ill-found little steamer were very great, and Paterfamilias, though never seasick before, succumbed, after playing stewardess to his wife, four children, and servant, a stewardess being unknown on the *Flexible*. Captain H—— was very kind to 'our boys,' and gave them the run of the ship, including chartroom, &c. After we had been about fourteen days at sea, the captain suddenly discovered we were short of coals; water we had been very short of for some time, as we lost six hundred gallons by damage to a deck-tank, during one of our frequent gales, and he at first thought of putting into the Azores, but afterwards thought he could, by economy of fuel, reach Nassau, in the Bahamas. We used all available wood on board; but head-winds, and the main feed-pipe of the boiler being indisposed, delayed us, so that when near Abaco, we had only twenty-four hours' coal on board, and the captain spoke of burning the boats!

We were shaving all points among the numerous islets in this group very closely, and it was remarked to the captain how rapidly the water

was shallowing; and in about ten minutes, with a considerable shock, the poor little *Flexible* was hard and fast aground on the 'Moselle Bank,' so named on account of Her Majesty's ship *Moselle* having been wrecked there. It is needless to describe our feelings when we were told that the islands we saw three miles off were 'the Beminis,' and inhabited by professed wreckers. We were slowly bumping up and down on the hard rocky reef; and after trying all sorts of ways by anchors and hawsers to get us off, and all failing, Pater-familias suggested putting on all steam and trying to rush over the point of reef where we were fixed. Captain H—— consented; and the result was we got fixed more firmly; and we think it greatly to the credit of the captain that he never said 'I told you so' or anything like it to Pater-familias.

In a short time, about sixty small craft came out round the point of the reef that shelters the landing-place of North Bemini; and two hundred and fifty out of the three hundred male population came out to us, and kindly offered to get the *Flexible* off, if the captain would agree to pay them the small sum of thirty thousand dollars! Then began a very anxious time for poor 'Pater.' So far we were safe enough. There was no sea running, only a gentle swell, that lifted the stern of our vessel up and down, whilst the bows remained firm; but there was not a white man on the island; and two hundred and fifty 'niggers' are not nice companions within a boat's length of a disabled vessel, the crew of which were mostly tipsy, 'grog' having been served out pretty freely as an inducement to work harder in trying to float the ship. The captain had asked Pater to read his books on ship-law as to whether he might or might not throw over the cargo; and as boats were near, Pater gave it as his judgment he could not jettison the cargo.

By this time the short day of these latitudes was over and there was no moon. The captain, thinking no gale would spring up during the night, turned in. The chief-officer and some of the crew would nominally keep watch, but actually they all went to sleep; and in a short time Pater on deck and two stokers below were the only ones awake on the *Flexible*, and though most of the negroes in the boats appeared to be asleep also, yet it was a time of great anxiety, as 'Capen Kelly,' the chief of the wreckers, had said: 'Now, capen, don't git cross; all capens git cross when der ships go aground. Much better pay de money, capen, and we not touch one pertater out of the ship. But if you stop where you are, ship soon go to pieces, and den we git the cargo anyhow;' and we feared a raid from them at any moment. 'Mater' went to lie down and slept; but both she and the servant did not undress, for fear of the sudden need of leaving the ship.

In the morning, another trouble arose—the steward, or rather the cook who acted as such, was 'riled' with Pater, who had politely resented his drunken intrusions, and being still far from sober, several times threatened to kill Pater, who took his belongings on to the ship's bridge and gave notice he would shoot any one who came up. Things mended later on, when 'the capen' of the blacks and our captain agreed on terms for lightening the ship. The contract was drawn up by Pater, and was for thirteen thousand

instead of the thirty thousand dollars originally asked. Then the niggers swarmed on board, and passing forty-five tons of cargo into their schooners and cat-boats, the *Flexible* once more floated off, and then moved slowly nearer the island; and a Yankee schooner, the *Julia A. Ward*, coal-laden, of Philadelphia, for New Orleans, let us have two hundred tons of anthracite coal, which did not 'draw' in our furnaces, so that four miles an hour was our best record to the end.

The coloured 'magistrate,' as he was called, wished us to go on shore and give him an account of the 'wreck,' that he might get his fees from Nassau for sending in his account thereof. Captain H—— was not very sure of his orthography, &c., and asked Pater to do it for him, and Pater also was invited ashore, and went. As we had been now four weeks at sea and Pater had never been on a tropical island, he gladly accepted the invitation. One of the large island boats, rowed by twelve stout blacks, took us the three miles to the landing-place, as, though we were only about two miles from the island then, we had to circumnavigate the reef which projects across the narrow strait dividing North from South Bemini, and which strait, sheltered by the reef, forms a most excellent harbour for the schooners and smaller craft of the island. These black rowers then started a chant, of a more Anglican than Gregorian tone, the music of which was prettier than the words, though this is not high praise, the words being:

Oh, I wish I was in Mobile Bay—
Sally, get round the corner;
Loading cotton all the day—
Sally, get round the corner;

and with this cadence we got round the corner of the reef, and ran ashore on the brilliantly white sandy beach; and the captain and Pater were hoisted on to the backs of two stout niggers and carried ashore under the cocoa-nut palms, bananas, &c.

North Bemini, in the British West Indies, has a population of about five hundred; and South Bemini is not inhabited, but is a sugar-brake, chiefly belonging to one family, who row across to cultivate it. There are a few goats on the islands, but no cows, and only two horses, used to work a sugar-mill. Meat they get about once every fourteen days from Nassau, when a trading schooner comes; but adverse winds affect the food-supply, and when we were there, the expected schooner was ten days overdue.

Captain Kelly, in his delirium of delight at the thirteen-thousand-dollar bargain and potent rum doses, said to Pater from the deck of the *Flexible* ere he went ashore: 'You see dat coker-nut grove?'

Pater replied in the affirmative.

'You see dat bananer plantation and dat house and sugar-brake? It is all yours; I give it all to you!'

The captain's chief-man, Newton, was superior to him in all but stature. When first this man came on board the *Flexible*, he was very drunk, and said to Pater: 'I'm mighty fine man. I'm drunk now; but when I'm sober, I'm mighty fine man.' Then turning to Kelly, he said: 'Capen Kelly, tell this gentleman what a mighty fine man I am!'

Kelly grunted something in acquiescence, and his deputy chief wrecker seemed satisfied.

The *Flexible* was there from Friday till Sunday evening, so that we saw much of the people; and, as this was the first time we had been introduced to the African race in numbers, they greatly interested us. The children were queer little people, and a source of great amusement to the young folks of the party, save to our baby, who hated the blacks, and showed it, as babies can. It was settled that Kelly and Newton should come with us to New Orleans, so that they might get the thirteen thousand dollars, and not let the *Flexible* escape them.

Whilst lying off the *Bemini*, our boys much amused Captain H— by working out by the flagbook the signals: 'We are in want of clean linen—can you recommend us to a laundress?' which was accurate, as we had been now getting on for five weeks at sea, and our linen had been calculated for three weeks at the outside. What the *Bemini* want—Pater was informed by Newton—was a man with capital, who would set up proper works for the sugar-boiling; but the attractions of these two small islands are not great, though, after the horrors of Alabama and Mississippi, they seem quite pleasant.

After a voyage of six weeks, we landed at New Orleans, and the same night went on to Mobile, at which most detestable mud-flat we stayed six weeks, meeting with kindness from many people and being fleeced by others; and finally we settled at Pascagoula, where, what with mosquitoes, swindlers, and abject ruffians, we had a sad time.

THE EMIGRANT'S INFORMATION OFFICE.

There has now been issued from the Emigrant's Information Office, 31 Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W., ten penny handbooks, for the use of intending emigrants, with accompanying circulars, the latter being revised up to January 1st of the present year. The colonies for which separate penny handbooks have been provided are the Dominion of Canada, New Zealand, Western Australia, South Australia, Victoria, Queensland, New South Wales, Tasmania, Cape of Good Hope, and Natal. These little books give a condensed account of each colony, with the kind of information required by those who may be thinking of going abroad. The circulars bear a later date, and we extract a word or two from them as to the state of trade in the different colonies. We learn from the New South Wales circular that there is still a large amount of unemployed labour, especially in the large towns; and the general trade of the colony has been very depressed. Free and assisted passages have been stopped. The same applies to Victoria, except that female domestic servants will be welcomed. Free, assisted, and nominated passages have also been stopped in the case of South Australia, and clerks are specially warned against emigrating. While free passages have been stopped to Queensland, *nominated* passages, by friends in the colony, are still in force. The chief demand of the colony at present is for agricultural labourers and female domestic servants. Free passages are granted for a limited number of female domestic servants to Western Australia. Assisted passages are only

granted at present to farmers, agriculturists, millers, wheelwrights, and others likely to be useful in the country districts. They must have some capital; as a rule, a married couple will be required to deposit not less than one hundred pounds, and twenty-five pounds for each child over twelve years of age. In addition to this, the adult emigrant must pay four pounds towards his passage-money; two pounds for every child between one and twelve; and a sum not exceeding one pound for ship's kit. Special assisted passages are granted by the Western Australia Land Company, care of Thomas Meadows & Co., 35 Milk Street, London, E.C., who are willing to introduce labourers, bricklayers, and quarrymen, under forty-five years of age, the terms for which may be learned by writing to the above address. Nominated passages are still in force for Tasmania, where there is a steady demand for agricultural labourers, and also for female domestic servants. There are no free passages to New Zealand at present; but there are assisted passages to small capitalists, and nominated passages, the terms for which may be learnt from the circular. For Canada, the terms of assisted passages to agricultural labourers are laid down very clearly, the steerage rates averaging two pounds per head for adults. Cape Colony and Natal hold out little inducement at present save to the small capitalist. As we have previously indicated, the Emigration Office has been established under the supervision of the Colonial Office for the purpose of supplying authentic information to emigrants; the intending emigrant having only to state his request to the manager, 31 Broadway, as above.

TWO DAYS.

SOMEWHERE in that strange land we call the Past,
Where each of us has laid his treasures by,
My heart has set one day whose light shall last
When all youth's golden years forgotten lie,
Ever across my life it shines afar,
As through a storm-tossed sky one glorious star.

One day struck sudden 'midst the whirling years
Into the perfect calm of Paradise;
One day when life, set free from doubts and fears,
Lay love-lit under shining summer skies,
When I my heart's mad hoping dared confess,
And found a heaven in my lady's 'Yes.'

The clouds roll back; the gentle wind that sighs
Low through the branches has her voice's tone;
Her eyes look in sweet answer to my eyes;
Once more I feel her hand within my own.
Let Fortune spoil my treasures as she will,
That one bright memory is with me still.

Somewhere within that unknown shadowy land
We call the Future, waiteth me a day
When I shall hold again my lady's hand,
And listen low to hear what she will say.
Ah, Love! that day must dawn for us at last,
When all our weary waiting shall be past.

D. J. ROBERTSON.

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JUBILEE YEARS.

EIGHTEEN hundred and eighty-seven will be a year of jubilees. Among the things which will see their fifty years' life between now and Christmas, and which have proved of immense advantage to the community, will be the practical application of Electricity as a means of communication, the introduction of Phonography by Isaac Pitman, and the establishing of Building societies. Concerning the utility of these to the nation, or, in the case of the two first-named, it might be said respecting their usefulness to the entire world, that it is scarcely necessary to write a single word, their advantages to the human race being so well known. By means of the electric telegraph, the antipodes is practically brought within speaking distance of our shores; Pitman's phonography has revolutionised the newspaper press; and building societies have proved of immense benefit to the thrifty among the working classes. The jubilee of these will no doubt be fittingly celebrated during the present year; but the jubilee for which 1887 will be remembered in English history will be the completion of the fifty years' reign of Queen Victoria.

A royal jubilee is not an every-day occurrence, and hitherto only three of England's monarchs have lived to rule for fifty years over the nation—namely, Henry III., who sat on the throne for fifty-six years; Edward III., who lived for six months after completing his jubilee; and George III., who reigned for sixty years.

Because, therefore, of its rarity, a sovereign's jubilee is always made the occasion of general rejoicing. Respecting the celebration of Henry's fifty years' rule, very little is recorded; but concerning that of Edward we learn that 'he laid hold of that era as the occasion of his performing many popular acts of government; that he had given orders to issue out general and special pardons without paying any fees, for recalling all exiles, and setting at liberty all debtors to the Crown and all prisoners for political matters. The parliament, on their parts, not to be wanting

in gratitude, having obtained their petitions, on the day of their rising presented the king with a duty of twenty-six shillings and eightpence upon every sack of wool for three years, besides continuing the former duties upon wools, fells, and skins. This year (1377), being a year of jubilee, was spent in hunting throughout the great forests of England, and other magnificent diversions, in which the king laid out an immense sum.'

By reason of the progress of civilisation, and the consequent facilities for chronicling important events—slow though they were—particulars as to how the jubilee of George III. was celebrated are more plentiful than in the case of either of the sovereigns to which we have referred. How best to celebrate King George's fifty years' reign caused no little concern to His Majesty's subjects. The occasion was indeed an auspicious one, for a like occurrence had not taken place in England for nearly four and a half centuries. As may be imagined, suggestions almost without number were made as to what would be the most fitting manner in which to celebrate so interesting and rare an event. Among the proposals made was one which sounds somewhat droll to our minds—it was that each loyal citizen of London should attire himself in Windsor uniform on the day of jubilee; and that the ladies should array themselves in dresses of royal-blue velvet or satin, and should bedeck their head-dresses with devices emblematical of the occasion! When we consider the grotesque appearance which the streets would have presented had the suggestion been carried out, we can hardly suppress a smile at the absurd idea, though the proposal appears to have been brought forward in all earnestness, and to have been received with the utmost soberness.

Among the suggestions which were carried into practice was one—as is customary on the occasion of incidents of national interest—that a medal should be struck to commemorate the event. This bears on the obverse a bust of the king, together with his title and the dates of his accession and jubilee—October 25, 1760, and October 25, 1809,

respectively. On the reverse is a representation of England as Fame seated on clouds and triumphing over mortality. There is likewise a throne, illuminated by rays from heaven, and a centenary circle, one half of which shows the duration of His Majesty's reign up to that period.

The imprisonment of debtors for small liabilities was at that time a pressing social evil. The *Morning Post* drew attention to the matter, and suggested that the best way of celebrating the king's jubilee would be for the residents in London to subscribe a sufficient sum of money to release the persons confined for debt in the City. The debtors were some seventy-two in number, and their liabilities amounted to a little more than two thousand pounds. The proposal met with hearty approval; and the necessary amount was speedily subscribed. In other parts of the country the same suggestion was acted upon; and His Majesty was so much in favour of the scheme, that he gave two thousand pounds out of his privy purse for the release of poor debtors in England and Wales, the distribution of the money being intrusted to the Society for the Relief of Persons confined for Small Debts. He likewise appropriated one thousand pounds for a similar purpose in Scotland, and one thousand pounds in Ireland, out of funds remaining at his disposal.

His Majesty further signalised his fifty years' rule by other gracious acts; for instance, he granted a free pardon to all deserters from the army and navy, without the severe condition usually attendant thereon of serving upon the most odious stations; and all persons confined for military offences were released. He likewise granted the officers of the army and navy a general brevet promotion; that of the navy consisting of five admirals, ten vice-admirals, ten rear-admirals, twenty post-captains, and twenty commanders, all being taken in regular succession from the top of their respective lists. Persons imprisoned for debts due to the Crown were also released, except those whose cases were distinguished by peculiar circumstances of violence or fraud, as well as all instances of official delinquency; the latter exception being made on account of a determination arrived at by His Majesty never to screen from punishment those who had abused the power derived from him to the injury of his subjects. All prisoners of war hitherto on parole were permitted to return to their own countries, except the French, who were debarred the privilege because of the unparalleled severity of their ruler in detaining all British subjects in France.

The nation generally gave vent to its loyalty on the occasion of the king's jubilee, and high festival was held throughout the country, the Englishman's characteristic of celebrating important or interesting events by feasting being extremely prominent. In the metropolis there were municipal pageants, splendid illuminations, and abundant feasting. The Lord Mayor (Sir

Charles Flower) proceeded in state to a thanksgiving service at St Paul's; and salutes of artillery, fired by regular troops and by corps of volunteers, went on for a great part of the day. Treats were given to the inmates of the various charitable institutions, and innumerable private hospitalities took place. Services were held at the Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish places of worship; and perhaps the most touching incident connected with these was that witnessed in the Jewish synagogue, where a sermon was preached from Leviticus xxv. 13: 'In the year of this jubilee ye shall return every man unto his possession.' The whole of the twenty-first psalm was afterwards sung to the tune of *God Save the King*.

Windsor, the royal borough, was the scene of great rejoicings. As early as six o'clock in the morning the sound of trumpets was heard; and later in the day the bells of the various churches rang merry peals, and a parade of household troops, militia, and volunteers took place. Between eight and nine o'clock, the king, queen, and members of the royal family attended service in the private chapel; and subsequently, the queen, Princess Elizabeth, and others, drove to Frogmore to inspect the preparations for a fête, on their way passing under triumphal arches and between lines of soldiers. The fête, which was held in the evening, was given by the queen, and was attended by a select circle of guests. At one o'clock the queen, with a brilliant retinue, and the mayor and corporation of Windsor, walked to the Bachelors' Acre—a large piece of vacant ground near the centre of the town—where an ox and some sheep were roasting whole, the former having been put on the spit at two o'clock in the morning, so that it might be cooked by one in the afternoon. The royal party were received by fifty bachelors, who conducted them to the fire at which the ox was roasting, after which they inspected the culinary arrangements. The butchers who had charge of the cooking of the ox and sheep, the latter of which were put on the fire at nine o'clock, and were stuffed with potatoes, were (shade of Beau Brummell!) dressed in blue frocks and silk stockings. When the animals were ready, they were distributed among the crowd in the presence of the royal party, who were offered and graciously accepted the first slices, the same being served up to them on silver plates by the butchers and bachelors. Afterwards, the distinguished company were entertained to a private banquet; and subsequently they returned to the castle. Of course, rejoicings of this character would at that time have been incomplete without the old English sport of bull-baiting being indulged in, and accordingly we find that this barbarous diversion was provided for the afternoon's entertainment. In the course of the day, fifty pieces of cannon were discharged in Windsor Park, and there was a royal inspection of troops and great *feu de joie* in the Long Walk. At night the town was brilliantly illuminated. The fête at Frogmore was a grand affair, and the pyrotechnic display on the banks of the lake at the conclusion of the rejoicings was very fine. Among the illuminated structures was an elegant Grecian temple, which, we are told, was 'erected on a mount surrounded by eight beautiful marble pillars. The interior

of the temple was lined with purple, and in the centre was a large transparency of the Eye of Providence, fixed as it were upon a portrait of His Majesty, surmounted by stars of lamps.' Tea and coffee were served in marquees, and supper was provided in the dining-rooms at midnight. We also learn that at the close of the fireworks display 'two cars or chariots drawn by seahorses, in one of which was a figure representing Britannia, in the other a representative of Neptune, appeared majestically moving on the bosom of the lake, followed by four boats filled with persons dressed to represent Tritons, &c. These last were to have been composed of choristers, who were to have sung *God Save the King* on the water, but, unfortunately, the crowd assembled was so immense, that those who were to have sung could not gain entrance.'

Like celebrations took place in the various towns throughout the country, the proceedings in each instance to a great extent necessarily resembling each other. The day was generally observed as a national holiday; and in almost all corporate towns a civic procession to the church or cathedral was one of the chief features of the occasion; whilst in those places in which military were stationed, numerous volleys were fired by the soldiers in honour of the event. Feasting was indulged in to an enormous extent by all classes, the poor being entertained by their more wealthy neighbours; and the inauguration of charitable institutions and benevolent societies was a characteristic of the jubilee. In keeping with the custom of the times, ox-roastings took place all over the country; and 'good old ale' was distributed with the greatest lavishness. In rural districts, most of the nobility and gentry kept open house, and provided entertainments for their poorer neighbours; employers feasted their servants, and 'The King, and long life to him,' was toasted with the utmost enthusiasm throughout the land. Dancing was carried on upon the village green; and balls, bonfires, and pyrotechnic displays concluded the rejoicings of a day on which high and low, rich and poor, had vied with each other in showing loyalty to their sovereign.

This was the last royal jubilee witnessed in England. But on the 20th June next, fifty years will have elapsed since our present ruler, then a girl of eighteen, ascended the throne; and how most fitly to celebrate the event is a problem which is at present perturbing the minds of various classes of Her Majesty's subjects both at home and abroad. Within living memory, 'the days of fifty years ago, when George the Third was king,' were thought of and sung about as the best in our annals. But to-day a different opinion prevails; for it is acknowledged by all that the glories of the Georgian era are surpassed by those of the Victorian, in which the development and practical application of science to our arts and industries, the extension of popular liberties, and the spread of education, have revolutionised the nation's commerce, and wrought a vast improvement in the social condition of Her Majesty's subjects. There can therefore be no doubt that the people over whom Queen Victoria has reigned so gloriously will celebrate her jubilee in a manner worthy of the occasion, and will be equally as ready to show their loyalty

to the sovereign under whose sway England has attained a pre-eminent position among the nations of the world, as were the subjects of George III.—'the father of his people.'

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XI.—THE SELLWOODS.

MR CORNELLIS could make himself an agreeable host, and he took pains that evening to make it pass pleasantly to his guests. The rector was a florid man, a gentleman of good family, easy-going, generous, never harsh in judging any one, perhaps too ready to make allowances for the shortcomings of his parishioners. He, like Mr Cornellis, knew the weaknesses of human nature, but made a different use of his knowledge. When his gardener had been detected selling his pears and grapes to a fruiterer at Walton, he shrugged his shoulders and said it was human nature, lectured him, but did not dismiss him. When he heard that some of his Sunday-school teachers had got into moral scrapes, he said: 'It is human nature; we must find substitutes;' and when Mrs Sellwood showed him lumps of alum in the bread, he laughed, and said: 'Millers and bakers are human beings!' and would not take away his custom. On Christmas Day, his clerk was tipsy, and put in his Amens wrong. 'After all,' said the rector, 'it is human nature to rejoice on this day; we will pass it over.'

His son, Captain Sellwood, was home from India, a handsome ox-eyed man, with light hair, but dark eyelashes, a man with an inexpressive face, and solemn inscrutable eyes. He was not a man of words. He sat listening to conversation, twiddling his moustache and sharpening it to needle-points, with his great gloomy eyes on the speakers, moving them from one to the other, as they interchanged talk, but saying nothing himself. Some considered him stupid. This was not the case; he had plenty of intelligence, but he was not a talker. Ladies condescended to him, and tried to draw him out on the subject of India; but though he could speak on Indian topics, he felt that he was condescended to when India was brought on the carpet, and he left India lying there.

He felt keenly his inability to sparkle in society; the consciousness came on him in spasms. When such a spasm of consciousness came on, he uncrossed his legs and put the right leg over the left; at the next spasm, he put the left leg over the right. Some people, as already said, declared that Captain Sellwood's silence arose from stupidity; others said, from liver; others, again—and these were in the right—that his father had talked him down. The rector was a ready man in conversation, and fond of hearing his own voice. At his own table he monopolised the conversation, and this had affected the captain when he was a boy, and had made of him a listener, not a speaker. He had a wondering admiration for light badinage and small joking, for he was wholly incompetent to attain to sportiveness.

Mr Cornellis took in Mrs Sellwood; and the rector gave his arm to Aunt Judith; therefore, Josephine fell to the captain. She screwed up

her mouth. She was not pleased, both because he was a dull partner and she was not in a humour to talk; but also, and chiefly, because she knew her father's intentions, and her spirit rose in rebellion against him and his schemes.

'It is with dining as with virtue,' said Mr Cornellis. 'We should love eating as we love virtue, for its own sake, not for what it may advantage us.—You will have Sauterne with your fish, captain—tell me your opinion of it. I flatter myself it is good.' Captain Sellwood bowed and said, 'Very nice,' but in such a toneless way that Cornellis was unable to discover what his real opinion was. Cornellis always made much of his wines, talked of their age, bouquet, and brand, as if he had a first-rate cellar; whereas he had no cellar at all, only a cupboard in the coal-hole where he kept a few dozen, and got his wine in as he wanted it. But by talking about his wine, and telling stories concerning the way in which he picked up this lot and that lot at sales or from old friends, he had acquired the credit of being not only a connoisseur, but of giving first-rate vintages at his table.

The Sauterne on this occasion was good. It was not always so; but this evening Cornellis did his utmost to catch the captain for his daughter, and did not withhold his best either in eating or in drinking. He used to say that Zriny, Ban of Croatia, when he went against the Turks, put purses full of gold under his belt, so that if he fell, the enemy might hold his body in esteem; thus would all the world esteem the man who put good dinners under his waistcoat. The rector and his son would hardly suspect their host to be on the verge of bankruptcy when he gave them so excellent a repast.

But the captain, though he liked a good dinner, was not a man to lay store by it, and, perhaps after the spiced dishes of India, he preferred plain English roast and boiled joints to any *entremets*, however delicate. He would have preferred a seat opposite Josephine, where he could have looked at her, instead of a place at her side, where he was obliged to talk to her. His observations came at intervals, and had no connection with each other. He said something about the weather, then was silent; and after ten minutes, asked Josephine if she painted now; when she said that she did not, he fidgeted with his napkin, wiped his moustache, listened to what his father and Miss Judith were talking about, and then inquired whether Josephine's aunt had been well during the preceding winter.

The jovial rector was in full flow of talk about parish matters. 'I've no right to be here,' he said; 'I ought to be in prison with hard labour for a month. Instead of improving my parishioners, I demoralise them. What do you think is my last experience? I parcelled out my glebe so that some of the labourers might have fields and keep cows. I thought it hard that they should not have something to supplement their earnings on the farm. I even lent a couple of them money to buy cows. John Harvey was one, and he has got a month for it now.'

'How so, rector?'

'Because he has been stealing mangold and turnips through the winter to feed his cow with,

from Farmer Barons, with whom he worked. Barons thought his mangold was going, and so set a policeman to watch; then Harvey was caught. He argued that his cow must not starve, and that he had not the land or capital to till root-crops for her, and that I was to blame for letting him have the cow. He was once an honest man; I had converted him, with the best intentions, into a thief.'

'He is let off pretty easy,' said Aunt Judith.

'That is not all. The farmers who employed the other men that have cows have given them notice to leave their service, so they will be thrown out of situations and lay the blame on me.'

'Is it not usually the case,' said Josephine, 'that when we seek to do good we blunder into mischief? Therefore, it is best to let men go their own wretched way for themselves.'

Captain Sellwood turned and looked at the girl fixedly; his great eyes said nothing, but he wondered in his heart that one so young should speak with such want of feeling.

'I don't agree with you, Miss Josephine,' said the rector. 'It is human to err. We do not see things from all sides at once, and so we make mistakes. Some suffer; but we learn lessons, and correct our mistakes.'

'We should try our experiments on ourselves, not on others,' said Josephine. 'You have been practising on the peasant, and the result is that the peasant has to suffer, not you.'

'I beg your pardon; I suffer also. I shall not see back the twenty pounds I lent for the cow.'

'It seems to me that you good people are always making plans for the bettering of others, and all your plans when carried out aggravate the evil. Leave the poor and suffering alone, to work out their problems for themselves.'

The great ox eyes of the captain were again on Josephine, and they annoyed her. She was determined, if possible, to bring some life into them, so she said: 'I believe in living only for self. Every animal does it. Why not we? We involve ourselves in a tangle when we begin to consider others, and get no thanks for our pains. Let us all fight our own way, and slap each other in the face if he persists in encumbering our path. I want help from no one, and will give no help to any one.'

'My dear Josephine,' said her father in a tone of sad reproach, but with eyes that expressed anger, 'you are talking at random.'

'Not a bit. I have well considered the law of existence. That is my law, simple, straightforward, and successful—like, yes, like the way of the sea-nettle in the tide.'

'I do not think, my dear,' said the rector, 'that it is a way that will draw after it a wake of love and light.'

'I speak what I think and feel,' said Josephine, disregarding her father's warning glances, encouraged by perceiving some expression in the ox eyes of the captain, like a cat's-paw of wind in a quarry pool.

'No, my dear,' said the rector, with a cheery smile on his red face; 'I won't allow that you feel and think this, though you say it. Neither will I admit for a moment your likening yourself to a sea-nettle. To a cactus, if you choose—that

has on it needles. A girl sometimes puts forth a bristle of sharp and piquant speeches; but it is not human nature, any more than it is cactus nature to produce only stings—the flower bursts out in the end, large, glorious, beautiful, and we forget all about the bristles as we stand over and admire the flower.

Josephine went on maliciously: 'Mrs Sellwood has been most kind to that boy Joe Cudmore.'

'Yes; he is crippled with rheumatism, and bedridden.'

'She has spent hours in the dirty cottage and the insufferable stuffiness of the sickroom teaching the boy to read.'

'Well—yes,' said the rector. 'It was so sad to see the poor fellow confined to his bed with nothing to relieve the tedium.'

'And—with what result?'

'He can read.'

'Exactly. I was in the cottage the other day. We wanted the mother to come and char for us, and I found him devouring the police intelligence. You have roused in him a hunger for criminal biography.'

'He reads his Bible too.'

'I saw his Bible; you gave him one, with red edges, and the edges stuck together. It had not been read. What chance has the story of Abraham against that of Rush who murdered a household? That boy longs to recover the use of his limbs that he may emulate the glorious deeds of burglars, or at least of pickpockets.'

'You paint things in extreme colours,' said the rector, a little discouraged.

'And the schools,' continued Josephine—'I know how enthusiastic you are about them. The education given there has unfitted all the young people for the work required of them, or has given them a distaste for it. The farmers complain that of the rising generation, not one lad understands hedging; and their wives—that the girls will have nothing to do with milking cows and making butter.'

'I remember,' said the rector, in an apologetic tone—he was unable to deny that there was truth in Josephine's words—'I remember some years ago there was not a man or woman in my congregation who could use the Prayer-book and Hymnal.'

'And now,' said Josephine, 'that they can use them, they value them so little that the fires in the stove are lighted with the torn pages out of them; and the road between the school and church is scattered with dishevelled sacred literature.'

Then the captain said: 'Am I to understand that you think no attempt should be made to do any good to any one?'

'To any one except ourselves—yes,' answered Josephine.

'You would in India allow suttees to continue, and Juggernaut's car to roll on and crush bones for ever unobstructed?'

'Why not? Is not India becoming over-peopled, and the problem springing up, what is to be done with the overflow of population?'

'I think,' said Mr Cornellis with suppressed wrath, 'I will ask you, rector, to return thanks.'

'No,' said the rector; 'I am not going to say grace on such a sentiment.—My dear Miss Josephine, we must not shirk a duty because it opens

the door to a problem. It is the very fact that we are meeting problems which duty insists on our solving, that gives a zest and purpose to life. We make our blunders—well, that is inevitable; it is human to err; and our sons profit by our experience and avoid our mistakes. A child makes pothooks before it draws straight lines, and strums discords before it finds the way to harmonies. We must set an ideal before us, and aim for that; we may go wrong ways to work, but with a right heart; that will excuse our errors.'

When the ladies were in the drawing-room, Mrs Sellwood took a low chair before the fire, and in two minutes was asleep. The rector's wife was an excellent woman, who rose every morning at five, made her own fire, did her accounts, read the lessons for the day, and gardened, before the maid-servants appeared. But it is not possible for the most energetic person to burn the candle at both ends with impunity, and she made up for her wakefulness in the morning by sleepiness at night, and invariably dozed off after dinner, wherever she was. This was so well known by her hosts, that she was generally allowed to go off quietly to sleep and have her nap before the gentlemen came from their wine.

Aunt Judith made no attempt to keep her guest awake; when she saw her nodding, she drew Josephine into the conservatory, and said: 'My dear, how came you to speak as you did at table? You frightened the captain, and shocked his father.'

'I am glad I produced some effect on the former, who seems to me to have inherited his mother's somnolence.'

'But, Josephine, you know that Captain Algernon Sellwood has long been your admirer, and you are doing your best to drive him away.'

'Let him go. I shall breathe freely when he withdraws his great dreamy eyes from me.'

'My dear niece, I must be serious with you. He is a man worth having; he will have about fifteen thousand a year on the death of his aunt, Miss Otterbourne. He is a fine man, and belongs to a family of position. You could not expect to do better than take him. I speak now as your aunt, full of interest in your welfare. I must remark that your extraordinary and repellent manner this evening is not one to attract him to your feet. You are trifling with your opportunities, and before you are aware, you will be left an old maid.'

'I do not care. An old maid can go her own way, and a married woman cannot.'

'No, my dear; an old maid cannot go her own way, unless she has a fortune at her disposal. Can I? I am helpless, bound to helplessness. I do not follow a husband; I have to follow your father. Remember, you have not a fortune. Your father has told you that misfortunes have fallen on us, and your money is gone. Have you made up your mind not to take Algernon Sellwood, if he offers?'

'I don't know; I have not thought about it.'

'Do not take the matter so lightly. I am seriously alarmed about you—so is your father. Sooner or later, we shall have to give up our establishment, and disappear into some smaller place, and cut our expenses down to a low figure.'

It is not pleasant to have to pinch and clip. What stands in your way? You have never shown yourself so perverse before. Upon my word, I believe your head has been turned ever since that unfortunate affair of the lightship and Cable.'

'Do not mention him,' said Josephine abruptly.

'Who? Algernon Sellwood?'

'No; the other—Richard Cable.'

'Why not?'

'Because when you do, I see what a man ought to be, and the captain pales into nothing before him. Whether Algernon Sellwood has brains and heart, I do not know; he is to me a doll that rolls its eyes, not a man with a soul.'

'What do you mean, Josephine?' gasped poor Aunt Judith. 'Gracious powers! you do not hint at such a preposterous folly as that!—'

'As that, what? Speak out!'

'As that—— I really cannot speak it.'

'As that I have lost my heart to Richard Cable, the lightshipman, the widower, father of seven little children? No; I have not.—Now, are you satisfied? I am not such a fool as you take me for.'

Aunt Judith drew a long breath. 'It would be impossible for you to marry beneath you—and to such a man!'

'Beneath me!—Above me. We are all being dragged down. It is my fate never to have one to whom I can look up, whom I can call my own.—There come the gentlemen.'

As she and Aunt Judith entered the drawing-room through the French window, Mrs Sellwood woke up, was wide awake, and said: 'Yes—battered eggs! I said so, Miss Cornellis—battered eggs!'

'Been asleep, dear?' asked the rector, tapping his wife on the shoulder.

'No, Robert. I have been talking to Miss Cornellis about battered eggs.'

'Not even closed your eyes?'

'I may have closed them to consider better, but I have not been asleep. I have been giving a receipt for battered eggs.'

THE RUBY MINES OF BURMAH.

THE successful advance of a British force to the Ruby lands of Upper Burmah, and its establishment in that difficult country, imparts additional interest to the acquisition of Burmese territory by the Indian authorities. The actual position of the Ruby territory is now placed beyond a doubt; but inasmuch as a good deal of misunderstanding exists on other points connected with the land of gems, its extent and probable value, it may be well to place on record a few ascertained facts in regard to them.

The designation 'Ruby Mines' is altogether inappropriate, seeing that no mining is required, or at any rate has ever been attempted. The gems are found in a very rough state, at distances from the surface of the land varying from three feet to a dozen; and these tracts of free, gravelly soil, intermixed with quartz clay, stretch in long, slightly undulating plains, skirted by ranges of lofty hills. As is the case in the gem-pits of Ceylon, rubies are found in the same localities as sapphires, tourmalines, &c., but with this differ-

ence, that in Burmah the ruby is the most generally found. In Ceylon, the amethyst and sapphire are more frequently obtained. It is stated by some writers that these rubies are found in abundance over a distance of eighty miles or more. No authority exists for this statement; but it is certain that gemming has been carried on in that part of Upper Burmah for centuries, and there must be considerable tracts of country which have been dug over and apparently exhausted of their natural wealth; but it is probable that by deeper and more scientifically conducted explorations of the soil, with proper pumping apparatus, more valuable rubies than those already found might be obtained.

The Indian government has leased the privilege of digging for rubies in Burmah to a European syndicate for an annual payment of five lacs of rupees—equal at par to fifty thousand pounds; and it has been asserted that the estimated value of the yearly output of rubies is not above twenty thousand pounds.

It is most improbable that any reliable information is in existence on this point, seeing that the utmost secrecy has invariably been observed by gem-diggers and gem-merchants in Burmah, as well as in Ceylon, as to the results of working the pits. Moreover, as all rubies found above a certain size are declared to be the property of the sovereign, there is an additional inducement to maintain silence as to any great prizes being found. Large as the alleged rental to be paid to the government may appear, it should be borne in mind how much the value of a ruby increases when above a certain size, more so even than in the case of diamonds. About ten years ago, two oriental rubies were brought to England from Burmah much above the size prescribed by royalty in that country, weighing, the one thirty-seven, the other forty-seven carats. Having been recut, they were reduced in size, but improved in appearance; and so much was their value increased, that one of them was ultimately sold for ten thousand pounds, the other for twice that amount. With the possibility, therefore, of finding such gems as these, the rental of the Ruby Mines does not appear excessive.

The reader need scarcely be told that in its natural state, when removed from a pit and freed from the gravelly soil in which it was imbedded, a ruby of the finest quality would not strike a casual observer very differently from an ordinary pebble, the eye of an expert being required to distinguish a valuable gem from an ordinary stone. To the present time, the mode of searching for rubies has been most primitive, no machinery being employed, nothing but the rudest implements. A sort of hoe and pick, to loosen the ground and lift the soil; a vessel in which to wash the stones from the earthy matter; and finally, a table or board, on which the stones are placed for the separation of gems from common pebbles, or from rubies that would not repay the cost of rough native cutting to fit them for market. As gemming is carried on in the island of Ceylon, where any native can obtain a license for digging upon Crown lands, no check upon their operations is possible, and those who employ them are no doubt liable to robbery; but in Burmah, by the government lease to the Ruby syndicate, the work will be conducted in a systematic manner

under the close supervision of skilled Europeans. As in the operation of diamond-washing, which was shown in the South African Court at the Colonial Exhibition, the washing and sorting will be carried on by means of machinery within an inclosed structure, protected from purloining by outsiders in a most effectual manner, whilst all digging will be confined to one or two selected spots and interdicted elsewhere.

A good deal is heard of the unhealthiness of the Ruby district, a fact which is explained by the density of the jungle surrounding the diggings, and by the level nature of the country, affording such a limited means of escape for the rainfall, which at certain seasons accumulates on the ground, rendering it impossible for work to be carried on in the pits, and causing malaria, which engenders feverish attacks. These low lands are, however, in nearly all cases surrounded, at a reasonable distance, by hills, on which habitations for Europeans may be erected above the reach of malarious influences. Nothing is yet known as to the nature of the Burmese miners' rights derived from Theebaw's ministers; whatsoever they may be, a way will have to be found of reconciling them with the concession recently made by the Indian authorities to the Ruby syndicate, at the head of which is Mr Streeter, the diamond merchant of Bond Street, whose son accompanied the British expedition in Upper Burmah. It is probable that a compromise may be effected with the native workers; but as regards the Burmese and Shan merchants, in whose hands a profitable traffic in gems has remained from time immemorial, it may be more difficult to reconcile their interests with those of the European syndicate, who will naturally desire to retain the business in rubies in their own hands.

In the same localities in Burmah are found the oriental amethyst, the oriental sapphire, the green, the white, and the yellow sapphire, the star ruby, the oriental ruby, and the opalescent ruby—the three rubies differing in the shades and ranges of colour. Ordinary rubies are worth, when English cut, from four to ten pounds a carat when less than half a carat in weight. Above that weight, they vary according to quality from twenty to one hundred pounds a carat. It is believed that the largest known ruby in existence is one forming a portion of the Russian crown jewels, said to have come from China. The deposed king of Burmah is reported to possess a ruby of the size of a pigeon's egg, the weight and value of which are unknown.

THE BUSHFORD CASE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. VI.—THE TRIAL.

THE day appointed for Ernest's trial drew near. Nothing more had transpired that could in any way influence the result. I had seen Ernest several times. Our conversation no longer took the form of argument—indeed, Laura's name was seldom mentioned by either of us—we had settled that nothing was to be done as regards her until after the trial; and by a sort of tacit agreement, the subject was put on one side till that time should come, though it was never absent from

my thoughts, nor, I think, from Ernest's. How could it be?

The removal to London had taken place; and the new vicar occupied the vicarage. He retained all my uncle's old servants. Lena, Laura's maid, was the only member of the household who had accompanied the girls to their new abode.

I could not avoid calling to see my mother and the girls once every day; but I made my visits as short as I consistently could, for I was utterly unable to appear unembarrassed and at ease in Laura's presence. Both my mother and Amy observed the coldness with which I treated her, and spoke to me on the subject. I could only assert that my altered behaviour to her—if it was altered—was unintentional, which was indeed the truth, for I strove hard to treat her in my accustomed manner. But how could I?—oh! how could I? knowing that my poor uncle's blood stained her hand. And yet, sometimes, I almost pitied her; for what must her sufferings be! what the torments of her mind! It was for Ernest's sake she had become a murderess—her love for him had prompted her to the fearful act; and what were the consequences? She had sent him to a prison, to the felon's dock, probably to a felon's death—unless she were to save him by confessing all and taking his place. Would she do so? Would she—when she found all other means had been tried in vain—would she save him, and at the same time make the only possible atonement for her crime? Who could tell? Her thoughts were inscrutable—the fixed expression of her face gave no clue to the workings of her mind, except that her sufferings were great—that could be plainly seen.

I accounted for the scanty time I devoted to them all by saying I was busily at work for Ernest. This was scarcely true, but I knew not what other excuse to make. Alas! there was little work that I could do for him now. I had renewed my entreaties that he would let me retain some eminent counsel to defend him; but he would not entertain the idea for a moment. He declared that no one would conduct his case better than I should; that if there were a possibility of gaining a verdict of acquittal, I should gain it.

As the day came nearer and nearer, I sometimes felt that I could not go on. Then I would nerve myself with the thought that I was best acquainted with every detail—that I alone knew the truth—that I should have my whole heart in the work—that the result was in the hands of God, who surely would not let the innocent suffer through any fault of mine.

The day looked forward to with such painful suspense at length came. On the previous evening we had all removed to Goldstone. Sir Robert and Bob Coveney were both there; and to their care I consigned my mother and the girls for the day. Laura and Amy had expressed a strong desire to be present during the trial; but I decidedly objected. I told them that, having to appear as witnesses—being the last persons who saw our poor uncle alive—they could not be in court until called. I also pointed out that, should their emotion overcome them, Ernest would be unnerved, and my attention taken from my task. This last consideration decided them, and my persuasion prevailed.

When I took my place, I glanced round the court, and saw that it was crowded in every part. In the portion allotted to the general public, I noticed many familiar faces—residents in Bushford and its vicinity. My entrance caused a slight stir and whispering amongst them, for it was well known in what relationship I stood both to the murdered vicar and the accused. One gentleman who was seated on the bench got up and spoke to the judge, who glanced towards me with seeming interest.

I knew the judge well, both by sight and reputation. No juster man ever graced his high position. He was considerably advanced in years; but age, while it had enhanced the dignity of his bearing, for which he had always been celebrated, had in no way dimmed the brightness of his intellect. His well-known courtesy to the Bar assured me that I should meet with every consideration at his hands.

Several of the barristers present knew me, and among them the prosecuting counsel, who shook my hand and said: 'I am sorry, Mr Devon, that you have not a stronger case for your maiden effort, and I also regret that I am opposed to you.'

His kind manner went far towards putting me at my ease, and I now felt no more nervousness than was inseparable from the occasion.

After the jury had been sworn, Ernest was placed in the dock. All his former carelessness of apparel and manner was gone. He was well, but plainly dressed in black; and his bearing was calm and collected. His face, though pale, showed not the slightest trace of anxiety or fear. The judge's piercing eyes were fixed on him; but his met them firmly and without a quiver, as he pleaded 'Not guilty' in a clear voice to the indictment.

The counsel for the Crown now rose to make his opening statement. After having paid a high tribute to the many virtues of my poor uncle, he proceeded to lay the whole history of the case before the court in a clear and lucid manner. There was no straining of the evidence, to make it tell unduly against Ernest; but, on the other hand, no circumstance, however trivial, that pointed to him as the murderer was omitted. He concluded by saying: 'I know not what defence the prisoner, through his counsel, will offer, for as yet he has made no attempt to explain the numerous incidents which array themselves so strikingly against him; but whatever that defence may be, I trust you will allow it full weight in your deliberations; and if you find it sufficiently powerful to warrant you in finding a verdict of not guilty, no one will rejoice more sincerely than I shall; but if, on the other hand, you feel no reasonable doubt of the prisoner's guilt, no thought of the inevitable consequences to him must deter you from recording one of guilty, for a more atrocious crime has never stained the annals of our courts.'

The witnesses were called almost in the same order as the events happened of which they had to speak. I did not cross-examine the first of these witnesses, for I knew there was nothing to be elicited in Ernest's favour.

The prosecuting counsel now rose, and said: 'My lord, as I stated in my opening address, the two persons who last saw the murdered man alive

were his nieces, Miss Amy Carlton, sister to the prisoner, and Miss Laura Cleveland, his cousin. Now, as these young ladies were present together at the time, I ought perhaps to place them both in the witness-box, but I think it will be sufficient if I call only one of them. I am led to adopt this course by having been informed that Miss Carlton is possessed of great sensitiveness and tenderness of feeling, and I think it would be cruel to place her in such a trying position, if her evidence can be dispensed with. It may be said that this applies equally to Miss Cleveland; but if I am rightly instructed, she is of a much firmer disposition, and has greater control over her emotions. I will therefore, with your permission, call Miss Cleveland only.'

The judge having bowed his assent, Laura was called, and entered the box.

Ernest had hitherto faced the witnesses, and listened attentively and quietly to their evidence; but the instant Laura's name was called, he turned abruptly away so that he should not see her; and when she spoke, I saw a look of intense agony come into his face, and his hands spasmodically close on the front of the dock. Laura glanced towards him, and for a moment I thought she would have given way; then she drew herself up to her full height, her brow contracted, her lips compressed, to all outward appearance perfectly calm and collected. But few questions were asked her. Her answers were given in a low but distinct tone of voice, which must have been audible in the remotest corner of the court. She and Amy had parted from their uncle in the library: she was the last to kiss him and say good-night; he was then sitting in the chair in which he was afterwards found dead.

'And you never saw him again alive?'

As this question was asked, I fixed my eyes on her face. Would she add perjury to her other crime? There was no change in the expression of her features, and the answer came without the slightest hesitation, in the same firm, clear voice—'Never.' Then, after telling of the finding of the body and sending for the surgeon and police, she left the box, and leaning on the arm of Sir Robert Coveney, quitted the court.

It will be observed that nothing was said of her uncle's words to her after Ernest had been to the vicarage in the morning, when he told her that Ernest was no longer worthy of her love, and that she must think of him no more. This had not become known beyond our own circle.

The railway porter from Briarly Station came next. When his evidence in chief was finished, I rose to cross-examine.

'How many times in your life have you seen Mr Ernest Carlton?'—'Oh, a good many times.'

'That won't do, sir. Now, on your oath, have you seen him half-a-dozen times?'—No answer.

'Will you swear that you have seen him four times?'—three?'

'Yes, I must have seen him three times.'

'And how long ago was that?'

Again no answer.

'Be careful, now. Have you seen him within six months?'

'I can't say.'

'Is the Briarly platform well lighted?'

'Pretty well.'

'Gas or oil?'

'Oil.'

'How many lamps?'

'Four on the down platform.'

'You admit that you have not seen Mr Ernest Carlton more than three times in your life, and you can't say that you have seen him at all within the last six months. Will you now venture to declare on your oath that the gentleman you saw by the dim light of an oil-lamp on the night of the murder was really the prisoner?'

The man looked at Ernest, then at the judge, then at the ceiling, then scratched his head and shouted: 'No, I won't!'

The counsel for the crown, seeing that he was thoroughly confused, forbore to re-examine, and ordered him to stand down.

I had gained one point at least.

The Camelton porters came next. They were more easily dealt with; even in their evidence in chief they did not pretend to swear positively to Ernest; and under my questioning, utterly broke down: the gentleman who went by the mail that night might have been any one.

The next witness was Sergeant Mellish, and we know his story already. In cross-examination he admitted that although the boots in question fitted the footprints, there was nothing peculiar about them, and that probably hundreds, or even thousands, of boots of the same size and make were to be found in England. He also allowed that the kind of mud on them did not necessarily come from Bushford; the rain having been general, it might have been acquired anywhere within fifty miles or so of London.

'Now, Sergeant Mellish,' I continued, 'did you make any inquiries or search in any way for a clue that might have fixed the guilt on any other person or persons?'

'There was no call for me to do that, sir, when the evidence was so clear against the prisoner.'

'That is for the jury to determine, and not for you. You will please to refrain from giving your opinion, and confine yourself to answering my questions. Is it a fact that you made no investigation whatever in any other direction?'

'That is so, sir.'

'Then, for anything you know to the contrary, the weapon with which the deed was done, and perhaps other things tending to criminate some individual other than the prisoner, might have been discovered even in the house itself?'

'Well, sir, I don't think'—

'Never mind what you think. Is that a fact?'

'Well, sir, I can't deny it.'

'Thank you. That will do.'

The sergeant retired, somewhat discomfited.

The evidence of Ernest's landlady closed the case for the prosecution; and the time had now come for me to open the defence.

It was with considerable trepidation that I commenced speaking. The first part of my address was confined to the facts that I intended to prove, and those which I had elicited in my cross-examination of the witnesses for the crown. I referred to the indecision of the railway porters as to Ernest's identity with the individual they had seen at their respective stations. I told how I should prove, by the evidence of Bob Coveney, that it was next to impossible for Ernest to have accomplished the distance from Briarly to Camelton, by way of the vicarage, in time for the mail-

train to London; and that fact being admitted, I argued that the evidence of the footmarks went for nothing. Then I contended that the blood-stains appearing on the sleeve of Ernest's coat were a most insignificant circumstance in the case of a medical student, who might easily have acquired them while engaged in assisting at some operation at the hospital. I spoke as to the improbability of one of Ernest's disposition returning to Bushford with the deliberate purpose of committing such a fearful deed. Had it been done in the heat of passion, it would have been different. I cited all the cases I could call to mind where innocent persons had been convicted and executed on circumstantial evidence much stronger than that adduced on the present occasion. What more I said, it is impossible for me to recall; I only know that, as I went on, I found that the 'eloquence which comes when speaking from the heart,' did not fail me. I lost all sense of hesitation and nervousness; I thought only of Ernest and his cause; I saw only the judge and the jury who were to decide his fate.

When I sat down, there ran through the court a loud murmur of sympathy—almost of applause, which the officials made no attempt to suppress.

My only witness was Bob Coveney, with the nature of whose evidence the reader is well acquainted. He gave it with decision, and was not cross-examined.

The counsel for the crown rose. 'Recall Charles Felton,' Ernest's fellow-student, again entered the witness-box.

'Is it the custom of you students to keep at the hospital garments to wear when assisting at any operation in which blood has to be shed?'

'Yes; that is our custom.'

'Do you know, of your own knowledge, whether the prisoner was in the habit of changing his coat on such occasions?'

'He invariably did so.'

'Thank you, Mr Felton, that will do.—Recall George Bull.'

This was one of the Camelton porters. My heart sank within me when he appeared in the box: I knew well what his evidence would be.

'Was the up-mail correct to its time at Camelton on the night of the 17th of September—or rather the morning of the 18th?'

'No, sir; it was half an hour late.'

'Are you sure of this?'

'Quite sure. It is very unusual for it to be more than five minutes late. I said to my mate how lucky it was for the gent, as he only came up a minute or two before.'

The other porter corroborated his evidence.

The counsel's speech in reply to the defence was not a long one. He said: 'Gentlemen of the jury, the witnesses I have recalled have utterly demolished the only portions of the defence that were at all worthy of your attention. I have conclusively shown that the blood-stains on the prisoner's coat could not have come from the hospital, and he has made no attempt to account for them in any other way. The railway porters have proved beyond doubt that the mail-train was half an hour late in starting from Camelton, and therefore the evidence of the prisoner's own witness—his only witness—clearly shows that he had ample time to catch it. The hesitation of the porters to swear positively to the prisoner's

identity proves them to be honest witnesses; and remember they all three spoke of his likeness to the man they saw—the one from Briarly being all but certain. No doubt there are plenty of boots similar to the prisoner's to be found, but the fact remains that his boots fitted the marks spoken of by Sergeant Mellish. That officer is perhaps censurable for not making his researches more general, but that in no way shakes the evidence against the prisoner. With the innocent persons who have been at various times condemned on circumstantial evidence, you have nothing to do; you have only to decide whether the evidence in the present case has proved the prisoner's guilt to your satisfaction. You must not look at each of the circumstances brought against him by itself, but at all those circumstances combined; and, in doing so, you must recollect that he has given no explanation of his movements on that night. Surely, if he was not at Bushford vicarage, he would have had no difficulty in bringing witnesses to tell us where he was and what he was doing. I venture to think, gentlemen, that, considering all this, you will find it impossible, consistently with your oaths, to return any other verdict than that of guilty.'

The summing-up of the judge was marked by the fairness for which he was renowned. In his analysis of the evidence he omitted no point, however slight, that told either against or for Ernest. How few there were of the latter! He concluded by saying: 'Gentlemen, I regret that it is my painful duty to tell you that you must entirely disregard the eloquent pleading of the prisoner's counsel, so far as it was pleading only; you must utterly dismiss sentiment from your minds, and give your verdict solely on the evidence before you. At the same time, you will give due attention to all the theories that have been advanced in the prisoner's favour. If you have a reasonable doubt as to the prisoner's guilt, you will give him the benefit of that doubt. It is not sufficient for you to say to yourselves that it is not absolutely certain he did the deed—it is seldom in such cases that absolute certainty is attainable—but you must have a strong feeling that the evidence has not been so convincing as to warrant you in convicting him. You will recollect that the sentence to be passed on him, if found guilty, will not be yours, or mine, but the law's. You have only to give that verdict which your consciences tell you is the correct one. You will now, gentlemen, retire to deliberate, and may God guide you to a righteous conclusion.'

The jury retired; the judge left the bench; and Ernest was removed from the dock.

I had no heart to leave the court; but I beckoned to Bob Coveney, and entreated him, with the assistance of his father, to get my mother and the girls away at once; but if they refused to go, to break the verdict to them as gently as possible. I had little doubt as to what that verdict would be.

Half an hour elapsed—it seemed to me an age—the jury returned to the box; Ernest was brought back; and the judge resumed his seat. A silence as of death reigned in the court. I scarcely heeded the usual questions to the jury; although I had no hope, I waited in painful suspense for the verdict. It came at last, striking like a knell on my ears—'Guilty.'

I looked at Ernest; his face changed not in the least, nor did it during the passing of the sentence; and when the last dreadful words had been spoken, he bowed to the judge, who was almost overcome with emotion, and walked from the dock, to all appearance as calm and composed as he had ever been in his life.

THE EXTREME TENACITY OF LIFE OF MICRO-ORGANISMS.

THE extraordinary range of temperature to which micro-organisms can be subjected without destroying their vitality is almost beyond belief. We have even one well-known scientist writing, after detailing a series of experiments: 'Hence, among all known organic forms, the infusoria and their allies alone would appear to possess the power of weathering the cataclysmic changes of the universe, and, secure from all influences of heat and cold, of migrating in safety through interplanetary space.' Still, discounting all speculation, so wonderful are the powers of endurance of these minute beings, so liable to be scouted offhand as incredible, that they gave vitality to one of the bitterest controversies of science—the theory of spontaneous generation—that is, whether life may arise from inorganic matter *de novo* without the interposition of a parent. The introduction of the microscope with its revelations soon killed the theory in its older and cruder form, but gave rise to one much subtler, which has survived down to the present day. It has shown the world of these small creatures to be a veritable wonderland indeed; it has shown them to appear so strangely and unexpectedly under certain conditions, that the believer in spontaneous generation will not credit their having proceeded from a parent, but prefers to trust to chance to solve his self-imposed difficulty. An examination of this theory will bring under our notice the resistant powers of these micro-organisms.

But before proceeding with it, we may mention shortly what is meant by micro-organisms or animalcules. If a putrescent fluid be examined under the microscope, it will be found to be one swarming mass of living units, jumbling and jostling each other—in truth, a struggle for life, whole species disappearing in a few days under a more powerful one. Minute oblong bodies are seen pushing or vacillating across, these are called bacteria; slender, 'rod'-like bodies—bacilli—force their way like a fish through reeds; others move in a wavy, shimmering manner, or whirl across with spiral movements. But infusoria, larger and variously shaped, are there, with characteristic and much less mechanical motions. Some advance with apparent labour, others cross the field of vision like the shadow of a bee in its flight. Very curiously are we reminded, too, of familiar objects by their forms and actions. Some are like animated slippers, bottles, whirling saucers, or creeping insects; even the swan has its copy, as graceful in its motions, and to the full more elegant in the ever-varying curves of its long and elastic neck. One form is the miniature of those large-breasted pigeons, and propels itself, now slowly, now with a rush like a starling in search of worms on a meadow of a dewy morning; and feeding it is too, and to

good purpose, making short work of those rod-like bodies already mentioned. Their progression is effected by the lashing about of long whip-like filaments, or the quivering of short hairs, with which the body in some cases is covered. There are hundreds of different species of these, easily recognised, from the four-thousandth part, or less, to the twentieth of an inch. Some two centuries ago, these formed an entirely unknown world; and it is only within the last few years that a knowledge of the complete life-histories of some of these has been gained, and in great part in combating the views put forward in support of the theory already mentioned.

Returning to the theory, then, we find that more than one hundred years ago an Englishman asserted 'that animalcules were directly and spontaneously engendered from more highly organised bodies in a state of putrefaction.' Ever since, this idea has been taken up again and again, and buttressed by new arguments, which were brought forward only to be at once refuted. We shall only notice those of Dr Bastian, the latest advocate of spontaneous generation. He reasoned—since no one denies that boiling water kills all forms of life, it follows that if living forms appear in fluids which have been boiled in flasks, afterwards hermetically sealed, they must have arisen from inorganic matter: experiments show that they do so appear, therefore there is such a thing as spontaneous generation. Others repeated his experiments, and found them to be substantially correct, and were either forced to the above belief, or bound to show his other premise wrong, which everybody hitherto had been willing to admit—that is, to show that boiling does not destroy all forms of life. Soon Tyndall and others were to the front with proofs, afforded by most ingenious experiments, that there are organisms which are capable of surviving a temperature of two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit. But again he says, what can be made of the fact, that in a few hours myriads of animalcules appear in a few drops of a putrescent fluid? They cannot have arisen in the ordinary course of nature, but must have been developed spontaneously from the particles of the decaying matter. This seems very plausible; and if we think only of the laws obtaining among the higher animals, almost staggers us; but if we take a look at their life-history, as described by Saville Kent, we need no longer wonder at their sudden appearance, their universal diffusion, or their survival of almost impossible conditions.

If a piece of hay be steeped in water, and examined with the microscope after a few hours, countless swarms of animalcules are seen. Where did they come from? was the question asked. Mr Kent, by employing the very finest object-glasses in his microscope, was able to answer. He detected on the hay, when newly moistened, coatings of extremely minute capsules or spores, one-twenty-thousandth inch, which were seen to increase in size, and ultimately develop into animalcules. Dallinger had already observed the reverse of this, and showed the history of these spores, that they were the product, not of the decomposition of the hay, but of living progenitors. With a rare patience, he watched a particular adult animalcule in all its wanderings

until it grew quiescent, encysting or incasing itself, and eventually breaking up its whole body-substance into almost invisible particles or spores. These spores were shed into the surrounding fluid, and observed to grow into the like form with the parent.

Mr Kent showed also that the liquid squeezed from dew-laden grass, when viewed under the microscope, is swarming with minute beings in the most vigorous condition. Whence came they? Yesterday, they were not, for the grass was dry, and it is only in moisture that the adult can show activity; to-day, they are gone. Whenever the heat of the sun dries the grass, a very few may become encysted, and, their animation suspended, await the return of the rain or dew to resume their activity. But it is to the spores—which, owing to the fertility and quick maturity of animalcules, are always being formed where adults are—we must look for the perpetuation of the species through these dry periods. These, like seeds, resist the drought, and cling to the grass, showing us how it is possible for hay infusions to develop such enormous numbers of these organisms. Hay, however, is not the only resting-place of spores—in fact, the air is full of them, shaken or blown about by the winds from dried-up ditches and withered grass, ready to settle in any favourable liquid and spring into full vigour. And herein lies the explanation of how a fluid set aside with no animalcules in it may soon show signs of them—the spores settle into it from the atmosphere, and 'grow.' But the believers in spontaneous generation say that is ridiculous and all mere imagination, and that no one has seen these spores or germs in the air. Here, again, however, they are answered, for Pasteur, Tyndall, and notably Dallinger, have proved their existence. The last-named took a fluid full of particular species of infusoria, and evaporating it to dryness, collected the residual dust—mostly spores with their vitality unimpaired, as we would expect from what has been already noticed. He scattered it in a specially prepared chamber, and putting in a 'sterilised' fluid, found, as the dust settled into it, that only these same species developed. Repeating the process with more of the fluid, but with the sporidial dust of other species, these other species invariably appeared. Besides, he found that those portions of the liquid put in first gave rise mostly to the species—where the dust of more than one species was used at the same time—having larger spores; those later, mostly to the species having smaller ones; and that, finally, none at all were produced—showing that the larger settled first; that the smaller ones took some time to do so; but that there came a time when all had subsided. Extreme care, however, had to be taken not to shake anything, lest any of the dust should again be stirred into the atmosphere. Now, the above results were far too regular for spontaneous generation, which ought to have given the same species on all occasions, or a heterogeneous mixture of species each time.

We have spoken of a sterilised fluid—that is, one rendered absolutely free of all vital spores. Is it possible to prepare such a fluid, seeing that so many spores resist subjection to boiling water? Tyndall has shown how. Boil the fluid for a short time; this kills the adult forms,

but not the germs; then set it aside in a warm room for some twelve hours, when a large number of the spores will have neared development. Boil again, and these will be killed. Repeat this process several times, and the last spore will have matured far enough to be killed by boiling, and no spore in the interval of rest between the boilings will have had time to advance so far as to reproduce other spores. How long spores can retain their vitality in the dried-up condition has not been proved, but at any rate for years. They have varying powers of resistance to high temperatures; some withstand two hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit; others even three hundred degrees Fahrenheit; but the adults cannot resist contact with boiling water, some species succumbing to as low a temperature as one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit.

Have these organisms the same resistance to extreme cold? Comparatively few experiments have been made in this direction, chiefly on account of the difficulty of producing and maintaining sufficiently low temperatures. In March of 1885, however, Dr M'Kendrick read before the Philosophical Society of Glasgow an account of an elaborate set of experiments conducted by himself and Mr Coleman on the effect of prolonged exposure to cold of putrescible substances. He wanted to find out whether such substances, after a long subjection to a very low temperature in a hermetically sealed bottle, could be thawed—without opening the bottle—and not putrefy. Of course, that meant trying to find out whether the bacteria and bacteria germs inclosed with the substance in the bottle were killed, for putrefactive fermentation never takes place except in the presence of bacteria germs. If we keep in mind how thoroughly the air is permeated with these germs or spores, we will have no difficulty in accounting for the proneness to putrefy of certain substances in ordinary circumstances.

It is well known that meat can be kept from putrefying by being frozen, as is shown by the large cargoes of beef brought from America in that state. What about the bacteria and the germs meanwhile? Are they killed, or only rendered inactive? Let us see how Dr M'Kendrick answers this. In his experiments, he employed one of those Bell-Coleman machines used on board ship for keeping carcases in a frozen state. By its means he was enabled to get the lowest temperatures yet reached and also to maintain them for any length of time. He exposed some pieces of meat in bottles hermetically sealed to minus twenty degrees Fahrenheit for one hundred consecutive hours, and then placed the bottles, still sealed, in a warm room; and found in twelve hours that the putrefactive process was in progress—showing that the bacteria had only been rendered inactive while the meat was frozen. To show more directly the effect of cold on the bacteria, putrefying fluids full of them were taken and exposed to minus one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit for one hundred consecutive hours. The thawed fluid was examined with the microscope, and the organisms were found to be motionless. When examined again, however, after standing in a higher temperature, the liquid was found swarming once more with

bacteria in active movement. In order to assert that the bacteria had survived this low temperature, it would have been necessary to have watched these motionless forms, to see if any regained animation, as the active forms seen later very probably were developed from spores. The above experiments show without doubt that no cold as yet attainable can destroy the vitality of at least the spores of bacteria. Since it had been proved that repeated boilings sterilised a fluid, it was thought that repeated freezings and thawings might kill off the different crops of spores as they were maturing. Dr M'Kendrick tells us, however, that he was unable to sterilise a fluid in this way.

Some very interesting facts are recorded in the above paper—for example, that beef frozen at the low temperatures mentioned, rings like porcelain under a hammer, and by violent blows can be broken in pieces, bone and flesh mingled, showing fractures like a crushed stone. A live frog is frozen solid in half an hour at minus twenty degrees Fahrenheit, and, strange to say, it can be recovered by slow thawing. But this must be very near the frog's critical point, as those kept longer at this temperature did not recover. From this Dr M'Kendrick reasons that it might be permissible to think of the bacteria as being frozen solid in the frozen beef with vital functions arrested, but ready to resume with suitable temperatures.

The principal facts stated, then, bearing out that the tenacity of life of micro-organisms is extreme, are: that at least their spores can preserve their vitality from three hundred degrees Fahrenheit down to minus one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit—a temperature far and away below anything experienced in arctic regions; that they can be dried up and laid aside for years, and yet 'grow' under suitable conditions. All of which teaches us how necessary it is to guard against making statements unsupported by experiments about these minute beings.

THE FIGHT AT TRINKATAT.

A STORY OF THE SUAKIM.

THERE was great rejoicing among the officers and men of the gallant Essex and Wessex Regiment (late 150th), stationed at Kaliopur, on the first day of the year 1884. The regiment had that morning received its 'home orders.' It had served in India for over twelve years, and every one was getting a little home-sick. In the Piela bungalow, where Captain and Mrs Brittomart lived, the news was especially welcome. Mrs Brittomart had not left India since she went out with her husband four years before. The climate was beginning to tell seriously on her health; but she was a heroic little woman in her way, and always refused to come home without her husband. So the only change they ever had was when he could get away to the hills during his summer leave, for she never went without him. But now she had her reward. They were going home together.

It was rather phenomenal in India to see a married couple continue to be so wrapped up in

each other as they were; and this circumstance formed a never-ending subject for 'bat-chit' in that magic ring that is so often formed in the cool of the evening on the lawn after tennis-parties, &c., before the final adieu is said—a time when the men discuss brandy pawnee and cigars, and the ladies dissect their absent friends.

But although Mrs Brittomart was one of those who never tolerated a 'bow-wow'—a species of animal well known in India—and never went to the hills as a 'grass-widow,' still she always seemed to be very happy. Strange to say, too, she was very popular wherever she went. For society, as a rule, is not very tolerant of those who do not conform to its laws, both written and unwritten, and no one could doubt for a moment that it was Mrs Brittomart's bounden duty to contribute her little quota to that list of generally meaningless scandals that form one of the chief charms of an Indian station. All pretty women did it. But then Mrs Brittomart gave capital dinners and charming tennis-parties. So society forgave her for being fond of her husband.

As the regiment was to leave Kaliopur in a week's time, there was the usual bustle and confusion that generally ensue when a regiment is about to move. But at last everything settled itself in an orderly manner. The Essex and Wessex was inspected, and complimented by the general, the 'route' arrived, the last good-bye was said, and the train started with its happy load for Deolali. While they were at the latter station, strange rumours began to float about, about the Soudan—Osman Digna—Suakim, a place hitherto unheard of—an English expedition. Then these rumours gradually took a more definite shape, and it was whispered that the gallant Essex and Wessex would probably take part in the expedition, instead of going home.

'Do you think it is true, Jack?' asked Mrs Brittomart of her husband.

'What, my love?'

'That we are going to Egypt?'

'I have heard nothing positive yet; but if we do go, we will take no *impedimenta* with us, no wives and children.'

'O Jack, what is to become of me then?'

'Oh, the government will look after you, and give you a nice house to live in, and provide you with every comfort until the war is over. That is their way, you know, when they send men to fight their battles and get them out of a difficulty.'

'Don't be satirical, sir, but try and be serious for ten minutes if you can.'

At last the day of embarkation arrived; and when Mrs Brittomart found herself on board and snugly (?) settled down in her cabin—with four other ladies—she felt that they were at last safe, and that she was really returning to England, and that no one could separate her from Jack. An hour afterwards, the assistant adjutant-general came on board with a telegram in his hands, and asked for the captain. The news he brought with him soon spread like wildfire. The *Alligator* was to go direct to Trinkatata, and disembark the Essex and Wessex regiment there. The men were of course elated, and eager for a brush with the Arabs. Some

of them had seen service before; others were anxious to try their mettle.

'They will not send the women and children on shore again; will they, Jack?' asked Mrs Brittomart of her husband when she heard the news.

'No, my little woman: they have no time to do so. And then it would cost so much money to send you all home in a P. and O., that the budget would never recover it. So you must come along with us.'

'I am so glad.'

In due course the *Alligator* arrived at Trinkatata; and a couple of days after that the *Nerbudda*, the sister ship, also arrived from Bombay with troops. They were all ordered to disembark on the 28th February.

Mrs Brittomart bore up bravely as long as her husband was with her. 'Good-bye, Jack!' she whispered when he was ready to start.

'God bless you, my love!' he said, as he clasped her in his arms. 'Take care of the little one at home—if I do not come back.'

'Think of him, Jack, to—to-morrow, and promise me to be careful.'

'Yes; but duty is duty, and'—

'And I should not tempt you to shrink from it. You are right. Good-bye.'

One long kiss. Then his lips seemed to move as if with a silent prayer, and he left her.

That day the troops only moved as far as Fort Baker, when they bivouacked for the night. Teb is about six miles from Trinkatata; and Mrs Brittomart was early on deck next morning to see the square leave Fort Baker in the direction of the battlefield. The deck was soon crowded with the other ladies, and the soldiers' wives and children, sobbing some of them with excitement, as they watched their husbands and fathers marching out to fight almost under their very eyes. Modern times can find no parallel for this scene. It was heartrending in the extreme. It is sad enough, indeed, to say good-bye, perhaps farewell, to a near relative, knowing that he is on his way to the war; but what a refinement of torture to see him actually engaged with the enemy, actually face to face with death! A woman's heart sickens at the sight of the blood of a stranger, or even of a dumb animal. What, then, must her feelings be when it is the blood of those nearest and dearest to her that is being shed in her sight!

From the moment that the *Curysfort*, which was lying next the troopers, began to open the battle with its big guns, the excitement grew intense. It was a weary, anxious day of watching for those on board, who could distinctly hear the rattle of musketry and the report of the cannon and Gatling guns in the distance. Hearts beat faster, and eyes grew strained and dim from looking through telescopes and field-glasses that told too much, and yet not enough. Those on board felt such pangs as Tantalus must have endured while reaching after the grapes that he thirsted for, but was destined never to touch. Mrs Brittomart almost broke down under the trial. She often thought that she could distinguish her husband's company in the confused mêlée, but there was no certainty. Each shot she heard seemed to sound his death-

knell. Gradually the firing grew less frequent, and at last ceased altogether. The smoke cleared away, and hung in a black cloud overhead, making a fit pall for those who had been killed. The fight was over, the battle won.

As the sun was setting, the captain of the *Alligator*, who had been on shore the whole day, came on board. 'What news, captain?'—'For God's sake, the news'—'My husband, is he safe?' were the cries that met him from the crowd of excited women as he put his foot on the deck.

'We have driven the Arabs back,' he said, 'but at the cost of four officers killed and nineteen wounded, twenty-six men killed and a hundred and twenty-three wounded.'

'Their names, captain—quick, their names!'

'I can give no names,' he said, and went quickly to his cabin.

For some time after that his door was besieged by weeping women and children. But for all he had the same grim answer: 'I can give no names.'

Half an hour afterwards, a noise was heard on deck that startled every one. The sailors were running about lugging heavy cables along, others ran up the rigging, others manned the capstan. The ship was about to leave Trinkatat.

Mrs Brittomart, on seeing this, went to the captain. 'Surely, captain, we are not leaving?' she queried.

'Yes, Mrs Brittomart; we will be away in a few minutes.'

'What! before we can hear any news about our husbands—whether they are dead or alive? No; I do not believe you could be so cruel. You will wait until to-morrow, won't you?' urged she, unable to control her emotion.

'My dear Mrs Brittomart, indeed I feel very keenly for you,' he answered, and a tear glistened in his eye; 'but my orders are peremptory—I must leave at once.'

'This is monstrous,' she burst out incoherently. 'I have watched and waited patiently all day; I have almost *seen* my husband fighting, and have not uttered a single cry. Perhaps he is now lying dead in the field, and they will bury him without my seeing his face again. And still you will not wait until I hear the truth?—Captain, you little know what the anguish of suspense is like. I have felt it for the first time to-day.'

'Indeed, indeed, Mrs Brittomart, I sympathise deeply with you. I will do all I can to help you; but—'

'Perhaps he is wounded, and is even now calling for me. O captain, have you no heart? We have not been parted for four years. You will not tear me away from him when, perhaps, he wants me most?'

The captain remained silent.

'Put me on shore,' she continued wildly; 'I insist on it. What power have you to keep me here? I care not what becomes of me, but I must find out the truth, or I will go mad.'

'Mrs Brittomart, this interview is indeed very painful to me. Although I am very sorry that it is not in my power to—' But overwrought by the excitement of the day, and the consciousness of how futile her piteous appeal was, Mrs Brittomart at this point ended the scene by fainting away.

When she recovered, the monotonous grinding of the screw, as it worked its way through the water, was the first sound she heard, and it seemed at the same time to pierce a big hole in her heart; for it told her that all chance of hearing any news was gone.

The days that followed were very dreary and very miserable for every one on board. The same thought was uppermost in every one's mind: 'When will we hear any news?' But at Suez no news, at Port Said no news, as they stayed hardly any time at either of these places. How the time passed with Mrs Brittomart she could never quite tell. It was a period of sickening suspense. For the first few days she was very ill; then she struggled up on deck with a book in her hand and tried to read; but the same sentiment seemed to form itself on every page: 'Four officers killed and nineteen wounded.' That sentence haunted her day and night. Was Jack included in those ill-fated numbers? Who could tell!

It was not until the ship touched at Plymouth, on its way to Portsmouth, that the news was brought off to the anxious, careworn women on board. And who heard that wailing cry of the weeping women and children, as they wrung their hands in their grief? It is a sound not easily to be forgotten. The British public? O no. They had shed all their tears of sympathy a few hours after the battle, when every detail of it was then known to them. It was ancient history now. General Gordon was the history of the moment. All their attention was concentrated on him. And what news about Captain Brittomart? He had been severely wounded in his arm, and it had to be amputated, and, worse still, the doctor feared blood-poisoning would set in.

Poor Mrs Brittomart! It was well that her old father had come down to meet her and broke the news to her.

She never saw Jack again. He found a soldier's grave not far from the scene of battle. His comrades reverently marked the spot with a few stones gathered near by.

A sad and careworn woman is even now to be seen not far from the village in which she lived when a girl, wandering sometimes in summer-time through the fields with a boy by her side—now her only pride, she says. When the stranger asks her name, there are few who cannot tell it him, as well as the sad story of how she saw her husband fighting for the honour of England, and then had to leave the spot, knowing not whether he was dead or alive, and how she never saw him again.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.

A TEACHER'S troubles are legion. Without a certain average attendance, his scholars are ineligible for the government grant. Unless, according to age, they are able to pass the various standards, and have presented themselves the necessary number of times, he would rather be without them. When the inspector comes round, his skin or parchment will suffer for their shortcomings. This is an article to which he attaches the greatest importance, because his future depends upon its condition. It may be called his professional character. From year to year, the

result of each examination is marked thereon, and black marks count against his future prospects. In the nature of things, he must suffer for born dunces. They are inevitable; and therefore, like bad weather or other disagreeable contingencies, they must be tolerated. But the thoughtlessness of parents who keep their children from school with little or no reason is a different matter. When the teacher is paid out of the grant, they rob him of money as well as reputation. It is, of course, to his interest to keep a watchful eye on those defaulters. As a rule, they are too many for him. They excuse themselves in the most extraordinary epistles sometimes, of which the following is a specimen: 'Please, excuse May. She caught a cold through getting her feet wet, and I must get her another pair before she can come to school.' When Jessie Black returned after a long absence, she also bore a note from her mother. This lady, according to her own statement, had been laid up with 'information in the back,' which necessitated the girl's presence at home. When, on reading the letter, the teacher, with the best intention, no doubt, hoped Bessie would take the same disease in her head, he did not consider the consequences. Next day, Bessie rose before the whole school, and, on her mother's authority, informed him of that lady's opinion of him, which was far from flattering. As he had little to say in self-defence, or at least failed to clear himself of the charge, the other children went home with the idea that he must be a very malevolent person indeed.

The wonderful diseases which afflict school children often take the teacher down, as in the following instance. Maggie Keen stayed away frequently with neuralgia. On her appearance, after a few days' absence, the teacher greeted her with: 'What, Maggie!—neuralgia again?' 'No, sir,' she replied, rather indignantly; 'it was not *new*-ralger, but the old ralger, that never went away!'

In a certain town, rumours went abroad that an epidemic had broken out there. Lizzie White lived in the street where it was said to have appeared. Lizzie was away for a week, but one morning she entered the school with her eyes swollen. When the teacher went to ascertain the cause of her trouble, she began crying, and said: 'We have got something in our house, sir.'—'Indeed!' said the teacher, drawing back to avoid infection. 'Are any of you laid up with it?' 'Yes, sir, my mother.'—'Sorry to hear that. You must get home at once.' Lizzie was on the point of obeying, when the teacher asked: 'Has the doctor been?' 'Yes, sir.'—'And did he say what it was?' 'Oh, it's a boy!'

It turned out that Lizzie had got a week's holiday in honour of the baby, and her whole trouble was having to come and leave it at the end of that time.

The gamekeeper's son who excused himself, with a bold face, because he had been watching game, nearly escaped undetected. At certain seasons, the game molested farmers, and he was employed, along with his father, in protecting crops. Considering the time of year, the teacher was at a loss to understand what crop required the services of Angus. 'Are you sure you have been watching game?' he said. 'Quite sure

of that.' The emphasis on 'that' aroused suspicion. 'What game?' he asked. Angus looked crestfallen and confounded in a moment. 'What game, sir?' Somebody whispered: 'Marbles;' and Angus was obliged to admit the impeachment.

A boy whose parents had just come to live in the neighbourhood, arriving late one morning, was called up to give an account of himself. 'Where have you been until this time?' said the teacher severely. 'Please, sir, I had to call at my uncle's.'—'What, you young rascal! You can have no uncle in this town,' said the teacher, with still greater severity. 'I have caught you in the lie, and I will thrash you to within an inch of your life.' 'Please, sir, it's not the uncle you mean,' replied the boy, wiping his eyes; 'it's the uncle I have in every town!'

Need it be said he meant the pawnbroker?

Want of clothes is one of the most common excuses that parents give for keeping their children from school. A schoolmaster in a rural district received the following: 'You must excuse Nellie, for it's not her fault—it's the calf's. Her only dress was out drying, and the calf ate it. But I will get a new one out of the calf for it.'

'N.B.—Jeannie Carter has promised to buy him.'

The step-mother who sent her husband's children to school almost naked, and when remonstrated with, said she 'didn't see no good in eddication, what did nought for people's out-sides,' belonged to a class that harass the teacher more than any other. To them, inward benefits and possibilities go for nothing. A child attends school day after day, yet what is there to show? It is a sheer waste of time, they will inform the teacher. They regard him with contempt, and the School Board officer with detestation. The whole system is a fraud, to their minds, with no ultimate object beyond the annoyance of poor people. The children themselves imbibe these views. When a matchboy was asked how he accounted for his absence, he replied, proudly: 'Business; and there is no fooling there!' He evidently participated in what is a too common idea—that anything would be more manly than attending school.

HOW A TURKISH BATH SHOULD BE TAKEN.

THE conditions under which it is safe, and the conditions under which it is unsafe, to indulge in a Turkish bath represent a subject of importance to a large section of the community; and it is one upon which authoritative opinion has recently been expressed. The painful case of a gentleman who lately died in a London Turkish bath after a two hours' sleep in a room heated to one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, has drawn the attention of the medical papers to the subject. In general terms, the *British Medical Journal* insists upon the importance of suitable precautions being observed by those who frequent Turkish baths; while a more explicit utterance upon the subject has appeared in the *Lancet*. This journal assures us that, except for a person just saved from drowning, or one who has been carousing, it is not unsafe,

but, on the contrary, refreshing and restorative, to take a short sleep in a Turkish bath. 'The mistake often made by frequenters of Turkish baths,' says the *Lancet*, 'is to stop too long in the hot room.' We are further told that it is neither necessary nor safe to raise the temperature of any room above one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit, and that no bather should remain more than a very few minutes in a room heated above one hundred and twenty degrees.

Then a series of rules is laid down that will be found 'safe and sufficient for the guidance of those who use the Turkish bath for restorative purposes.' (1) The bather should first go to a room with a temperature little above blood-heat (or, say, not much over one hundred to one hundred and ten degrees), and remain there until the surface of the body is moist and reddened. (2) If the skin does not in ten minutes become warm and begin to grow red and moist, the bather should ask that a shampooer affuse the surface with warm water and rub it briskly and lightly with a soft towel; afterwards returning to the one-hundred-degrees room and waiting until perspiration be established. (3) When perspiration has fairly commenced and the surface is moist from head to foot, the bather should have a little cold water thrown upon the feet and legs, and afterwards go into a room of somewhat higher temperature. (4) There he should lie or sit down, and if not disagreeable to do so, keep his eyes closed as much as possible. (5) He should not remain in any of the hot rooms longer than half an hour, and not so long if the ventilation be imperfect or the air impure. (6) He should ask the shampooer to 'finish' with an affusion of slightly cold water, and he should not take the plunge bath or receive the douche;—a direction important to those uncertain of their organic state, or having weak hearts or exhausted nervous systems. (7) The bather should drink nothing but iced water, potass or soda water, or lemonade, while in the bath. In the cooling-room, he should take a small cup of coffee or tea, and should lie or sit down, wrapped in towels, until the perspiration has subsided; though he should not remain so long as to become cold. He should afterwards dry the skin briskly with a rough towel, and dress quickly. (8) A short walk is desirable after the bath, and subsequently, a light meal, with pleasant conversation and cheerful surroundings; but the exercise taken, whether physical or mental, for some hours after the bath should be very moderate, and worrying work of all kinds must be avoided.

Though, says the *Lancet*, these rules must be modified in special instances, they will be found to apply to the multitude of persons by whom the Turkish bath is used as a measure of relief and restoration because of mental or physical weariness.

FOLDING-BARRELS.

The introduction of a barrel constructed to fold up when empty, and be stowed away into a very small space, deserves some passing notice. Visitors to the Channel Islands cannot have failed to remark the enormous quantities of market-garden produce, potatoes, vegetables, grapes, tomatoes, &c. exported both from Guernsey and Jersey to

supply the early metropolitan market; and it is with a view to facilitate this transportation that an enterprising firm—Messrs Griffin & Co., The Pier, Jersey—have designed what is known as the Stave Sheet Crate Barrel. In construction, the new barrel is extremely simple. Lay a venetian blind on the floor, allowing about half an inch between each shutter as it lies flat; place three iron hoops across the shutters, securing them together; place the blind on its edge, roll it around, fit a head and bottom to the cylinder thus formed; and the reader will form a very good idea of the invention under consideration. The new packing-case being a true cylinder, occupies less room for a given capacity than the ordinary bulge-cask, whilst the advantageous manner of its transport when empty needs no comment.

It is stated that the new barrels when full occupy less room than the ordinary bulge-casks—of equal capacity—by no less than three hundred cubic feet in one hundred barrels—a fact that cannot fail to commend itself to merchants and shippers alike.

The barrels are made both as crate and close casks; the excellent ventilation afforded by the former adduces a strong argument in favour of its adaptation, as all conversant with the requirements of market-garden produce are aware. In price, the new barrel compares favourably with that already in the market, the patentees stating that they can deliver at rates lower than those at present ruling for the casks they seek to supersede. The strength and size are of course determined in view of the special class of produce for which the barrels are required.

The folding packing-case undoubtedly supplies a want; and from the rapid manner in which it has pushed its way in the Channel Islands, there can be but little doubt that a successful future awaits it in districts supplying distant markets in a like manner with similar produce.

THE PICK OF THE WHELPS:

A PICTURE AND AN ALLEGORY.

A RED-ROOFED barn, with open door;
Gold, strawy litter on the floor;
A wire-haired terrier lying by;
Six short-tailed puppies romping nigh;
The farmer's son, just turned sixteen;
A keeper, in brown velveten;
A rough-shod ploughboy standing near
In quilted smock, a knowing leer
O'er-spreading all his rosy face.
Accessories about the place:
Fowls, bags of grain, the keeper's dog,
A gorse-hook, chips and chopping-log—
All these, and what your taste doth more
Desire, are there in seemly store.
But to complete the simple scene
The central figure must, I ween,
Be pictured now—a little maid,
With sad, wet eyes, who seems afraid
To lose but one of all her pets—
The child of tears and rain regrets!

ALBERT FRANCIS CROSS.

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WISHING WELLS.

IN the numerous sacred or wishing wells so widely distributed throughout our own and other countries, may be seen traces of the old water-worship of bygone times. In conformity with an early form of primitive belief, special honours were bestowed on wells and springs, as being presided over by divinities of good or evil influence; it also being supposed that the souls of heroes resided in such localities. Hence, in Cornwall, for instance, the wayside cross once pointed to the holy well where saint's or angel's name, tradition and legendary lore, had hallowed the water that bubbled up in its rocky basin. Thus, many are the stories told in connection with the time-honoured village well, where oftentimes the maiden, with her pail, might be seen silently breathing her deepest wish in the well-known formula:

Water, water, tell me truly,
Is the man I love duly
On the earth, or under the sod,
Sick or well—in the name of God?

Similarly, we know how divinations of this kind were once very prevalent in the west of Europe; and Cicero speaks of a certain lake near Toulouse in which the neighbouring tribes were wont to deposit offerings of gold and silver. As Mr Tylor, too, remarks in his *Primitive Culture*, 'the ancient lake-offerings of the south of France seem not yet forgotten in La Lozère;' and in Brittany, there is the famous well of St Anne of Auray, and the sacred fountain at Lanmeur, in the crypt of the church of St Melars, to which crowds of pilgrims are still in the habit of resorting.

In Northern Europe, almost every Esthonian village has its sacred spring; and Danish folklore tells us of the traditionary origin of many of the wishing wells still regarded with so much superstitious reverence. Thus, near Harrested, in Seeland, is the far-famed St Knud's Well, which is much visited by persons afflicted with bodily ailments, and also by those anxious to gain an insight into futurity—it having suddenly gushed

forth, runs the legend, on the spot where Duke Knud Lavard was treacherously murdered by the king's son Magnus, in the year 1129. In the same locality there is Helen's Well, which has acquired a widespread celebrity on account of its miraculous virtues. On St John's day, pilgrimages are made to it by the sick and crippled, many travelling from distant parts to visit it. According to one traditionary account, given by Thorpe in his *Northern Mythology*, Helen was a Scanian princess, and much famed for her beauty. A king fell in love with her; and as he could not win her affection, he resolved on violence. In her distress, Helen fled from place to place, pursued by the king; and when, on reaching the seashore, the king was about to seize her, she plunged into the deep. But she did not perish, for a large stone rose from the bottom of the ocean and received her, on which she floated over to Seeland! On the spot where she first set her foot, there sprang forth a fountain, which still bears her name. A writer speaking of the wishing wells in Sweden at the commencement of the present century, says: 'Husby is very pleasantly situated, and its church is said to be one of the oldest in Sweden. Here is shown St Siegfried's Well, with the water of which the holy man Sigfridus, according to tradition, baptised King Olov Skötkonung. The well is still famous, and is said on many occasions to be used nightly by the country people.'

Formerly, many superstitions and ceremonies were practised at wells. Almost every province had some that at certain periods of the summer were visited, and into which a piece of money, iron, or any metal was cast as an offering. Amongst savage and uncultured races also, we find much the same notions, many of which play a prominent part in their religious beliefs. Thus, Mr Dorman, in his *Origin of Primitive Superstitions*, tells us how the tribes of Central America, Mexico, and New Mexico had their sacred springs, and mentions the various sacrifices offered to them. The Indians of Colorado regard springs that bubble up from the ground with awe and reverence, and bring their sick thither to be

cured. The bubbling of the water is supposed to be due to spirits breathing into it, the healing power being ascribed to these supernatural agents. Again, in the Deccan and Ceylon, trees and bushes near springs and wells are of common occurrence, and may frequently be seen covered with votive offerings. Atkinson, in his *Oriental and Western Siberia*, speaking of the Bouriat, informs us that they have their sacred lakes or wells. In one of his rambles, he says: 'I came upon the small and picturesque lake of Ikeougoun, which lies in the mountains to the north of Sanghin-dalai, and is held in veneration. They have erected a small wooden temple on the shore, and here they come to sacrifice, offering up milk, butter, and the fat of animals, which they burn on the little altars. The large rock in the lake is with them a sacred stone, on which some rude figures are traced; and on the bank opposite they place rods with small silk flags, having inscriptions printed on them.' In Northern Asia, writes Sir John Lubbock, in his *Origin of Civilisation*, the Tunguses and Votyaks worship various springs; and in the tenth century a schism took place in Persia among the Armenians, one party being accused of despising the holy well of Vagarschiebat. Once more, in North Mexico, near the thirty-fifth parallel, Lieutenant Whipple found a spring which from time immemorial 'had been held sacred to the rain-god.' Some idea of the respect paid to this spring may be gathered from the fact that no animal may drink of its waters, and it must be annually cleansed 'with ancient vases, which, having been transmitted from generation to generation by the caciques, are then placed on the walls, never to be removed.' Dr Bell also, in the *Ethnological Journal*, informs us that in New Mexico, not far from Zuni, there is a sacred spring about eight feet in diameter, walled round with stones, of which neither men nor cattle may drink. Once a year, the cacique and his attendants perform certain religious rites at this spring, offerings being presented to it.

But, turning to the wells of our own country, we find many curious practices kept up in the western counties. Thus, in Cornwall, near Penzance, there is the far-famed well of St Madron, around which so much legendary lore has clustered. According to an old piece of advice, the visitor to this locality is thus admonished:

Plunge thy right hand in St Madron's spring,
If true to its troth be the palm you bring;
But if a false digit thy fingers bear,
Lay them at once on the burning share.

In this well may be found, as in many others, the pins which have been frequently dropped by young women anxious of ascertaining 'when they were to be married.' 'I once witnessed,' says Mr Hunt, in his *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 'the whole ceremony performed by a group of beautiful girls, who had walked on a May morning from Penzance. Two pieces of straw, about an inch long each, were crossed, and the pin run through them. This cross was then dropped into the water, and the rising bubbles

carefully counted as they marked the number of years which would pass ere the arrival of the happy day. This practice also prevailed amongst the visitors to the well at the foot of Monacuddle Grove, near St Austell.' Rags and other votive offerings are occasionally suspended around many of our country wells; and Mr Couch tells us how he 'observed at Madron Well the custom of hanging rags on the thorns which grew in the inclosure.' Likewise, on Palm-Sunday, Carew writes how the people were in the habit of resorting to the well sacred to 'Our Lady of Nants,' with a cross of palm. After making the clergyman a present, they were allowed to throw the cross into the water: if it swam, the thrower was to outlive the year; if it, unfortunately, sank, he was to die within that time.

Of other Cornish wishing wells may be mentioned that at Gulval, which is thus described in Gilbert's *Parochial History of Cornwall*: 'To this place numbers of people, time out of mind, have resorted for pleasure and profit of their health, as the credulous country people do in these days, not only to drink the waters thereof, but to inquire after the life or death of their absent friends; where, being arrived, they demanded the question at the well whether such a person by name be living, in health, sick, or dead. If the party be living and in health, the still quiet water of the well-pit, as soon as the question is put, will instantly bubble or boil up as a pot; but if it remain quiet, it is an indication that the party is dead.' A formula used at certain of the wishing wells of the west of England by young ladies, when summing up the qualifications they wish to find in their future husbands, is thus:

A husband, St Catherine;
A handsome one, St Catherine;
A rich one, St Catherine;
A nice one, St Catherine;
And soon, St Catherine.

We may mention here that on a particular day in the year, the young women of Abbotsbury were formerly in the habit of visiting the little Norman chapel of St Catherine at Milton Abbey, Dorset, where they made use of the above rhyme. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says this appeal to St Catherine is somewhat singular, as on the Continent she is generally considered the special patroness of spinsters, an old maid being said to 'coiffer St Catherine.'

Referring also to the pins used in the wishing wells of Cornwall, it should be noted that these are almost universally employed in different parts of the country. Thus, throughout the north of England we have wishing wells where the passer-by may breathe his wish, 'and may rest assured of its fulfilment if he only drop a crooked pin into the water.' The worm-well at Lambton is one of these, writes Mr Henderson, in his *Folk-lore of the Northern Counties*. There is another in Westmorland; and another at Wooler, in Northumberland. Of this last, he adds, a friend tells me that 'it is scarcely three months since I looked into the maiden or wishing well at Wooler, and saw the crooked pins strewed over the bottom among the gravel.' Again, we might mention St Helen's Well, near Sefton, Lancashire, the bottom of which, says Mr Hampson, in his *Medii Evi Kalendarium*, 'I have frequently seen almost

covered with pins, which must have been thrown in for this purpose.' It seems that young ladies have still continued up to recent times to throw pins into this well, and to draw conclusions as to the fidelity of their lovers, the date of marriage, and so forth, by the turning of the pin to the north or any other point of the compass.

Instances of the same form of credulity are of repeated occurrence in Scotland; and Colonel Forbes Leslie, in his valuable work on the *Early Races of Scotland*, observes that 'there are few parishes without a holy well.' Sir John Lubbock also adds that in the Scotch islands are many sacred wells, and that he has himself seen the holy well in one of the islands of Loch Maree surrounded by the little offerings of the peasantry, consisting principally of rags and halfpence. We may further quote the testimony of Mr Campbell, who, in his *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, writes thus: 'Holy healing wells are common all over the Highlands, and people still leave offerings of pins and nails and bits of rag, though few would confess it. There is a well in Islay where I myself have, after drinking, deposited copper caps amongst a hoard of pins and buttons and similar gear, placed in chinks and trees at the edge of the Witches' Well. There is another well with similar offerings freshly placed beside it in Loch Maree.' Among further illustrations, he informs us how a well in the Black Isle of Cromarty has miraculous healing powers, and adds: 'A countrywoman tells me that about forty years ago, she remembers it being surrounded by a crowd of people every first Tuesday in June, who bathed in and drank of it before sunrise. Each patient tied a string of rag to one of the trees that overhung it, before leaving.'

Above the Inverness District Asylum, and immediately below the ascent to Craig Dunain, is the 'Well of the Spotted Rock,' which was in bygone times a place of great resort. It also had the reputation of being a fairy well; and if, says Mr Fraser in his pamphlet on *Northern Folk-lore of Wells and Water*, 'a poor mother had a puny weak child, which she supposed had been left by the fairies in place of her own, by exposing it here at night, and leaving some small offering, as a dish of milk, to propitiate the king of fairyland, the bantling would be carried away, and in the morning she would find her own restored and in health.'

Another famous wishing well was that known as the 'Lucky Well of Beathag,' in Argyllshire, which had the reputation of commanding the winds. One acquainted, adds Mr Fraser, with the spot thus describes it: 'It is situated at the foot of a hill fronting the north-east, near an isthmus called Tarbat. Six feet above where the water gushes out, there is a heap of stones, which forms a cover to the sacred fount. When a person wished for a fair wind, either to leave the island or to bring home his absent friends, this part was opened with great solemnity, the stones carefully removed, and the well cleaned with a wooden dish or a clam-shell. This being done, the water was several times thrown in the direction from which the wished-for wind was to blow, and this action accompanied with a certain form of words, which the person repeated every time he threw the water. When the ceremony was over, the well was again carefully shut up, to prevent

fatal consequences, it being firmly believed that were the place left open, it would occasion a storm which would overwhelm the whole island.'

But leaving Scotland with its numerous wishing wells, we may note that amongst the remains of Walsingham, Norfolk, are the famous 'wishing wells,' the water of which formerly had the reputation of curing disorders of the head and stomach. This property, however, has been replaced by another of a more comprehensive character—the power of accomplishing all human wishes. In order to attain this desirable end, writes Mr Glyde in the *Norfolk Garland*, 'the votary, with a due qualification of faith and pious awe, must apply the right knee bare to a stone placed for that purpose between the wells. He must then plunge to the wrist each hand, bare also, into the water of the wells, which are near enough to admit of the immersion. A wish must then be formed, but not uttered with the lips, either at the time or afterwards, even in confidential communication to the dearest friend. The hands are then to be withdrawn, and as much of the water as can be obtained in the hollow of each is to be swallowed. This silent wish will be accomplished within the following twelve months.' In Moore's *Monastic Remains*, too, the author, speaking of Walsingham Chapel, writes: 'The wishing wells still remain—two circular stone pits filled with water, inclosed with a square wall, where the pilgrims used to kneel and throw in a piece of gold, whilst they prayed for the accomplishment of their wishes.'

Walls, again, has its wishing wells; and Pennant tells us how, in days gone by, a bathing well at Whitford received many a kiss from the faithful, who were supposed never to fail in experiencing the completion of their desires, provided the wish was delivered with full devotion and confidence. Of great celebrity, too, was St Dwynwen's Well, in the parish of Llandwyn, Anglesey. This saint being the patron saint of lovers, her well possessed the property of curing love-sickness; hence, it was visited by numbers of both sexes anxious to know their lot in the married state; and even at the present day, writes Mr Wirt Sikes, in his *British Goblins*, it is frequented by young women of that part of the country when suffering from the woes of love. Indeed, although the well itself has for many years been covered over with the sand, the faithful still display their devotion by seeking their cure from 'the water next to the well.'

Similarly, also, we might allude to the wishing wells of Ireland, a reference to which occurs in *The Irish Hudibras* (1689), where the visits of the credulous to such localities are described:

Have you beheld, when people pray
At St John's Well on Patron-day,
By charm of priest and miracle,
To cure diseases at this well,
The valleys filled with blind and lame,
And go as limping as they came?

Space, however, forbids us to give further illustrations of this widespread species of superstition; but those we have quoted will suffice to show how largely the village well has, from the earliest times, been credited with supernatural powers. The survivals, too, of the belief attached to these so-called wishing wells at the present day, afford

an interesting instance of the tenacity with which such forms of credulity linger on, even although the legendary notions which gave rise to them may have long ago passed away.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XII.—AN INDISCRETION.

WHEN the guests were gone, Aunt Judith retired. She was sleepy. She had eaten a good dinner, and eaten heartily, and wanted her rest after it.

'You are going to bed?' said she in the doorway to her niece.

'Eventually,' answered Josephine. 'I must play some good music on the piano first, to dissipate the reminiscence of Strauss and Waldteuffel I have been strumming.'

'Why did you not play good music?'

'Because good music is desecrated if played to those who don't listen, don't value it, and prefer what is bad.'

Aunt Judith yawned, said nothing in reply, and withdrew.

Josephine went to the window and threw it open. The room was warm and close. One window unfolded upon the garden; the other, at right angles into the conservatory. She opened the garden window and stepped out to inhale the fresh air; then, fearful of catching cold, as the dew might be falling, and she had on a low dress, she went in again, and stood in the window, leaning against the side, looking out. She rested the elbow of her right arm in the palm of her left, and held her chin, with the forefinger extended on her cheek. She was in a pretty rose silk dress, with lace about the neck, and short sleeves. The hue suited her admirably; she had looked very pretty that evening, especially when her colour came and her eyes flashed with excitement during her passage of arms with the rector. In her hair was a sprig of azalea, now faded, Madame van Cruyzen, a crimson azalea; and another sprig was in her bosom.

Aunt Judith, a frugal woman, had extinguished all the lights in the drawing-room except those on the piano, which she left because her niece wished to play, and a little lamp in the conservatory, which she forgot. This latter was placed among ferns, and was of red glass, so that it diffused a warm glow over the plants.

Josephine did not care to play from notes, so she blew out the candles before she went to the window. The moon was shining; just over the top of the palings at the bottom of the garden could be seen the sea, a quivering sheet of silver, under the moon; the evening was light, so light that there seemed no blackness in the shadows, only deep blue; the sky was blue, the trees blue, the bushes blue, the moonlight bluish. It may have been the contrast to the red light in the conservatory that gave Josephine this impression, the contrast of coolness of colour also to her own warm tints of dress.

She thought of Captain Sellwood. She had known him as a child, before he went to India; and had seen him since, when he returned on

leave. He had hung about her whenever he came home; she knew that he liked her, and yet he never got far in showing his liking. She remembered once making her father laugh by calling him 'the Morbid Fly.' She had meant that he clung about, was half asleep, a little troublesome, and not very interesting. She had used the expression when she was much younger and did not know the meaning of words. She had intended to call him torpid. Ever after he had gone in the house by the name of the Morbid Fly.

She knew that he was more gifted than he seemed. His fellow-officers spoke highly of him. He had done well in his examinations before going out, so that he could not be deficient in brain; but he was not an interesting man. As the Frenchman said of Truth: it is so precious, 'il faut la bien économiser;' so might Captain Sellwood have said of his wits; he husbanded them so jealously that many doubted if he possessed any. That he was an honourable man, Josephine could not doubt. The rector was so high-principled and sound at core, that a son of his could hardly fail to inherit something of his good quality. On occasion, he had shown that there was energy in him, but only on occasion. All good qualities were in him, as heat and its correlative light are in a stick or in a piece of lump-sugar—latent, only to be made manifest by friction. There are blaze and bang in a percussion cap, but they are developed only by a blow; and when not beaten, a percussion cap is an uninteresting object, deficient in self-assertion.

'Really,' said Josephine, 'I do not want a husband who will be invaluable in emergencies, and a cipher at all other times. Besides, I am not so sure that he would do and say the right thing when roused. It is a weakness of such persons often to do just what is not apropos, and, like his mother, say buttered eggs, when no one is thinking about such things.'

She stepped to the piano and closed it; she would not play any more that night. It might disturb her father and aunt.

She would go out into the pavilion, a small summer-house in the garden, on raised ground that commanded a sea-view; in it she could sit, get cool, and perhaps sleepy. It was of no use her going to bed now; she was far too excited to sleep. Had she spoken her own opinions in her controversy with the rector? She had no opinions. Her moral sense, her views of life, were inchoate. She had merely repeated what she had heard fall from her father, opinions which her mind received without consenting to them, or rejecting them. She had measured arms with the rector out of perversity, because she knew that her father wished her to gain the old parson's good opinion, and because she owed her father a grudge for having wasted her property. That she was cutting off her own nose to spite herself, she was aware, but indifferent to the consequences. That she would meet with angry rebuke, and sneers worse to bear than rebuke, from her father, she also knew, and did not care. She was in that condition of soul which is most dangerous in a young person, a spiritual condition analogous to that of one who in a dark room has lost all his

bearings, does not know where door or window or table or wardrobe is; who beats about with the hands, moves this way, then that, and at last goes forward desperately, knowing that a blow or a fall must ensue, and give the proper bearings of the room. Josephine's mind was in confusion; she hardly could distinguish between right and wrong, and she was perfectly incapable of judging what was her proper course.

She did not care about her fortune that was squandered, because she had made no scheme, built up no hopes on the future when she would be her own mistress. She had one passion—for music, and at one time she thought of going on the stage; so she would escape from home; but she doubted whether she had the perseverance to pass through the drudgery of apprenticeship for the opera; and it was to the opera she turned, with her musical ear and splendid voice.

There had been long simmering in her heart indignation against her father, and impatience with Aunt Judith; and now this boiled over. The baseness of her father had never seemed to her so odious as since she had made the acquaintance of Richard Cable, nor the supineness of her aunt less inexcusable. Her rebellious temper impelled her to no positive line of action; it made her disposed to quarrel with every one who came in her way, and oppose everything that was suggested to her. In nervous disorders, the patient is irritable, and almost insufferable to his nurses; and Josephine was spiritually ill; her moral tissue was in a state of angry excitation. We are her nurses sitting round her, reading her mind, with our fingers on her pulse, counting its furious throbbing. We must be patient with her, and not angry because she seems to us unreasonable. The moral sickness must be borne with as tenderly as the sickness that is physical. Have we not ourselves had our periods of ethical giddiness, when everything swam round us, and the ground gave way under our feet? When we put out our hands grasping in vacuum, we caught at things that could not stay us up.

Or, to vary the simile somewhat, may we not consider our span of life as a tight-rope on which we have to dance our hour? We can do it with the balance-pole in our hands that we are supplied with—a balance-pole of one sort or another—moral principle or social etiquette. How we pirouette, and leap and fall and rebound, and trip and spin on tiptoe, with a smiling face. We have our pole. And what pranks we play with that same pole! Now we bear it horizontally, and then all the lookers-on know we are safe. Anon we balance it on our noses, and folding our arms across the breast, caper a horn-pipe; thereat every breath is held, for all expect our fall. Anon we toss the pole from hand to hand, and sway in our dancing precariously: a gasp from the spectators; we have cast our pole from us high into the air. We are lost! No; a somersault is turned on the rope, and the hands grasp the falling pole in time to steady us again. So we go along our rope to the end; and whether we carry our pole off it at the extremity depends on what the balancing-pole has been.

Some acrobats are sent along the rope without

any pole at all, to balance themselves as best they may with outstretched arms; and under some, nets are spread, which may receive them if they fall; but to others, are only the hard stones of the pavement and sharp flints. When these go down, they never go aloft to dance again; they cause a talk for a day, and are then forgotten. The broken creatures lie all about us; they can be counted by scores. We thank God we are not as they; we have our balancing-poles and our receiving-nets, and have not our spasms of supreme agony, when our feet totter, our heads whirl, and we know we are lost. Not we. We have social etiquette, which can never fail us, which will always restore our equilibrium, always remain in our hands and keep us upright; always, that is, till we reach the end of our cord, and then we throw it away for ever.

As Josephine sat in the summer-house, she was quite in the dark. The house was of board, painted, with a conical roof, no window, only a side-door. Through this door she looked on the quivering silver belt of the sea. A cloud obscured the moon, but not the rays that fell on the sea, which gained in brilliancy by the obscuration of the moon. She knew that the tide was full. The hour was midnight, and when the tide was at noon day or night, then were the highest tides at Hanford. She could hear the lap of the water on the seawall outside the garden palings—a cool pleasant murmur, that soothed her. Without thinking of what she was doing, moved by the sight of the glittering water and the sound of the tide, she began to sing the mermaid's air in *Oberon*. As she sang, she thought she heard a sweet whistle repeating the air; she stopped, and the whistle continued it. She flushed in the dark. Richard Cable was without, on the seawall, in the moonlight, watching the tide, by the garden gate. She sang another verse and stopped, and again the whistle echoed the strain.

Then she started up. 'What can have brought him here? He has been thinking about me! I have some crackers for his children. I put the box aside in the conservatory.' She did not stop to consider what she was about; she ran to the house, stepped into the little glass veranda and took the box. Then she also stooped and carefully raised the ruby-globed lamp, and went out into the garden with the box of gilt crackers in one hand, and the ruby lamp in the other. She took the lamp partly that she might show Richard the pretty crackers by its light, as the moon was hidden; partly, also, out of a sense of vanity, because she wished him to see her in her rose silk evening dress, and artificial light was necessary to bring out its colour. Another, a third reason, also influenced her, as unacknowledged as her vanity: an instinctive sense of imprudence in going out of the garden gate at midnight to speak to a man, and a fancy that the bearing of a light would modify the imprudence.

Josephine, for her trip along the rope of life, had been given by her father no balancing-pole whatever, certainly no moral principle. She walked through the garden, softly singing the mermaid's song, bearing the coloured light, a pretty object, had there been any one there to see her. The garden gate could be opened by

the hand from the inside, but only by a latch-key from without. When she came to it, she put the box of crackers under her chin, and held it thus whilst her disengaged hand drew back the latch. Then, in a moment she stepped through, and with a merry laugh, stood lamp in hand before Cable; and the door closed behind her unregarded. She raised the lamp and let the rosy light fall over her face and hair and bare neck and shoulders.

The boatman took off his cap and stood as one dumfounded, holding his cap to his breast with both hands, looking at her.

'Are you not surprised to see me, Mr Cable?'

'Very—miss. I thought I saw a fairy, or a vision.'

'And I,' she said, smiling, 'I was surprised too. I sang, and heard an echo. I came out to see whence the echo came, and found you. How come you here at this time of night?'

'Well, miss,' answered Cable deferentially, 'I am up so much of nights when aboard the light-ship, looking after my lamp; and now that I am ashore, I can't always sleep; and this being a beautiful night, and the tide flowing full, I thought I'd walk on the wall.—But, miss, excuse me; you ought not to be here.'

'Oh, I have only come to give you this box of gilt crackers; it will amuse the children. Each contains a trifle, a brooch, or a ring, or an anchor. How they will laugh over them!'

'Yes,' said Cable; 'but I had rather you had not brought them now.'

'I give you them. Take them. I must go back.'

'Yes, miss, at once.'

She put her hand to the garden door. It was fast. 'O Mr Cable!' she exclaimed, as her heart stood still.

'Hush!' He put his finger to his lip.

Both heard voices close at hand, on the seawall. The wall made a bend at the garden paling, so that those approaching from one direction were invisible. On the other side it extended straight forward for a mile.

The moon burst forth in a flood of light. Instinctively, Cable and Josephine looked along the wall. No escape was possible in that direction. Seaward also was no escape; the tide was in and washed the base of the dike. The sailor put his foot against the door; it was too strong to be burst open.

Josephine blew out the light, and then was aware that it was useless for her to do this: she could not be hid. She stood in her evening dress, in the glare of full moon, against the painted, boarded wall, and Cable beside her, exposed to the sight of any one turning the corner, without possibility of escape, without a place where she could hide.

Scarce a moment was afforded her to determine what to do, when round the angle came the rector and his son, arm in arm.

'My dear Algernon,' said Parson Sellwood, 'you need not be afraid; she is right at heart. It is human nature to be perverse.'

Then, all at once, the two gentlemen saw those before them.

'My dear Josephine!' exclaimed the rector.—'Good gracious! what is the meaning of this?'

Josephine looked down, and her voice faltered

as she said: 'I came with crackers for the children, and the gate closed—and—and I asked Mr Cable to take the crackers home to his little ones.'

'The gate fast?' asked the rector. 'Locked out on the wall at midnight. O Josephine!'

In a moment, the captain threw his overcoat that he had on his arm upon the spikes that incrustated the top of the palings, and laying both his hands on the coat, lifted himself over, and in another minute had opened the door.

'We are inconsiderate,' said Captain Sellwood; 'we must not keep Miss Cornellis standing here making explanations.'

'No,' said the rector, 'inventing explanations.' He clicked his tongue in his mouth.—'What a pity it is you have lost your mother. To a young girl, nothing can replace a mother; no, not the best of aunts.—Shut the gate.—Come on, Algy.' He said nothing to Cable; but as he relinked his arm in that of his son, after a few paces in silence, he muttered: 'No; it won't do. I am sorry. There is good in the girl; but—it won't do, Algernon. Look elsewhere.'

THE EYE AND ITS VARIETIES.

AMIDST all the marvels which the world of nature offers to the reflective and observant mind, there are few which surpass in interest the wonders revealed by a study of the mechanism of sight in the animal kingdom. An exhaustive study of comparative anatomy is by no means necessary to realise these wonders; in fact, we require to be reflective as regards obvious and familiar details, rather than learned in scientific terms and anatomical discoveries. No very extensive knowledge of the structure of the eye, for instance, is necessary to grasp the full significance of the fact that the views obtainable from the top of St Paul's Cathedral or the dizzy pinnacles of the Alps enter the eye through an aperture of about an eighth of an inch diameter, and are reproduced in the interior of the eye on a surface averaging the size of a sixpence, from which the size, shape, colour, position, and general peculiarity of every object within range are accurately conveyed to the brain. This is only one of the ordinary wonders of the human eye, but shares the fate of many others in that it seldom occupies a moment's thought—no more thought, in fact, than we bestow upon the varieties of sight in the lower animals and the lessons we may learn from them.

Most of us, in these days of cheap science manuals, are familiar with the general structure of our own eyes and the rudimentary principles of optical science; and we are so accustomed to look upon this particular plan of construction as the only one by which vision can be accomplished, that it is impossible not to feel astonished when further observation discloses the extraordinary variety of structural arrangements which are to be found in the descending scale of animals. In complicity and minuteness of detail, the eye of man and the higher animals surpasses all others; yet its structure may be said to explain itself, and

to be a comparatively simple plan, when regarded in connection with the laws of optics. It is exactly such as might be imagined as a consequence of known laws of light transmission and known properties of matter. A first glimpse, therefore, into the structure of the eyes of the lower or invertebrate animals is somewhat perplexing, owing to the apparent contradictions met with; for the seemingly simple plan of the mammal eye is lost in a diversity of external form and internal structure which is truly marvellous; in some cases, the elements considered to be essential are apparently missing; and in others, additions are found which have no counterpart in eyes supposed to be more perfect.

A little reflection will, however, show that these diversities of structure, wherever met with, are necessary to the particular mode of life which their possessor was designed to lead in the ranks of creation. In almost all mammals, for instance, below the Primates, a third eyelid—or, as it is called, the 'nictitating' membrane—is found, commodiously folded up in the inner corner of the eyeball, ready at any instant to sweep across its surface. This is found in the eyes of all birds, and of such quadrupeds as require it, its use being to wash the eye free from any foreign particles with the help of the lachrymal humour, and to defend it from sudden injuries. It is not altogether an opaque membrane, and therefore, when brought into play by birds dashing through the air, or flying straight upwards in the full glare of the rays of the sun, it prevents the entrance of dust or other injurious matter, protects the eye from too strong a light, and at the same time does not interfere with sight. The motion of this membrane is performed in a curious manner; there are not two antagonistic muscles, one pulling forward and the other backward, as one might imagine; but only one muscle, attached by a tendon to the membrane. The nictitating membrane itself is an elastic substance, capable of being drawn out by force like a piece of elastic, and returning to its former position when the force is removed. The muscle which exercises this force is one of the most marvellous mechanisms to be found in nature. Placed at the back of the eye, it is passed through a loop formed by another muscle, and there inflected as if it were round a pulley. This peculiarity, necessary for the rapid action which is required, is one which has many advantages. In order that the membrane could be drawn over the whole eye, a longer muscle than could be extended within the compass at the base of the eye was required. A greater length in a smaller compass is obtained by the cord of the main muscle making an angle, and the whole action contrived to a nicety by the angle, instead of being round a fixed pivot, being round a loop formed by another muscle, with the result, that whenever the second muscle contracts, it suddenly twitches the first muscle at the point of tendon, and thereby produces the rapid action of the nictitating membrane. One of the purposes of this membrane is, as mentioned, to wash the eye. In man and some of his nearest allies, this function is performed by winking the eyelids, and there is no necessity for any further assistance from a third eyelid. In the same way it is unnecessary in the inhabitants of the waters. It is therefore absent in the

great whale family and in all fishes—the ocean, the river, or the lake supplying the necessary lotion. But there is more than the absence of this wonderful nictitating membrane to notice in the eyes of fishes, for they have no true eyelids at all. Skin of a structure sufficiently transparent to allow of the passage of the rays of light passes over the eye, and thus obviates the necessity for even eyelids. In some cases, as in the eel, a special protection to the eye is found—the eel has to work its head through hard, rough substances such as gravel and sand. To defend the eye from injury, therefore, a transparent, horny convex case is placed before the eye in such a manner as to defend the organ without impeding the sight: another wonderful instance of design. The contrivances for the protection of the eyes in the different branches of the animal world are indeed a constant marvel to the thoughtful. The nictitating membrane is the most conspicuous, and forms a contrast to the singular and unique arrangement which exists only in the chameleon. Instead of two eyelids, the organ is covered by an eyelid with a hole in it, and for an obvious reason. The neck of the chameleon is inflexible, and to make up for this, the eye is so prominent that more than half the ball projects from the head, the muscles being such that the pupil of the eye can be carried in every direction. To defend and lubricate the globe of an eye so unusually exposed, a special contrivance was necessary, hence the pierced lid—the lid itself keeping the principal part of the surface of the eye under cover and in a due state of humidity without a constant nictitation, and the aperture allowing the necessary admission of light.

The position of the eyes on the head, varying, as it does, the lower we descend in the animal world, affords further food for reflection. In birds and the higher animals, the position is uniform, and obviously most beautiful, symmetrical, and useful; but in fishes and insects we find an endless variety as to position, direction, and dimensions. In some fishes, the eyes have an upward aspect, and are very close together; in others, they are at the side, and so wide apart as to be slightly downward in direction; whilst in soles, turbot, flounders, and others of the same family, the eyes are placed, as it were, one above the other, and both upon the same side of the head. Some have enormously large eyes; others are so small as to be scarcely visible; and others, again, so rudimentary as to be merely a minute fold of skin on which a cerebral nerve terminates. Generally speaking, however, the eye of fishes is large, with especially broad open pupils; and the crystalline lens much rounder than in the eyes of terrestrial animals—another proof of design, evidently intended to enable them to collect whatever rays of light penetrate to the hidden depths of the ocean, refraction of rays of light by a more convex surface being a necessity from water into the eye. But of all fishes, the anableps has perhaps the most noteworthy eye. The creature swims half above the surface of the water, and the eye is divided horizontally into two portions, the one for seeing in the water, the other in the air. Insects, again, are provided with the most wonderful organs of sight. Their nature and construction are different from all others, and two kinds of eyes, the simple and the

composite, are united in one small creature. The simple eyes are generally three, and are situated on the crown of the head between the more elaborate organs of sight. The structure of each kind is perfectly distinct. The composite eyes are a marvellous combination of a multiplicity of perfect eyes, which may be seen in a microscopic examination of the cornea. The cornea then stands revealed as a mass of many thousand regularly disposed hexagonal facets, each of which is in itself a perfect eye. In the head of a butterfly, nearly thirty-five thousand have been counted; and some insects are supposed to be still more numerously supplied. The simple eyes, on the other hand, are simple, as their name implies; each simple eye is a single organ, the cornea exhibiting no appearance of facets. The uses of these eyes, which the unwearying researches of naturalists have now established, are as interesting as they are extraordinary. Réaumur, in his well-known experiments, first smeared the compound eyes of insects with paint, and next the simple eyes; and discovered that the compound eyes are for horizontal sight, and the simple for vertical; since those whose compound eyes were closed flew straight up into the air until they were lost to sight, and those whose simple eyes were operated upon winged their way on all sides amongst the flowers around, but neither ascended into the air nor flew far away. Compound eyes, in addition, are supposed, and with good reason, to have the power of magnifying; and a comical story is recorded of Puget adjusting the eye of a flea in such a way as to see objects through it, and finding that a soldier appeared like an army of pigmies, for what it multiplied it diminished; and the flame of a candle seemed the illumination of a thousand fairy lamps.

Equally unmistakable evidences of design are found in the sharpness of sight accorded to some creatures, and the deficiency in others. Sir John Lubbock has shown us how the exceptionally intelligent ant race depends entirely on the sense of smell as a guide to its movement, and that so effectual and unerring is the sense of smell, that sight is scarcely needed; and that, in fact, the workers have in most cases no vision at all, though they are descended from flying insects with highly developed eyes. The antennæ have developed to such an extent as to render sight a useless adjunct, and where, through accident or otherwise, the antennæ are wanting, the ant is 'as helpless as a blind man among ourselves.'

The opposite extreme to the ant in a visual sense is to be found in one or two kinds of birds. A hawk can spy a lark upon a piece of earth almost exactly the same colour at twenty times the distance it is perceptible to a man or dog; a kite soaring out of human sight can still distinguish and pounce upon lizards and field-mice on the ground; and the distance at which vultures and eagles can spy out their prey is almost incredible. Recent discoveries, and especially Darwin's observations, have inclined naturalists to the belief that birds of prey have not the acute sense of smell with which they were once accredited. Their acute sight seems better to account for their actions, and they appear to be guided by sight alone, as they never sniff at anything, but dart straight at the object of their desire. Their counterparts in the ocean, however, undoubtedly

see and smell equally well, but are more guided by smell than sight. In both sharks and rays, the eyes are good, and have a most distinct expression; though, since they scent their prey from a distance, and swim up to it with great rapidity, 'smell,' as Lacépède says, 'may be called their real eye.' Smell, in Mr Herbert Spencer's definition, is anticipatory taste, while sight is anticipatory touch; and the manner in which sight, as the dominating sense, is substituted for smell, the higher the evolution of the animal, is remarkably interesting to follow, once the varieties of sight are understood, and both sight and smell are studied in connection with the particular habits of the creature for which they were designed. Turn where we will, sight and the organs of sight are everywhere adapted in the most perfect manner to the necessities of the animal world; and in realising this fact, we realise the truth of the words: 'The first wonder is the offspring of ignorance, the last is the parent of adoration.'

THE BUSHFORD CASE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. VII.—LAURA.

Of the wretched time which followed the trial, how can I write? Even now, when I look back on that time after a lapse of thirty years, I almost shudder as I recall to remembrance what we all suffered. Sometimes I think those days could never have really been—that I must have passed them in delirium or in a dream, they appear at once so shadowy, and yet so deeply graven on my memory.

Before the verdict which was to send Ernest to a shameful death was actually given, we had hope, although it was but faint. Now, all hope was lost. No; not *all* hope. I should have said all reasonable hope; but when that has passed away, we still cling to something that is at least akin to hope, even if it have no reason in it.

The only chance I could perceive for Ernest's escape was in Laura's confession; but I buoyed the others up with the idea that something might be done by a memorial to the Crown, although I myself well knew its inutility, after the judge's expression of opinion in summing up and in passing sentence. I say that I buoyed the others up; but Laura was an exception. I seized an opportunity for speaking to her alone, and telling her that I only expressed this hope for the sake of assuaging Amy's violent grief; but, knowing her superior strength of mind, I thought it best to tell her plainly that nothing now could possibly save Ernest except the discovery of the real assassin. I did this that she might clearly see that his fate was in her hands, and in her hands alone. She thanked me for my candour; but there was no change in her to indicate what her course would be; there was the same hard tone in her passionless voice, the same blank look in her despairing face and tearless eye. What a contrast to Amy's hysterical bursts of grief!

I got them all away from Goldstone as speedily as I could.

Sir Robert Coveney and Bob were most kind in their attention both during the trial and after it; but they did not accompany us to London. Poor Bob! he had been so sanguine as to the result of his evidence, that I verily believe the reaction caused him for the time as much sorrow as was felt by any of us.

Before we left Goldstone, Amy implored me to take her to Ernest, and Laura joined in her supplication; but I told them it was impossible: though I, as his counsel, might be allowed to see him, no one else would be permitted to do so at present. Later on, an admission order, no doubt, would be obtainable for Amy, though I thought it very improbable that one would be granted for Laura, as she was only his cousin. I said this because I knew Ernest would decline to see her.

'Will they have the cruelty to refuse me even the slight comfort of bidding him a last farewell?' she asked.

'I fear so; but we shall see.'

Although I felt sure that an appeal to the Crown would be useless, I did not neglect to make the attempt. I drew up a memorial setting forth all the weak points in the evidence against Ernest, and particularly dwelling on the fact that so soon as Sergeant Mellish had conceived the idea of his being the criminal, all subsequent researches were made with the view of fixing the guilt on him, and on him alone, the possibility of any other person being the murderer being utterly ignored.

Knowing well that the issue would depend almost entirely on the report of the judge, I waited on him. His manner was so kind and sympathetic, that I was sorely tempted to open my whole heart to him and tell him the truth; but I dared not: my tongue was tied by my solemn promise to Ernest to do nothing that would bring Laura within the grasp of the law. I went so far, however, as to declare—what professional etiquette forbade my doing at the trial—my firm conviction, nay, certainty of Ernest's innocence.

'My lord,' I exclaimed, 'I would stake my existence in this world and all my hopes for the next on the fact of his being guiltless of this crime.'

'Mr Devon,' his lordship said, 'I had an impression at the trial—and that impression is strengthened now—that you were keeping something in reserve. Am I right?'

'You are, my lord.'

'Then, what is that something?'

'I cannot tell you.'

'Then you give me no chance of assisting you.'

I felt that he spoke the truth, but I was helpless, and remained silent.

'Mr Devon,' the judge continued, 'you were absent from England at the time of the murder, and therefore can, of your own knowledge, be acquainted with nothing concerning it. I fear it is only the prisoner's own statement that you rely on.'

'Not wholly, my lord; I have evidence to confirm it.'

'Is that evidence strong?'

'To me, convincing.'

'But would it convince me?'

I was silent; and his lordship resumed: 'I can well understand your feelings, and can sympathise with them; but I fear your old affection for your cousin has made you—pardon the word—his dupe. A man who could commit such an act, would have no hesitation in inventing a lying tale to impose on you.'

'It is not so, indeed, my lord. Was his the bearing of a guilty man?'

'Mr Devon, when you have had my experience, and occupy a position like mine—as I trust you some day will—you will know that a guilty man, in nine cases out of ten, can look the world more firmly in the face than an innocent one, when charged with such a crime as that. I feel for you deeply, and for the wretched young man's sister, and for the young lady who is betrothed to him; but I can judge the case only by the evidence produced, and that evidence appeared to me to be conclusive. I will look over my notes again most carefully; and if I can find anything to shake my opinion, the prisoner shall have the benefit of it. More than this I cannot promise, consistently with my duty.'

After thanking him, I withdrew.

Private converse with Ernest was now denied; but I obtained permission, though with considerable difficulty, to see him alone for a short time. Our meeting was a painful one, as may be supposed. I was far more affected than he was; indeed, now that his fate was almost inevitable, his mind appeared to be less agitated than it had been before. I urged him, now that all other hope seemed gone, to release me from my promise respecting Laura; but he was firm in his refusal. He even endeavoured to persuade me to refrain from speaking to Laura herself till all was over. On this point, however, I was as firm as he. The only concession I would make was that I would be silent until after the final decision of the Home Secretary was received. The one last hope of saving him by bringing Laura to a confession, I would not resign, say all he could.

'Her confession, Harry,' Ernest said, 'can make little difference to me. If she should take my place here and pay the forfeit of her crime, do you suppose that I could long survive her? I should not desire to do so, for life then would be but misery to me. I am prepared for death now; let her live for repentance.'

'She would have ample time for repentance here. Should she permit you to die for her, she will be guilty of a still more heinous crime than her first—one for which a long life would be too short for repentance. And then, Ernest, remember Amy. If she lose her brother, and by such a death, all her future life will be embittered. Have you forgotten her?'

'Forgotten her!' he exclaimed. 'The thought of her sorrow is the bitterest pang I have to bear; but it is tempered by the knowledge that I shall leave her in the care of one who will more than compensate her for the loss of such a brother as I—one who will be to her husband and brother both. You will not desert her, Harry, or love her less because she is the sister of a felon?'

'Ernest!'

'No, no; I know you better than that, old boy; you will cherish her all the more fondly.'

'Indeed, indeed, I will,' I answered, as well as my emotion would permit.

'I dread the trial of our final parting, both for myself and her,' Ernest resumed; 'but I cannot die without seeing her once more. Our interview must be delayed till the last, Harry; then, if my position remain unchanged, you will bring her to me.'

I wrung his hand in silence, and so we parted.

My readers, perhaps, have wondered that I have written so little of Amy; but Amy, though inexpressibly dear to me, is not the heroine of my tale. She is not—and never was—a heroine at all. Had she been one, she would, of course, like all heroines, have immolated herself on the shrine of duty and unselfish love, and positively renounced the idea of ever becoming mine. She would have sternly refused to blight all my prospects in life—to render me liable to be pointed at as the man who had married a felon's sister, and—all the rest of it. No; she was not a heroine! Dear girl! no such thoughts, I am sure, ever entered into her loving heart.

The days which intervened between the trial and the day when Ernest was to die were one by one being numbered with the past. Each hour as it dragged itself along seemed like a day; each day, when gone, seemed but as an hour. There was no action now to keep my thoughts from dwelling on our trouble, and that awful trouble came more sternly home to me than it had done before.

Amy found some relief in her frequent bursts of tears; but she grew thin, and the colour left her cheeks.

Laura seemed to move and speak mechanically; her eyes lost not their brightness, but there were dark circles round them, and lines made their appearance by the corners of her mouth. There was that sort of dull apathy in her manner, which, if it find not relief, must sooner or later end in madness. Would she find that relief in confession and atonement? Was she but waiting for the reply to my memorial to the Crown? Surely she would not, loving Ernest as she professed to do—nay, as I was convinced she did—surely she would not let him go to his death, when she had the power to save his life by giving hers! There was no lack of courage in her character; that I knew: why, then, was she silent? The time must soon come when Laura would have to decide upon her course. At least she should know that her crime was no secret from me and Ernest—that it should be no secret from Amy and my mother. Then, let her choose between her duty and deathless infamy—in our hearts at least, if not in the eyes of the world.

The reply from the Home Secretary came to me within three days of that fixed for the fatal ceremony. After consulting with the judge and carefully considering the evidence, he could find nothing to justify him in interfering with the course of the law: the sentence must be carried out.

I was thoroughly prepared for this, and it affected me but little; indeed, it seemed to me that my cup of misery was full and could not be added to.

Determined to no longer delay a full explana-

tion with Laura, I repaired to the house in which they were all residing. My mother met me at the door: I told her the result of my efforts, and begged her to break the news to Amy, leaving Laura to me. With a woman's tact, she soon found an excuse for drawing Amy from the room. Laura and I were alone together. For a minute or two we sat in silence: she was the first to break it. 'Harry,' she said, 'you have something to say to me; what is it?'

I put the official letter I had received into her hand. She unfolded it, and read it through slowly and deliberately. When she had finished, she refolded it carefully and returned it to me before speaking. Then she said: 'It is no more than I expected; you told me it must be so. Why do you show it to me?'

'Because I thought it best to verify my statement by proof.'

'Proof!' she exclaimed. 'Do you imagine, Harry, that I doubted your word?'

'No, Laura; but I wished to show you conclusively that all that I can do for Ernest, I have done, and have failed.'

'I know it, Harry!'

I went on, without heeding her interruption: 'If he is to be saved'—

'If he is to be saved!' she cried, rising from her seat. 'Is there, then, still a hope?'

'There is a hope—more than a hope—a certainty.'

'Oh! how is it to be done?'

'I can but point the way. I am powerless to act—his safety is in another's hands.'

'In whose? In whose?'

'In yours, Laura!'

'In mine!' All her coldness and apathy were gone now, and she spoke rapidly and eagerly. 'How? how? Quick! tell me! How is it to be done?'

'What would you do and suffer to save him?'

'What would I do and suffer to save him? Oh! what would I *not* do and suffer! Only tell me what I *am* to do!'

'Can you not guess?'

'No, no! Tell me, tell me!'

I placed the earring pendant before her.

'What is this?' she asked.

'Do you not recognise it?'

'Yes, yes. But what of it?'

'Have you not missed it?'

'Yes. I lost it on that dreadful evening, but thought no more of it. Why do you talk of such a thing as that now?' She pushed it, almost threw it from her. 'Tell me at once how Ernest is to be saved!'

'By the confession of the real assassin!'

'The real assassin!' she exclaimed. 'Is he discovered, then?'

'Laura,' I said, fixing my eyes on hers, 'I found that pendant in the breast-pocket of my poor uncle's coat—the coat he was wearing when he was murdered.'

'Again the pendant! What if you did find it there? It must have fallen from my ear when I kissed him.'

'It fell from your ear when the dreadful deed was done—it fell from the ear of the real assassin!'

Laura turned ghastly pale, and her right hand clutched the back of the chair by which she was

standing; then she drew a long, deep breath, and said, almost hissing the words from between her teeth: 'And do you, Harry Devon, dare to suspect me of such a crime, and on such evidence as that?' and she pointed disdainfully to the pendant.

'Not on that evidence alone, Laura; nor is it I alone who suspect you. Ernest.'—

'What! have you poisoned his heart against me? This accounts for his refusing to see me!'

'He refused to see you from the first, before I had seen him. It was not I who caused him to suspect you—nay, more than suspect.'—

'Oh! this is too much to bear,' she cried. 'He to suspect me—not only of being a murderess, but of allowing him to be imprisoned, tried, and condemned for my crime! I never doubted his innocence, with all that evidence against him; I would not have believed him guilty on any evidence; I would not have believed my own eyes, had I seen him do it!'

'Laura,' I exclaimed, '*he saw you do it!*'

For a few seconds she gazed at me with a blank look of horror on her face, and slowly repeated the words: 'He—saw—me—do—it!' with a pause between each, as if she scarcely comprehended them; then, with a wild shriek, and before I had time to stretch out a hand to save her, she fell like a stone senseless at my feet.

I knelt by her side, and attempted to raise her from the ground. Before I could do so, Lena, her maid, rushed into the room, and thrusting me away, cried: 'Brute! you have killed my dear mistress!'

Then, throwing her arms around Laura, with an exertion of strength of which I should not have deemed her capable, she lifted her up and placed her in a chair.

My mother and Amy, alarmed by the scream, now returned to the room, and together we endeavoured to restore Laura to sensibility. For some time our efforts were vain; but at length we succeeded in bringing her back to life—but not to reason. She opened her eyes, and looked vacantly around, while her lips parted, and she murmured the words: 'He—saw—me—do—it!' In this half-conscious state she remained, ever monotonously repeating the same words.

A physician was sent for; but he could do little or nothing. Before night came, Laura was raving in the delirium of brain-fever.

NOVEL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

In a number of the *London Magazine* of 1767 was this curious announcement, addressed to all foreigners and others: 'This is to give notice that the English vulgar tongue is taught at Billingsgate by a company of qualified fishwomen upon very reasonable terms.' An equally curious notice is said to be given by a minister in Salem County, New Jersey, namely, that he will perform the marriage ceremony on the most accommodating terms. 'Those who are not blessed with cash can pay the fee in cordwood, bacon, or corn.' A Liverpool furrier informs 'those ladies who wish to have a really genuine article, that he will be happy to make them muffs, boas, &c. 'of their own skins.' This is matched by the

proprietor of a bone-mill, who announces that 'Parties sending their own bones to be ground will find their orders attended to with punctuality and despatch.'

An Irish provincial paper inserted the following notice: 'Whereas Patrick O'Connor lately left his lodgings; this is to give notice that if he does not return immediately and pay for the same, he will be advertised.' A countryman of the author of the above, not to be outdone in the same line, announced in an Irish journal that, among other portraits, he had a representation of 'Death as large as life.' But one of the latest of Irish bulls is the following from an editorial in one of the leading papers of the Nationalist party, the other day: 'So long as Ireland was silent under her wrongs, England was deaf to her cries.'

Book-lenders might do worse than take a hint from the following, which is said to have appeared on the notice board of a certain Oxford college: 'Mr Blank having lent a volume of Plato to some one, and being unable to remember to whom he has lent it, ventures to point out to the unknown borrower that under the unusual circumstances of the case, he would be quite justified in returning the book to its owner without waiting for a more direct invitation.'

In a certain benighted part of the country may be seen, on the outside of a humble cottage, the following inscription in large gilt letters: 'A seminary for young ladies.' This was perhaps too abstruse for the villagers, as immediately underneath there is added, in rude characters: 'Notey beney—allso, a galls skool.' More comprehensive was the curious inscription at one time to be seen over a door in a village in Somersetshire: 'Petticoats mended; children taught reading, writing, and dancing; grown-up people taught to spin; roses distilled, and made into a proper resistance with water; also old shoes bought and sold.'

A foreign paper describes a board hung up in front of a house with these words on it: 'Room to let on the first floor at six dollars a month. Lowest price four dollars.' Another tells us that the following announcement is in an hotel at Algiers: 'Customers are politely requested not to kick the hall porters.' This is as good as the notice put up in an American hotel: 'Customers are requested not to go to bed with their boots on;' and also reminds us of a notice over the piano in a mining camp 'free-and-easy: 'Please don't shoot the player—he is doing his best.'

In a parlour window of a certain house, a bill was displayed with, 'To let, a small sitting-room and bedroom, with a superb view of an immense garden, much frequented, planted with large trees, brilliant with flowers, and decorated with numerous statues and other works of art.' The garden in question was a cemetery.—We are told that a placard posted up throughout the town of Dundee once announced the 'opening of the

Theatre Royal under the management of Miss Goddard, newly decorated and painted.'

Politeness could not be carried further than it is at a certain coal-mine in Dudley, where a notice warns all and sundry in these terms: 'Please do not fall down the shaft.' That 'please' is excellent.

All business men who hold with Lord Bacon that 'friends are robbers of our time,' will fail to see any harshness in the notice which was posted conspicuously in an office: 'Shut the door; and as soon as you have done talking on business, serve your mouth in the same way.'—A gentleman put up the following at his gatehouse: 'A Terrifikokaiblondomenoi kept here.' A friend asked him what tremendous affair that was. He replied: 'Oh, it is just three big Greek words put all together; but it serves the purpose well: the unknown is always dreadful.'

At a market town in Rutlandshire, the following placard is affixed to the shutters of a watchmaker, who had decamped, leaving his creditors minus: 'Wound up, and the mainspring broke.'—As pithy and curious was the notice lately stuck up on the window of a London coffee-house: 'This coffee-room removed up-stairs till repaired.'

In a respectable luncheon bar in Westminster, the writer was once amused by seeing a placard announcing the arrival of fresh 'muscles.' After this, he was not surprised to see a street hawker in Cheapside bearing a card which informed the public that bird 'wobblers,' as he called his whistles, were only one penny each.

There are many curious signs and business announcements to be found in London, of which a few are: 'Sick dogs medically attended by the week or month. Birds to board. Ladies' and gentlemen's feet and hands professionally treated by the job or season. Round-shouldered persons made straight. Babies or children hired or exchanged. False noses as good as new, and warranted to fit. Black eyes painted very neatly.'

In the extreme West, we hear of a shanty which bears the sign: 'Here's where you get a meal like your mother used to give you.'

A kind of witty contest has sometimes been carried on between sign proprietors. For instance, we are told that Mr Isaac Came, a rich shoemaker of Manchester, who left his property to public charities, opened his first shop opposite to the building where he had been a servant, and put up a sign which read: 'I. Came—from over the way.'—Somewhat like this was the sign of a tavern-keeper named Danger, near Cambridge, who, having been driven out of his house, built another opposite and inscribed it: 'Danger—from over the way.' The successor retorted by putting up a new inscription: 'There is no danger here now.'

But in alluring business announcements, few can match those in the flowery language of the Celestials. The traveller must have been amused who saw in Pekin scores of curiously worded signboards, of which these are a few specimens: 'Shop of Heaven-sent Luck,' 'Mutton Shop of Morning Twilight,' 'The Nine Felicities Prolonged,' 'Flowers rise to the Milky-way,' 'The Honest Pen Shop of Li' would seem a reflection

on his rivals. A charcoal shop calls itself the 'Fountain of Beauty,' and a place for the sale of coals indulges in the title of 'Heavenly Embroidery,' and 'The Thrice Righteous' is a pretension one would scarcely expect from an opium shop.

An old farmer employed a son of Erin to work for him on his farm. Pat was constantly misplacing the end boards in the cart—the front board behind and the tail board in front, which made the old gentleman very irritable. To prevent blunders, he resolved to distinguish each board by some sign or notice thereon. Accordingly, he painted on both boards a large 'B'; then, calling Pat to him, and showing him the boards, he said: 'Now, you blockhead, you need make no mistake, as they are both marked. This'—pointing to one board—'is "B" for before; and that'—indicating the tail board—'is "B" for behind;' whereupon the old gentleman marched off with great dignity.

A German paper relates that during the absence of his son Louis, who had gone on a distant journey, Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, who then resided at the palace of Belle Vue, near Berlin, caused some alterations to be made in the park by the introduction of artificial hills, lakes, and grottos, in order to gratify the young Prince's love of the romantic when he returned from his foreign tour. Soon after his arrival, Prince Louis was shown round the park by his proud father, who did not fail to point out to him all the beauties of the scenery. An hour later, a placard, placed by some wag, was discovered on the outer gate with the following inscription: 'Visitors are requested to be careful not to crush the hills flat by stepping on them. No dogs allowed, as they might drink up the lakes. No one is permitted to pocket any of the rocks that are lying about.—By Order.'

A swimming-school in Frankfort-on-the-Main announces in English: 'Swimming instructions given by a teacher of both sexes.'—An allusion to swimming reminds us that at Dieppe, that famous bathing-place, there are police established whose duty it is to rescue persons from danger. This notice is said to have been recently issued to them: 'The bathing police are requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress, and not by the hair, which oftentimes remains in their grasp.'

A country paper in a notice of a lecture given by a phrenologist, said: 'Behind the platform is a large gallery of life-size portraits twelve feet high.' This odd notice reminds us of the handbill put forth at Exeter which was headed: 'Wanted, a few healthy members to complete a Sick Society.'

Obituary notices have not always the solemnity about their composition which is thought desirable. A country sculptor was ordered to engrave on a tombstone the following words: 'A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.' The stone, however, being small, he engraved on it: 'A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband.'

Scarcely so ingenious, but equally absurd, is the Hibernian notice said to be seen over the entrance gate to a French burying-ground: 'Only the dead who live in this parish are buried here.'—A New York stone-cutter is said to have received this epitaph from a German, to be cut

upon the tombstone of his wife: 'Mine wife Susan is dead. If she had lived till next Friday she'd been dead shut two weeks. "As a tree fall so must it stand."'

THE STORY OF CAPTAIN GLASS.

IN October 1728, the Rev. John Glass, a clergyman of the Established Church of Scotland, was deposed from his ministry, and originated the first dissenting body in Scotland. He gathered a number of sympathisers around him, and founded the body of Christians commonly known as the Glassites in Scotland, and the Sandemanians in England. It is, however, not with this worthy divine whom we have at present to do, but with one of his sons, whose adventurous but short and untimely career deserves to be better known than it probably is at present.

George Glass was, when quite a lad, entered as a midshipman in the royal navy, and rose to the rank of lieutenant. He then left the government service, and became master of a merchant vessel. Among other foreign parts visited by him in the mercantile marine, Glass made several voyages to the west coast of Africa, which at this time was only imperfectly known. On one of his trips he discovered a river between Cape Verd and Senegal, which he found was navigable for a considerable length inland. Thinking his discovery to be of some moment, Glass spent a lengthened period in exploring the surrounding district, and came to the conclusion that it would form a desirable site for a new trading settlement. He also succeeded in mastering the language of the natives, and thus was enabled to obtain valuable information about the resources of the country. From what he learned, he was convinced that a large trade could be opened up with the interior, more especially in gold-dust and ivory, which the inhabitants told him were to be had in abundance.

Captain Glass now lost no time in setting sail homewards; and on arriving at London, immediately laid his projected scheme before the proper authorities. These latter looked favourably upon the plan, but hesitated to accept his conditions, which certainly seem to have been rather extravagant, Glass demanding an exclusive grant of the country for all trading purposes for thirty years. After some negotiations, however, Glass came to an agreement with the Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, by which he was guaranteed the sum of fifteen thousand pounds, on condition that he obtained a voluntary cession of the country by the natives to the British Crown. On this arrangement being come to, Captain Glass entered into partnership with a wealthy firm of merchants, who supplied him with a ship and valuable cargo of merchandise; and in the month of August 1764 he set sail from Gravesend, accompanied by his wife and daughter. After a favourable voyage,

they safely arrived at their destination, which the captain now christened Port Hillsborough. According to his expectations, he had very little difficulty in persuading the natives to cede their territory to Great Britain. A treaty was therefore drawn up, and signed by all the principal chiefs or head-men of the district. Unfortunately, the coast at this time was suffering from severe famine, and provisions were so difficult to obtain, that at last Captain Glass resolved to proceed to Teneriffe; and despatched a ship thence with a cargo of grain and other provisions for the use of his intended settlement. He was obliged to leave the ship with his companions, they having as yet no houses on shore to stay in; and accordingly in the month of November he embarked in the long-boat with five seamen. They safely arrived at Lanzarote, one of the Canary group, where they found an English ship on the point of sailing for home, and Glass took the opportunity of forwarding his treaty to the authorities in London.

Meanwhile, the jealousy of the Spanish government had been aroused about the new settlement, and orders had been sent out to the governor of the Canaries to use all means to thwart the project, and also to arrest Captain Glass, should he come within their clutches. Shortly after his arrival at Lanzarote, therefore, Glass was seized and sent prisoner to Teneriffe, where he was closely confined to the castle, and treated with considerable severity, being even denied the use of writing materials. As may be imagined, Captain Glass was greatly concerned at the situation he had left his wife and daughter and the rest of his colony in. He accordingly, instead of waiting patiently for the British government to effect his release, took the first favourable opportunity for making his escape. He managed to elude the vigilance of his captors, and got out of his prison, but was discovered before he got clear of the fortifications. The Spaniards now thrust him into a wretched dungeon, where he suffered much from ague, and becoming seriously ill, had to be removed to his old apartment. Still denied the use of pen and paper, Glass found means, by writing on a smooth crust of bread, to make his condition known to the Dutch consul. For this offence he was put into irons, and told he would remain so until he divulged the name of the person who had carried his message to the consul. Glass was honourably silent, however; and at the end of eighteen days his irons were removed.

The situation of Mrs Glass and her daughter all this time was one of extreme anxiety. No news arriving from the captain, they were at a loss what to do or think. The inexperience of the other members of the expedition was a serious drawback, and put them quite at the mercy of the natives. Things went on pretty well until March 1765, when a change took place. One day part of the crew were on shore, when a number of blacks came on board the ship ostensibly for the purpose of trading. No special precautions had been taken against a surprise; and on a signal being given, the blacks attacked the crew and killed the chief-officer and six others. The rest of the sailors managed to make a stand, and after a stubborn fight, they drove their assailants overboard. Matters were now

worse than ever. The remaining members of the crew were quite unfit to navigate the ship; and as they would be certain to be again attacked or starved into submission, it was resolved to abandon the vessel and escape in the boats to Grand Canary. Overladen though the boats were, they successfully accomplished the voyage, and after touching at Grand Canary, they proceeded to Teneriffe. Here Mrs Glass for the first time learned the fate of her husband, and that he was a prisoner in the castle. The Spaniards had now relaxed the harshness with which they had treated the captain, and she was allowed to see him. It must have been an affecting meeting, after their long and anxious separation, each having been in doubts of the other's fate.

At last, in October 1765, owing to the peremptory demands of the British authorities to the court of Madrid, Captain Glass was set at liberty. The barque *Sandwich* touching at Teneriffe, Captain Glass and his wife and daughter obtained a passage, and embarked once more for England, doubtless congratulating themselves on the probability of their trials being at an end. Alas! they little imagined what was in store for them. The captain and officers of the ship were all Englishmen; but, unfortunately, the bulk of the crew were Spaniards or Portuguese, and this circumstance led to an unforeseen tragedy. By some means or other, the crew had become aware of the presence of a large amount of treasure on board, and concocted a plan to seize the ship and possess themselves of the money. They carefully disguised their aims till the vessel neared the south coast of Ireland, when one night, during the first mate's watch, they fell upon and murdered him and the rest of the crew who were not in the plot. The captain of the ship rushed on deck on hearing the noise, and was instantly knocked down and thrown overboard. Captain Glass was in his cabin, and instinctively guessed that something was wrong. Hastily seizing a sword, he left his cabin and ran up the companion ladder towards the deck. The mutineers seemingly dreaded to tackle Glass, knowing him to be a man of fearless disposition, and likely to sell his life dearly. They accordingly had stationed one of their number in hiding at the foot of the stair, and when Glass was proceeding on deck, the villain saw his opportunity and stabbed him in the back, killing him on the spot. Mrs Glass and her daughter were now the only remaining witnesses to be disposed of. Clapsed in each other's arms, they vainly pleaded for mercy. The murderous miscreants dragged them from their cabin, deliberately bound them together with ropes, and despite their frenzied appeals for life, threw them shrieking overboard.

The murderers had now sole possession of the ship, and soon ransacked the cabins and got hold of the specie on board. Though not as much as they anticipated, there was yet a considerable sum in money and bullion, which they placed in one of the ship's boats, and scuttling the vessel, made for the coast. In their hurry to be off with their ill-gotten treasure, however, they had not taken pains to do their work efficiently. Contrary to their expectations, the ship did not sink, and so hide all traces of their crimes, but drifted on shore not far from where

they themselves had landed. The signs of a dreadful tragedy having taken place were too evident to be mistaken; public indignation was aroused, and a vigorous search made for the perpetrators of the bloody deed. They were soon discovered carousing in a small public-house, and were at once arrested. Shortly afterwards, they were brought to trial, and all were executed, several having previously confessed their guilt and given particulars of the crime.

In the above unfortunate manner, Captain Glass came to a tragic and untimely end. Had he been spared, he would doubtless have carved out a distinguished and useful career for himself. He was a man of indomitable pluck, and had a passion for exploration; and his name would probably have been enrolled on that lengthy list of British navigators who, despite great difficulties, succeeded in opening up the wide world to civilisation and commerce. Captain Glass was also a man of considerable literary attainments. He wrote a History of the Canary Islands, which was well spoken of at the time of its publication; and at the time of his death he had in preparation a descriptive History of the northern and western portions of Africa and their inhabitants.

THE MAXIM MACHINE GUN.

STATISTICIANS inform us that the entire loss of life in wars between so-called civilised countries from the year 1793 down to 1877 has reached the enormous amount of four million four hundred and seventy thousand. To many persons these figures convey a sad and salutary lesson. On the other hand, there are many who act as if they heeded or knew them not. Readers will differ as to whether it is laudable or otherwise to invent any means by which the above figures might possibly be increased; but, leaving the sentimental part of the subject aside, all will readily unite in admiring the wonderful mechanism which makes the Maxim Machine Gun an engine of terrible destructiveness. Particular interest attaches to it at the present time owing to the fact that the great African explorer, Stanley, provided himself with this formidable weapon, to be used defensively in the expedition on which he recently started for the relief of Emin Bey. Moreover, it obtained a gold medal at the Inventions Exhibition, and has been approved of, if not actually adopted, by many governments, the Chinese government being particularly mentioned as one of the largest purchasers.

Its rate of firing—six hundred rounds a minute—is at least three times as rapid as that of any other machine gun. It has only a single barrel, which, when the shot is fired, recoils a distance of three-quarters of an inch on the other parts of the gun. This recoil sets moving the machinery which automatically keeps up a continuous fire at the extraordinary rate of ten rounds a second. Each recoil of the barrel has therefore to perform the necessary functions of extracting and ejecting the empty cartridge, of bringing up the next full one and placing it in its proper position in the

barrel, of cocking the hammer and pulling the trigger. As long as the firing continues, these functions are repeated round after round in succession. The barrel is provided with a water jacket, to prevent excessive heating; and is so mounted that it can be raised or lowered or set at any angle, or turned horizontally to the left or to the right. The bore is adapted to the present size of cartridges; and the maximum range is eighteen hundred yards. The gun can therefore be made to sweep a circle upwards of a mile in radius.

Nor is the gun excessively heavy, its total weight being only one hundred and six pounds, made up thus: Tripod, fifty pounds; pivot (on which the gun turns and by which it is attached to the tripod), sixteen pounds; gun and firing mechanism, forty pounds. The parts can be easily detached and conveniently folded for carriage, and may be put together again so quickly that if the belt containing the cartridges is in position, the first shot can be delivered within ten seconds. It would therefore be extremely serviceable in preventing disaster through a body of troops being surprised. Reconnoitring parties, too, would deem it prudent to pay greater deference to an enemy's lonely sentry on advanced outpost duty, if the latter were provided with this new Machine Gun, instead of the ordinary rifle.

Immediately below the barrel of the gun, a box is placed, containing the belt which carries the cartridges. The belts vary in length. Those commonly used are seven feet long, and capable of holding three hundred and thirty-three cartridges; shorter ones hold one hundred and twenty cartridges; but the several pieces can be joined together for continuous firing. Single shots can be fired at any time whether the belt is in position or not—in the former case by pressing a button, which prevents the recoil; in the latter, by hand-loading in the ordinary way. To start firing, one end of the belt is inserted in the gun, the trigger is pulled by the hand once, after which the movement becomes continuous and automatic as long as the supply of cartridges lasts. At each recoil of the barrel, the belt is pushed sufficiently onward to bring the next cartridge into position; the mechanism grasps this cartridge, draws it from the belt, and passes it on to the barrel. Should a faulty or an empty cartridge find its way in, and the gun does not go off in consequence, there is of course no recoil to keep up the repeating action, and the mechanism ceases to work until the obstruction is removed.

So long as nations continue to vie with each other for superiority in these engines of destruction, so long will the skilled mechanic be found willing to employ his inventive faculties, and exchange the fruits thereof for the princely rewards that await him. This latest invention is probably unsurpassable in rapidity of fire, and apparently leaves nothing to be desired; but of course its real value can only be determined in actual warfare. To devise and adjust the necessary parts of the machine with such precision that each part performs its proper function at the exact moment pre-arranged for it—to do all this while the gun fires at the enormous rate of six hundred rounds a minute, must have cost an immensity of thought, of labour, and of time.

Mr Maxim, the inventor, is well known in the electrical world for his useful additions to the carefully adjusted machinery required for electric lighting and kindred purposes.

WHAT POETRY CAN DO FOR US.

'POETRY has been to me an exceeding great reward: it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared my solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.' Thus writes Coleridge; and we might add to these powers of poetry, that of making us shrink from envy, malice, and all manner of sin, and upholding us in the paths of virtue. Now, let us consider how full of truth are those loving words, to the man who can boast of even the very slightest learning, but especially to the hard worker, either in the laborious and secluded paths of literature, or among the hurry and skurry of the busy world.

Who has not felt himself, by the aid of poetry, relieved, taken away as it were from the turmoil of this noisy life, to look forward to something better, to look forward with happiness and longing to another and brighter life, one where our hearts may at last be at rest from the ambitions and vanities of this world? Who has not, at some time or other, felt an ennobling influence steal over him, as he read the glowing and fiery, or soft and sad, words of an inspired bard? Who has not suddenly heard a voice, from his very soul as it were, cry aloud as he read the stirring verses that he should be up and doing his best to alleviate the wrongs and sorrows of this world, to instil happiness in the heart that has known nought but sorrow and despair? Who has not been touched by some poet's gentle words, and at his bidding, vowed to amend his way of living for self only?—vows, some, alas! to be broken, but many to be carried out with benefit to numberless beings. And who has not at some period of his life, with bitter hatred in his heart against the world, its injustice, cruel coldness, and heartless indifference, been soothed and inspired by the poet's words? There are probably few who can read that have not been benefited by poetry.

Weighed down by sorrow, with heavy heart and drooping eyelid, how prone man is to think but of himself, to forget that if he has been visited with afflictions, others have also suffered. Poetry soothes his sorrows, lifts a corner of the veil that keeps him in gloom and darkness; it shows him that to give way entirely to sorrow is selfish: sorrow comes to chasten, to teach us to live for others as well as ourselves; and the poet, with his heart full of love for mankind, teaches the sorely afflicted that they may seek, ay, and find, solace in trying to help the poor and those who are in deeper gloom than themselves. Poetry teaches us that the only true and worthy sorrow is that which prompts one, after the first burst of anguish is over, to be gentle and forbearing, to strive to diffuse happiness

and quiet amongst those around us. Weary with hard toil, how delightful it is to come back to poetry, wherein we shall not be burdened with hard facts and dry statistics; on the contrary, lifted above the toil, the hard bread-winning toil of this life, and taught the beauties of the seasons, of animate and inanimate nature. It tells us of the sweet and gentle spring, the period when new life is beginning everywhere; of summer, with its grateful warmth and lovely verdure, when everything is in its prime; of autumn, with its dying splendours, when life is on the decline, when the leaves are turning brown and falling, the caterpillar weaving its shroud, whence it will arise, later on, in a purer and more beautiful form; of winter, bleak and cold, at times cruel and pitiless with its wind and sleet, at others beautiful and solemn under its canopy of snow; of youth, maturity, age, and death. Few occurrences in this varying world of ours but have some aspect which poetry can seize and ennoble; and thus it multiplies and refines our enjoyments.

Solitude with many of us is our hardest affliction; we cannot bear it; it seems to keep us away from our fellow-creatures, and therefore from the enjoyments of life. But solitude is useful and even necessary for all; it is only in solitude that we can pass our actions in review, when we can look our faults and mistakes in the face. To those who are obliged to endure enforced solitude, in exile, or when cast in prison for conscience' sake, poetry comes to them as a true deliverer; it relieves the brain from continual pressure, and leads on to dreams of happiness in store either on earth or in heaven. With subtle smiles and soothing rhythm, it relieves the solitary man, and peoples his surroundings with the fairy beings of his imagination. Poetry teaches us all this—the benefits to be derived from frequent self-communion, the happiness of accustoming one's self to holy reflections, and thus to love and recognise the uses of solitude. Death, too, in spite of its terrors as the gate to the awe-inspiring and vast unknown, poetry, with its gentle persuasive eloquence, brings us to look upon as a deliverance from trials and sorrows.

Poetry, again, teaches us not only to look at the outward appearance of people and things; it shows that often, under the most forbidding exteriors, lie hid true grandeur and virtue, that actions and deeds, not looks, are to be accounted as good and beautiful. The lion, with all its strength and majestic beauty, cannot compete with the homely looking cow in its utility to man; the one has done no good, the other has fed and comforted unnumbered thousands.

Poets in all ages and of all nations have pointed out with deep scorn and striven to show, the dangers that beset those who give way to the cankerous passions of malice and discontent, and sung with equal ardour of the happiness that all may attain who bravely shun evil and live in the constant practice of mercy and charity. Jealousy and envy are held up to our view, by the ever watchful bards, in their most hideous and degrading lights, and shown to us as ending by poisoning the happiness of those who harbour such passions; whilst contentment, quiet, and peace are the rewards of the hopeful and trustful.

All should look upon poetry with deep gratitude; its practical use is undeniable, relieving as it does the overworked brain, by leading its thoughts away from the work of every-day life to higher and nobler subjects. The true mission of poetry is to find its way through the tempered steel armour of formality, and to turn aside the buckler pride, with which we burden our souls, and make us find temperately enlivening enjoyment in our hours of recreation. Refreshed by the enthusiasm and loving charity of the bard, the busy man of the world, the plodding student, the thinking man of letters, each goes away to work all the more heartily for having, during a brief space, quitted the dusty track of daily life, to find an hour's enjoyment with the poets.

TO-MORROW.

'We will gather flowers to-morrow,

When the mist of rain is o'er,

When the air is warm and sunny,

And the tempest howls no more.'

But the flowers are parched and faded,

For the clouds have passed away,

And we leave them still ungathered,

Though to-morrow is to-day.

'We will climb the hills to-morrow,

In the morning cool and bright:

Who could scale these rugged mountains

In the noontide's scorching light?

But the snow-wreaths clothe the summits,

And the mists hang chill and gray,

And we leave the slopes untrodden,

Though to-morrow is to-day.

'We will lend an ear to-morrow

To our fallen sisters' woes;

We can scarcely hear their voices

While the music comes and goes.'

But along the thorny highway

Still with weary feet they stray,

And we pass them by, unheeding,

Though to-morrow is to-day.

'We will leave our work to-morrow,

And with eager hands and strong,

We will lead the little children

Far away from paths of wrong.'

But our hands grow old and feeble,

And the work goes on for aye,

And the little children—perish,

Though to-morrow is to-day.

'We will raise our eyes to-morrow

To the cross on Calvary's brow;

At our feet the gold is sparkling,

So we cannot heed it now.'

But we clutch the glittering fragments,

'Mid the dust, and mire, and clay,

And we cannot raise our eyelids,

Though to-morrow is to-day.

BROWN ROBIN.

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OUR SERVANTS:

HOW THEY TREAT US, AND HOW WE TREAT
THEM.

ONE common subject of discussion in the present day is the difficulty of getting and of keeping domestic servants; and there is no question that the difficulty is a real one, and one not likely to diminish till the subject has been more thoroughly ventilated in all its bearings, and not merely treated as a grievance to be endured or resented. Our grandmothers tell us that when they were young, the servants knew their places, were not afraid of work, and were satisfied with moderate wages. We listen, and vainly wish that we could tell the same tale, but perhaps do not recognise that a similar change has passed over ourselves—that our requirements have insensibly increased, and that, therefore, we have no right to suppose we can obtain hired service on the same terms as our forefathers did.

For example, take an ordinarily furnished bedroom or drawing-room in the present day, and contrast it with one belonging to people in a similar position in life fifty years ago. The furniture may not be better in quality; probably, indeed, not half so good; but there is more of it—a greater number of articles requiring skill, attention, and time, to keep them in order. Then as to food: what used to be considered luxuries, are now classed among the necessities of life. In most families there is something to be cooked for breakfast; and when late dinner is the rule of the house, there must be hot dishes for luncheon; or if dinner be the mid-day meal, something hot is required for supper. Afternoon tea, too, is become a common institution, as well as, in many houses, morning tea carried to the bedrooms. Therefore, though perhaps we may not consume more food in the twenty-four hours than our forefathers did, yet the food is served up more frequently, with more elaborate appointments, and consequently with a great increase of trouble; for it is necessary to remember

that each of these small meals involves not only the washing-up of the plates, &c. used, but also of the pots and pans which their cooking involves; so that it is not too much to say that the change of fashion in the last fifty years has more than doubled the active work required in an ordinary household. It seems, therefore, that we are not reasonable in expecting a housemaid or a cook to do double work for the same amount of money; and that, after all, a great deal of the evil of which we complain lies at our own doors, in having allowed ourselves to drift into such luxurious ways of living as must involve much labour on the part of others, which labour must be paid for.

But more serious in its effects than the money part of the question, is the result which our lives of luxury and self-indulgence are having upon the servant class. Our servants, by living in our house, get an intimate acquaintance with our characters. They see in many houses what must appear to them—brought out of poor families as most of them are—lavish expenditure on trifles, selfish indulgence, and a general want of self-restraint; and the natural inference they draw is, 'Why should we have all the rough parts of life, and our employers all the sweet?' This is far indeed from being the case; and could they see behind the scenes, they would often be surprised to know how little of 'the sweet' falls to the lot of their employers; how the responsibilities and anxieties that must belong to the head of the family are far more heavy and wearing than the scrubbing and cooking that fall to their share. The servant knows nothing of these cares. It matters not to her whether the times are good or bad, whether prices are high or low: she is not stinted in her food, and the wages for which she bargained are paid her with regularity. The very fact of her having everything provided for her without any anxiety inclines her to a selfish indulgence; and if she has no higher principles put before her, one can scarcely wonder that she should yield to it. There is no sadder sight, and yet, alas! a very

common one, than to see a smartly dressed girl, fresh home from service, walking to church with her mother, who wears the same shabby bonnet and shawl that have served her for years. The girl has stepped suddenly out of poverty and privation at home into comfort and comparative luxury, and too often forgets the mother whose life of drudgery she so lately shared. One wonders if some of the trimming of the fashionably made dress might not have been spared, the feathers on the hat dispensed with, and the money thus saved devoted to a little brightening of the mother's dress, so that at anyrate the contrast between mother and child might not be quite so great. Nay, we have heard of worse things, though we would fain believe it is not common. We have known of girls, brought up in the greatest poverty, so thoroughly immersed in the indulgence of their new life, that home becomes utterly distasteful, and they have preferred to send a small gift to their parents, rather than to deprive themselves, even for a short holiday, of the comforts and luxuries which have become to them a second nature. Surely, if these are the principles learnt at service, it were better for the womanhood of the servant class that they should never leave their own homes.

Indeed, we cannot but feel that the root of the mischief of which we complain lies in the homes from which many of our servant men and women are taken. And here we might naturally ask, what has been the home-training of the young people who enter our houses as domestic servants? In the majority of instances, the family have been living from hand to mouth; too often with little possibility of decency, much less of cultivating the higher principles of womanhood; and looking forward to the time when the boys and girls of the family will be going out and earning their own living. This often happens at the early age of fourteen, or even earlier; and from that time the family ties are more or less broken, and the girl begins life on her own responsibility. Her first place may indeed be chosen for her by the Squire's lady or the clergyman's wife; but once launched out into service, she feels free to keep or to change her place on her own authority, without any reference to her parents, and to get another situation how or where she can. Her mistress's knowledge of her, and power over her, is very limited—only extending to the range of her duties. Of the servant's family history and interests she often knows nothing, and perhaps does not care to know; and thus, though the same roof covers them, the lives of the mistress and the servant are often perfectly isolated the one from the other. Specially sad does this independent life of the servant become in the question of marriage, or rather of all the thoughts and feelings connected with it. At that crisis in a woman's life, when the best and tenderest part of her nature is called out, and when the germ of all that is pure and holy in wedded love ought to be implanted, she is too often left unprotected and alone. Any interference on the part of her mistress she resents. Her parents are far away from her, and knowing their powerlessness, do not care to trouble themselves about it; and the girl is left to make the best match she can.

The engagement, or rather acquaintance—for most persons in that class of life prefer the latter name for an indefinite time—is pursued under difficulties, often clandestinely, and at best under circumstances to which we should be very sorry to expose our own daughters.

True, indeed, it is that there is another side to the picture. There are many friendly helps held out to the servant in the present day by which she can better her condition. The Girls' Friendly Society has done a great work in this direction; and its sister, the Metropolitan Association for befriending young servants, has thrown its friendly shelter round many a poor lonely girl. If young servants are members of either of these Associations, they have no longer the excuse for the forced independence of their lives. But with all the good these Associations do, they, after all, are but outside agencies. They do not touch in any way the actual sympathy that ought to exist between mistress and servant. We might question whether half the Lady Associates whose names appear on the list of the Girls' Friendly Society know anything of the home-life of their housemaid or nursery-maid. The cooking and the scrubbing would be far better done if the maid felt that her mistress was interested in all that concerned her—that she would be glad to know the news from home—would not mind giving some advice about her winter dress—would encourage her to talk to her about her 'young man,' &c. An occasional half-hour's friendly chat would do far more towards breaking down the barrier that now divides mistresses and servants, than all the good little books that well-meaning people give their servants, thinking thereby they have done their duty.

In many large households, the under servants who file in every morning to family prayers, joining their masters and mistresses in the 'Our Father,' in which all acknowledge a common parentage, are not known by name, and sometimes even not by sight, to the heads of the family. And whilst on this subject, the thought suggests itself, why is it a custom that servants should go and pray in the same room as ourselves, and go out again without any salutations being exchanged? Surely the words 'Good-morning' and 'Good-night' passing between servants and their employers would have a very humanising influence on both parties, and it would only be reviving the Eastern politeness in the days of Boaz. And after all, when we consider how much we owe to a really conscientious faithful servant, the comfort and confidence that money cannot repay, we ought for our own sakes, as well as theirs, to cultivate a kindly spirit in our dealings with them, so that at anyrate the service they render to us may have a chance of being one of love, and not merely of a hireling.

Though, as has been said, the life of a maid-servant in a properly ordered family is one of comfort and luxury compared with the poverty she often leaves at home, yet we must remember that our servants deserve a great deal of consideration; and if we expect them to serve us in the spirit of kindness, we must in our turn be watchful that we do not take advantage of them. For example, a little thought and self-denial on the part of the ladies and gentlemen of the

house might secure the servants from being unnecessarily disturbed at their meals; the children may be taught not to go with muddy boots up the freshly scrubbed stairs; the dogs may be kept in proper habits of order and cleanliness; by a little forethought, the bedroom bells need not be rung inconsiderately for trifles. We know, too, how we sometimes feel languid, and not disposed to exert ourselves; *we* rest at our pleasure, and work when we feel inclined. Are we not sometimes forgetful of the fact that servants *may* not always feel up to their work? And if it is done with less vigour and attention than usual, without wishing to excuse laziness and neglect, it will be kind and just to make at least the same allowance for them that we should for ourselves.

Another way of treating servants with consideration would be by putting within their reach innocent means of recreation. Books—not those written with the special object of doing them good, but those in which we ourselves and our own children take interest—might be put in the kitchen library, real pleasure-books, story-books. Servants *will* read novels, and what rule is there that they should not, unless novels be banished from the house? The far wiser course would be to provide them with a certain amount of good standard novels as well as other books, so that their taste may not be vitiated by the influx of the worse than rubbish of the sixpenny novels, and even the penny novelettes of the present day with which the railway bookstalls teem, and which are corrupting the taste and poisoning the minds of our young people. Vice represented in an interesting form, unfaithfulness in the marriage vow treated as a common occurrence of everyday life, to form the basis of an exciting tale—this is the type of a quantity of trash that finds its way into our kitchens. And it is folly to suppose that the evil is at all counteracted by a great many of those well-meaning though somewhat dull publications that many people think it right to take in for the sake of their servants. A shelf well stocked with the works of Dickens, Miss Mulock, and a selection from Captain Marryat, Miss Yonge, W. G. Kingston, all pure and good, and yet thoroughly interesting and amusing—will be far more likely to empty our houses of such pernicious rubbish as we have spoken of. And surely it would be no ill-spent hour of the mistress or the young ladies of the house if they could appoint some fixed time in the week for reading aloud some interesting book to the servants while at their needle-work.

Plenty of other harmless recreations might be mentioned, which would give a colour to the daily life of our servants, and make their labour for us far more intelligent and less machine-like. But enough has been said on this subject to show that we are not fulfilling our duties towards them if we simply act on the preventive against evil, and do not make positive efforts towards cultivating a higher life within them.

And one word more. If we sincerely desire to improve the race of 'our servants,' we must remember that in this case, as in others, example goes further than precept. If they see us leading lives of self-indulgent luxury, we must not be surprised if they follow in our wake. If they

know that selfishness and extravagance govern our actions, we may reasonably expect that they will be careless about our interests. If, on the other hand, they see their masters and mistresses living the only life worth living—the life for others—they will learn to see that in that life they also can bear a part.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XIII.—BURNT OUT.

JOSEPHINE staggered to the pavilion and threw herself on a bench in its shadow. She must get out of the moonlight, retire among the blackest of shadows to hide her humiliation. What had she done? What would the vicar and his son think of her? What a talk in the place would spring out of this! She could never hold up her head again, never look any one in the face. Was it possible that the story she had told would be received? Appearances were too strongly against her. For a moment the temptation came on her to open the gate again, run out, and throw herself into the sea.

What a fortunate thing for us if we could see the consequences of our acts before they took place. Then we should never wish to do, certainly never do, foolish things. Judgment comes late, after the act, as thunder follows lightning. We do not hear the growl till it is too late to recall the flash. Josephine was alive to her indiscretion, now that it was committed, and would have given half the fortune her father had cast away, to have had it undone. She was angry with herself for her want of forethought; angry with the children for liking crackers; angry with the vicar for pottering along the wall after midnight; angry with Cable for not jumping over the fence; and with the captain for jumping over it. Cable ought to have had the readiness of wit, at the first sound of the voices, to have relieved her from the situation at the cost of his hands; the captain ought not to have gone over the paling, for by so doing, he had let her see that he knew she was there clandestinely, and would be ashamed to go to the front door of the house to ask admission.

Every one was in fault, but she most of all. She resolved never to speak to Richard Cable again. He was guilty of insolence in echoing her song. She would take no more notice of his odious brats. She would never attempt to do a good-natured act again. It was all good-nature which had precipitated her into this predicament.

She returned slowly to the house without the lamp; she had left that on the table in the summer-house; that could be fetched to-morrow. She entered the drawing-room and groped for her candle with the matches by it, usually put on a side-table. She would light her candle, then close the shutters and exclude the moonlight. Her candle was indeed in the usual place, but not the box of lucifers. This was provoking, as she had none in her own room; her box there, she remembered, was exhausted. She considered a moment, and resolved to go into the kitchen, or into the pantry, where she

was sure to find what she required. She left the room with the window hasped, but not barricaded, and put off her thin shoes, so as to make no noise in the house, lest she should disturb and alarm any one. She had remained up much later than she had intended. Aunt Judith would be asleep, her father also, at this time.

When she softly opened the door into the hall, it struck her that the air was strongly impregnated with paraffin. A little light came in from the staircase window, and by that she was able to find her way to the pantry. She put down her candle on the hall table and went in, but stepped back at once. The floor was wet. Her feet were moistened; she had trodden in a pool of oil.

'How stupid—how like Anne! She has upset the can. I must not go in there for matches.'

She stepped towards the kitchen, very lightly, with inaudible tread. There she found fire still smouldering in the grate, and the oven door open, showing that it was filled with sticks. Moreover, there was wood on the hot plate of the stove.

'How careless cook is. She is drying the kindlers for to-morrow, and has not raked out the fire first.'

She stooped to remove some of the wood which lay on the ground, and which she felt as she walked without her shoes; and again was conscious of the smell of petroleum. She was surprised; but then recalled that she had stepped in the slopped oil in the pantry, and concluded that she smelt what she had brought away with her. Then she put her hand on the mantel-shelf for the lucifers, and found the box. She had left her candlestick in the hall, so she returned to it in the dark, and was about to strike a light, when she thought she heard a sound as of some one stirring in the dining-room. She stood perfectly still, not daring to breathe, listening. Again, she heard the noise. There was certainly some one in the room. The first impulse was to cry; but she controlled herself, and considered what had better be done. The noise might proceed from a cat. She stepped very lightly to the door, which was ajar, touched it, and drove it open sufficiently to admit her, sidelong, and she looked in. The shutters, which had been fastened, were open, and the moonlight flowed into the room. Every trace of dinner had been cleared away from the table, which now had on its usual printed cover.

Josephine saw something, or—was it some one, on the floor, moving? The light through the French-window was so clear that she was left in doubt only a moment. She saw a profile against the window-pane, and recognised at once her father. He was on his knees, and was creeping about with a can, the oil-can, in his hand. She saw him decanting it on the carpet near the window curtains. He was in his dress suit, as she had last seen him, saying good-bye to his guests.

'Papa,' she said, 'what are you about?'

He started to his feet with an exclamation, either of terror or of surprise.

Josephine stepped fully into the room. 'What is it, papa? Have you lost something?—or—What are you doing?'

He stood back, against the window curtain, and put his hands behind him, with the can. The moonlight was strong, and his position was against it, so that his black silhouette was sharp, as if cut out of lamp-black paper. She saw the movement of his lips, and his tongue shot out, like a serpent's, then drawn in again. He said nothing.

'Papa, there is a very strong odour of petroleum; have you spilled the oil?'

He replied in a suppressed voice, vibrating with anger: 'What are you doing here? Spying on me, are you?—Yes, I have spilled a little oil here.'

'But why have you brought the can in here?'

'Because,' he answered in the same tone, 'that fool Anne upset the gravy from the roast duck on the carpet, and I am trying to get the grease out.'

'Is not that better done by day, papa?'

'I know best when it is to be done; I must apply the oil before the grease is trodden in.'

'You have no light.'

'Am I a madman to take a candle when I am using paraffin?'

'True, papa; I did not think of that. There is a pool of the oil in the pantry. I suppose you spilled that. It would have been better, I think, to have left the extraction of the grease till to-morrow.'

'I know what I am about.' She knew by the quiver of his voice that he was angry. 'Get to bed with you, and do not meddle with me.'

She was too much afraid of her father to disobey him. She returned to the hall, struck a match, lit her candle, and then—to her surprise saw a heap of wood, and a number of old newspapers that her father filed in his study, cast beneath the stairs. What was the meaning of this? Why had her father brought his newspapers there, and why had he also placed with them the sticks that had been cut and piled up for dahlia supports? She did not ask him; she went up the stairs to her own room, shut herself in, and undressed. Then the recollection of what had happened to herself returned, and displaced the thoughts of her father's strange proceedings.

When she was in bed, she could not sleep for some time, thinking of what had taken place, and blaming herself for her want of consideration. When at last she did fall into slumber, it was into a feverish, fantastic dream, in which she believed herself to be awake and struggling with sleep. She thought that she was arraigned before court for having stolen gilt crackers, and that her father wore a wig, and was counsel for the prosecution; and Richard Cable also wore a wig, and was counsel for the defence; and that the rector sat as judge; and under his seat was the captain, looking dreamily at her, with pen in hand, as clerk, waiting to take down the evidence for and against her. On the table stood the ruby lamp, and the entire court was irradiated by it. She was annoyed with the lamp because it diffused so red a glow that it made her look as if she were blushing. Besides, it diffused heat as well as light, and the air in the court became oppressive because of the lamp. Then she asked to have it turned down; and the captain put his

hand to the screw and turned it up, so that the flame shot out at the top above the chimney, and the redness in the court seemed to deepen, and the heat to become more intense. The rector's gown, instead of being black, was scarlet, like the habit of a criminal court judge, and his face was as red as his gown. Then he raised his hand and pointed to Josephine, and said: 'She blushes; she convicts herself;' and she was conscious of being suffused with colour and shame and anger. She could endure no longer the heat and the glitter of the eyes turned on her in that red light, and she cried out and started up in bed, and in a moment was aware of a smell of fire, and of unusual heat, and of a crackling sound. She saw a light strike along her floor from under the door, and knew that the house was in flames. She sprang from bed, slipped on her clothes, and opened her door. Then she saw that the lower part of the staircase was in a blaze, that flames were pouring through the doors of the dining-room and the pantry, where the petroleum had been upset. To descend to the hall was impossible.

She ran to her aunt's door, opened it, roused Judith Cornellis, and then hastened to her father. His door was locked. She knocked long at it before he answered; then he was some time before he had lighted a candle, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and unlocked.

'Papa,' she cried, 'do be quick; the house is in a blaze. We cannot go below. It is all flaming.'

'Indeed. How comes that about?'

'Papa, what is to be done?'

He smoothed his chin, and said: 'The gardener has been trimming the Ayrshire rose, and has left the ladder against the window on the landing. It is quite providential.'

She looked at him in surprise. He took the matter with singular coolness.

'Now,' he said, 'run and rouse the servants. If the back-stairs are on fire, we must all escape by the ladder.'

At the same moment a violent hammering at the front door and ringing of the bell were heard. The policeman in going his rounds had observed the fire, and had run up to rouse the house.

In a few minutes the whole of the inmates were awake and had scrambled into their clothes, and were gathered at the head of the stairs.

'Quick!' said Mr Cornellis.—'Josephine, Judith! save any of your trinkets and trifles. We must get out as quickly as we can.'

Then a spout of flame rushed up the stairs. The policeman and some one he had called to his aid had made their way in through the conservatory and drawing-room; and on opening the door, the air had fanned the fire into a blaze. Conscious of his mistake, the policeman hastily reclosed the door, went out, and ran round to the back kitchen. The flames were raging there also. The whole of the lower story, except the drawing-room and study, seemed to be on fire. It was extraordinary with what rapidity the conflagration had spread.

Mr Cornellis retained his composure. Miss Judith would have remained collecting the treasures in her bedroom, had not he precipitated her movements by snatching her bundle from her and throwing it out of the window. Then

he made her descend the ladder. All were speedily in safety on the grass in the garden, looking up at the burning house. Very little could be saved. A few pieces of furniture from the drawing-room, some pictures of no value, bedding, and the contents of some wardrobes—that was all. The fire gained hold of the house rapidly; the floors of the bedrooms were hot, smouldering, the smoke thick; and there was no fire-engine nearer than nine miles off. Nevertheless, a rider was at once despatched for the engine, which arrived when too late to save anything, but not too late to spoil with the water such things as had been spared by the fire.

Mr Cornellis flew about in his slippers and dressing-gown. He had not had time to dress himself completely. Indeed, no man could have been more taken by surprise; he had lost everything except a pair of trousers, slippers, a figured Turkish yellow dressing-gown, and his shirt. He did not lose his presence of mind. Some place of refuge must be found for his sister and daughter. He considered a moment, and then ran to the Hall and knocked up Mr Gotham, who, when brought to understand what had taken place, consented to receive the family under his roof. The servants of the Hall were roused; but, indeed, the whole village was awake and out, and the grounds of Rose Cottage and the road and seawall were crowded; the boatmen who appeared were prompt in their offers of assistance, and formed lines to pass buckets of water to the burning house, but desisted when they found that the pailfuls were unavailing; the fire had gained too great a hold on the house. The few goods that had been rescued were carried by them to the Hall, and then they drove their hands into their pockets and stood watching the progress of the flames.

The rector appeared without his hat. He caught sight of Josephine, grasped her wrist, and drew her aside. 'How comes this about?' he asked bluntly.

'The fire! Oh, Mr Sellwood, how can I tell?'

'Eh? Is it the result of your night-wanderings? After what I saw, I am not surprised at any act of thoughtlessness. You had a lamp in your hand. What did you do with it?'

'It was extinguished. I left it in the summer-house.'

'This is not the result of your inconsiderateness? Eh?'

'No, Mr Sellwood; indeed, it is not!'

'Then how came it about?'

'I do not know.'

'Is the house insured?'

'I do not know.'

'What are you going to do? Where are you going? You must not stay here.'

Then up came Mr Cornellis in his dressing-gown.

'I say, Cornellis,' said the rector, 'this is a bad job. How did it come about?—But no; no questions now. We must put the ladies under shelter. Poor Miss Judith looks ready to die. My vicarage is at your disposal.'

'You are too kind, rector. But I cannot take the generous offer. Gotham has invited us to the Hall, and I have accepted. We are relatives.'

'O well. You would have been welcome. I fear this will be a sad loss to you.'

'When Providence'—

'Yes; exactly. Insured?'

'Fortunately, I am.'

'Got your policies? Or are they burnt?'

'They are at the bank.'

'Insured well?'

'Middling.'

'And the furniture?'

'Insured also.'

'The books?'

'Also.'

'And the plate?'

'Yes.'

'And the wine?'

'Yes.'

'Then—anything not insured?'

'Not my clothes, unfortunately.'

'I am glad you were insured; the loss won't be ruinous.'

'The loss must be heavy, very heavy, almost crushing.'

'I'm glad you were insured.—Now, get the ladies under cover. They must not be out any longer.—I hope you were heavily insured?'

'Middling.'

'Insured long?'

'Only a twelvemonth for furniture and wines, and books and plate. The house was insured directly I bought it.'

'For how much?'

'About its value.'

'And your cellar of wines—all your fortunate purchases. By Jove! you may recover their value, but not the wines.'

'That is what I feel. Then there are my oriental books, my Hebrew Bible and Greek testament, full of marginal notes. I can never replace them. But Providence'—

'Exactly,' interrupted the vicar. He had an abhorrence of cant, and whenever he suspected any one with whom he was in conversation lapsing into it, he cut him short, and in so doing, sometimes acted unjustly, interrupting expressions of real feeling. But he was a blunt and downright man. 'I'm sorry for you—I am, with all my heart. How came it about?—But here is Gotham, looking out for you. The ladies must be taken under shelter. I am selfish detaining you. I am glad you are insured all round.'

(To be continued.)

LEGENDARY GRAVES IN HANOVER.

In a central position in the churchyard surrounding the 'Garden Church' in Hanover—so called because, in earlier times, the worshippers in this little chapel belonged chiefly to the class of market-gardeners and cultivated their garden produce hard by—stands a very remarkable grave. Even the most casual visitor to the churchyard could not fail to notice it, for its peculiarities strike the eye and arrest the attention at once; and if at his first visit he had any doubts as to its position, he need only follow the beaten track which the feet of his countless predecessors have worn in the grass.

There he would see a large oblong block of sandstone, weather-stained and dark with age, draped over the top and one side with a black cloth, which almost covers an extinguished and still smoking torch; the block itself resting on a foundation, also made out of heavy sandstones, in the form of two steps. On the cloth is carved the name of the deceased, Caroline von Ruling, who was born in 1756, and died in 1782, 'after bearing three sons to heaven.' On the reverse side of the stone are the following lines, apparently the work of the sorrowing husband:

Parting is the fate of mortals;

How bitter to be left so soon!

The rest of life is nought but darkness;

But death will be the break of day,

To meet again eternal light.

But the most remarkable inscription stands on the lower step, and is to this effect: 'This burying-place, bought for Eternity, may never be opened.' As if, however, to demonstrate the futility of all human purposes, when opposed to those of a higher power, and as a rebuke to the presumption of the purchaser, the grave *has* been opened, though by no human hand, and in a most mysterious manner. Long years ago, the seed of a birch found its way into a cranny between the upper block and its supporting basis. In course of time this seed sprouted, took firm root, and grew, first thrusting its tender and apparently harmless shoots through the crack, but then gradually growing in size and strength, till at last, with slow but irresistible power, it forced and rent asunder in all directions the massive stones composing the grave; and now a tall and graceful birch-tree rears its head above the ruptured tomb, affording abundance of reflection to the thoughtful observer. So much can be gathered from the grave itself; but, naturally enough, on such a subject tradition has not been idle. One story runs that Caroline von Ruling was never married, and when on the point of death, induced her parents to promise that they would bury with her a chest containing some awful secret which she wished for ever to be hidden from the sight of men, and write on her tomb that on no account should it ever be opened. Her parents complied with her dying wishes, which the birch-seed, however, defeated; and some day not far distant her secret may be laid open to the light of day.

Another legend, much more elaborate, and probably of a later date, represents the occupant of the tomb and her three infant sons as all having been secretly poisoned by a malicious enemy. The murderess, who was an adept in the art of magic as well as poison, in order to perfect her diabolical revenge, bound the mother's soul within her body by means of dark spells, that it might remain in the grave and not fly up to heaven. But the spirit of one of the murdered sons was allowed to descend in the form of a birch-seed, which grew into a tree, and forced open the tomb. The mother's soul was freed, and rejoined those of her sons. According to this story, the work of the tree is already accomplished; while,

according to the first legend, the end is still to come. Even without these fantastic additions, the plain story as told by the grave itself is sufficiently remarkable, and is sure to attract attention as long as the churchyard remains.

But we have lingered long enough before this fascinating grave in the Marien Strasse; let us wander towards another part of the town, to the churchyard of the Neustädte Kirche. Right at one end, on either side of the path, stand two interesting tombstones, on each of which is carved a life-size likeness of the occupant. That on the left is of a young lady named Anna Borcherdings, who died in 1716. She is represented with a very high and carefully arranged coiffure, wide sleeves, deep flounces, and a ridiculously small waist, which cannot be more than fifteen or sixteen inches in circumference. This latter peculiarity has given rise to the story which is generally current, that this young lady died of tight-lacing; though the inscription on the back of the stone is merely a catalogue of her virtues, and contains nothing to bear out this assumption.

The tomb opposite, on the other side of the path, which is a good deal older, belonging to the middle of the seventeenth century, commemorates a giant, who, if his portrait as here depicted be genuine, must have been a veritable son of Anak. This man, Christopher Münster by name, died at Hanover in 1676, having attained the height of eight feet six inches, as the epitaph tells us. We had the curiosity to measure his stature, being just able to reach the top of his head by means of a longish walking-stick, and found it to have been correctly stated. He wears, indeed, high-heeled jack-boots, which would make a difference of about three inches; still, he must have been a giant indeed, and worthy of having his portrait handed down to posterity in this ingenious manner.

There is something very attractive in the study of these silent records of ages long gone by, and an idle hour may often be not unprofitably spent in unearthing strange inscriptions in some out-of-the-way graveyard whether at home or abroad.

THE BUSHFORD CASE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAP. VIII.—CONCLUSION.

WHEN I went back to my lonely chambers that night, I felt utterly crushed by the last overwhelming misfortune of Laura's loss of reason. Through all my useless striving for Ernest—as I saw my efforts to save him one by one defeated—I still cherished the one hope that when all other means had been tried in vain, at the very last Laura would confess her guilt. And now she was delirious, unconscious of Ernest's danger—unable to comprehend the necessity of confession—in such a state that her confession would only be set down to the condition of her mind, even if she were to make it; and, so far as human science could tell, it was impossible that she could recover until long after it was too late. I never dreamt of this; and the blow coming on me so suddenly and unexpectedly, I was quite unable to contend

or bear up against it. It is not until we have irrecoverably lost a last hope, that we really know how strong that hope has been.

The next morning, after passing a nearly sleepless night, I was sitting at my breakfast table—the breakfast untouched—and my thoughts, unbidden, reverted to the morning I had sat there when this tale opens. Then, I had no greater trouble than the uncertainty of how I should spend a holiday; now, I dared not trust myself to think of it. I could do nothing but endure with what Christian fortitude I could summon to my aid.

How the future sometimes falsifies our expectations! Now, when I believed Ernest to be beyond all human help, he was nearer to safety than he had been since his arrest. I had forced myself to swallow a few morsels of toast and a cup of coffee, and had taken up my hat with the intention of going to my mother and Amy, when a letter—or rather a small packet—was brought to me. It had been left by a young woman, whose face was covered by a veil, with instructions that it was to be given to me immediately, as it was of the utmost importance. Had it not been for this message, I think I should have thrown the packet on one side, to be opened at some other time; but as it was, I broke the seals and tore off the cover. There were several sheets of paper, closely written over in a neat foreign-looking hand, similar to the address, and which was strange to me. As most people do when they receive a letter from an unknown correspondent, I glanced first at the signature: 'Lena Petrovini.' Petrovini! I had never, to my knowledge, heard the name. Lena! Oh, of course; Laura's Italian maid. How foolish of me not to think of her at first; but what could she have written to me about, and at such length? This question passed through my mind as I turned to the commencement of the letter. It was written in English. It commenced: 'SIR—I can keep silent no longer—I am the assassin.'

Great heaven! was it possible? The letter dropped from my hand; my heart seemed to give a great leap; there came a rising lump in my throat. I buried my face in my hands and sobbed as if my heart were breaking. Yes; hearts will break with joy as well as sorrow. Joy had done for me now what sorrow had failed to do; the pent-up agony of weeks found its relief in a flood of tears. When I regained sufficient command over myself to think, the first feeling I experienced, after thankfulness to the Almighty, was one of compassion for Laura. Poor girl, how foully we had wronged her! How should we dare to face her, and beg for her forgiveness, when she recovered? When she recovered!—Would she ever recover? O yes! I would not doubt it!

How could Ernest have made such a fearful error? Oh, that the wretched girl had made her confession but one day sooner! Her letter would doubtless explain everything. I took it up and read it through. Lena had had a good education, and both spoke and wrote English well. The letter continued:

Yes; it is true. I did the deed for which Mr Carlton has been condemned to death, and of which you have dared to accuse my dear mistress.

Had it not been for the last, I should not have spoken. I do not repent of the deed. I would not have sacrificed myself to save Mr Carlton. My dear mistress would have sorrowed for him, but time would have brought its consolation. But when *she* is accused—she whom I love so much—my lips are unsealed, and I die to preserve her. But let me tell you all from the beginning. I tell it to you because it was you who accused her, and because you have had the conduct of the affair throughout.

I went to wait on Miss Laura when I was very young. She was so gentle, so kind to me, that I soon grew to love her; but when I came to England with her and got older, I yearned for another love. I did not love her less; but I saw that she and Mr Ernest were lovers, and I said to myself: 'Why should not I have a lover too?' I knew that I was beautiful, though not so beautiful as she. Well, one day when I was out walking in the fields near Bushford, I met a young man with a fair and handsome face, and in course of time we came to love each other. His name was Edward Martin. I daresay you know him. They said he was an idle, drunken, worthless vagabond, and a poacher—some even called him thief. How I hated them for it! He a thief! I knew him to be a poacher. But what of that? What less right had he to kill the wild birds and animals than gentlemen had? He killed them only for food; they killed them for sport.

Well, I met him by appointment now, whenever I could get out; and no one suspected it, till one day the vicar saw us together. He told me that Edward was a bad man, and would lead me to ruin, and warned me never to meet him again. But I did meet him, for I knew he was not bad; and I loved him. We only took greater precautions not to be seen. Notwithstanding, the vicar did see us, and this time spoke sternly to me. He said that if I did not renounce Edward at once, my mistress should be told; if he saw us together again, I should be sent away. Sent away from my young mistress! What right had he to talk to me like this? I was her servant, not his. I would not obey him; I would see Edward if I pleased; and I did; but we were still more cautious: we met in places where the vicar seldom went, and at times when he was seldom out.

I come now to the day when he was killed—the 17th of September. Mr Ernest was at the vicarage in the morning, but did not stop long, and went away in anger. Soon after, I found my dear mistress in tears. Was she to be deprived of her lover too? How my blood boiled when I thought of the tyrant vicar! He did not often go out in the afternoon, and when he did, it was only into the garden or the churchyard. I had an appointment with Edward, and I stole forth unseen to meet him. But the vicar did go out that day; he went into the town, and came back by the lane in which Edward and I were talking. We were just about to part, and he was kissing me, when we saw the vicar coming. We separated quickly, but it was too late—our enemy had seen us. He overtook me, and said he would overlook my conduct no longer; he would tell my mistress, and I should be sent away at once.—Leave my dear mistress, whom I had been with since we were both children? Never, if I could prevent

it. But could I prevent it? Would she send me away at her uncle's bidding? She loved me, though not as I loved her. I passed the rest of the day in torture; I thought every minute he was telling her. When she retired for the night, she said nothing, but was as kind to me as ever. I knew she had not been told as yet, but I knew also that she would be told. I knew him too well to think he would relent; when he once said he would do a thing, he did it.

As soon as my mistress was in bed, I passed into my own room. You know the two bedrooms, connected by a little dressing-room, which has doors opening into each. When I was undressed and had my nightgown on, I thought of some clean linen I wanted for the morning, and I opened a drawer to get it. As I turned the things in the drawer over, I came upon a stiletto which I had brought from Italy. The instant I saw it, the thought came into my mind: I will kill him, and then he cannot tell of me, and have me sent away. I did not stop to dress again; but I took my mistress's dressing-gown from the dressing-room where it was hanging—the door leading into my room had been left open—and I put it on over my night-dress. I turned the loose sleeve of the dressing-gown back, so that my right arm should be free to strike; and taking the stiletto in my hand, stole out on to the landing and down the stairs. My feet were bare, and made no noise. I knew that I should find him in the library, seated in the chair at the table, with his back towards the door. I entered silently, and got close behind the chair without disturbing him. Then he put down his pen and looked up at me. In an instant I plunged the stiletto into his breast, and he fell back in the chair without speaking. I reached my room again—as I thought—unseen, unheard. The sight of the blood on the stiletto and on my hand and the sleeve of my nightdress turned me sick. I took off the nightdress, and wrapping the stiletto up in it, hid it away in a box that I seldom opened. I have never dared to open it since. I was not sorry for what I had done; I would have done it again and again. I would do it again now, if I had it to do; but I could not bear to look on the blood. I had wiped my hand on the nightdress, so that the little blood that remained on it did not stain the water in which I washed enough to be noticed. The dressing-gown I replaced on its peg: there was no blood on that, as I had turned the sleeve up. I had no fear of detection. I gave no thought to that till the policeman came from London; then I did think of it. I was afraid he would search the house for the weapon; but he, poor fool! searched nowhere. He settled in his own mind that it was Mr Ernest who did it, and that was enough for him. When I heard the evidence against Mr Ernest, and that he refused to say where he was that night, I began to suspect that the footprints must have been his, and that he knew the truth. And yet, if so, why should he be silent? Why should he spare me? Then it occurred to me that he had mistaken me for my mistress. But what did it matter to me if he did suspect her, so long as he kept his suspicion to himself? Therefore, I listened whenever I could to hear if anything was said. I was listening at the door yesterday when you accused my mistress. Then, I knew I must confess, and save her; and

I resolved to confess at once, so as to save Mr Carlton as well. I care nothing about him; but my dear mistress loves him, and it matters not to me whether I confess sooner or later.

I watched beside my mistress's bed during the early part of the night. Your mother was to relieve me at three o'clock. When that time drew near, I passionately kissed the dear face I shall never see again, and I went to my room—not to rest, but to write this. When I have finished it, I shall leave the house secretly and bring it to you. Then I shall seek out that fool of a policeman and deliver myself up to him. I shall give him the key of the box where the stiletto and nightdress are hidden, and I shall tell him he would have found them there at the first, if he had had sufficient sense to look for them.

I have no more to say, except to ask you to beg my dear mistress, when she comes back to her senses, to forgive me. LENA PETROVIN.

It was all clear now. No wonder Ernest had mistaken Lena for Laura. They were nearly of the same height, and their figures similar; the hair, too, of both was dark and long. Then the table-lamp, by which my uncle was accustomed to read and write, had a green shade over it, so that it shed little light beyond the small circle on the table. The door, too, being nearer to the window than the chair was, Lena's face must have been turned from Ernest as she approached her victim.

I had only finished reading the letter a few minutes, when I received a visit from Sergeant Mellish. The sergeant greeted me by saying: 'I see by your face, sir, you know all about it. It's a rummy go, ain't it?'

'Has the wretched girl given herself up?'

'Girl!' exclaimed the sergeant; 'she's a fiend!—O yes, sir; she came to Scotland Yard and asked for me, and said she did the murder; that Mr Carlton saw her do it, and thought she was Miss Cleveland. Then she gave me a key, which she said unlocked a box of hers where I should find the weapon and a blood-stained nightdress.'

'The box is at the house where my mother and the young ladies are lodging.'

'So she told me, sir,' responded the sergeant; 'but I thought you would like to go there with me, especially as I understand that Miss Cleveland is ill. You were rather hard on me at the trial, sir; but it was all in the way of business, and I bear no malice.'

I thanked the worthy sergeant for his consideration, and asked him if Lena had told him all the particulars.

'She didn't tell me very much, sir; in fact, I wouldn't wait to hear a long tale, because I wanted to catch you before you went out, and to get the articles from the box before I have her up at Bow Street.'

'Then, in that case, you may as well read the letter she sent me.'

Sergeant Mellish read the letter without change of countenance till he came to the passage where he was called a fool; then I saw his face lengthen, and he looked at me with a sort of rueful smile. When he had finished reading, he folded up the letter slowly and gave it to me, at the same time shaking his head solemnly, and saying: 'I say

again, sir, it's a rummy go.' Then we departed together.

My mother, like the sergeant, saw the change in my face. I drew her on one side, and in a few brief sentences told her what had happened. I gave her the letter to read, and asked her to break the good news to Amy, while I took Sergeant Mellish to Lena's room. Her absence had not been noticed.

Laura was no better.

We found the nightdress and the stiletto in Lena's box. The nightdress was marked with her name. The blood had rusted the bright blade of the stiletto. The marks on the nightdress where she had wiped her hand were clearly distinguishable from the deeper stains on the sleeve.

Sergeant Mellish and I now repaired to Bow Street. Lena, when brought before the magistrate, assumed a cold, hard, and defiant demeanour. The sergeant gave his evidence as to her surrender and confession, and also as to his finding the weapon and nightdress, which were produced.

Lena turned her head away when the latter was unfolded, and cried: 'It is all true—all true; but don't let me see the blood.'

I told how I had received the letter, and handed it in.

Lena on being asked if she acknowledged it as being in her handwriting, said: 'Yes, yes; I have told you that it is all true. What more do you want? Take me away.'

The magistrate remanded her for the production of the man Edward Martin; but on my seeing him afterwards in his private room, he said: 'You can, of course, make your mind easy about your cousin. His innocence is clearly established, and I will see that the necessary steps are taken for his release.'

After the examination was over, Sergeant Mellish said: 'I think I shall go down to Bushford this afternoon and look up this Edward Martin. Perhaps you'd like to go with me, sir?'

Having told the sergeant that I should certainly like to do so, he resumed: 'I don't quite see myself what we want with him; but I suppose it's as well to have all the corroborative evidence we can get; and as he is to be got at, we may as well get at him at once.'

I made an appointment to meet the sergeant at the station, and then hastened to assure my mother and Amy of Ernest's safety.

'Will he be here to-day, Harry?' Amy asked eagerly.

'He will not be free for a few days, my dear.'

'Why don't they release him at once? What right have they to keep him there, now that he is proved to be innocent?' she asked indignantly.

'There are some formalities to be gone through first, and the authorities won't be hurried.'

'Then, Harry, you know you were to take me to see him to-morrow: you'll take me all the same now, won't you?'

'I only promised to take you in case of the worst happening, Amy. There is no need for you to see him in that dismal place now. It will only be waiting for a very short time longer.'

Amy gave me one of her old pouting looks; sorrow had driven them from her face of late; it did my heart good to see them coming back again.

I kissed her, and said : 'Come, Amy, you must give way to me in this. I would not have your meeting take place with sadder surroundings than we can help. Besides, you ought not to leave poor Laura. She will have to wait longer than you, I fear, before she sees him—to know him, at least.'

Sergeant Mellish was waiting for me at the station, and together we proceeded towards Bushford. The sergeant was somewhat dull and silent during the early part of our journey. I saw that he was brooding over something not altogether of a pleasing nature. Suddenly a smile came into his face, and he said : 'After all, sir, you were as far out as I was.'

'To be sure I was ; and so was Mr Carlton.'

'Well, as for me,' continued the sergeant, 'I confess that I made a mess of the job ; and it's fortunate there's no more harm done than there is ; and I don't believe there's one of our men who would have managed it better.'

'Exactly so. It is not you who are to blame, but the system. It answers fairly well when you have only habitual criminals to deal with, whose habits and haunts are familiar to you ; but great crimes, such as this, are seldom committed by habitual criminals, and to discover the perpetrators of them requires a knowledge of men and the passions which actuate them that the training you go through does not give you.'

'No doubt you are right, sir. I've failed this time, and I hope I shall profit by the failure.'

We had not much difficulty in discovering Edward Martin, better known in Bushford as Ned Martin. We found him in one of the low public-houses in the town, neither quite drunk nor quite sober. He was a good-looking young fellow enough, though vice and dissipation were beginning to make their marks upon his face. He willingly related the history of his intimacy with Lena ; boasted of his influence over her, and evinced not the slightest feeling when we told him of her present situation. He was in no way averse to coming to London to give evidence, as his expenses would be paid. We left him, disgusted with his selfishness and want of heart.

Ernest's detention being now a mere matter of form, I found him on my next visit in a comfortable apartment, kindly placed at his disposal by the governor of the jail, and to which he had been removed from the condemned cell on the preceding day. Our hands were clasped in silence for some minutes after meeting—our hearts were too full for us to speak. As soon as we began to converse, I found that Ernest was ignorant of all that had taken place, with the exception of the simple fact that Lena had confessed to being the assassin. The incidents that led to her confession he had yet to learn, and also her motive for committing the crime. Laura's illness affected him deeply.

'Harry,' he said, when I had told him everything, 'I would rather be going to my death to-morrow, than have bought my safety by your telling Laura that I believed her such a guilty being.'

'You forget, Ernest, that you would have gone to your death still believing her that guilty being, and that she would have been suspected by me and Amy all our lives, while the real culprit

would have escaped the consequences of her crime.'

'That's true. It is better as it is. But how can I meet her, even should she recover? Will she ever forgive me for wronging her so cruelly?'

'She loves you, Ernest ; that is the best answer to your question. As to her recovery, the doctor gives every hope of that.'

I remained with him for some time longer, and when I left him, he was in a far more hopeful and cheerful state of mind.

The following morning, I was surprised at receiving another visit from Sergeant Mellish, whose countenance betokened important tidings.

'Is anything the matter, sergeant?'

'Well, sir, that Italian woman has cheated the law.'

'Cheated the law?'

'Yes, sir ; hanged herself to the window-bars of her cell.'

Ernest in due time was liberated from prison. Meanwhile, Laura wavered between life and death for many days ; but her strong constitution at length prevailed, and she was pronounced to be out of danger. When she first regained her senses, she had no recollection of the events which immediately preceded her illness ; and even her first interview with Ernest did not recall them to her mind. Of Ernest's trial and condemnation she had a vivid remembrance ; and in order to account for his freedom, we were obliged to tell her of Lena's confession ; but she knew nothing of having been herself suspected, and we hoped to be able to keep the fact from her knowledge. But, as her strength came back, her memory gradually revived, and little by little, though vaguely at first, the recollection of her interview with me seemed to be establishing itself in her mind. One day, when we happened to be alone together, she suddenly said : 'Harry, I know that the cause of my illness was something that you said when we were conversing as to Ernest's last chance of escape. What that something was, I cannot yet quite remember. I shall remember soon, but the effort to do so troubles me. Tell me of it.'

'My dear Laura, had you not better wait till you are stronger?'

'No, Harry. I know it is something that will pain me much to hear ; but the uncertainty pains me more than the full knowledge of the truth can do ; therefore, let me learn the worst at once.'

I felt that it was useless trying to evade her questioning, that sooner or later her memory would return ; hence I told her everything, but as gently as possible.

'And Ernest believed me capable of such a deed!'

'Think, Laura, what cause he had to believe it—think how like Lena must have been to you in the faint light from the lamp ; her height, figure, and hair almost identical with yours ; the dressing-gown he knew so well ; her face turned away'—

'Ah, the face!' she interrupted ; 'he should not have believed it without seeing the face ; and even then he should have doubted. I should have doubted, had it been I who was watching him.'

'You must allow for the agitation of his mind,'

I urged; 'and you should not forget that he took what he supposed to be your crime on himself—that he would have suffered death for it rather than that you should be accused.'

'But I was accused.'

'Not by him. It was I.'

'He told you,' she persisted.

'Not till after I had myself become convinced of your guilt, not till I almost forced the tale from his lips.—Come, Laura, forgive him, if you cannot forgive me.'

'I can forgive *you*, Harry, for you have known and loved him from your childhood.'

'You will forgive him too, Laura. If I had not accused you, Lena would not have confessed, and he would not be alive now to want your forgiveness.'

She appeared to be touched by the last argument, and said: 'Well, I forgive him; but I can never be his wife now. If there be not full confidence between husband and wife, there can be no happiness, and he had not confidence in me.'

'But he will have for the future; this great trouble has, I am sure, made him a better man than he has ever been. Laura, you will not mar the happiness that seems to be coming back to us?'

Before she could answer, Ernest entered the room. I left them together; and his pleading, backed by her love for him, completed what I had begun. The subject of her having been suspected was never again mentioned by any of us.

Ernest, sobered by what he had gone through, associated no more with his former companions. He pursued his studies vigorously, passed his examination, and, with a portion of the money left him by our uncle, purchased a practice in the suburbs of London. A doctor's establishment is never complete without a wife; and Laura, having once consented to renew her engagement with him, sought not to postpone the happy day. The general sympathy that his case had inspired soon increased the number of his patients; and some cures that he effected of somewhat complicated cases, established his success. He is now one of the most celebrated surgeons in the metropolis.

So much for Ernest. As for myself, Amy and I have been happy together these many years.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WE understand that the Council of the Royal Meteorological Society have decided to hold an Exhibition in Westminster of Marine Instruments and apparatus pertaining to their branch of science. As the Committee wish the Exhibition to be as representative as possible, they will be glad of the loan of meteorological instruments or apparatus, provided that such have been invented or first constructed since March 1886. They will also be glad of photographs and drawings having any connection with meteorological science.

A new method of burning gas, and one which promises to cause a small revolution in gas apparatus, has lately been exhibited in London. This

is an incandescent burner, invented by Dr Auer von Welsbach. It consists of a so-called 'mantle' of muslin, which has been impregnated with certain incombustible oxides produced from the rare metals zirconium and lanthanum. This cap or mantle is supported by a platinum wire in the flame of a Bunsen burner, with the result that the delicate incombustible network is brought to a white-heat. The flame gives out an intensely white light, which is perfectly steady and of high value; for a light of twenty candles is obtained from burning only two and a half feet of gas per hour. We understand that the 'Welsbach Burner' will shortly be in the market; but it has been on sale in Vienna for some weeks past.

Incandescent gas-burners have been invented in previous years, and have been commented upon from time to time in these pages. Our readers will probably remember that there was one invented some five years ago under the name of the 'Lewis Incandescent Burner,' which consisted of a cap of platinum gauze, which was rendered white-hot by a gas flame. Another system which was also brought before the public about the same time was that of La Clamond. This last one resembled somewhat the Welsbach burner above described, in so far that it consisted of an incombustible mineral network, which was rendered white-hot by a gas flame. But in both the Lewis and the La Clamond systems, air under pressure was required before the incandescence could be effected. In the Welsbach burner, no air-pressure is necessary; the whole lamp is self-contained, and can be attached to any existing gas-fittings; hence its claim to be considered the best burner of the sort which has yet been invented.

Next autumn, there is to be held in London a National Congress of shorthand writers. The stenographic art is now of so much importance among all classes of the community, that this congress is sure to draw persons interested in the art from all districts.

The experiment of the culture of tobacco in this country, permitted by the Inland Revenue department last year, has been so far successful, that permission has been obtained to extend the experiments during the present year. We may add that the conditions under which these experiments can now be conducted have been so far relaxed that the culture is rendered free from many of the restrictions which surrounded it last year. Hence we may expect several growers to try their success with this new form of agricultural produce.

The actual condition of the interior of the earth has always been a question that has aroused the curiosity of mankind, and as our readers know, many different theories have from time to time been advocated to explain that which is hidden from us. By a Bill introduced in the American Congress, our knowledge upon the subject may perhaps soon be much extended. A sum of one hundred thousand dollars is to be expended in boring through the earth's crust, 'with a view of extending and enlarging our knowledge of the features and peculiarities of its formation and structure.' It has been determined in selecting land for this purpose that a

title shall be secured to all the district for a radius of four miles from the proposed subterranean opening.

One of the metropolitan public analysts has in his last quarterly Report called attention to the necessity of consuming tinned foods on the same day that they are opened. He points out that such foods rapidly decompose, especially in hot weather, and form poisonous products, which, to say the least, are most dangerous. In one case brought under the notice of this analyst, the consumption of a stale sample of tinned lobster had terminated fatally.

In a lecture recently delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, by Sir William Turner, Professor of Anatomy in the University of that city, much information was given concerning 'Whales, their Structure and Habits.' The professor discussed one question in connection with this interesting animal, which, so far as we can remember, has not been touched upon by previous inquirers. With the help of Mr John Henderson of Glasgow, the well-known ship-builder, he had calculated the horse-power which must be exercised by a large whale so as to enable the creature to acquire a speed of twelve miles an hour. For the purpose of this strange calculation, the case was taken of a whale which was stranded at Longniddry, in the county of Haddington, some years ago. This whale had a tail which measured nearly twenty feet from end to end of its flanges, the weight of the animal being seventy-four tons. Having these figures as data to go upon, it was calculated that a whale of such proportions, in order to attain the speed above mentioned, must exert a propelling force of no less than one hundred and forty-five horse-power.

A Conference has recently been meeting at the Fishmongers' Hall, London, having for its object a consideration of the state of our national fisheries. In the course of this Conference, it seemed to be the general feeling of all the speakers that the railway Companies were paralysing the fishing industry by the high rates which they charged for the carriage of fish. In Scotland, for instance, whilst the price of herrings has gone down, the high railway rates have remained stationary, with the result that it is almost impossible for our northern fishermen to send away the bountiful harvest of the sea to the metropolitan market except at a loss. In consequence of this, many tons of fish which would otherwise be most serviceable and valuable for food, are thrown upon the land and used as manure. It is to be hoped that the result of this Conference will cause a revolution in railway rates, so far at least as concerns this precious article of food, and that the railway Companies will see that it is their own interest to attract, instead of driving away what should be to them a valuable source of income.

The *Industrial Review* publishes some particulars regarding the petroleum wells of Burmah, which are situated to the north of Minhlá. It appears that these wells are of very ancient date, and are from two to three hundred feet deep. The petroleum collects in them during the night to the depth of two or three feet, and is then 'spooned' up in a very primitive fashion by the native workers. The owners of the wells now

propose to obtain machinery for collecting the oil by more modern methods; but the supply is comparatively so scanty, that the wells at Burmah can never compete with those from which our European supplies of petroleum are drawn.

It is reported that the next International Exhibition, to be held at Paris in 1889, is, like that of 1878, to be adorned with a captive balloon. It is to be of enormous size; and, as in 1878, the maximum altitude reached will be about three thousand two hundred and fifty feet. But whereas in M. Giffard's balloon only fifty passengers were taken up at one time, the projected aërostat will carry a hundred passengers. An engine of six hundred horse-power will be employed to pull the enormous mass back to mother-earth. It will be remembered that the balloon of 1878 was torn to pieces in a high wind, owing to the fact that it was not kept full of gas. In the new balloon, a special precaution is to be taken to preserve the tightness of the envelope, so that the wind can find in it no hollow or wrinkle. A smaller balloon, filled with atmospheric air, is to be placed inside the large one, and the volume of this smaller balloon can be increased or diminished by means of an air-pump worked by an electric engine in the car. By this means, variations of temperature, with the consequent alteration of bulk in the gas, can be compensated for.

The question has lately been raised, whether the sulphate of copper used as a preventive in certain diseases common to the grape-vine, is liable to exert any injurious action upon the wine produced from grapes so treated. An analysis of such wines has lately been made on behalf of the Académie des Sciences, which shows that the amount of copper present is so infinitesimal as to be not worth consideration.

The recent destruction of the beautiful Pink and White Terraces of New Zealand has given rise to a discussion as to the rate at which the silicate which formed them was deposited. One observer states that the pencil marks and dates, written after the manner of tourists in certain parts of the terraces, became coated with such a thin layer of the flinty material even in the course of twenty-five years, that the words and figures written looked as if freshly done. Mr Lant Carpenter, on the other hand, records the fact that the wing of a bird shot as it was flying over the terraces became so completely covered with the flinty material in the course of a fortnight that its form could not be recognised. Doubtless, both statements are true, and that while the names were written in a spot at which the silicate was deposited slowly, the wing of the bird happened to fall in a place more favourably situated. The same kind of discussion has often arisen concerning the deposit of stalagmite in the various bone-caves, with a view of settling the date of some of the bones and other things buried beneath. Calculations based upon such data must obviously be open to much chance of error.

Sir John Lubbock, who for some time has been making some interesting experiments as to the amount of intelligence possessed by one of the most intelligent of domestic animals, the dog, has lately been giving particulars of some of the results at which he has arrived. His first experiment was with a small terrier; but as this kind of

dog cannot always be made to fetch and carry, and as fetching and carrying was a part of the system of education which he meant to adopt, the dog was deposed in favour of a poodle. By employing two pieces of card, one of which was blank, and the other with the word 'Food' written upon it, he was able, after some trouble, to make the dog recognise the difference between the two. The card which bore the word 'Food' he constantly placed over a saucer of bread and milk; while the blank card was placed over an empty saucer. The poodle soon learnt to distinguish which card was the one its master called for. He also taught the dog to so recognise words placed on other cards that it would select the one called for from a number placed confusedly upon the floor. A collie who constantly stood by whilst these experiments were going on, and had every chance of observing that the poodle obtained his food by selecting a special card, learned nothing by these lessons. Experiments with different coloured cards had an altogether negative result; for although two lessons a day were given for three months, the dog never succeeded in distinguishing one colour from the other. Although we have been accustomed to regard the dog as an animal endowed with an unusual amount of intelligence, these experiments would indicate that it possesses, after all, a brain of very feeble power.

As an instance of the speed at which a tunnel can be driven in comparatively soft earth, we may mention that a subway under the river Thames near London Bridge has recently been completed in sixteen weeks. The distance bored is six hundred and sixty-seven feet.

Seldom has chemical analysis done better service than in a case reported lately in an American journal, in which a disputed claim was satisfactorily settled. Two barns were with their contents burnt to the ground. The owners of the property declared that at the time of the disaster the barns were full of unthrashed wheat. The Insurance Company refused to pay upon the fire policy which they had issued in respect to the property, on the ground of false pretence, inasmuch as the barns—they had been informed—only contained straw. Experts were engaged to inquire into the matter. They analysed some of the ashes contained in the barns, and found that they afforded a high percentage of phosphoric acid. Straw, compared with wheat, is so poor in the amount of this compound which it contains, that it at once became evident that the claim upon the Insurance Company was a just one.

Dr Brown-Sequard, in a communication made to the Société de Biologie, points out a method by which that common but uncomfortable experience known as 'catching a cold' may be avoided. He remarks that the parts of the human skin which are most sensitive to the action of cold are at the neck and at the feet, and these should be hardened and accustomed to withstand rapid changes of temperature with impunity. His treatment to attain this end consists in blowing upon the neck daily a stream of cold air from an elastic bag, and placing the feet in water, the temperature of which should be gradually reduced from day to day, until the coldest water is used. The *Medical Record* rightly points out that this treatment is merely a more rapid and elaborate form of cold bathing; and certainly those among

us who are robust enough to take their daily cold bath would not benefit in any way from the treatment described.

Our contemporary, *Nature*, gives some interesting particulars concerning the legion of rats which have invaded the Exhibition buildings at South Kensington since the necessary catering for thousands of sightseers daily brought such quantities of food into the place. During the continuance of the Exhibition, the creatures were far too well fed, or too wary to be attracted by the most temptingly baited trap. But now that the buildings are closed and the food-supply stopped, they are readily caught in all kinds of traps, and will devour all the bait before they seem to realise that they are prisoners. It is said that such is their state of hunger, the weaker ones are torn to pieces and devoured by their stronger brethren.

In a recent lecture upon the History of Wood-carving, Mr George Alfred Rogers, the son of a celebrated carver, observed that there was a feeling current that little good work was now done in this country, and that the art of wood-carving was dead, or declining. He believed that those who held such erroneous notions did so because the public have no opportunity of seeing the amount of excellent work which is being constantly done in the country. He advocates the establishment of a Hall of Wood-carving, where finished works may be exhibited for a short time before being sent to their owners. Such a course would, he believes, remove a false notion from the public mind in the course of a single month. The idea is a good one, and we trust that it may be carried out.

Grano-metallic stone is a compound of blast-furnace slag, granite, and Portland cement, mixed with an alkaline solution, which we noticed at the time of its introduction, some months ago, as an admirable substance for paving purposes. It has since been tried with success as a lining for cement kilns, where it has been exposed to a heat sufficient to melt cast-steel, and has undergone this ordeal without change. It may therefore be looked upon as a fireproof material for which many other uses may ultimately be found.

A Committee has been appointed by the Board of Trade to consider the desirability of establishing a general system of electrical communication between lightships and outlying lighthouses and the shore. They will inquire into the question whether the experience gained by the present cable to the *Sunk* lightship has proved of sufficient value to justify its cost; whether the system should be extended; and whether the places so brought into communication with the shore should be also used as signal-places for commercial purposes.

Some particulars have lately been published concerning the new Lorenz cartridge, which is being adopted by the European powers, and a factory for the manufacture of which in this country has been established at Millwall. The bullet is steel-plated, and the case of the cartridge is formed out of one piece of metal. The penetrative power of this new projectile is said to be most remarkable, and seems to be due to the fact that, unlike the old bullet, it retains its shape after impact. A bullet will pierce seven inches of hard beech, backed up with a dozen inch pine-

boards. It is a comfort to hear that the new bullet will not inflict such bad wounds as the one which it supplants, although, from its superior power, each bullet may probably find more than one billet.

A LAND-LEAGUE INCIDENT.

BY AN IRISH COUNTY MAGISTRATE.

ON a fine afternoon in the month of September 1881, I was called from a game of lawn-tennis at my house in a midland county of Ireland, and told by a servant that my neighbour, Mr Bell, wished to see me. That gentleman was a small landowner who occupied a demesne farm, the remainder of the estate being let to tenants. They were not in bad circumstances; several of them were even wealthy, for their station in life, and much better off than their landlord, whose property was encumbered. But Mr Bell had been called on, nevertheless, to grant an abatement in the rents; this he refused to do, and he was therefore boycotted. The unwritten law of the Land League was enforced against him, and he suffered much petty persecution. On one occasion he sent pigs to be sold at a fair held in a market-town seven miles away; and as soon as the animals had been taken out of the cart and placed on the street, they were surrounded by a silent crowd and daubed with mud: that was the 'brand of the League.' No buyer would then even ask their price; they were effectually tabooed. The crowd dispersed as quickly and quietly as it had assembled; and the police could do nothing to help the unfortunate owner, who was forced to take the pigs back to his farm and incur the expense of sending them afterwards to a distant market.

One of my stable-men had also been visited with the vengeance of the League, on Mr Bell's account. Knowing that he was short of hands, and that my man was an expert in hayricking, I sent the latter to help my neighbour. His work was soon completed, and he was absent only a few hours; but he had transgressed against the League law and assisted a boycotted individual. A few nights afterwards he was assaulted on his way home; and for six months following, he was guarded by two policemen every night from my house to his father's house, which was about a mile distant. Later on, and after the incident I am about to relate, his father, who is a small farmer, was roused at night by the barking of the house-dog, and saw from his window a party of men throwing down the stacks of oats in his haggard (stackyard). The poor man was afraid to go out, afraid also to identify any of the guilty parties. But as the stacks had been evidently thrown down maliciously, the grand-jury of the county awarded him compensation; and the tax for payment of the sum granted fell on the district. In such cases, no doubt some innocent people are made to pay for the guilt of others; but very many persons, although not among the actual perpetrators of the outrages, have a guilty knowledge of them, or at least know more about them than they will admit.

The tale Mr Bell came to tell me was a strange one. A month previously, he sold a quantity of hay to a man who lived in the next parish

and kept a small roadside grocer's shop. The buyer paid in cash for the hay, and had stacked it for winter use at his own house. But a procession of carts six or eight in number had that afternoon brought the hay back, and the men who drove them unloaded the carts and left the hay in Mr Bell's field in a pile near the public road. It appeared that Mr Bell did not himself see the carts. He was told by one of his servants that the men in charge of them said that the hay was sent back 'by order of the League, for it was against the League laws to buy hay or anything else from a boycotted person.'

There was no demand made, either then or subsequently, for the money that had been paid for the hay. The unlucky shopkeeper bore his loss without open complaint. I took occasion to express to him my surprise that he should endure the tyranny of the League, and suffer both in pocket and in the estimation of all men who despised cowardice. But he replied that to act otherwise than he did would have been ruin to him. He had transgressed, and must pay the penalty.

I advised Mr Bell to serve a notice on the shopkeeper, stating that the hay could not be allowed to remain in the field, and that if it was not removed within a few days, he should consider it to be abandoned, and would dispose of it as he saw fit; and I added that he might properly use or sell the hay, if the notice produced no effect.

Nobody would meddle with the 'boycotted hay!' Even Mr Bell, who was a timid man, was influenced by the mysterious power of the League, and would not touch it. The hay remained in the field where it had been flung, during the winter, exposed to rain and storm; but none of it was carried off, although the poor owners of donkeys, and other cotters near, must often have looked wistfully at the tempting derelict pile of fodder.

The winter passed, and in spring Mr Bell ventured to gather the mass, now lessened in bulk and beginning to rot, into a large lump or shapeless stack. In that form it remained for two years longer, slowly decreasing in size as the fibre decayed, and an object of interest and curiosity to passers-by. There is a considerable traffic on the road, and the 'boycotted hay' became one of the lions of the county. Not until Mr Bell had been fortunate enough to sell his estate and transport himself and his family to Australia, did the diminished and now most unsightly heap disappear. The new owner carted what remained of it to the manure-pit, and the district lost what had long been a familiar object, and afforded a striking and tangible proof of the power of the Land League.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE PRESERVATION OF EGGS.

To any one interested in the preservation of eggs, it may be useful to know that in the competition for prizes offered for the best dozen of preserved eggs at the Birmingham Cattle Show, the prizes went to eggs preserved in simple lime and water, or packed in dry salt. The Hon. Mrs Calthorpe, who took the first prize, thus describes her pro-

cess: 'Soak four pounds of lime in two gallons of water in an earthenware jar; stir occasionally for two days; the eggs are put to within three inches of the surface.' Mr Tegetmeier, who furnished the *Field* with an account of the competition, thinks that stirring the fresh slaked lime into water and putting in the eggs as they are collected, is quite sufficient. Greasing the eggs was found not to have improved them. Of the eggs preserved by the dry process, those packed in common salt were the best, and no additions to the salt seem to have improved the result; greasing and oiling before putting them in not being advantageous. One set had been placed in a solution of borax six days before being packed in salt; these were much inferior to the others; the yolk adhered to the shell, and the white had a strong saline taste.

Many samples had been preserved by rubbing with melted suet, beeswax, and oil, or lard: all these were good. A set rubbed over with pure vaseline immediately they were laid, had become unusable. The latter result corresponds with some experiments made with paraffin by Mr Tegetmeier. 'It is very difficult to understand,' he says, 'why eggs greased with lard, suet, or beeswax and oil, should be well preserved from the beginning of August to the end of November, whilst those rubbed with vaseline were putrid; but nevertheless the fact is undoubted. No method, he says, appears so efficacious as the first noted, the one being to place the eggs in water in which fresh slaked lime has been stirred, the quantity not being material; the other, packing them in common table salt. Nothing whatever is gained by any addition to these means, and the appearance of the eggs is not improved by greasing.'

THE PINSK MARSHES.

There is in Russia a district as large as Ireland, known by the above title, and wholly impassable from the size and number of its morasses, in addition to which, it is covered with an impenetrable forest of undergrowth and tangled jungle, and consequently was utterly useless. To make this vast extent of land available for the purposes of pasturage and agriculture, all that was required, apparently, was a thorough system of draining and clearing, as the land itself, as land, was found good for the proposed purposes. Accordingly, the Russian government has gone to work with a will, and is now, and has been for some time past, energetically engaged in both these useful and important operations, and the work has been crowned with marked success. At present, four millions of acres have been reclaimed; and during next year, it is proposed that three hundred thousand more shall be taken in hand by means of one hundred and twenty miles of canals and dikes. It is farther reported that upwards of six hundred thousand acres of once useless bog are now good meadow-land, whilst two million acres of impenetrable jungle have been brought into cultivation. In addition to all this, the engineers have built one hundred and seventy-nine bridges, sunk five hundred and seventy-seven wells, and surveyed and mapped twenty thousand square miles of land. If such a scheme as this can be so successfully carried

out by Russia, why should not some such plan be tried in Ireland? A scientific contemporary, referring to this question, says: 'The amount of bog in Ireland would, of course, be child's-play to the Pinsk marshes, for somehow we are always confronted with *bog* as the chief source of Irish difficulties. If its annihilation will pay so well in Russia, it ought to do so equally in Ireland; nor should we forget that an undertaking of such magnitude would bring immediate and constant work from the very outset to half the able-bodied population of the country.' The suggestion is well worth the serious attention of all interested in the question of the prosperity of Ireland, and the profitable employment of her working population.

BUILDING FOR EARTHQUAKES.

A curious paper was read by Professor Milne at a meeting of the Seismological Society of Tokio, reporting results obtained from a seismic survey of the ground in the immediate neighbourhood of his house, with the view to discover, if possible, the best method of constructing houses or buildings capable of resisting earthquakes, so as to sustain the least damage in themselves. Three different ways appear to have been suggested, by which it was thought probable that the buildings would escape the effects of the motion produced by the earthquake wave. The first was to make a careful seismic survey of the ground, and after that, to select a spot where there would be relatively but little motion—though how this desirable result was to be obtained we are not informed. The second plan was to build in a deep pit, the walls not touching the sides of the pit; but by what means this was to save the house, it is difficult to see, as, if an earthwave passed over the place, the pit itself as well as the house would necessarily be affected. A third method is still proposed, and that is, where the ground is soft, a light, one-storied house should be constructed of either wood or iron, which should be rested on a layer of cast-iron shot—an idea, possibly, to allow the house to move over the shot from right to left or backwards and forwards, and so escape being overthrown. But still, a very heavy earthwave would upheave, not the house and its foundation only, but the whole space of the earth round about it; and if that was so, the house, shot, pit, and all, must surely be overthrown in a heap together. The theory, however, is both curious and interesting, and may be well worth the examination and consideration of the scientific world, in spite of the difficulties and doubts which appear to surround the question.

RELICS OF AN EXTINCT RACE.

The island of Newfoundland, lying in the Gulf of St Lawrence, off the coast of Labrador, and belonging to England since 1583, was once inhabited by a race of aborigines, who have, however, become extinct ages ago. These have been known by the names of Bethuiks or Beothics, and were undoubtedly red Indians, like the aborigines of the adjoining continent. Unfortunately, but few remains of this ancient people have been found. Some of these remains are in the hands of private

collectors, and the remainder are said to be deposited in the Newfoundland Museum. These include a skull and a skeleton; some arrow-heads, axes, and other implements—all of stone. And so the matter rested until some curious discoveries were recently made on Pilley's Island, Notre-Dame Bay. Here several graves were carefully opened, one of which was found to contain the skull of an adult in an excellent state of preservation. This exhibits all the peculiar characteristics of the skull of a savage; but for all that, the skull is so well shaped that it is difficult to suppose that the Bethuks were of a very low type of humanity; but decidedly the contrary opinion would be more readily formed, taking the intelligent contour of the head as evidence. In another grave was found a second skeleton, which is nearly perfect, with the exception of a few small bones. This skeleton from the size is apparently that of a person not arrived at maturity. The body was doubled together, wrapped in birch-bark, and laid on its side, and then covered with stones so as to form a cairn. Subsequently, the body was examined, and when the birch-bark was removed, was found to be perfectly preserved, almost as much so as that of a mummy. These appear to have been the only relics of humanity that have been discovered of this ancient tribe; but many specimens of beautifully finished stone arrow-heads, stone hatchets or axes, and many articles—made from birch-bark—which look like drinking-vessels, and, most singular of all, a *model* of a bark canoe. We should have supposed that the making of models of canoes or anything else was a comparatively modern idea, and should hardly have looked for anything of the kind in the graves of a people who lived so long, long ago. Besides these, some curious and oddly shaped articles, made of bone, were also brought to light, which have been supposed to be ornaments.

WELDING METALS BY ELECTRICITY.

The latest development of the power of electricity is that of welding broken metals by its application. This power was recently explained and demonstrated by Professor Thompson, at the Boston Institute of Technology, this being the first time that the process—which is in use at the Professor's works at Lynn, U.S.A.—has been made known. By this remarkable method of welding, a broken bar of metal can be easily reunited, or bars of different metals welded together; while those materials which previously resisted welding most strenuously are now joined with ease; and those previously easily welded remain the same. Differences in specific electrical and heat conductivity are the properties which are the most troublesome. The method consists in simply forcing the ends to be welded together tightly, and passing a sufficiently powerful current of electricity through the joint. The resistance raises the metal to a welding heat, and the pressure makes the joint. Professor Thompson enumerated some of the practical results obtained personally within a recent period. Iron and copper wires of varying dimensions have been joined end to end. Steel or iron bars nearly an inch in diameter have been solidly welded together, and steel has also been joined to brass. A copper rod nearly

half an inch in diameter has been welded, requiring a current of twenty thousand amperes. One great gain from this process is that steel-pointed tools and knives may be made cheaply of inferior metal, and new points and cutting parts welded on as desired. The cost of the new process is—according to the *Scientific American*—undoubtedly less than by the old method of forge and hammer; while the time required is very short, and no heat is wasted. Professor Thompson stated that in welding a steel bar an inch and a half in diameter, a current of six thousand amperes in volume, and having an electro-motive force of one half a volt, was necessary. Another and more intelligible way of putting this fact is, that the force used is that of thirty-five horse-power for one minute. The new process is expected to have a most important future before it, more especially in the manufacture of cheap steel-edged goods.

RETURN OF THE SWALLOW.

Home again beneath my eaves,
Never once regretting
Alien skies and alien flowers,
Thou hast sought our leafy bowers,
Primrose copses, April showers,
Vagrant joys forgetting.

Did some exile's eye grow dim
'Mid his flocks and fountains,
As thy light wing flitting by
Brought to him the memory,
Underneath a foreign sky,
Of his native mountains?

Hast thou looked on wondrous realms
Of barbaric splendour—
Coral reefs, Arcadian vales,
Lonely ships with storm-tost sails,
Rose-wreathed dells where nightingales
Warbled love-notes tender?

No sad longing haunts thy note
For bright hours departed;
Love, and trust, and sweet content
With thy happy twittering blent,
Seem a message heaven-sent
To the weary-hearted.

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THE PREDICTED ERA OF PEACE.

EUROPE is arming, and all the signs of the time point in the direction of another great international conflict. At such a moment, while the calm which precedes the storm still lasts, it may be interesting and not unprofitable to consider why it is that, in spite of the civilisation of which we are justly proud, in spite of the progress, both moral and material, which marks our age, we should still persist, as between nations, though no longer as between individual men, in keeping up the old, barbarous, bloody method of deciding our quarrels.

It seems at first sight as if the analogy between duelling and war was in all respects perfect, and that if the one is shown to be a barbarous and unchristian practice, the other must be so too. As matters now stand, however, there is one important distinction between the two cases—one point at which the analogy breaks down. Permanent tribunals exist for the settlement of individual quarrels, but none exist for the settlement of those which arise between nations; and if temporary tribunals have occasionally, as in the case of the Alabama claims, been created for the decision of international differences, their award has carried with it no sanction, so that, if the defeated party still preferred an appeal to arms, war became inevitable. Since, then, the non-existence of permanent international tribunals armed with power to enforce obedience to their decrees, is the only thing that makes a war between two nations a whit more justifiable than a duel between two men, it follows that if such tribunals were once created, the difference in a moral point of view which now exists between an international duel and a duel between individuals would disappear, and one nation would have no more excuse for disturbing the peace of the world than one individual has for breaking the peace of our Lady the Queen.

It seems to us that the vision, which some of our poets have seen, of an era of peace in which international disputes will be settled in the manner

we have indicated, is not a mere dream, or at least that it is a dream which there are strong reasons for supposing will one day come true. These reasons are partly of an economic character, and are partly founded upon moral and political considerations. It is quite certain that war is becoming every day more injurious, economically, to the interests not only of the belligerent, but also to those of neutral, powers. If we except the loss of life and the expense of withdrawing a number of men from peaceful industries and setting them to kill each other, a war in the middle ages cost the nations engaged in it comparatively little. The victorious army usually overran and devastated parts of the hostile territory; but as little or no fixed capital then existed, and as no devastation could interfere with the natural capabilities of the soil, the next year's harvest was as good as, or even better than, if cultivation had followed its usual course. War in a civilised country at the present day is attended with very different and far more disastrous consequences; its effect is felt not merely in the country which is the scene of operations, but is often perceptible to the very ends of the earth. Take, for example, the American civil war. One of its effects was to arrest for the time being the production of cotton, and to deprive Lancashire of the raw material of her industry, so that the Lancashire operative actually suffered more severely by reason of a transatlantic war than he might have done if England had sustained a succession of defeats in a war with Germany or France. The network of commerce is now so complicated and extensive, that it is impossible for one member of the family of nations to suffer without all or some of the others suffering with it; and it is hardly an exaggeration to say—as Lord Macaulay has done—that a civil war of a week on English ground would produce effects which would be felt at the end of many years in California and in China. Not only is the mass of wealth which now exists in the shape of fixed capital beyond comparison greater than at any former period, but the wealth which is represented by the stocks and shares of

public Companies—a kind of wealth of which, until lately, the world knew nothing—passes all calculation. Upon property of this latter description, depending as it does upon credit for its value, the effect of a war, or even the rumour of one, is peculiarly disastrous. A civil war at the present moment in America would be felt not in Lancashire alone, but in any part of England or of the world in which there lived a man who held a bond or owned a share in an American Company.

At the time of the American civil war, England, although depending on America for the raw material of one of her leading industries, did not to any very great extent depend upon that country for food. Now, on the contrary, we import from the United States a very large proportion of our annual supply of corn, and nearly one-third of our supply of meat. A war between the two countries would therefore reduce England to the brink of starvation, would deprive the American farmer of his best market, and would probably cause an amount of suffering tenfold greater than that caused by the cotton famine of 1862.

These considerations are enough to show that, even putting morality for the moment aside, the purely selfish interests of nations are becoming every day more deeply pledged to a policy of peace. Up to the commencement of that great industrial age in which we live, a civilised community was often so placed that it might hope to gain more by a successful war than it feared to lose by having its trade interrupted and its industry paralysed. We are now steadily approaching a time when the interests involved in the peaceful prosecution of industry and the regular operations of commerce will be so numerous and gigantic, that the civilised world will be only too glad to unite for the purpose of putting down any wanton disturber of the public peace.

In addition to the economic considerations to which we have referred, which make it probable that the policy of nations will be more peaceful in the future than it has been in the past, there are, as we have said, certain political and moral causes which are working in the same direction. Hitherto, the foreign policy of most countries has not really been directed by the people, but by the government. In an unenlightened age, this could not have been otherwise; the people possessed neither the knowledge nor the means of acquiring the knowledge which would have enabled them to form an opinion as to how far their rulers were justified, in any particular case, in adopting hostile measures. It is the people, and not the government, that loses and suffers most by a war, and hence it is that we have heard of a government, but never of a people, entering on a war 'with a light heart.' Carlyle has drawn a picture, at once ludicrous and sad, of a body of peaceful English peasants who are disciplined and drilled and dressed in red and sent away to Spain, and there placed opposite to an equal number of French peasants, also in uniform, and with guns in their hands. At the word of command, both parties fire, and thirty men on either side fall dead; 'and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury and anew shed

tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart, were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe there was even unconsciously by commerce some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! Their governors had fallen out; and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.'

Is not this, in a nutshell, the history of half the wars the world has seen? The governors have quarrelled, and the people have been made to believe the quarrel was their own; and is there not the strongest reason for supposing that as education spreads, as governments become more truly representative of the people whom they govern, and as the people come to understand more truly their real interests, wars of this kind at least, into which kings lead their subjects blindfold, will no more be heard of?

Lastly, there are various moral causes which are co-operating with those of an economic and political nature which we have touched on, and which are bringing us gradually nearer to an age of peace. If we compare the nineteenth with any previous century, we find that men's hearts are softer, their manners more gentle and refined, their sympathies and philanthropic instincts far more active than at any former time. Human life is more respected, human suffering more tenderly cared for, and we do more and more every day to soften for each other 'the asperities of human existence.' Not only this, but even the lives and sufferings of brutes—of dogs and horses, of hares and rabbits—are respected to a degree which our ancestors would have deemed absurd. The crueller forms of sport, cock-fighting, bear-baiting, bull-fighting, are now placed in the same category with the tournament and the gladiatorial show; and can any rational person doubt that just as we are in advance of our ancestors as regards these things, so our descendants will surpass us? And is it not certain that along with progress of this kind there must come a revolution in men's ideas about war?

What would now be thought if a great philosopher were to maintain, as the greatest of English philosophers once did, that war is to the body politic what exercise is to the natural body—a healthful and necessary recreation without which the life and vigour of a nation would decay? Even were this true, the question would still remain whether men or nations are justified in preserving their health at any cost to themselves and to the rest of mankind; but if it was ever true, it is true no longer that without war a nation would have no scope for its activity, no outlet for its energies, no training-ground for heroism. The armies of industry have now to fight as hard and more steadily; to face dangers and difficulties quite as great; to maintain a contest just as much calculated to call forth whatever of the heroic a man or a nation may have in them, as any war of which we read. Steady courage, prompt obedience, and a spirit of cheerful self-denial, are qualities which the true industrial soldier must possess; and that he usually does possess these and most other military virtues in a high degree is proved by the fact that peaceful industrial communities,

when forced to fight for their independence, have usually fought at least as well as those which have made war their trade.

Notwithstanding what has been said, it is much to be feared that from the time when war will entirely cease, many blood-filled trenches and contentious centuries—as Carlyle says—still divide us; but in the meantime, we may be permitted to take our stand, like Lord Bacon, on the Pisgah of speculation, and look forward to a time when men will live under better laws and will lead purer lives; an age in which wars, although they may not have ceased in all the world, will be banished from the civilised part of it, and in which international tribunals will sit to decide international differences, and will execute their decrees with the help of the armed and united forces of civilised society banded together to maintain the general peace.

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

By the Author of 'MEHALAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,'
'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE TANGLE.

THE Cornellis family settled into the Hall, as if they had no intention of leaving it. At all events, neither Mr Cornellis nor his sister bestirred themselves to find other quarters. Mr Gotham did not care. So long as he was allowed to move about, and was flattered by Justin Cornellis, and was undisturbed in his study, he was content. Cornellis had made himself indispensable to him, and Gabriel clung to him. It was in his nature to cling, and just now his grapple of the ex-missionary was tenacious, and to another man would have been embarrassing. But Cornellis understood Gotham, or thought he did, and believed that by humouring his vanity and sloth, and by not standing in the way of his pleasures, he could twist him about to suit his own purposes. Mr Gotham now did, what he had said he had done, execute a will in his favour, leaving him his entire estate; making him executor and residuary legatee as well; but he gave him his private instructions, which he had made the ex-missionary solemnly promise to execute. It was in keeping with the miserable vanity of the man that he could not endure the prospect that even after death his conduct should be known; that people should be able to point to Bessie as his wife, whom he had basely deserted, after having deceived her; and to Richard, the lighthouseman, the vulgar sailor, as his son. He was conscious that he had behaved dishonourably, and he shrank from being found out, and having his cowardly action published, to be commented on by the world.

The destruction of Rose Cottage was complete. Nothing worth preservation remained. It had been cheaply built, the walls thin, and when the floors and roof fell in, the gray brick flanks collapsed as well. All that remained of it intact was the green boarded summer-house in the garden.

The agent of the insurance office came to Hanford and inspected the ruins. Mr Cornellis

showed him over the fallen walls, the charred beams, the trampled garden. He was frank. There had been a dinner-party that night. The servants had been hard-worked, and possibly there had been some neglect. Servants are careless. He confessed that he ought to have gone round the house that night after all had retired, and seen that the fires were extinguished and the house locked up. He had not done so, having a sick headache. His daughter had roused him about two o'clock—he could not tell the hour exactly, he had been too bewildered to look at his watch. When he came out on the stairhead, he saw that the staircase was on fire and flames rushing from the kitchen. He had spoken several times to the cook about putting the wood for the kindling of the fires in the oven and on the hot plate. He had forbidden it; but servants are not always obedient any more than they are prudent. As far as he was able to judge, the fire had originated in the kitchen, communicated with the pantry, where the paraffin oil was kept for the lamps, also a can of benzoline. When the oils had become ignited, such a volume of flame gushed forth that the stairs caught fire. This he suspected was the explanation of the conflagration; but he was in too great alarm and excitement when roused to take accurate observation; moreover, he had the women to look after and save. Every day, he felt more keenly his loss of a wife who would have kept the maids in order. A man cannot do that effectually, and a young girl like his daughter had not grown into the part of housekeeper. With great candour, he told the agent that it was after a disturbance with his maids relative to their reading novels in bed, and going to sleep with the benzoline light burning on the chair at the bed-head, close to the pillow, that he had doubled his insurance, and had taken the precaution to insure everything he possessed in the house.

The agent questioned the cook, who admitted having put the sticks into the oven and on the hot plate, because they were damp and would not ignite. Anne could not remember whether she had left her cans of oil in the pantry or in the kitchen, whether they were corked or not. It was true that master had spoken to her about reading in bed a year ago, when she had set fire to and burnt a hole in the sheet by going to sleep leaving the lamp alight, and turning over in bed and upsetting the lamp.

The insurance was allowed. There was no reason why it should not be. Not the smallest suspicion was aroused that the fire was occasioned by any other cause than the carelessness of the cook, who received her dismissal and a lecture on disobedience. Mr Cornellis refused her a month's wage on the ground of her having set fire to the house, and the woman was so concerned that it had been burnt down through her inadvertence, that she made no demur to the loss of wage.

Josephine was not present at the visit of the agent, but she heard about it, and heard the origin of the fire discussed. It was discussed by her father at table. She was uneasy. Not a word was said about his having been up and about after midnight. Only when she found that all the blame was laid on the cook and

Anne, did she interfere, and then she spoke to her father when they were alone.

'Papa, why is not a word said about your cleaning up the gravy with petroleum? If Anne did leave the can in the kitchen, you must know, as you used it in the dining-room. The oil was spilled in the pantry—there was quite a pond there. I trod in it.'

'Was there a pond in the pantry? Then the can leaked.'

'But you had the can, papa.'

'I had not. I employed turpentine. I did not go near the pantry.'

Josephine was not satisfied. She could not tell her father that she disbelieved what he said; she mistrusted him. When she heard the rector and Mr Gotham lament the loss of his wines, she opened her eyes. He had no wines—a few dozen only in the coal-hole cupboard; he had no cellar.

The fire had this effect, that it drew her mind away from the consideration of her own trouble. She knew it might also distract the rector, and thought that he would make no further allusion to it. But in this she was mistaken. He called at the Hall a few days after the fire, and as she was in the garden, went to her, and took her hand in his, in his kindly, fatherly way. 'I have a crow to pluck with you, Josephine. I have left the crow unpicked for some while, but he has been put aside, not buried.'

She knew at once what he meant, and coloured, and sharply withdrew her hand. If she had trusted him and told him the truth, he would have been satisfied. The rector was easily satisfied, because his heart went out to meet every one who had done wrong and frankly acknowledged the fault. But she took another course, a mistaken one, a course she would not have taken had she been in a condition to judge calmly. Her father's conduct on the night of the fire had been so suspicious, that she was unhappy and uncomfortable, thinking him guilty of a great act of dishonesty, and this made her peevish and jealous of interference. She dare not say what she thought; she dreaded lest her suspicions should betray themselves, were her confidence gained by the vicar. So she armed herself with reserve, bound her heart about with pride, and met his advance without cordiality.

'My dear Josephine,' he said, 'I am not satisfied about two matters—your being on the seawall at midnight, and the fire following so soon after. I cannot shake out of my mind the thought that the two incidents are connected.'

'I told you, rector, that they were not, when you made the same remark on the morning of the fire.'

'It is strange. You were the last person up.'

'Is it necessary for me to repeat the assertion, Mr Sellwood? I have already said that there is no connection between the two events.'

He shook his head. He disliked her tone. He looked in her face; he was displeased with the expression there. 'I see, I see, it is of no use my speaking to you. You are in an obstinate, defiant mood. I only sought your good.'

'You sought the good of the labourers when you gave them cows, and you landed them in jail.'

'Only one—only one. It is my duty to try to do good; though, God knows, I make sad bungles in doing it. I must follow my nose, though it leads me to flounder in a bog. I can do no other.—All I wanted to say, Josephine, was, that if you had thrown down a match, or upset a lamp, or left a candle burning, so that the fire broke out, it is your duty to mention it. You were up after every one else was in bed. Have you told your father that? If the fire came from the kitchen, you would have smelt burning wood when you went into the hall. Not more than two hours after you retired, the house was in a blaze. Have you told your father you were up?'

'No.' She looked down. She could not say that he knew it, lest the rector should ask further questions.

'Then tell him.—Look here, Josephine. Follow, as I do, the nose. The nose does not go far into the future; it does not turn corners; it makes no convolutions. It always points straight at what is under the eyes. Do what is a plain duty, and don't consider what is far ahead. It seems to me that this is a simple and direct obligation. Tell your father.'

She was silent, unable to answer.

'Now, Josephine,' said the vicar, 'I know what you are considering, and that is, the question he will ask, why you were up at midnight. Tell him you had gone out into the garden, and through the gate to the seawall. Here I arrive at the chief bone I have to pick with you. If you had said to me on that night that you had come out to see the full tide flowing in the moonlight, I would have believed you. Your interview with Dick Cable would in my eyes have been accidental. But you did not say this. You told me that you came there—at midnight, remember, when every one else at Rose Cottage was in bed—to give Dick a box of gilt crackers for his children. You held out the box, to substantiate your story. Did you consider what this implied? It implied that you knew Cable was out at the gate at that time. You could only have known that by making an appointment with him to be there; and this—really, Josephine, with the respect I have always felt for you, and for Dicky Cable—this is a thought that troubles me a great deal.'

'I had made no appointment.'

'I am relieved to hear you say so. Then how did you know he was there?'

'Because I heard him whistling on the wall a tune—the mermaid's song in *Oberon*.'

'Really, Josephine!—God forgive me! I do not wish to entertain evil thoughts of any one, least of all of you. But this is most extraordinary. I have heard of housemaids arranging with their swains to whistle for them when they are outside the back-yard—and this looks much like the housemaid practice exalted to parlour tricks.'

'I am sorry you think so,' said the girl haughtily. 'I cannot help your thoughts, rector. It was, however, no such thing.'

'I believe you. Charity hopeth all things, charity believeth all things. But I am puzzled, nevertheless.'

'I will tell you how it came about,' said Josephine after a long pause. 'Mr Cable had learned

the tune from me when we were wrecked together. After you left us, and Aunt Judith had said good-night, instead of going to bed, I sat out in the summer-house, and whilst there, I heard Mr Cable whistle the air. Then I recollected I had put aside a box of crackers for his children, and I fetched them, and took them out to him.'

'It was most inconsiderate, Josephine.'

'No doubt it was; but I did not suppose you would have caught me.'

'Whether I caught you or not is beside the matter. You should not do such things. You should think.'

'I followed my nose,' said Josephine. 'I did not consider consequences. I acted on the impulse of the moment—a harmless one.'

'A most improper one.'

'What! To give sugar-plums to little children?'

'To go out in the dead of night to meet a single man, to whatever class of life he may belong. My dear, what a pity you have no mother!'

'Shall I ask my father to give me another?'

'Josephine, this is no joking matter. If you are not more considerate, you will compromise yourself past recovery. You may be thankful no one knew of this escapade except myself and Algernon.—Now, go and tell your father about it.'

'He knows I was up that night?'

'What! Does he know everything?'

'No—only that I was up.'

'Tell him all. Never seek to be other than open. I am glad you told him that. It will make it easier for you to tell him the whole truth—the rest that has been kept from him.'

'No, rector,' said Josephine impatiently; 'I will tell him nothing; I have told him nothing.'

'Yet you say he knows.'

'I do not say I told him. He may suspect. He may have seen me come in.'

'No, Josephine; he went to bed directly after Algy and I left, as he suffered from a bilious headache. I thought he was not himself that evening. So he was asleep long before you were on the seawall, and he did not wake till you roused him.'

'Who told you that?'

'Himself. I heard him say so several times—to the insurance agent, for one.'

'Then I will say nothing more,' exclaimed Josephine. 'Think what you will of me. I cannot clear myself.' She laughed bitterly. 'I have a maid-servant mind. I make appointments to meet my young man on the sly after midnight; I bid him whistle when he is at the trysting-place; I slink out and meet him. What a pity you came, rector, and interfered; we might have eloped together, and then been had up and charged with incendiarism, and sentenced to hard labour for seven years. What fun! I should have liked that amazingly—seven years taken care of, thought for, with no responsibilities, no enigmas to puzzle out, no society before which to wear a mask, no necessity laid on me for lies and dissimulation.'

'Josephine! Have you lost your head?'

'No, rector, except with excitement at the prospect of such blessedness as to be "in" for seven years. O rector! let me rob you of your watch

and get convicted. I should dearly like it. To think of knowing exactly where I was, of having a perfect conviction that the ground under my feet was solid, of having all one's world in sharply defined categories; these men are warders, and not criminals; these are criminals, myself included—I burn down houses, you say—and are not warders. And this man in a black coat, with whiskers and white tie, is not a criminal nor a warder, but a chaplain. Here, without, no one knows who is who, and what is what. You, dressed as a parson, may be my warder; and Richard Cable, disguised as a sailor, may be my chaplain; and my father, who carried the gospel to the dispersed Tribes, may be a lost Israelite, wanting the gospel more than the rest. Who can tell? What am I? I do not know—a true girl, a liar, honourable, deceitful—a lady, a maid-servant? I do not know myself what I am, much less do I know others.'

'Josephine,' said the rector gravely, 'you are talking in a random manner. I sought your confidence, and you have refused it me. I cannot allow you to act as recklessly as you talk. I shall be forced—what I wished to have avoided—to speak to Miss Judith about you.'

'As you will,' said Josephine with a sigh. 'I do not wish, dear rector, to reject your offer, but I cannot help myself. Do you understand how sometimes one may be puzzling with a tangled skein of silk or common twine, trying to undo the knots and to find the end; and how that then, if another comes up and offers to assist you, you decline the help, because you are sure the second set of fingers will complicate the tangle and unravel nothing?'

'What is the skein you are engaged in bringing to order?'

'I do not know—my life, my ideas—the whole of that vast complexity, social, moral, religious, in which I find myself.—Now, rector, do you understand me?'

He shook his head. 'My dear Josephine, it seems to me that instead of unravelling anything, you are involving yourself in a tangle. As for the moral and religious orders'—

'There is no order in them.'

'Pardon me—my office is to help'—

'Excuse me, dear Mr Sellwood. No one, not even you, can help me. I must work out my puzzle for myself. Say it is not a tangle, but a cat's-cradle.'

'That needs two to play at it.'

'Yes, but I must choose my own partner.'

'Let me say one word, dear Josephine, and that shall be my last, on this matter. You speak of a tangle. There always will be, there always must be complexity in life. At the same time, there is one little gold thread which, if you will hold and follow, will help you to unlace every loop, and unweave every knot, which will help to draw out every convolved thread, and establish complexity where you have supposed was confusion. Look for the golden thread, Josephine.—Good-bye.'

The corners of his mouth were working. He had a kind heart. He had known the girl from childhood. He pitied her, and he was in serious alarm for her.

'I have muddled even this,' said Josephine to herself. 'I have been rude and offended him,

and he is kind; but he also, with his kind intentions, is always doing wrong things. It seems to me as if I were set a task to write a copy of copperplate penmanship on a sheet of blotting-paper. Where I want to make hair-strokes, I make smudges; and every flourish I attempt resolves itself into a shapeless blot. Now, with every desire to do me good, the rector will make matters worse; he will tell Aunt Judith all, and she will speak to my father. So he complicates the tangle in which—how wrong he was!—there is no golden thread, only base twine and strands of dirty silk.'

THE KERMADecs.

ONE of the latest British annexations—indeed, with the exception of Socotra, the most recent—is that of the Kermadec group of islands, lying to the north-east of New Zealand, in the direct route to the Friendly or Tongan group, and about half-way to them. The principal of the group, Sunday Island, is about the same distance from Auckland, North Island, to the north-east as Norfolk Island lies to the north-west. The cluster is composed of three islands—Raoul or Sunday Island; the other two, Curtis and Macaulay.

The group derives its appellation from the French navigator Huon Kermadec, who first named it when on a cruise in search of La Perouse, in which task he was accompanied by another celebrated Frenchman whose name is attached to geographical discoveries—namely, Entrecasteaux. Kermadec did not take possession of them, regarding them as useless of themselves; but doubtless it is owing to their geographical position with regard to the British colony of New Zealand that our government wisely were induced to hoist the British flag there at last.

Sunday Island is the largest of the three, the only one inhabitable, or with any pretension to possessing an anchorage such as it is. The other two are merely huge black rocks, rising precipitously from deep water, against which the ocean swells are constantly dashing, rendering landing a perfect impossibility. Their formation is volcanic; and the position in which they are found marks the continuation of the very well-defined line of volcanic action, stretching all the way across the North and South Pacific, from the volcano covering the largest area in the world, 'Kilauea,' in the Hawaiian group, and passing through the Friendlies, reaches the group this paper describes, and thence is joined on to the system extending down the east coast of New Zealand, which was so very disastrously active some short time back.

Kilauea about two years ago became suddenly extinct; but it is very curious and interesting to notice how all the recent eruptions followed closely on to its ceasing activity. First of all, in November 1885, a submarine volcano made its appearance in the Friendlies, and was, when the writer of this was in those parts, very busy forming a new island, which from last reports has now attained some considerable importance. Shortly after this occurred, the terrible convulsions of nature in the Tauranga district of New Zealand, when old Tongariro once more broke forth, covering a large extent of beautiful country many yards

deep in boiling mud and ashes, and destroying two of the most valued sights of the world, the Pink and White Terraces of the Hot Lakes district. Following on to quite lately, we hear from the Friendly group, where the island of Niuefou without warning broke out into fire and flame, and almost destroyed the entire plain and its wretched inhabitants.

Curtis Island, one of the two smaller islands in the Kermadecs, is always smoking, or rather steaming through the fissures in its sides. Macaulay never has broken out; but Sunday, although possessing a name suggestive of rest, has several times made genuine efforts to resume its undoubted former activity.

This island measures about fourteen miles in circumference, and rises pretty regularly to a height of about seventeen hundred feet. On the summit is a lake, formed in what was formerly an active volcanic crater. The soil, composed of decomposed lava and decayed vegetable matter, is very rich, and in most places carries considerable rank vegetation. In some parts, on digging a few feet, the earth is found to be so warm that it can be made available for cooking food by simply wrapping it in leaves and burying it after the fashion of a native oven. It is quite available for settlement, and the great wonder is, that with so many adventurous colonists close by or continually passing, no one, until just before the flag was hoisted, attempted to claim it in fee-simple by occupation, when a speculator from Auckland in conjunction with a solitary beachcomber, who had been there a short time, landed some sheep and claimed the island.

It has, however, been inhabited at various times. In old days it was very much frequented by whalers, who made of it a sort of ocean post-office, leaving letters for one another in a certain agreed spot, or for a visitor to convey to the mainland.

The anchorage—if such it may be termed—is on the northern shore, and is protected in some small degree by a few detached islets. No skipper would ever make use of it but during the finest weather.

Its first reported occupiers were a party of three American whalers, who, for some reason or other, took up their abode there, accompanied by their dark-skinned wives, whom they had picked up at some of the adjacent groups. They were said to have thriven wonderfully, and raised large half-caste families of handsome appearance. Their occupation was growing fruit and vegetables for barter with the whalers and other visiting-ships, for whom also they would catch turtle, which visit the island in large numbers. These they would detain in large rocky tanks, feeding them until the opportunity arrived for their disposal to calling vessels in want of fresh provisions. They also used for the same purpose to cure fish and mutton-birds, immense quantities of the latter visiting in the breeding season. The small community got on very well for about ten years, when, in an unlucky moment, a Peruvian kidnapper who had been pursuing his trade among the islands to the north hove-to off this hitherto contented settlement. The ship carried a stolen cargo of some sixty unfortunate islanders, amongst whom some infectious disease had broken out. Seeing that they could never get

them home, to clear the ship for a new attempt, the wretched savages were remorselessly thrown on shore in a dying condition. Not one of these poor fellows survived; but the fatal progress of the epidemic was not arrested before more than two-thirds of the unhappy settlers had been swept off by its malignity. The remainder, fearing the place to be permanently infected, left in the next ship that afforded them the opportunity.

The next inhabitant was a Sydney man from Samoa, who was landed there with his Samoan wife. He had not been there long, before a sharp series of earthquakes and smoky manifestations from the adjacent Curtis Island frightened him so much that the next ship had him for a passenger.

This last was succeeded by a solitary beach-comber from Tonga, who also made but a very short stay. He, however, had more reason for alarm than his predecessor. He had scarcely made himself at home, before the seismic convulsions became chronic, and the lake began to boil, throwing up huge columns of steam. This unusual phenomenon for those parts attracted the notice of a passing vessel, which bore down to investigate the matter, and being signalled, took the lonely man off. The writer of this paper met this individual some time afterwards in the Pacific Islands, and received from him a somewhat comic account of what he had gone through on Sunday Island. In the gravest manner possible, he averred that for three whole months he was never able to keep his feet, owing to the incessant shocks of earthquake throwing him down each time he attempted to stand upright! Continuing the interesting narrative, he said that during that period he never cooked an ounce of food, but lived entirely upon the boiled fish thrown up on the beach at frequent intervals, done to a turn by the continuous submarine explosions! He wound up the above wonderful yarns by stating that his fowls—Cochin-Chinas—from, he thought, the enormous quantity of hot food at their disposal, developed such huge proportions, and became so weighty, that when walking, their footsteps made such a clatter that it was impossible to sleep until they had gone to roost.

The Kermadecs—speaking of their value from a national point of view—can never be of any importance more than they were previous to annexation. At the same time, their possession by a foreign power would have been an immense source of irritation to New Zealand, and this fact, no doubt, was the reason for their being brought within the folds of the union-jack.

THE BRANCHTOWN BALL.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'SOCIETY is so awfully mixed now, that it's really quite dreadful!' grumbled Mrs Armitage-Maxwell, with the righteous wrath of a lady who was herself a scion of a county family and the widow of a colonel in the hussars. 'You never know what horrid creatures you may meet!'

She had dined the preceding night at a house the owners of which she knew but slightly, and

had there met and been very civil to a strange couple, under the impression that they were related to a Cabinet minister of the same name. This morning she had had the mortification of learning that she had been mistaken, and that they were only 'something in the City.' The colonel's widow was suffocated with vexation that she had gone out of her way to be civil to 'people in the City.' The army and the navy, the church and the bar, formed her social sphere, which found absolutely no room for commerce of any sort.

She had been cross ever since. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon, and she was sitting in her drawing-room, which was a singular compound of splendour and shabbiness, and told more of Mrs Armitage-Maxwell's character than the lady knew. As the widow of a half-pay officer, her means were sadly inadequate to her position in society; and between the state she endeavoured to keep up and the grinding pressure of poverty, she was often at her wits' end. The company present was select, though not numerous. It consisted of the widow's only daughter Eva, a sweet-faced, brown-eyed girl of twenty, who was stretched luxuriously in a basket-chair, reading.

From the two large windows, draped with rubbishy oriental curtains, could be seen the blue sea, sparkling in the winter sunshine. Branchtown was a pleasant watering-place on the south coast of England. It was one of the resorts where half-pay officers and spinsters of good family much do congregate; where exclusiveness is carried to the last pitch of refinement; where rents are moderate and houses good. In short, it was one of those places which seem to have been especially designed for such people as Mrs Armitage-Maxwell.

Branchtown did not boast a garrison; but six miles off, on the other side of the bay, was Mudport, a large naval station, where regiments were always quartered. Between the two services, the Branchtown young ladies had such facilities for flirtation as seldom fall to the lot of womankind in these islands. Pretty Eva especially availed herself of her opportunities to the utmost. The only drawback, as Mrs Armitage-Maxwell very candidly told her daughter, was that not one of her admirers had any money; and the widow had made up her mind that the girl should only marry a rich man. But how this was to be accomplished was somewhat of a problem. A London season might possibly have seen a coronet laid at Eva's feet; but her mother's means did not permit her to indulge in such a costly expedient. There was nothing for it but to plod on at stupid Branchtown and trust to the chapter of accidents.

'Eva,' began Mrs Armitage-Maxwell, with an air of resolution, 'I have been thinking that we ought to give a dance. You have been out a great deal this winter, and so far we have made no return.'

'A dance!' said the girl, eagerly putting down her book. 'O mother, do give one! I should like it so much!'

'Yes, it's all very well to say "Do give one!"' returned her mother peevishly, and not very reasonably, since it was her own suggestion. 'But a dance is an awful bother, and, what's worse, expense. You must have a good supper, and ices and champagne; and it's no use unless you get the very best of everything, because young men are so dreadfully particular nowadays, that they know at once what the champagne costs, and whether the sweets were made at home. I couldn't give a decent dance for less than twenty pounds, and I haven't got twenty pounds to spare.'

'Then why did you tantalise me by saying anything about it?' Eva returned, aggrieved.

'Listen!' said her mother impressively. 'I can't afford it myself; but I've been thinking that if I could get two or three more of our set to join me, we might give a dance at the Assembly Rooms at infinitely less expense than here.'

'I thought you hated those joint affairs, mother. You said, after you gave that picnic with the Trevellyans, that you never would do such a thing again.'

'I admit that was a failure. Mrs Trevelyan turned out most unpleasant when it came to the question of paying for the things. But this will be very different. I mean to have the thing properly managed, with stewards, like a public ball; and as the people will pay for their tickets, the supper will really cost me nothing.'

'But I thought you meant it to be an invitation affair?'

'So it will be. Trust me, Eva, I shall take care no outsiders get in. And I don't see why, if the first is a success, we shouldn't have a whole series of dances—half-a-dozen or so—before Lent.'

The Branchtown ladies were very strict in their observance of Lent. They rested then from the fatigues of the winter season, wore out their shabby old dresses, and laid in a fresh stock of energy in preparation for the garden-parties and yachting excursions of the summer campaign.

Eva looked the picture of delight. 'O mother, how jolly that would be! The floor at the Assembly Rooms is splendid; and there are heaps of room for the supper and everything! And we can have a military band from Mudport. Oh, it will be delightful!'

'What will be delightful?' asked a masculine voice, as the housemaid opened the door and announced 'Mr Fleming.' The new-comer was a pleasant-looking young fellow of four-and-twenty, whom one would at the very first sight set down as a soldier. He was, indeed, a lieutenant in an infantry regiment stationed at Mudport. Bertie Fleming had managed to gain a secure footing in Mrs Armitage-Maxwell's house, and maintained it despite some discouragement from that lady. He was well born, but hopelessly poor; and as hopelessly in love with pretty Eva. But though he paid her marked attentions, her mother was always careful to explain that there was really

nothing between the young people; though now the girl's heightened colour and happy smile as Bertie came forward might have justified a different opinion.

The widow shook hands and proceeded to explain her scheme, which she knew would need masculine co-operation to be effectively carried out. He listened attentively, and expressed great approval. In truth, he was struck by the cleverness of the idea. 'What a sharp old match-maker she is!' he thought to himself. 'She will get her dance, and take care to exclude all but the right people, without any expense to herself at all. By Jove! what a mother-in-law I shall have!'

They talked the subject over in all its bearings. Mrs Armitage-Maxwell was much too knowing to embark in any enterprise of which she had not ascertained the cost to a fraction beforehand. In addition to the financial abilities of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, she also possessed a cleverness in getting other people to work for her for nothing, which was a priceless endowment for a widow of limited income. The lieutenant, after a long stay, rose to take leave, charged with a sufficient number of commissions to keep him busy for several days. He had no resource but to promise to 'see after' everything. His hostess kept her eagle eye on Eva as the young people shook hands, to preclude all possibility of a tender leave-taking, and, as the young officer left the room, Miss Armitage-Maxwell settled herself back in her creaking chair with a sigh.

The widow sat down to her davenport to write a note, with her back turned towards her daughter. Eva hesitated a moment, and then stole softly to the door. The sly little puss! The drawing-room was on the first floor; and it was odd how frequently Bertie Fleming happened to discover that he had mislaid his gloves or his stick, and had a long hunt for them in the hall; and it was also odd how often Eva, by the merest accident, happened to come down-stairs while he was so engaged, and find him there. To-day she had listened attentively as he descended without hearing the front door close; and she knew he was still in the hall, looking for—his gloves.

'Where are you going, Eva?' asked her mother sharply.

'To fetch my work.'

'Your work can wait,' was the scornful reply. 'I want you to look for my address-book; I can't find it.'

'I won't be a minute, mother,' Eva humbly pleaded, still holding the handle of the door.

But Mrs Armitage-Maxwell was deaf to the entreaty. 'Come here, and help me to find my address-book,' she reiterated in a voice her daughter did not dare to disobey. 'Do you think, Eva, I am too blind not to know what you want?'

'What I want, mother!' faltered the girl, turning crimson.

'Yes, what you want. Don't think, you silly child, that you can deceive me! I know perfectly well that if you had your way, you would be philandering with Bertie Fleming in the hall. I wonder how you can be so insane, when you know he has nothing but his pay!'

A few days later, Branchtown society was thrown into quite a flutter of excitement by the

appearance of a limited number of circulars of the form given below :

A PRIVATE SUBSCRIPTION SOIREE
will be held at
THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS, BRANCHTOWN,
On Thursday, January 12, 18—.

LADY PATRONESSES.

Lady Borwick.
Mrs Armitage-Maxwell.
Mrs Meredith Neville.
Mrs Fitzgerald.
Mrs Owen Caxton.

STEWARDS.

Sir Percy Borwick, K.C.S.I.
Capt. Meredith Neville, 2 Bat. Fireaters.
Major Owen Caxton, Royal Reds.

Tickets, six shillings each, to be had at Brown's Library, the Parade, on production of a voucher from any Lady Patroness, on or before Wednesday, January 11; after which date they will be seven shillings. Officers of either service can pay at the door the lower rate, on producing their visiting-cards.

DANCING TO COMMENCE AT 9.30 P.M.

It is requested that Lady Patronesses should, as a rule, only issue vouchers to those people on their visiting-list, and also to those who have had circulars, a list of whom is provided to each Lady Patroness.

Carriages ordered at Two.

Mrs Armitage-Maxwell's grand idea had blossomed into fruition. The other local great ladies had cordially welcomed the suggestion of a series of dances, inexpensive yet exclusive. Arrangements were at once entered into, and everything betokened success.

The sending out of the circulars was a work of anxious deliberation; and the people in society who were *safe* derived great gratification from asking those just on the borderland, who were not safe, whether they had received circulars, well knowing they had had nothing of the kind. The lady patronesses were the recipients of innumerable calls from anxious mothers and their sweetly smiling daughters; for everybody who was anybody in Branchtown would be present, and exclusion from the charmed circle on that occasion would mean social annihilation. And when it became known that all the circulars were issued, and that there was no chance of admission for a good many people who had hitherto clung desperately to the hope that by great good-luck they might somehow get in, anathemas both loud and deep were heaped on the heads of the lady patronesses, and more than one young lady felt more desolate than ever did Mariana in the moated grange. The rule which ordains that, in order to render any public gathering thoroughly enjoyable, a number of people must first be excluded, and thereby made miserable, having been complied with, those who were eligible looked forward to the event with redoubled pleasure, from knowing that a great many of their acquaintances wanted to go and couldn't. Mrs Armitage-Maxwell had not had such an

opportunity of paying off old scores for many years, and she availed herself of it to the utmost. Nobody against whom she bore any grudge received a circular.

A few days before the all-important evening, Mrs Armitage-Maxwell returned home one afternoon from paying a round of calls. Eva had stayed indoors to nurse a slight cold.

'I have heard such a pleasant piece of news this afternoon!' announced the good lady, rustling into the drawing-room in her best black silk.

'Oh, have you? What is it?' was the eager answer.

'The Duke of Ambleside is staying here—at the *Pier Hotel*.'

'Oh, is that all?' asked Eva, her face falling with disappointment. 'I don't see what that has to do with us, mother.'

'Don't you? It will have a good deal to do with us, if we can get him to come to our dance.'

'Who told you he was here?'

'Mrs Fitzgerald. He came the day before yesterday—quite incognito; not even a servant with him. But of course it leaked out, as everything does here.'

'The Duke of Ambleside,' repeated Eva musingly. 'He's quite an old man, isn't he?'

'Old! No; he's quite young—not more than three or four and twenty. The old man was his uncle. He died about a year ago, and his nephew succeeded him. I will find it for you in the *Peerage*.'

Mrs Armitage-Maxwell lifted the revered volume from the table and opened it at the page headed 'Ambleside.' Everybody in Branchtown was connected more or less remotely with some titled family; and a knowledge of the *Peerage* was absolutely indispensable to all who wished to succeed in society there.

'Guy, Reginald, Peregrine de Courcy, born 1860,' read the widow, 'Duke of Ambleside, Marquis of Borrowdale, Baron Crossfell in the peerage of Great Britain. Unmarried. Residences, De Courcy Castle, Cumberland; Auchterlinn, Perthshire; Polpen House, Cornwall; and 12 Belgrave Square, London.'

'I have seen De Courcy Castle, Eva. It's a lovely old place.'

'Is it?' said her daughter carelessly. 'I wonder that, with all these places at his disposal, the duke should take the trouble to come to Branchtown out of the season. He must find it very dull.'

'So Mrs Fitzgerald said. And we thought it would be only kindness to invite him to our dance,' said Mrs Armitage-Maxwell, as if the happiness of other people were her one object in life.

'I don't suppose he would care to come, mother.'

'What nonsense, child! I intend he shall come, and see what Branchtown can boast in the way of beauty,' returned the widow, with a significant glance at her pretty daughter. 'And Eva, you must have a new dress; that one we decided would do again, is really not good enough. We will go to Madame Lloyd and see what she can do.'

'But, mother, Madame Lloyd is so awfully expensive!'

'Never mind that. There is no sacrifice I would not make for your good, Eva. All I ask in return is your obedience to my wishes.—I wonder what has become of Bertie Fleming?' went on the widow, after a pause. 'Now that he might be of some use, of course he stays away!'

'He said he might perhaps come in this afternoon,' murmured Eva, bending her head over her crewel-work.

Her mother eyed her searchingly. 'Now mind, Eva, if he comes, there is to be no flirting on the stairs!'

The girl's face turned scarlet.

'And I shall be very angry if you dance often with him on Thursday evening,' pursued the elder lady. 'I'm surprised at you allowing him to dangle after you, as you do. I'm sure I can't think what you see in him. He's wretchedly poor; he's not very handsome; he's not clever!'

'Mr Fleming, ma'am,' announced the maid; and the face of the mistress of the house wreathed itself into a charming smile.

'How do you do? So glad you've come. You're the very person I wanted to see,' she graciously informed him. And she went on to explain that she wished him to call upon the duke at his hotel, make his acquaintance, and, if possible, induce him to promise to come to the ball.

It must be confessed that the lieutenant did not feel charmed at the idea of thus touting for his hostess's benefit; but he did not dare to refuse his consent.

'It isn't often that we get the chance of seeing a duke at Branchtown,' said Eva, with a sidelong glance at her lover. 'He will be quite the lion of the evening—if he comes.'

'He *must* come!' answered her mother, with her most fascinating smile. 'Positively, he must; and I look to you, Mr Fleming, to secure his promise. I am sure you will oblige me.'

When she put it in that way, of course there was no possibility of refusing. But Bertie's face was clouded as he went back to Mudport. He was not too young and guileless to see through the wily mother's schemes; and his heart misgave him lest the chance of a ducal coronet might make pretty Eva forget her suitor of less degree.

THE SPHINX.

By the ordinary traveller, the Sphinx has for long been looked upon as one of the wonders of the world; silently it has stood there chin-deep in sand, gazing with a far-away look in its eyes, as if it would probe the very depths of eternity. As one gazes up into its weather-beaten, time-worn face, one longs for it to be able to speak and tell us of its history, who formed it, and why. To-day, the energy of French engineers is endeavouring to solve, in part, the question. M. Grébaut, the present keeper of Antiquities at the Boulak Museum, has been struggling valiantly to disinter it from the sand, which has buried it almost to the throat. All day long, Arabs are employed in loading trucks with the sand, which

they bring up in buckets to the tramway above them. This is not the first attempt which has been made to uncover this colossal monument of Egyptian antiquity. Thothmes IV. cleared away the sand; but by the fourteenth century B.C. it was buried to the chin; in 1817, Signor Caviglia brought to light the flight of stone steps, forty feet in width, described by Pliny; and in 1869, at the time of the opening of the Suez Canal, the great Sphinx was cleared of sand as far as the plateau upon which the paws rest. Excavations southward are in progress, the result of which will show whether the assumption, that the Sphinx stands in the middle of a huge amphitheatre hewn by man out of living rock, be true or not.

We go below the level of the present ground—for the steps lead down, not up to the Sphinx—to gaze at the battered monster, and are astonished at his proportions. The human-headed lion god, the impersonation of the sun at rest, is upwards of one hundred feet in height, and one hundred and ninety feet in length. From west to east he lies, in a straight line with Khafra's Pyramid, his face being towards the east. His enormous paws, partly hollow, have been restored in Roman times, and are well nigh covered with the scribbles of Greek travellers, who, like Tom Jones and John Brown of these nineteenth-century days, have felt it incumbent upon them to leave the memorials of their visit behind them. In the space between the paws, which is thirty-five feet long and ten feet wide, an altar stands; originally, there was a small sanctuary here, lined with votive tablets, but only the *stela* of Thothmes IV. now remains.

Three temples encompassed the Sphinx—one to the north, dedicated to Isis, which we know, from an inscription, was still used in the sixth century B.C., as one Psametik, who was son of Uzahor, the son of Noferabra, was then 'the prophet of Hormakhu,' and of Isis, queen of the Pyramids, and offered to them holy incense. A second stood upon the south side, wherein Osiris Sokar, the king of the under-world, was specially invoked by the pilgrims who flocked to his worship. The space all round here was once a vast necropolis, called in the hieratic writings 'Ro-set,' the door of the death-underworld, and many strange stories are told of this spirit-haunted, enchanted region. The third temple is dedicated to Hormakhu, the Sphinx himself.

The age of the Sphinx it seems impossible to know; but we gather that it was standing in the days of Khufu, from a memorial tablet which speaks of the temples; for there we learn that 'He, the living Hor, king of the upper and lower country—Khufu, he, the dispenser of life, found a sanctuary of the goddess Isis, the queen of the pyramid, besides the temple of the Sphinx, north-west from the temple and the city of Osiris, the lord of the abodes of the dead. He built his pyramid (that of the Lights) near the temple of that goddess; and he built a temple for the king's daughter Hontsen, near this temple.' It existed, then, at anyrate before the days of the Pyramids of Gizeh; and Maspéro thinks that if it is not actually prehistoric, it may, at all events, be looked upon as the oldest monument in 'ancient Egypt.'

Set into the breast of the Sphinx is the celebrated *stela* of Thothmes IV. of the twenty-third

dynasty. It is fourteen feet high, and contains a long inscription, recounting how the king owed his elevation to the throne to the interference of the god Hormakhu on his behalf. Bas-reliefs upon the tablet show us the king offering incense and pouring out a libation to the Sphinx, with a beard and other divine attributes. It also relates his dream, wherein the god bids him dig away the sand. The following translation is quoted from Brügsh Bey: 'On one of these days it happened, when the king's son Thutmes had arrived on his journey about the time of mid-day, and had stretched himself to rest in the shade of this great god, that sleep overtook him. He dreamt in his slumber at the moment when the sun was at the zenith, and it seemed to him as though this great god spoke to him with his own mouth, just as a father speaks to his son; addressing him thus: "Behold me, look at me, thou, my son Thutmes. I am thy father Hormakhu, Khafra, Ra, Tum. The kingdom shall be given to thee . . . and thou shalt wear the white crown and the red crown" (that is, of Upper and Lower Egypt) "on the throne of the earth-god Seb, the youngest amongst the gods. The world shall be thine in its length and in its breadth, as far as the light of the eye of the lord of the universe shines. Plenty and riches shall be thine; the best from the interior of the land, and rich tributes from all nations. Long years shall be granted thee as thy term of life. My countenance is gracious towards thee, and my heart clings to thee. [I will give] thee the best of all things. The sand of the district in which I have my existence has covered me up. Promise me that you will do what I wish in my heart: then shall I know whether thou art my son, my help. Go forward; let me be united to thee. I am . . ."

'After this [Thutmes awoke, and he repeated all these speeches], and he understood (the meaning) of the words of the god, and laid them up in his heart, speaking thus to himself: "I see how the dwellers in the temple of the city honour this god with sacrificial gifts [without thinking of freeing from sand the work of the king] Khafra, the statue which was made to Tum-Hormakhu."

The rest of the inscription is destroyed; and Mr Flinders Petrie tells us that since the last time the tablet was uncovered, the word Khafra has scaled off from the stone. At any rate we learn from the *Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum* that the king uncovered the monster image of the god, exposing him entirely to view, and that the inhabitants of Pi-usiri—the city of Osiris—(Busiris) undertook to be the guides for the numbers of strangers who then, as now, flocked to see what was even at that period one of the marvels of antiquity.

A REMINISCENCE.

It was a bright sunny afternoon in July 1854, and the good ship *Himalaya*, not yet borne on the list of Her Majesty's navy, but transport Number Blank, taken up from the Peninsular and Oriental Company, in rivalry with whom no presumptuous line had yet dared to compete for a share of good things to be found in the gorgeous East, lay far down stream, towards the mouth of the Mersey. On either side, the opposing shores reflected the glinting sunbeams; while farther down the river, the diminutive fort at New Brighton kept watch

and ward, in all the pride of place, as though deeming itself at least a match for any Russian cruiser which might chance to come that way. But the ceaseless movement and general air of confusion on the decks of the gallant ship presented a marked contrast to the Sunday calm which reigned around, undisturbed save by the wash and ripple of the tide, fretting and chafing against the vessel's side, or the sound of distant chimes borne on the wings of the invisible and creeping wind from spire and steeple, light islets in a world of haze, on either hand.

Two squadrons of cavalry had embarked the previous afternoon; and as soon as the ship could be prepared for sea, she was to make the best of her way with her living freight to Varna, appointed rendezvous for the Eastern expedition. Meanwhile, a general stowing away of War Office stores—to use an expression sufficiently comprehensive—was going on: huge vats of saddlery, and cumbersome armchests addressed in gigantic capitals, were by degrees disappearing below; ammunition was being consigned to the comparative security of the magazine; while crates and cases of veterinary medicine, medical comforts, and—mute witnesses to war's sterner realities—bales of calico bandages, littered the decks, sorely marring the general air of smartness usually characterising the vessels of a fleet so world-renowned. Amid such scene of confusion—apparent rather than real, for there was an infinity of method about all that was going forward—rang out from time to time the sharp, quick words of command which soldiers so readily obey. In this condition of things, the deck was anything but a roomy or pleasant promenade, yet the officer in command contrived to pace to and fro with the quartermaster-general who had superintended the embarkation, and who glanced now and again at his watch, as though impatiently regarding the delay in clearing the ship, and cast a somewhat longing eye in the direction of the tug which lay puffing and panting alongside, and would by-and-by convey him from these associations with grim-visaged warfare to the comfort of his home ashore.

Two officers, whose tour of duty was completed earlier in the day, leaned lazily over the big ship's side, watching the blue smoke as it curled sluggishly upward from their cigars, and anon casting glances somewhat wistful in the direction of the Lancashire shore. Silence between them was ere long broken by the elder, whose tall lithe figure, set off to full advantage in jaunty, close-fitting stable jacket, betrayed the very beau idéal of a light dragoon. 'One might almost fancy one heard the silvery chimes of Arnelife Minster,' said he, regarding somewhat narrowly the thoughtful countenance of his younger comrade, a subaltern, no small portion of whose service had been passed in the two years during which he had been quartered with his friend in a cathedral city some hundred miles away. They had marched, indeed, but few days previously, on receipt of the long-expected order directing them to join the combined host destined to beleaguer the stubborn Black Sea stronghold of the Czar; and not a few of the smartly turned-out, well set-up dragoons now thronging the *Himalaya's* decks, would leave their bones to bleach on the wind-swept heights, which this

same Sunday afternoon overlooked so peacefully the scene of the mighty struggle to ensue.

'What are they doing now at Graystoke, I wonder?' rejoined the younger of the two friends, unconsciously chiming in with the current of the other's thoughts. 'Can't you imagine the dear old place, Godolphin? Sir Henry likely enough indulging in forty winks in one of the big oaken chairs, beneath the banners and armour of departed heroes in the entrance hall; while Lady Edridge and the young ladies have taken shelter beneath the umbrageous chestnuts that sweep almost level with the smooth velvet of the well-kept lawn.—Stirring times in store for us, old fellow, ere again we see Sir Henry, so cheerily to the fore when hounds are in full cry—or the pretty little drawing-room at Nuneham either,' added he, while a shadow as of unavailing regret for happy hours passed away, or, perchance, some subtle, dimly revealed foreboding of the future swept lightly across a brow fair and open as ever gladdened fond mother's eye, or caused a tremor in young maiden's breast.

'Come now, Clavering, confess,' rejoined his companion in a tone of banter by no means wholly genuine—'what would you not give to walk down from your old quarters to service in the minster this bright afternoon, and afterward stroll across the Close to the Canon's, and receive your cup of tea from Miss Graham's fair hands, as you've done tolerably often these last two years, I'm thinking?—Never mind, my boy; there's a good time coming when we shall all,' continued the speaker, howbeit somewhat reckless in assertion, 'march back again to the tune of *See the conquering Hero comes*, our blushing honours thick upon us, and all that sort of thing, even more welcome than of yore at Graystoke, the old vicarage at Nuneham, and all the bright and cheery homes wherein so kindly a welcome has ever awaited us.'

Thus and thus chatted Captain Godolphin and his subaltern that Sunday afternoon, their hearts the while somewhat heavier than the light and airy converse which passed between them might betray. In no long time, some approach to order having been evolved out of chaos, and the ship's decks sufficiently cleared, the word to move slowly ahead was given; and so the land slipped away quickly and quicker still, and as Old England sank lower on the horizon, she flashed back, as though in mute farewell to her defenders, the golden glories of the declining sun.

Leaving the *Himalaya* to pursue her voyage, and her gallant freight to overcome as soon as may be the piteous results of rolling amid the restless waters of the ever troublous bay, let us briefly sketch some other scenes, widely differing, indeed, from those of a crowded troopship, in the midst of which the friends upon whose converse we have somewhat unceremoniously intruded, had passed the last two years. Arncliffe with its picturesque and narrow streets, quaintly venerable buildings, and winding river, was a quarter ever attractive to gay and gallant horsemen, who alone, in days whereof we write, were privileged to luxuriate in the manifold delights afforded to those whose lot was cast in such military elysium. Society in the city itself might possibly be nothing to boast of; but in the surrounding neighbourhood were north-country homes in

plenty, whose doors stood open to officers from the barracks—cheery mansions where hospitality was dispensed with no niggard hand to such as chose to avail themselves of a welcome ever genial.

The horsemen whose departure from their native shores we have just been permitted to witness, arrived at Arncliffe some two years previously, and with commendable rapidity made themselves popular among its denizens by mingling freely in every amusement which offered itself, themselves returning in amplest measure the hospitalities in which they so joyously participated. Each season had its appropriate diversion. In the bright and glowing summer-tide were there not picnics to ivy-mantled old abbeys in wild romantic glens, erewhile homes of the Cistercian, who beheld, as in rapt gaze he watched the waters bubbling and sparkling among the clefts of the rugged rocks, strange visions of the fountain of life and the crystal sea? Then, again—for tennis and garden-parties were not yet—there was the mimic warfare of the cricket-field; for others, boating amid all the fair leafage of June; and last, yet far from least, were there not the race-meetings, for which and for the glories of its unrivalled minster, the praises of Arncliffe resounded widely throughout the north country? Or was it the season of laden autumn, when the sweet incense of rich moist-smelling weeds filled the air, and the shade of foliage was fallen away, and the strong boughs alone remained to break the force of rude and wintry winds? Then, indeed, for those who loved the joyous chorus of hounds—and who was the horseman, dragoon or lancer, who did not?—here was a hunting quarter all unrivalled. As hoary winter drew on, and the round of outdoor sport and pleasure was invaded by the rigour of a northern Christmas, balls in the county rooms, and festive dances in country-houses were in turn reciprocated by the courteous hospitality of the regimental mess. These, be it remembered, were days when staff-college and garrison instructors as yet were not, but when mirth and jollity ever reigned—it may have been, we must unwillingly admit, to the detriment of those professional studies in pursuit of which the soldier of type more modern is by no means suffered to be slack.

Of all the houses in which the officers of Arncliffe garrison had been made welcome, few were more universally popular—none, surely, more attractive—than Graystoke Priory. Even externally, its pre-eminence was not unasserted. Encircled by a magnificent park, well stocked with game, the aisle-like avenue which formed the approach to the mansion was vaulted by noble chestnuts, very models of tree loveliness. Nor were the inmates unworthy such surroundings. Fresher and more hearty than many a man of fifty, Sir Henry Edridge, though within measurable distance of the allotted years of man, yet bore his age as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly. About Lady Edridge there was perhaps a something lacking of the winning graciousness one might have longed for, and a thought too much of stateliness, at times verging even upon hauteur, in the greeting wherewith you were made welcome to her home. Nor were such inherited characteristics by any means unrecognisable in the two fair daughters of the house, the hearty

frankness of the old baronet being as plainly reflected in the wild tongue and laughing loveliness of Mabel Edridge, as was her mother's more stately reserve in the severer demeanour of her elder sister. Now, we may as well confess at once, that when Captain Godolphin gazed so wistfully towards the shore from the deck of the outward-bound *Himalaya*, thoughts of Beatrice Edridge and of the great gulf—perchance never to be bridged over—which would shortly yawn between them, troubled a brow not usually clouded by care.

But another no less happy, if less pretentious home, lies invitingly open to our gaze, home of the type ecclesiastical, such as, with its inmates, Anthony Trollope was wont so exquisitely to depict. No palace, indeed, invading whose chief seat another Mrs Proudie arranged diocesan detail or discussed clerical delinquencies with obsequious chaplain, but a lowlier household, which tranquilly migrated according to season, passing and repassing between the quaint old vicarage at Nuneham and the more dignified repose of the canon's house in the trim-kept close at Arncliffe. Nuneham vicarage lacked, as well it might, the green vistas of foliage which arched the approach to the adjacent priory, but for a garden which might rival Corisande's in old-fashioned beauty, and tempt even those who most love to stand idle into longing to dress and keep it—as for this, what could compare with its smooth lawn, long straight walks, and wealth of scented flowers? Yet lovelier even than such wilderness of sweets was fair Mary Graham, full of winsome, dainty grace, who, motherless, reigned sole mistress of her father's home, alike at Nuneham and in the residence beneath the hoary towers of Arncliffe Minster. Nor for nothing had young Willie Clavering gazed long and softly on vision so bright and fair; and three short days ere the route arrived, had told his love to no unwilling ear. And now, all bright hopes were dashed, and a parting comes—no sweet sorrow, pensive prelude of a morrow's joy, but sudden, perhaps even final—bitter as only such partings can be, leaving nought save dear fond remembrance behind. Thus had her lover passed forth from the broad daylight of her life, whence the bloom was vanished and the charm; and sad indeed was Mary Graham's loving heart what time the glittering squadrons marched beneath the ancient barrier leading out of Arncliffe by the western road; self-same which, long years before, Oglethorpe's dragoons had traversed as they pressed in hot pursuit of Prince Charlie's retreating host.

Not thus happy in his wooing, however, had been Arthur Godolphin, captain of Clavering's troop; and from the very day he joined, firm friend and trusty counsellor to his callow comrade. Wide, indeed, was the difference between sweet Mary Graham and Beatrice Edridge, proud and stately, as though she would die rather than yield the oft-sought sign of affection. At times, even Godolphin, fondly as he gazed on her, would almost be tempted to murmur:

Fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument.

And then, as though chiding his own faint heart,

would he straightway redouble attentions which even in happiest vein the haughty beauty seemed but to tolerate. Driven well-nigh to despair, a short while ere the route for Varna came, Godolphin sought one day to draw from bright-eyed Mabel some sweet assurance of hope.

'Ah, Captain Godolphin,' laughed the lively little maiden, 'have you yet to learn that

all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent?'

A lesson, by the way, which it was more than suspected the young lady herself had already acquired, she and Jack Fanshawe, the senior cornet, having long been fast friends, wholly inseparable, in fact, on the few occasions when Lady Edridge could be persuaded to allow her youngest daughter to emerge from the seclusion of Graystoke.

Meanwhile, how had it fared with the light-hearted horsemen whose gay and rollicking guest-nights had, such a short while ago, roused midnight echoes in Arncliffe barrack square? One evening about a fortnight subsequent to the sailing of the *Himalaya*, two young cavalry officers gazed down from beneath the arches of the Baracca upon such a scene of busy life as, in days when yet the Suez Canal was not, the grand harbour of Valetta rarely enough offered to those few unlucky men, alternately baked and devoured by mosquitoes, whom duty at such season ordinarily chained to the spot. Huge steamers, laden with horse, foot, and artillery, lay alongside the quays; and hither and thither swiftly flitted brightly painted little boats, bearing from ship to shore those who, like our Arncliffe friends—for such they were—sought for letters from home, or, each after his kind, amusement wherewith to vary the unaccustomed monotony of life at sea.

'So you've actually heard from Mary Graham—lucky dog!' said Godolphin, as, seated on the low sill of one of the archways, he watched his younger comrade eagerly devouring the contents of a letter whose neatly formed, closely crossed handwriting sufficiently betrayed the sex of the fair correspondent. 'How awfully good of her not to forget the Marseille mail,' added he.—'She doesn't chance to say anything about the people at Graystoke?'—after a pause, inquiringly.

'All well,' replied the other.—'And listen to this, Godolphin; here's something intended, no doubt, for your special benefit: "Nor, I sincerely believe, is the weary burden of absent hours borne by me alone; I think, nay, am sure that Beatrice has already discovered that there's no living now if Bertram (in the shape of Captain Godolphin) be away."'

Cold comfort, after all; still, a straw, at which a drowning man with agonising grasp might clutch, and cherished accordingly.

Nor, indeed, had things gone merrily as aforesaid with the two fair sisters at Graystoke, but all sweet sounds of life seemed somehow out of tune and jangled. That which ever present may be lightly esteemed, becomes oftentimes, in absence, as yellow, glittering, precious gold; and so had it proved to Beatrice Edridge; while to bright little Mab, without Jack Fanshawe to flout and coax by turns, the times seemed sorely out of

joint. Mary Graham was away with her father in residence at Arncliffe; and when dark thoughts, heavy faced and threatening in their presages, chanced to cross her mind, the old man would gently chide, reminding her how sure is death to all alike, to those that stay and those that roam; and so would she pray more earnestly for return of gentle peace and fair prosperous days.

Thus slowly summer passed away, and the golden harvest-time with its sunburnt sicklemen; and autumn was just commencing, when, from spire and steeple, joy-bells clashed a very babel of melodious sound, proclaiming how, on the ensanguined field of Balaklava, the thin red line had triumphed as of yore over serried hosts of Cossack and Russian. And, by-and-by, there came, as needs must, sad sequel to every victory, long rolls of killed and wounded; and the wrinkled front of war was grimly realised in many a sorrowing home, where friend or brother must henceforth be but some fond record on the table of the memory. And ere long there was bruited abroad a rumour, vague at first and hard to realise. It was impossible, men said, that the very flower of England's chivalry could have been launched in unavailing onslaught against outflanking tiers of hostile guns. Yet, alas! where now were those smart and rollicking dragoons who, but the other day passed full of life with stride so resonant, about the narrow old streets of Arncliffe, each one cynosure of many an admiring eye? And so, once more, fresh lists of killed and wounded, scanned with intensity of trembling anxiety, such as mere words might never describe, alike in the calm serenity of the close and amid the luxurious appointments of Graystoke Priory.

The worst at anyrate had not happened; the list of killed contained the names of none of their friends; but under the heading 'Wounded severely' were returned the names of both Captain Godolphin and Lieutenant Clavering. Sorely grieved was little Mab, for both were prime favourites with her; still, if truth be told, her heart gave a big bound when she found how Jack Fanshawe had ridden back safe and sound with the shattered remnant of the gallant Six Hundred. To Beatrice Edridge in this time of her tribulation, pride was but as the staff of a bruised reed on which to lean; and so in these days, oftener than ever, would she be found in the close, seeking such healing balm of sympathy as Mary Graham could spare in her own sore trouble. Ere long came tidings of the sufferers; and a few lines which poor Clavering managed to scrawl from the hospital at Scutari served somewhat to abate her sickening anxiety, assuring her how he was to be sent, as soon as he could be moved, to Malta, and so by easy stages home again once more. His captain, he said, had lost an arm, but otherwise was doing well. And no long time after, from Malta came tidings still more brightly written and hopeful, telling her of anticipated happiness in reunion, and how all his remembrance lay in Arncliffe with his joy. And then—a pause, and then a blow, swift, and wholly unexpected, a gourd in one moment blasted, a full cistern broken. A ruptured blood-vessel, the doctors said, had been the cause.

Long years roll between the Crimean war and

these days in which I write, and a new generation has grown up, sometimes marvelling for what purpose was made such waste of blood and treasure. Are not the White Czar's constant plans, men say, if they appear awhile to be laid aside, ever taken up again as opportunity offers, and carried on, just as some pattern in fair embroidery, wherein is inserted here a flower, there a leaf, ever following a pre-arranged and well-ordered design, is from time to time resumed? Nor are these the only changes which have accompanied the march of Time's inaudible foot, for Colonel and Mrs Godolphin now reign at Graystoke Priory, her husband having long ago left the army; and youthful voices ring once more among the timbers of the old Hall, and childish eyes gaze wonderingly at the gay pennons and strange men in armour who stand around; moreover, Beatrice is just now abundantly happy, in that her sister is close to her, for Colonel Fanshawe commands the regiment at present quartered in Arncliffe barracks.

Of all the Sisters in that far-away South African home, who bears with such infinite patience the manifold shortcomings and naughtinesses of the little black children, as Sister Mary? or who rewards their feeble endeavours to be good with such concord of sweet sounds that the very air becomes murmurous with melody? And yet sometimes, in spite of firm resolve, memories of the past rush in upon her like a flood, and stifled sorrow and yearnings after what might have been, are roused anew by the very outpouring of harmony; lingering echoes, perchance, of some anthem heard long ago in the happy days, the echoes of which still vibrate through the arches of Arncliffe Minster.

AMUSING METAPHORS.

AN Englishman once asked a son of Erin if the roads in Ireland were good. Pat replied: 'Yes; they are so fine, that I wonder you do not import some of them into England. Let me see—there's the road to love, strewn with roses; to matrimony, through nettles; to honour, through the camp; to prison, through the law; and to the undertaker's, through physic.'—'Have you any road to preferment?' asked the Englishman. 'Yes, faith, we have; but that is the dirtiest road in the kingdom.'

The answer of Apollonius to Vespasian is not without humour and instruction. Vespasian asked him: 'What caused Nero's overthrow?' He answered: 'Nero could touch and tune the harp well; but in government, sometimes he used to wind the pins too high, sometimes to let them down too low.' And certain it is that nothing destroys authority so much as the unequal and untimely interchange of power pressed too far and relaxed too much.

George Stephenson was once asked by a scientific lady what he considered the most powerful force in nature. 'Oh,' said he in a gallant spirit, 'I will soon answer that question: it is the eye of the woman for the man who loves her; for if a woman look with affection on a young man, and he should go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring

him back. There is no other force in nature that could do that.'

Equally ready with a similitude was the negro who, when giving evidence in court, was asked about the honesty of a neighbour. 'I know nothing against him,' was the reply; 'but if I was a chicken, I would roost high when he was hanging around.'

A thoughtful writer describes one-eyed travellers, who see a great deal of some particular class of objects and are blind to all others, and adds: 'The Irish jaunting car, in which the passengers sit back to back, is a sort of type of what befalls many tourists in Ireland. Each sees a great deal, and reports faithfully what he has seen on one side of the road, and the other on the other. One will have seen all that is green, and the other, all that is orange.'

'A cunning knave can form no notion of a nobler nature,' says the same writer. 'He is like the goats on Robinson Crusoe's island, which saw clearly everything *below* them, but very imperfectly what was above them; so that Robinson could never get at them from the valleys; but when he came upon them from the hilltop, he took them quite by surprise.'

Ridicule, says a German critic, is like a blow with the fist; wit, like the prick of a needle; irony, like the sting of a thorn; and humour, the plaster which heals all these wounds. All of these qualities may be found in some metaphors.

Man is said to be an animal that has a mania for getting up societies and making himself president. If the presidency has been already claimed, he contents himself with the position of treasurer. In a cynical old bachelor's opinion, ideas are like beards—men only get them when they are grown up, and women never have any. It was probably another old bachelor who said: 'Nature shudders when she sees a woman throw a stone; but when a woman attempts to split wood, nature covers her head and retires to a dark and mouldering cave in temporary despair.' A spinster says old bachelors are frozen-out old gardeners in the flower-bed of love.

To say that a coquette is a rosebush from which each young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband, is not very complimentary. Compliments are the coin that people pay a man to his face; sarcasm, what they pay him out with behind his back.

A farmer said: 'One thing I don't like about city folks—they be either so stuck up that yer can't reach 'em with a haystack pole, or so blamed friendly that they forget to pay their board.'

A rural poet said of his lady-love: 'She is graceful as a water-lily, while her breath is like an armful of clover.' An American poet wrote a eulogy of Washington, whose glorious life should compose a volume as Alps immortal, spotless as its snows. The stars should be its types, its press the age, the earth its binding, and the sky its page. Truly, some American poets go in for marvels of metaphor.

The Chinese call overdoing a thing, a hunch-back making a bow. When a man values himself overmuch, they compare him to a rat falling into a scale and weighing itself.

A fanatical Sabbatarian writes: 'The Sunday newspaper is a crayfish in the dikes of misrule,

a crayfish that undermines the banks, behind which the racecourses, the theatres, the saloons, the gambling dens, &c., are roaring for exit.' Another newspaper described a fire by saying that the red flames danced in the heavens, and flung their fiery arms about like a black funeral pall, until Sam Jones got on the roof and doused them out with a pail of water.

Gordon Cumming likened an African jungle to a forest of fishhooks relieved by an occasional patch of penknives.

'You look,' said an Irishman to a pale haggard smoker, 'as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again.'

A schoolmaster describing a money-lender, says: 'He serves you in the present tense, he lends you in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjunctive, and ruins you in the future.' A close observer of human nature remarks: 'Time marches on with the slow, measured tread of the man working by the day.' A French author is charged with the prediction that France will throw herself into the arms of the liberating sword. This is not quite so bad as the Democrat's speech: 'We will burn our ships, and with every sail unfurled, steer boldly out into the ocean of freedom!'

A clergyman on board a ship began a sermon in the following manner: 'Dear friends, I shall embark my exhortation on the barge of my lips, in order to cross the stormy ocean of your attention, and in hope of arriving safely at the port of your ears.'

A learned counsellor, in the middle of an affecting appeal in court on a slander suit, treated his hearers to the following flight of genius: 'Slander, gentlemen, like a boa-constrictor of gigantic size and immeasurable proportions, wraps the coil of its unwieldy body about its unfortunate victim, and heedless of the shrieks of agony that come from the uttermost depths of its victim's soul—loud and verberating as the night-thunder that rolls in the heavens—it finally breaks its unlucky neck upon the iron wheel of public opinion, forcing him first to desperation, then to madness, and finally crushing him in the hideous jaws of mortal death.'

A young American lawyer employed to defend a culprit charged with stealing a pig, resolved to convince the court that he was born to shine. Accordingly, he proceeded to deliver the following brilliant exordium: 'May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, while Europe is bathed in blood; while classic Greece is struggling for her rights and liberties, and trampling the unhallowed altars of the bearded Infidels to dust; while America shines forth the brightest orb in the political sky—I, with due diffidence, rise to defend the cause of this humble hog-thief.'

'Pray, my lord,' said a gentleman to a late respected and rather whimsical judge, 'what is the difference between law and equity courts?'—'Very little in the end,' replied his lordship; 'they only differ as far as time is concerned. At common law, you are done for at once; in equity, you are not so easily disposed of. The former is a bullet, which is instantaneously and charmingly effective; the latter is an angler's hook, which plays with its victim before it kills it. The one is prussic acid, the other laudanum.'

A curious metaphor was used by the orator who proposed to grasp a ray of light from the great orb of day, spin it into threads of gold, and with them weave a shroud in which to wrap the whirlwind which dies upon the bosom of the west. A writer remarks, we are afraid the machinery will break down before the fabric can get through the loom.

But the following piece of soul-stirring eloquence equals anything in the way of amusing metaphors. Colonel Zell, at the time when Grant was up for the Presidency, and when the Democratic watchword was, 'Anything to beat Grant,' was addressing an enthusiastic meeting of Republicans, when a Democrat sung out: 'It's easy talkin', colonel; but we'll show you something next fall.' The colonel was a great admirer of Grant. He at once wheeled about, and with uplifted hands, hair bristling, and eyes flashing fire, cried out: 'Build a worm-fence round a winter supply of summer weather; catch a thunderbolt in a bladder; break a hurricane to harness; hang out the ocean on a grape-vine to dry; but never, sir, never for a moment delude yourself with the idea that you can beat Grant.'

A 'TARIFF' OF THE FLEET PRISON.

The abuses which existed in the old Fleet Prison of London are known to most of us—the practice of horrible cruelties at first, and of gross extortions later on. A capital picture of the latter evils is sketched in a work published in 1749, entitled the *Humours of the Fleet*. The author was himself a debtor incarcerated in the prison, the aspect of which was, he tells us, uninviting enough to the newly arrived spendthrift, who had probably, till then, passed his life in the lap of luxury. Various officials stepped forward to greet him, and hint that a 'tip' would secure all necessary comforts; but after giving it, the new-comer quickly discovered that it would not produce all that was promised. For really 'comfortable apartments,' another 'fee' had to be given to this man and to that man, till, before settling down, the prisoner had parted with at least a five-pound note. Early in the seventeenth century, however, when the Star Chamber and other similar courts began to fill the Fleet with state prisoners, the fees to be paid by inmates and the provision to be made for them were ordered by government; and a very curious 'tariff' of the prison exists amongst the state papers for the reign of James I. The scale drawn up was variable according to the social status of the prisoner. 'At his first coming into prison,' a 'yeoman' paid to the warden, £1, 13s. 4d.; for his 'weeklie commons,' 5s.; and for his chamber, 2s. 4d. A gentleman on entering paid £3, 6s. 8d., and 10s. a week for his board. His chamber, 'lying two in a bedd, like prisoners,' 2s. 4d. A proviso with regard to this latter arrangement shows the root of the evil, which afterwards developed so prominently in the 'tip' system. 'If,' says the tariff, 'he will have a chaumber for himselfe alone, then he is to agree with the warden.' Of the better-class rooms, there were some at 3s. 4d., 5s., 6s., 8s., 10s., 12s., 13s. 4d., and 20s. a week. If the new arrival was a 'knight,' his entrance fee to the warden was £5, and the cost of his board

18s. a week. His chamber, 10s. a week, 'unlesse he agree with the warden.' A noble prisoner was a source of considerable profit to the officials: a baron's fee to the warden was £10, and an earl's £15; for 'commons,' the former paid 18s. 6d. a week, and the latter £2, 3s. 4d.—rather a large difference. The omission from the tariff of terms for dukes, marquises, and viscounts is singular. Surely the Fleet sometimes opened its doors to such grades of nobility. The meals provided lacked nothing in respect of quantity—as to quality of course we cannot now speak—but they only came twice a day—dinner and supper. Breakfast was presumably an 'extra.' For dinner, 'knightes and gentilmenn all at a table' had boiled beef, boiled leg of mutton, roast beef, a joint of roast veal, a pullet, and a tart. For supper, 'neates feete,' sliced beef, roast mutton, a pullet, and a rabbit. So far as eating went, knights and gentlemen shared alike; but the superior rank of the former was respected in drinking; each knight had a pint of wine to a meal; whilst three gentlemen had to make that quantity do between them. Of the noblemen's *menu* we have no details.

HIC JACET AMOR.

I.

HARD by the spot it lies where all ways meet
That lead to happiness or misery,
Within the shadow of a cypress tree
Embowered in fragrant flowers, Death's cool retreat,
And all untrodden by the noisy feet
Of youths and maidens, who with careless glee
Trip o'er the green of life right merrily,
And dream not love's sweet dream, so sad and sweet!

For him they never knew, gay giddy throng,
And heedless of this tombstone, old and cold,
So deep in shadow, and o'ergrown with mould!
Warm was this shepherd's heart; sweet was his song—
It filled the woods with music all day long—
Who now lies here, and thus his tale is told.

II.

O mother Earth, to him who cradled lies
For ever on thy breast, be gentle now!
And breathe, ye winds, soft lullabies and low,
Yet wake no echoes with your mournful sighs!
And while the sorrow of the silent skies
Distils in dew upon Hate's fallen foe,
Go, mourn, ye maidens! noise abroad your woe,
And fill the empty fields with wailing cries.

For Love is dead! by cruel maidens slain,
Who took his glorious all, then, sated, threw
The gift away. He nought of vengeance knew,
Nor to his brother-shepherds did complain,
But grew more silent, slowly passed away,
And sleepeth here until the judgment day.

BERTRAM ROMILLY.

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WHAT influence for good or ill these three symbols—perpetuating the *Libra*, *Solidus*, and *Denarius* of the ancient Romans, thus defying the changing hand of Time from centuries before Christ till now—have exerted, and still continue to exert, over the thoughts and actions of poor frail humanity all the world over!—for the Roman coins have been found in the Orkneys as well as in the most remote corners of the Old World.

Many of our maxims and aphorisms are decidedly contradictory; for instance, the example held out to us of the early bird is somewhat upset by the fact that 'the early worm gets eaten;' and our belief in 'anything well begun being half done' is rather rudely shaken by being told that 'a good beginning makes a bad end.' But we do not know of one maxim which gainsays the proverb that 'Money is the root of all evil.' And this does not imply that money is not the root of a great deal of good also. No proverb worthy the name was ever framed in a day, being, in short, the essence distilled from long-continued and attentive observation; but it may perhaps be necessary, in order to convince some of our readers that there is much truth in this particular one, to enumerate a few of the most crying evils for which money, if not entirely responsible, may at least be held conducive—avarice, envy, forgery, gambling, licentiousness, robbery, and even murder. Money we all must have, since our very life depends upon its possession. Without money, we must starve and die; and if we cannot obtain it by fair means, we sometimes adopt foul. After having obtained it, what numerous temptations to misuse it assail us on every side—the indulgence of selfish luxuries, enticing debaucheries, and all the fiery darts of the wicked one. Whereas a little trouble is involved, and we have to go somewhat out of our way to find the means of spending it profitably for ourselves or others.

It is difficult for persons who live in this enlightened age to realise the time when there

was no such thing as money, and to understand how the ordinary dealings could be carried on without such a convenient medium. But people in those days were no worse off than the untutored savages of to-day. Money, after all, is but a common measure or standard, according to which we estimate the value of other things; or, as it has been defined, 'any commodity that can be employed for the purpose of facilitating the interchange of what men possess for what they desire.' Homer tells us that Glaucus's golden armour was valued at one hundred oxen, showing that oxen in this case was the unit of measurement or comparison. Among the ancient Britons, we know that iron rings and tin plates were used for money, although they had a gold and bronze coinage long before the Romans came. In Italy it was originally cattle, whence comes the Latin word *pecunia*, money, derived from *pecus*, a flock; and this method of barter still obtains in uncivilised countries; for example, beads in Abyssinia, cowries or small shells in India and on the coasts of Africa, where about sixty shells represent the value of a halfpenny. Certain fruits have also at times been current for money: cacao and maize among the Mexicans, and almonds in parts of the East Indies where there were no cowries, forty being set against a halfpenny—in short, various substances have been used for a convenient standard in different ages; but in all nations where commerce has made any considerable progress, the precious metals, either in coins or ingots, or their representative value in paper, have finally been adopted as money. In this, however, as in all matters of progress, the development has been exceedingly gradual, and, unfortunately, history does not help us in tracing the different methods pursued previous to the adoption of the metals. First we find stamped money of wood and pieces of leather giving place to pieces of gold, silver, and copper or brass, signified by the three *As*, from the Latin *Aurum*, *Argentum*, and *Æs*, of no definite shape, and void of impressions, weight alone being the measure. Next followed various

impressions on these irregular pieces: the Jews imprinted on one side the shekel or golden pot, and on the other Aaron's rod; the Dardans, two cocks fighting; the Athenians, an owl or an ox; and so on through countless variations, exhibiting the religion and manners of the different peoples.

As time went on, the forms of the coins became more regular, though they are now by no means uniform; some being circular like our own and those of the Chinese, which have a square hole through the middle, to allow of their being slung, for the convenience of carriage or enumeration; others square or multangular; and others globular. But now—with the exception of the Turks and Mohammedans, who detest images, the precept of Mohammed forbidding the representation of any living creature, and who inscribe the name instead—all civilised nations impress one side of the coin with the image of the reigning sovereign. Nor is this a modern idea, since the coins of Alexander I., who began his reign about five hundred years before Christ, bear his portrait, as do also those of many kings and queens who held their sway in that and succeeding centuries.

There are few subjects more interesting than the study of the symbols found on ancient coins, and though such is outside the limits of this article, we may be pardoned for referring briefly to one of them which shows the origin of the Turkish crescent. When Philip of Macedon was proceeding to storm Byzantium—the ancient name of Constantinople—on a cloudy night, the moon suddenly shone out and discovered his approach, so that the inhabitants observed and repulsed him. The Turks, upon entering Constantinople, found this ancient badge in many places, and suspecting some magical power in it, assumed the symbol and its power to themselves, which we find to this day impressed on all their coins.

Copper coins appear generally to have been struck previous to silver, and silver previous to gold. In what may be called the modern period of England, the first gold coin was not struck until the reign of Henry III., in 1257, and was called 'a gold pennie,' equivalent in value to twenty pence—and this progress of metals seems to have kept pace with the increase of wealth and commerce. Iron, brass, and copper first answered the purposes of money; silver followed next, and, as property increased, gold succeeded; but the great increase of riches and trade in our day has rendered even gold insufficient as a circulating medium; therefore, paper has been substituted, as being exempt from most of the imperfections and disorders of coin, and greatly facilitating the intricate operations of commerce.

Having briefly sketched the growth of modern money to maturity, it may be well to lighten the mass by inserting a little leaven in the shape of a few entertaining narratives concerning its infancy.

The Norman penny, their only piece of money, was so deeply impressed with a cross that it might easily be parted; when broken in half, each piece was called a half-penny; and when

broken into quarters, each piece was called a *furthing* or farthing, a device that has lately been suggested for dividing our penny postage stamp by perforating it across the centre into two halfpenny ones, and which would be a great boon if granted by the Inland Revenue department. 'Milling' the edge of our gold and silver coins, termed also 'graining' and 'crenating,' first employed in 1646, to prevent their being injured by wear, and more especially by being clipped by rogues, is a hint taken from the ancient Syrians and Romans, who treated their coins similarly and for like reasons, by cutting out regular notches round the border, so as to show the inside of the metal. But the old forgers were not to be so easily beaten, and made corresponding incisions in their copper imitations, plating them over with silver.

Up to the time of the Union (1707), the Scotch coins were quite distinct from the English, consisting of pistoles, marks, nobles, pounds, shillings, and pence, besides base money of Atkinsons or Achisons (eightpence), baubees, placks, and boddles. The Irish coins have always been made here and sent to that country, there being no mint in Ireland, and have borne the same names as our own; but their shilling or harper was only worth about elevenpence three-farthings, and their pound equal to eighteen shillings and fourpence-halfpenny English money.

The derivation of the names of some of our modern coins is interesting. Guineas were so termed from the Guinea gold out of which they were first struck; our florin, from a gold coin of Florence of that name, from the flower of the lily (*flore*) upon it, struck in 1252. The shilling was at first a German appellation, *schelling*. Our word 'sterling' is derived as follows: In the time of King John, money coined in the east parts of Germany, where the inhabitants were called *Easterlings*, came into special request in England on account of its purity, and was called *Easterling* money; some of these people the king sent for, to bring the coin to perfection, which ever since has been called *sterling*, from *Easterling*.

The fashion of wearing coins as ornaments, as we do either as a charm on the watchchain, or when made into sleeve-links, necklaces, bracelets, &c., was also common among the ancients, especially the Greek girls, many of whose coins have been found pierced with holes, and sometimes with a small ring fastened. But perhaps the most curious purpose to which money has been applied was the superstitious practice of placing thin broad pieces of unstamped gold in the mouths of the Egyptian mummies, to pay the fare of Charon, the mythological ferryman, to row them across the river Styx.

Some of our readers may not know that there exists in France such an anomaly as imaginary money; we refer to the French centime, which has no real existence, being contrived for the sole purpose of simplifying accounts, a light in which some people, especially merchants in many of their transactions, regard all money—that is, merely as counters wherewith to reckon the different commodities that are mutually exchanged in the concerns of life.

One of the crimes we laid at money's door in the early part of this article was forgery, under

which head is included the fabrication of counterfeit money, the pursuit of which criminal art has lured many a clever man, besides the notorious Brunel, to his doom; and since many of the stratagems adopted are as ingenious as they are dishonest, it may be interesting to notice a few of them, together with the punishments that have at various times been meted out. The production of a counterfeit bank-note calls for such shrewdness and dexterity as are beyond the ken of unskilled persons. The coining of money being the special prerogative of the sovereign, who may also by proclamation legitimise foreign coin and make it current in his own country, or decry any coin of the kingdom and make it no longer current, renders the striking of money by an unqualified person unlawful. Clipping, filing, and sweating coins—that is, immersing them in some strong acid that will eat away the surface, thus causing them to lose their weight, and consequently their value—are amongst the clumsier dodges; whilst the plan of covering pieces of iron, lead, copper, or other metal, cut to the size and shape of the coin to be imitated, with a thin plate of gold or silver neatly stamped and soldered at the edges, which can only be detected by weight and sound, calls for a greater degree of skill and manipulation. By a law of the Emperor Constantine, false coiners were declared guilty of high-treason and condemned to be burnt alive; by the law of Athens, all counterfeiters, debasers, and diminishers of the current coin were subjected to capital punishment; and in our own country, these offences are deemed high-treason; and not only these, but the mere fact of buying, selling, concealing, or knowingly having in possession any implements or tools for the coinage of money. A curious statute was framed in the reign of George II. to the effect that 'any offender shall be pardoned in case (being out of prison) he discovers and convicts two other offenders of the same kind.' It is also contrary to law to consign money to the melting-pot, the punishment for which, in the reign of Charles II., was—(1) forfeiture of the same, and also the double value; (2) the offender, if a freeman of any town, to be disfranchised; if not, to suffer six months' imprisonment.' By a statute of William III., 'any person buying or selling, or knowingly having in his custody, any clippings or filings of the coin of the realm, shall forfeit the same and five hundred pounds; one moiety to the king, and the other to the informer; and be branded on the cheek with the letter R.' The counterfeiting of foreign coin is also considered a misdemeanour and breach of the peace, and liable to a punishment of one year's imprisonment for the first offence, and seven years' penal servitude for the second.

We may explain why it is that coins are struck and not cast. In their liquid state, some metals may be turned to almost any purpose and moulded to any shape; but gold, silver, and copper sustain a contraction in their transition from the liquid to the solid state, and cannot therefore be cast to the figure of a mould; consequently, all our coins receive their impression from a stamp. We may also pay a passing tribute of gratitude to the Arabians for the few characters their method of notation requires, for just fancy if we had to work out all our sums and calculations in Roman figures!

The coinage of a country is ever on the change, a new coin being produced while another is called in. In this country, the following coins have all disappeared: the groat (fourpence) and half-groat (twopence), introduced by Edward III.; the testoon by Henry VII., so called from the *teste* or *tête*, or head of the king upon it; Elizabeth's three-halfpenny and three-farthing pieces; and the mark, noble, ryal, spur-ryal, angel, and angelet, as well as the tin halfpence and farthings coined by Charles II., with a stud of copper in their centre. Less than a century ago, five-guinea and double-guinea gold pieces, and twopenny pieces of copper, were in general circulation amongst us; guineas in time succumbed to the necessities of political economy; while crowns and fourpenny 'bits' have died out within our own recollection; but the symbols L. S. D. have outlived them all, and appear likely to endure far into the distant æons of futurity.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XV.—THE 'JOSEPHINE.'

JOSEPHINE remained brooding where the rector had left her, with knitted brows and plaited fingers and set lips. 'I wish I were out of this—living a simpler life, where I could see my way plain before me.'

Then she heard 'Hist! hist!' and looked about her, but discovered no one. Then again 'Hist! hist!' and looked up, and beheld the wan face of Mr Gabriel Gotham, with bleached eyes, and faded hair, and weak trembling lips, looking down on her from the balustrade of the terrace above. She had been pacing a walk below the terrace—the verberna walk—with the rector.

The shaking white hand of the squire was round the base of a plaster vase; she could see only his nodding head and his hand, the fingers of which worked on the vase as if he were practising on a piano.

'Don't come up,' he said, as Josephine turned to the steps that led to the terrace; then he thrust his walking-stick between the pillars of the balustrade and indicated a spot below where she was to stand.

Josephine took up the position he required; and he spoke to her over the stone rail, with his chin resting on it and his hands hanging over it—a picture of imbecility. As his chin was on the stone, when he spoke the upper portion of his head moved, instead of the chin.

'What is it? What have you been doing? What about Richard Cable?'

Josephine's frown deepened. It was too vexatious to have had her conversation with the rector overheard. 'Cousin,' she said, 'I have had a private talk with Mr Sellwood. I did not solicit it. He thrust it upon me. Neither he nor I desired that it should have taken place within the hearing of an eavesdropper.'

'How rude you are to me.'

'A privilege of relations.'

'I did not intend to listen. I was here, and you were beneath. I did not hear everything. I did not suppose that you and the rector had anything to say to each other which the world might not hear.'

'What did you hear?' asked Josephine shortly.

'I—I do not rightly understand. I think something was said of your meeting Richard Cable at night, without your father's knowledge, on the seawall. But I did not catch how long these private interviews had been going on.—Oh! how improper;' then he exploded in a cackling laugh.

Josephine coloured. 'You have just heard enough to let your fancy run away with you, Mr Gotham,' said she. 'It is true that I did go out through the gate at night to Mr Cable, because I had some bonbons for his children. It was a brilliant moonlight night, as light as day, and I never for a moment thought there was any harm in my doing so. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*'

'Did I hear that the hour was past midnight?' His blue eyes twinkled with cunning.

'Yes; it was past midnight. The vicar and Captain Sellwood had been dining with us. After dinner, I took the box down to Mr Cable.'

'How did you know he was there? Had you appointed that he should be in waiting to receive the box?'

'Cousin Gotham,' exclaimed Josephine angrily, but with tears of mortification rising into her eyes, 'why am I to be subjected to catechism by you as well as by the rector, and go over to you the same story, make to you the same self-exculpation?'

'Because, my dear, I have heard of the circumstances. You will have to explain them and exculpate yourself to every one who hears about this midnight meeting, the sweet tête-à-tête.'

'No one else will hear of it. It was an accident.—It was a bit of thoughtless imprudence on my part. I will not do it again.'

'A nine days' wonder to all the parish. How the old women will talk! and the sailors joke over their ale about it!'

'No one will know anything about it but yourself, who have surprised the secret—not that it is a secret. I meant nought by going out on the wall but what I have said, to carry a bonbon box to the children.—I declare!' Josephine burst forth angrily, 'I will never attempt to do a kind thing again. It is not often the fancy takes me. When I do a considerate act, I have to suffer for it. You are learning that, Cousin Gotham, also. You have housed us after the fire, and cannot shake us off.'

'I do not want to be rid of you, Josephine.'

'And Aunt Judith? Is the attachment so great that you cannot part with her?'

Mr Gotham laughed, his head waggling on the balustrade as though it were loose and rolled on it, and might at any moment roll off.

'Have you read of the Struldbugs, Cousin Gotham?'

'What—in *Gulliver's Travels*? The old people who never die?'

'Yes. Papa says that he cannot believe in Struldbugs, because they would have all their juices drawn out of them by their friends and acquaintances. Friends and acquaintances become to old people barnacles that adhere and perforate. They can be shaken off by those who are young, but not by the old, and they cover up and corrode the latter. I think we are barnacles stuck upon you.'

'Am I a Struldbug? or a drift-log? Did your father say that? Or is this a piece of your pertness?'

'Oh, he was not particularly alluding to you,' answered Josephine. 'At least, I do not remember that he was.'

Mr Gotham got up, and let Josephine see that he did not consist only of head and hands. 'Shall we go a little stroll together?' he said. 'Will you take my arm?'

'I shall be delighted,' answered Josephine, and waited, and held out her arm for him to take. That was what he meant by her taking his arm: she was to support him.

He came tottering down the steps. Josephine, tall and vigorous, full of the bloom of youth, formed a striking contrast to this mean, decrepit old man.

'Am I a Struldbug?' he asked, leering up in her face. 'What was your father talking about that he should come upon the Struldbugs?'

'I really do not remember.'

'Or old logs washed up, covered with barnacles?'

'No; he did not speak of you as a log, cousin.'

'I should not be surprised if he had been thinking of me. I suspect he speaks one thing to my face and another to my back. I may be esteemed a Struldbug or a log; but I am not one or other. I have eyes in the lobes of my ears, and can see more than some suspect.' Then he cackled. 'The barnacles may not find so much to suck out of me as they reckon upon.'

'Where shall we go, Cousin Gotham?'

'Oh, anywhere. I want a change.—On to the seawall,' he continued, laughing, shaking his sides and the hand that rested on Josephine's arm.

'That fire has been a terrible loss to your father,' he said, still laughing. 'His books—his wine—his plate! He will save something in housekeeping by living here, barnacled on me, as you call it. The insurance was heavy. I really should not have thought your father had such valuable furniture and wines and books. But it will not be paid for six months, I suppose?'

'I know nothing about it,' said Josephine abruptly.

'Why do you not call me Cousin Gabriel?' asked Mr Gotham. 'You know we are relations. Your father's mother was a Gotham, sister of my father, and of old Uncle Jeremy, who bought this place.'

'Which way shall we go?' asked Josephine, without answering his question.

He waved his stick in the direction he desired

to walk; then he went on: 'Your father no doubt reckons on having the Hall when I am gone. Has he ever spoken of the changes he will be making in it? Trees he will cut down, rooms he will alter?' He peered up in her face craftily.

Mr Cornellis had done this. Josephine would not say he had not, so she diverted the attention of the old man to something else, a thing easily done. 'I suppose now I can bring the Cable children here any day, as you desired, to look for sugared almonds in the wren-nests?'

'Not for the world!' exclaimed Gabriel with a start. 'I would not have it done now, whilst your father is here. It might be thought a precedent, and he would not like it; he who is to inherit the place when that old Struldbrug, Gotham, is withered and cast away, when that old log is so barnacle-bored as to be worthless.'

'He could not object, if you wished it.'

'I wish it no longer.'

'I am sorry I mentioned the Struldbrugs to you. You continue referring to them, as though my father or I had associated you with them in idea, which is not the case.'

'I do not desire that the children should be brought to the garden now. It was another matter before. Then I had nothing to amuse me; now I have you.'

'I will do what I can for you, Cousin Gotham. I shall make you skip and wince with the stings of my sharp tongue.'

'I do not mind that; but I do object to be riddled by barnacles.'

They were near the willows and the cottage inhabited by the Cables. Gabriel looked uneasily about him, as though seeking something, yet fearing to find it. He started as, turning the corner of the wall, he came upon Richard.

Richard Cable removed his cap respectfully to him and to Josephine. The latter coloured and smiled.

'How are the little white mice?' she asked.

'All seven snug and neat and happy?'

'Thank you, miss; my children are well and happy, praised be God!'

'Mr Richard Cable,' said Gabriel Gotham with a faltering voice, 'would you do Miss Cornellis the favour of following us to Messrs Grimes and Newbold's dock?'

Josephine hastily turned and looked at the old man. She had forgotten all about the ship, in the excitement consequent on the fire. Gabriel had not again alluded to it; and she had concluded, if for a moment she had considered the proposal, that it had passed from his feeble memory. Now she was quite unable to pay for a ship, as her money was gone; and since that affair of the night of the fire, it would not be proper for her to give the vessel to Richard. She tried to catch Mr Gotham's eye, to show him that the suggested visit displeased her; but he studiously averted his face.

'Mr Cable,' said Josephine, 'do not come with us. Mr Gotham and I were engaged in conversation which we must finish. Follow us in a few minutes in the direction of the dock. First run in and kiss the little ones for me. By that time Mr Gotham and I will have finished our business together.'

Richard obeyed. He went over the plank-

bridge to his garden. Then Josephine, dropping Gabriel's arm, said hastily, eagerly: 'It won't do. It must not be. I thought you had forgotten all about the boat, or I would have spoken earlier.'

'Why not? The vessel is ready; she is painted, and named. The orders were given directly we had made the arrangement.'

'O Mr Gotham, what is to be done?' gasped Josephine. 'I cannot pay you, neither now nor in the future.'

'Cannot pay now; but you have your money coming in shortly.'

'Not at all. Papa—that is—there has been a bad investment. I do not know exactly how it is, but—papa has been unfortunate about my money. He put it where he thought he had the best security, and—the money is all gone.'

'Your mother's fortune gone?'

'All gone. I have nothing.'

Then he cackled. 'What an unfortunate fire that was at Rose Cottage!'

Josephine, in distress and annoyance, turned sharply away. 'You understand, Cousin Gotham, I cannot pay for the ship—now—never.'

'But it is bought and paid for in your name, and your name stands in gold letters on the bows. A pity we did not have a cast from your face for the figurehead.'

'O Mr Gotham!'—she clasped her hands—'why did you act with such precipitation?'

'Why did you not tell me in time that you were without means? You can sue your father, and make him indemnify you out of the insurance money.' He laughed.

'I cannot do that,' she said vehemently. 'Why do you laugh? This is no joke. You have brought me into great difficulties.'

'There; do not be so distressed. I have risked the money without taking a written authority from you. I have been incautious. I must bear the loss.'

'But I cannot take advantage of you in this way.'

'Let me take your arm again, and go on to the yard. Set your mind at rest. You and your father and aunt are my nearest kindred. If you cannot pay, it does not greatly matter. I must leave you something in my will. I will forgive you the debt in my last testament; you shall consider it as the present of Cousin Gabriel. That will set your conscience at rest. Eh?' He peered up at her.

Josephine was not satisfied. She was vexed with Mr Gotham, who was a man to talk, but not to act; and he had sprung a surprise upon her, which increased her difficulties. These unreliable men, she thought, always do the things which had better be left alone, and neglect what they ought to execute promptly. Who would have supposed he would take me at my word without further consultation? What will my father say?

As they reached the yard, Richard Cable caught them up, and walked respectfully behind.

'Come on, Mr Cable; don't lag,' said Gabriel. 'Miss Cornellis has come to see this smack that Messrs Grimes and Newbold have been building, and which she has bought—a yacht, you understand. She is so fond of the sea, had such a taste of it when she was out in the lightship,

that she wants more. She would like your opinion of the vessel, Mr Cable. I am no judge. I have nothing to do with it, except to act for her, as her agent in the matter. If she had ordered me to engage for her a Newfoundland dog, I would have done so.'

Josephine's face was dark with annoyance and shame. She would have protested, but saw that it would avail her nothing. The mischief was done, the ship was ordered and paid for in her name. It was hers whether she wished it or not; and of course she could not retain it herself. The little craft was one to charm a sailor's heart, trim and fresh, beautifully proportioned from stem to stern. She had plenty of floor, while her lines aft were delicately fine, and her long hoist and light draught promised fast sailing powers. Her builders, Messrs Grimes and Newbold, were proud of her; and the fishermen and sailors who studied her as they walked round her, like dealers about a horse, gave their opinion in her favour as a model combination of strength and speed. She was freshly painted, and her figurehead glittered with the new gilding put on it.

'Well, Mr Cable,' said Gabriel Gotham, 'what do you say to her?'

'She's a beauty,' answered Richard—'no mistake.'

'Ought to be a beauty,' sniggered the squire; 'named after Miss Cornellis. You see—she is the *Josephine*.'

'Yes,' said Richard. 'And not beautiful only. She is all spank with paint and gilding now, and that will be battered away with wind and wave, and worn with time; but she will be good and seaworthy, and obey her helm.'

'Should you like to be captain of the *Josephine*?' asked Gotham, looking slyly first at him, and then round at the builder and some of the workmen who stood by, and were listening.

'I've not the chance,' said Cable.

'If you had the chance?' asked the squire.

'I'd do my duty by her,' answered Cable.

'You would do your duty by any trust,' said Josephine, gathering up the courage to speak. She was afraid of what Mr Gotham might say; she did not like his tone—it chafed her. If the announcement must be made, it were better that it came from her.

'Mr Cable,' she said, and, as she spoke, she trembled with nervousness, 'you rendered me a great service when I might have been lost. I owe you my life. I have not sufficiently thanked you for your great kindness to me in my peril and distress.' She spoke so far with downcast eyes; but as she remembered the lightship and what had passed on it, his pity, his gentleness towards her, she looked up into his face. Her olive skin was suffused with colour; her large beautiful eyes trembled with timidity, and she continued: 'You will not be so unkind now, Mr Cable, as to refuse to accept from me this little acknowledgment of your goodness to a poor storm-tossed, shipwrecked girl. It would hurt me inexpressibly were you to do so. Will you—will you accept the *Josephine*, and be her captain and owner?'

She put out her hand—her heart was full, partly with fear, partly with warm feeling, and

laid it on Cable's arm. He caught her hand between his rough palms, and said: 'I thank you. I will not refuse. I cannot refuse. I will do my duty by her, miss.'

PARLIAMENT HILL.

NONE of the bits of country that promise to be rescued from bricks and mortar by the passing of the Hampstead Heath Enlargement Bill is more deserving of being preserved for posterity than Parliament Hill. One of the most famous of the northern heights of London, the Hill possesses other than superficial attractions. It is not merely the beauty of its grassy slopes, down which generations of the children of the people are, we hope, now destined to roll; nor the lovely views across the fields to Highgate and Ken Wood, or across the brickyards—soon to be an eyesore of the past—to Hampstead Heath, much as all these smile in contrast with the dreary wilderness of Kentish Town and Holloway, that are the only charms of Parliament Hill.

Here, according to tradition, the Parliamentary generals planted cannon for the defence of London, and hence the Hill takes its name. There is, it is true, nothing to prove the truth of the legend; and there is, likewise, good ground for believing that the Parliamentary fortifications were never advanced so far north; still, the story has run for some hundreds of years, and will certainly pass current as long as the Hill lasts. But even if this time-honoured tradition of the spot has to be given up, it possesses other and still more ancient associations. Here, it is said, the members for Middlesex were at one time elected; and the etymology is very possibly the true one. The county elections were, as a matter of fact, held at Hampstead until the hustings were removed to Brentford, an event which took place at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The precise spot seems to have been the high-road in front of Jack Straw's Castle. But it is very possible that the Hill itself was the scene of the ceremony at a still earlier date. Yet another legend belongs to the spot. Here, we are told, 'Guy Faux's comrades stood to see his match send Parliament House and parliament, and, if possible, King Jamie, into the air.' But, unfortunately for the reputation of popular tradition, it is an historical fact that the conspirators did not wait to see the explosion, but were at the time that it would have occurred making the best of their way out of London by sundry and divers roads. So the associations of Parliament Hill with Gunpowder Plot can only be commemorative celebrations of 'the 5th of November!'

But the happiest legend of all is that for which the stalwart custodian of the rights of the freeholder is responsible. This worthy, who has a knack of horrifying trespassers by telling them that they must pay a quarter of a million of money before they can walk over these sacred fields, will, upon persuasion, gravely relate how Parliament Hill is the place where a cannon was fixed with which to blow the Houses of Parliament to pieces. He will be found to be cautious in assigning a date to the episode. But you cannot shake him as to the fact. It would be hard to

find a better illustration of the fatal facility with which local traditions get mixed.

Mr Walter Besant and Professor Hales have lately thrown a new and vivid light upon the archaeology of the northern heights of London. North of Parliament Hill rises another eminence, which is of remarkable form. A regularly rounded cone, it is clearly of artificial origin, and this conclusion is fully borne out by the fact that a well-defined fosse runs round it. In this both Mr Walter Besant and Professor Hales recognise a British barrow, and the latter has expended much research in fixing its date. Howitt, he reminds us, relates how 'in very early times the inhabitants of St Albans, who aspired to make that town the capital of this part of England, finding London growing a vigorous rival, set out to attack and destroy it; but that the Londoners, turning out, met and defeated their enemies of St Albans on this spot, and that this mound contains the dust of the slain.' We must, the professor gravely points out, go back to very early times to fix a possible date for such a fray. In 55 B.C., when Cæsar invaded Britain, war was raging between Cassivelaunus, king of the Catuvelauni, whose capital was Verulam, the modern St Albans, and Imanuentius, king of the Trinobantes, one of whose chief towns was Londinium. The Catuvelauni seem to have had the best of it during the earlier part of this prolonged struggle, which did not end with Cæsar's coming. In one of the battles, Imanuentius was slain, and the Trinobantes threw themselves under Cæsar's protection. But hostilities were renewed on the departure of the Romans, and continued under the two succeeding kings of the Catuvelauni, Tasciovan and Cunobelin, the latter of whom was the Cymbeline of Shakspeare. This tumulus may, then, be the mound which covers the slain of one of these fierce fights, and Imanuentius may have himself been buried here.

But the suggestion that a British tumulus still exists intact within four miles of Charing Cross is sure to be received with incredulity. It will be pointed out that multitudes of people must have passed over these grassy slopes in nineteen centuries; and that if of British origin, the sides of the ditch must have become obliterated by wear and tear. It will be urged that antiquaries of past generations would have rifled such a heap of buried treasures as the grave of hundreds of British warriors. And these and the like objections will derive an added force from the local rumour, which seems to be well ascertained, though it does not appear to be supported by written authority, that this is none other than a plague-pit—a grim relic of the Great Plague. This, it is said, is the reason the mound has not only never been opened, but so long shunned that its outlines have remained as well defined as when it was first made. Rightly or wrongly, it is still commonly believed that even an interment of two hundred years is not enough to destroy the germs of the Plague; and with the cholera still threatening us, few will probably be found to be anxious to try the experiment even to set the archaeological question at rest. So it is to be feared that the mystery of the Hampstead tumulus will still go unexplained.

But even these do not exhaust the etymologies of Parliament Hill, for it shares with another

eminence in the grounds of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts the doubtful honour of having been the 'Traitors' Hill.' Of the two, however, Parliament Hill seems to have the better claim. This name is also attributed to the associations of the spot with Guy Faux and his friends, which we have already shown to rest upon only the scantiest foundation. But another curious derivation has been unearthed. In 1661, Thomas Venner, wine-cooper, headed an insurrection against King Charles. The episode has long been forgotten, and can scarcely be found in any of the more accessible histories; but it is none the less historical. After killing one or two persons, Venner, at the head of an insignificant rabble, took up his quarters in Caen Wood, and thence threatened London for three or four days. It says much for the nervousness of the age that the metropolis should have been reduced to a state of panic by a handful of silly bigots. Yet that this was the case sufficiently appears from the State Papers of the time. The number of the insurgents was absurdly exaggerated, and the wildest rumours were afloat as to the crowds that were flocking to the rebel standard. Short-lived as the rising was, it lasted long enough to fasten itself upon the popular imagination. It had a tragic ending. Venner and his crew no sooner ventured into London, than they were overpowered; while, a few days later, Venner and Hodgkins, another ringleader, were hanged, drawn, and quartered. And although these traitors met with such speedy and condign punishment, which shows that the authorities of the time understood the art of suppressing rebellions much better than we do, it is quite possible that they gave their names to both the Traitors' Hills of Hampstead. But however this may be, we have shown that these spots have a many-sided interest apart from their picturesque surroundings. Whether it be a plague-pit—which does not sound salubrious—or a veritable British barrow that crowns this hilltop, may be doubtful; but few probably will dispute the claims of the Hill and its fellows to be preserved.

THE BRANCHTOWN BALL.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

It is needless to say that in three days everybody in Branchtown and Mudport had called upon His Grace; some with the excuse of previous acquaintance with some member of his family; others with no excuse at all. The Admiral-Superintendent of the Mudport Dockyard, and the colonels commanding the regiments stationed there, were among the earliest to avail themselves of the presence of a distinguished member of the aristocracy in their midst; and upon their heels came the whole society of the two places.

The duke most graciously accepted a ticket for the ball, and promised to come early. The triumph of the lady patronesses was complete; and the young ladies were nearly mad with excitement at the prospect of exercising their fascinations upon a bachelor duke. The local *modistes* were distracted by the sudden demand for new and expensive toilets; and gloves and flowers sold with unprecedented rapidity.

The eventful night arrived, and by nine o'clock Eva and her mother were at the Assembly Rooms. Miss Armitage-Maxwell had never looked better in her life. From her pretty head, which was a triumph of the hairdresser's art, to her little satin shoes, she was a delightful object to contemplate. Her mother, splendidly arrayed in black satin, with gold ornaments, might have passed for a dowager countess at the very least. The other lady patronesses were likewise arrayed in their best bibs and tuckers; and although diamonds were rather scarce, the general effect was sufficiently imposing.

The rooms were tastefully decorated. The best military band in Mudport was stationed on a raised platform, the men's scarlet uniforms almost concealed by feathery palms and tree-ferns. A pyramid of ice in each corner of the room contributed a delicious coolness to the atmosphere. Ample rows of crimson-covered sofas were provided for the chaperons, who were not so numerous as to seriously interfere with the enjoyment of the younger people. And as more than enough tickets had been sold to defray all expenses, Mrs Armitage-Maxwell's satisfaction was complete.

Almost the first arrival was Bertie Fleming, who had arrived from Mudport to keep Eva to her promise to dance the first waltz with him. The rest of the regiment, being less enthusiastic, would put in an appearance later. Despite her mother's black looks, the lieutenant made his way at once to Eva's side and stayed there, while other people were wandering about aimlessly and consulting their programmes. The stewards, three grizzled veterans all somewhat the worse for wear, bustled about, introducing the few strangers present and talking affably to the dowagers; while the young ladies took mental notes of each other's dresses, and decided that everybody else was 'made up' or 'a fright.' When this sort of thing had gone on for about an hour, the younger people began to think that they had had enough of it, and suggested to the lady patronesses that it might be as well to commence. To which Mrs Armitage-Maxwell made answer, in her decided way, that she and her colleagues considered that it would be only common courtesy to defer commencing to dance until the duke arrived.

'Just as if he were a Royal personage!' grumbled the disaffected ones.

'What did you think of the duke?' Eva whispered to her lover.

'I thought him exceedingly proud and disagreeable,' was the frank answer. 'As our fellows would say, he puts too much side on by half! — Oh, by Jove! there he is!'

And in the doorway appeared the hero of the evening. He was a tall young man, with rather a good figure, and features not in any way remarkable. His hair was light, and his eyes pale blue. His walk was pompous, and it was evident that he was fully conscious of his dignity. The stewards went forward to greet him, and then introduced him to the lady patronesses, who smiled upon him sweetly as a matter of course. And then the welcome music struck up, and a set of Lancers was formed. The duke was asked to dance with Lady Borwick, and accordingly led her to the top of the room. The set

concluded, Sir Percy Borwick took the young nobleman under his wing, and introduced him to the chief of the Branchtown beauties. Pretty Miss Armitage-Maxwell was among the first; and to her mother's intense delight, he scrawled an illegible something, presumably his name, against the only two waltzes she had left vacant.

It was soon discovered that the duke danced very badly, which circumstance, however, was no obstacle in the way of his obtaining partners. He blundered through the programme, treading on people's toes and tearing the ladies' dresses, his shortcomings being overlooked on account of his rank; although most of the other men, and especially the officers from Mudport, waltzed to perfection. As the veterans remarked to each other, dismally wagging their gray heads, dancing was all young soldiers were fit for nowadays. They would waltz while the service and the country were going to the dogs.

Eva, however, felt much annoyed at being dragged hither and thither by a clumsy lad whose step never once came in with her own. Nothing exasperated her more than an awkward partner; nor did his small-talk afford any very high opinion of his conversational powers. But he was evidently favourably impressed by his pretty partner. His eyes followed her about the room, with approval so legibly written in them, that many people noticed it; and Mrs Armitage-Maxwell's heart beat high with hope. When the first of the three supper-dances was being played, and a general move took place among the chaperons, he came boldly up to Eva, who was standing by her mother's side, and asked to have the pleasure of taking her in. Now, this was an infringement of etiquette, for it had been taken for granted that he would escort Lady Borwick, the matron of highest rank in the room. The widow, however, was not to be balked by such a trifling obstacle, or the certainty that her daughter was already pledged to somebody else.

'Our dance, Miss Armitage-Maxwell,' said Bertie Fleming coming up with a radiant smile; for he had been looking forward all the evening to the pleasure of taking Eva in to supper. She rose and took his arm; but her mother interposed.

'Mr Fleming, you have danced so much with Eva that I'm sure you won't refuse to take pity on a poor forlorn chaperon instead. May I ask you to take me in to supper?'

'I should be delighted,' he began politely; 'but your daughter'—

'Oh, never mind about Eva,' answered her mother carelessly. 'If you knew how ferociously hungry I am, you would feel it a Christian act to take pity on me. The duke, I am sure, will look after Eva.'

'Delighted, I'm sure,' answered that noble youth, his face brightening as he spoke.

Bertie Fleming, inwardly raging, had to lead off the widow, feeling that he had been completely out-generalled by a clever woman. Eva, after one swift indignant glance at her mother, followed them; feeling so angry that she would have liked to pinch the arm the duke offered for her acceptance.

The supper-room was full, chiefly of dowagers and elderly men, eager to secure their fair share

of turkey and trifle and champagne. Bertie made for a seat near Lady Borwick, while the duke contrived to find places at a side-table. The waiters, taking their cue from their betters, came fussing assiduously about His Grace and executed his orders with praiseworthy promptitude. His manner to his inferiors, Eva could not help thinking, was unpleasantly haughty and contemptuous. Surely a little more courtesy, even to a waiter, would not have been derogatory to the dignity of one so far removed by his position from any fear of his politeness being misconstrued. The Branchtown people habitually practised the greatest courtesy in all their dealings with those socially beneath them. They considered it exceedingly 'bad form' to speak uncivilly to a poor man. But then, thought Eva to herself, perhaps dukes were different from other people; although she felt sure that if Bertie Fleming by any magic could be raised to a dukedom the next day, he would remain the same perfect gentleman in mind and manners he always had been.

'Have you always lived here?' asked His Grace, when Eva's wants and his own had been attended to.

'Ever since I was quite a little girl.'

'But you go up to town for the season, don't you?'

'O no,' was the simple answer. Eva was too honest to attempt to evade the truth.

'You don't mean to say that you can manage to exist in this slow hole all the year round?' asked the duke with undisguised astonishment.

'We generally go out in the summer for a month or two, but the rest of the year we live here. I like it. I am very fond of Branchtown, and don't find it at all slow.'

'Such a lot of half-pay officers all over the place!' he answered disparagingly and not very courteously.

'I'm sure you couldn't find better society anywhere than there is here,' said Miss Armitage-Maxwell with spirit. She always bristled up if anybody found fault with Branchtown. Had the proximity of Mudport anything to do with her devotion to the place?

'Good enough in its way, perhaps, if everybody only wasn't so confoundedly poor,' answered the duke slightly. 'But a man who is used to London naturally feels country society rather flat. One misses the theatres, and the clubs, and Hurlingham, and all that sort of thing.'

'I suppose so,' said Eva, trying in imagination to put herself into the place of a member of the aristocracy. 'But you don't stay in London after the season, do you?'

'I run down in the autumn for the shooting to my places in the country,' he answered carelessly; 'and in the winter I generally go off somewhere in my yacht. But I soon get tired of being away from town, and I go back again as soon as I can. People bother me so, you know, to go and stay at their country-houses, and it is such a horrid bore! I came here to get out of the way.'

'The pictures at De Courcy Castle are very beautiful, are they not?' asked Eva, for the sake of saying something.

'So they tell me. I don't pretend to care much for that sort of thing myself,' he answered loftily. 'The Rubenses and the Van Dycks, I believe, are

considered very good. A great many people go over the house every year when I'm not at home. The late duke began the custom, and I have to keep it up, although I'd rather not have a lot of Cockney tourists all over the place. I'm thinking of altering and enlarging the castle before I go and stay there again. The ballroom isn't half big enough for a proper dance. I don't, of course, mean a paltry little affair of two or three hundred people—I don't call *that* a dance—but a thousand guests or so at a time. My architect is preparing the plans now. Everybody says it will be an immense improvement. There's nothing so horrid as being cramped for space!' said His Grace, with the air of a man who has dwelt in marble halls all his life and is quite conscious of the fact.

'Oh, everybody acknowledges that large houses are much nicer than small ones,' said Eva brightly. 'Only, unfortunately, everybody can't afford to gratify their tastes in that respect. We must do as we can, not as we would.'

'Now, at Polpen,' went on the duke, as if he had not heard her, 'the ballroom is the best room in the house. It's a pity; for there's hardly any society for miles round—nothing but miners' huts. I can't stand the dullness of the place; and so I never go there.—Won't you have some more champagne?'

'No, thank you,' said Eva, drawing back her glass as he was about to refill it.

'Well, I won't urge you, because I think it is about the worst I ever tasted,' he remarked disdainfully. 'Cheap stuff, I suppose, supplied by some local confectioner?'

'Sir Percy Borwick ordered it,' said Eva, not very well pleased at his sneering tone.

'Oh, he's one of the stewards, isn't he? He called on me when I first came—said he knew my father and all that—and was very civil indeed, like all the people here. He told me about this dance, and wanted me to promise to come; but at first I wouldn't; for it's such a horrid bore to meet a roomful of strangers, don't you know? But a lot more fellows called on me, and gave me no peace until I said I'd look in for an hour or two in the course of the evening.'

'I'm sure it was very good of you to come,' said Eva demurely, as she began to draw on her gloves, wondering the while at the duke's want of breeding in showing so plainly what an immense condescension he considered it for him to mix in Branchtown society at all. He had come to the place of his own free-will, and had surely no reason to resent that he had been hospitably received.

They went back to the ballroom, the duke taking occasion to grumble at the steepness of the stairs, contrasting them very disadvantageously with those of his town-house in Belgrave Square; and his natural arrogance being probably augmented by the champagne, of which, despite its badness, he consumed a good deal, he made himself very disagreeable during the rest of the evening by his sneering depreciation of almost everything at Branchtown, and the implied, if not expressed, superiority of his own possessions. The younger men were much annoyed at his supercilious airs; but the ladies were inclined to judge him more leniently, and consider his arrogance rather in his favour than the reverse.

Mrs Armitage-Maxwell, in particular, was

charmed with him. As she drove home with her daughter she was eloquent concerning His Grace's good looks, amiability, and so forth. The widow was one of those enviable people who cannot see anything they have made up their minds not to see.

'He was certainly very much struck with you, Eva. Everybody in the room noticed it. I heard Mrs Langton say you had made quite a conquest; and the Greenes and the Travers girls were very cross about it. I know they got those absurdly overtrimmed dresses on purpose to fascinate the duke—poor silly things!'

'I'm sure as far as I'm concerned, they're welcome to fascinate him to any extent,' said Eva yawning, as the carriage stopped.

The next day the Duke of Ambleside called upon Mrs Armitage-Maxwell. He wore a bright blue necktie, and his features were not improved by the champagne consumed overnight. Bertie Fleming came in soon after, and two or three more of Eva's admirers. These youths soon found themselves relegated to the very remote background. The hostess had eyes and ears for nobody but the duke. The astute matron had discovered that His Grace was very accessible to flattery; and she determined to give him as much adulation as he could possibly desire. The young man was in rather an arrogant vein, and talked grandiloquently to what he no doubt believed to be an admiring circle of listeners. He described De Courcy Castle and his 'little place' in Scotland; and descanted upon yachting and grouse-shooting, which, he implied, were the only pursuits befitting a gentleman. He stayed more than an hour, talking in this delightful and instructive manner; while the other men tugged at the ends of their moustaches, and Eva yawned outright. But still, despite his silliness, his superiority was tacitly admitted. The great facts of his title, his estates, and his enormous rent-roll outweighed the actual littleness of the man.

There was a very melancholy look on Bertie Fleming's handsome face as a general move was made towards departure. 'Darling, you won't forsake me?' he murmured, as Mrs Armitage-Maxwell was shaking hands with her aristocratic guest and saying she hoped soon to have the pleasure of his company at dinner.

'I will, when I meet a better man!' Eva answered teasingly, but with a look in her brown eyes which he rightly interpreted to mean that she never expected to do so.

And so the Duke of Ambleside was fairly launched in Branchtown society, where he reigned absolutely without a rival. K.C.B.s and Admirals of the Fleet hid their diminished heads before the owner of De Courcy Castle. Mrs Armitage-Maxwell and those like-minded with herself vied with each other in attentions to him. Carpet-dances were got up to display his execrable waltzing; dinner-party succeeded dinner-party, and receptions 'to meet the Duke of Ambleside' became the rage. He was made an honorary member of the Branchtown Yacht Club; he dined on board the flagship and at the regimental messes; and the tradesmen of the town, whom he patronised largely, made great capital out of the articles of dress and luxury they had been privileged to supply to His Grace.

The girls of Branchtown lived in a continual state of excitement. The duke was their one thought. It was small wonder that they entered upon the chase with ardour; for never before had they had such a noble quarry in view. Hitherto, they had been obliged to exercise their fascinations upon curates without the remotest prospect of a living; subalterns who could hardly keep themselves, still less support a wife; and briefless barristers whose earnings were nil. So they were naturally prepared to rend heaven and earth for the sake of De Courcy Castle and a house in town.

About the only girl in Branchtown who did not try to attract the duke was Eva Armitage-Maxwell, who, curiously enough, was the object of his most marked attentions.

'It would be a wicked flying in the face of providence to slight his evident preference for you, Eva!' said her mother impressively, as the door closed behind the duke on one of the many occasions that he dined at her house. The widow, although she was charmed to have him, quite dreaded to think what she was spending in entrées and ice-puddings and champagne procured in his honour.

'A preference so highly flattering that it is a pity it should be all on one side!' was the caustic answer.

'That means that you have set your affections on that stupid Bertie Fleming, I suppose?' said the elder lady angrily. 'I wish we had never seen him!'

'I wish we had never seen the duke; everything has been at sixes and sevens since he came!' sighed poor Eva, yawning dismally as she lighted her candle. And before Mrs Armitage-Maxwell could utter an indignant rebuke, the girl had scuttled away to her room like a frightened rabbit.

His Grace called the next morning about eleven, when, as a matter of fact, he was horribly in the way, and sat and sat, and talked and talked, until his hostess had no resource but to ask him to stay to luncheon, having previously despatched a secret embassy to the kitchen. Mrs Armitage-Maxwell had already become accustomed to the duke's habit of calling at all hours and only going away when it suited him to do so. She said it was charming to see a young man in his position so free from the foolish shackles of conventionality; but perhaps in her secret heart she could have wished that he had had a little more regard for etiquette, now that there was nothing but cold mutton in the house, and the cook was under notice to leave, and therefore very uncivil.

'What do you say to a turn on the pier presently?' asked the young nobleman, as they returned from the dining-room, where he had committed fearful ravages on his hostess's fried soles, curried mutton, vanilla pudding, and sherry.

'Delightful!' answered the colonel's widow heroically. It was a bright day, but there was a keen east wind, which she knew would infallibly bring on her neuralgia; nevertheless, she nobly sacrificed herself for Eva, although the girl's face showed no pleasure at the proposal.

'Do you think you ought to go out in this cold wind, mother?' she asked with an apparent solicitude which was really rather selfish.

'What's the matter?' asked the duke in his blunt way.

'Mother is rather subject to neuralgia.'

'It's nothing,' said the widow, mentally resigning herself to a sleepless night. 'I dread the damp the most; and it is beautifully sunny and dry to-day.'

'You must not knock yourself up, and be unable to go to Mudport to-morrow,' remarked Eva.

'O dear, no,' said Mrs Armitage-Maxwell, whose ailments, like those of a great many people, depended very much on time, place, and circumstances. 'We must go to Mudport; it would never do to disappoint the admiral.'

'What a queer old fish he is, isn't he?' said the duke reflectively.

'I think he is delightful!' was Eva's rather indignant answer.

'It will be awfully jolly for us to go to Mudport together, won't it?' went on His Grace. 'I'll meet you at the station, and tell them to let us have a carriage to ourselves.'

'You are always so thoughtful for others!' said his hostess, with affected rapture.—'And now, Eva, if we are going, we must get ready.'

'Don't be more than an hour,' facetiously put in the duke, with a grin at his feeble joke, as his hostess turned to leave the room. Bertie Fleming would have opened the door for her; but he attempted nothing of the sort. He stood gawkily at the window with his hands in his pockets, and, almost before he was alone, began to whistle.

Eva watched her mother safely into her bedroom and then ran to find the housemaid. 'Jane, if Mr Fleming should call this afternoon, tell him we have gone on the pier.'

HOW COLONIES ARE FOUNDED.

I SUPPOSE that every one who reads this has read Dickens's humorous and not too flattering account of the flourishing city of Eden, and its agent, Mr Zephaniah Scadder, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Mr Scadder and his friends were doubtless smart men, and Mr Dickens seems to have portrayed them as none too honest. But did the pioneers of Western cities, at the time when Mr Dickens wrote, fully deserve to be set down as the common swindlers which he seems to have considered them? Mr Chuzzlewit is represented as much struck with the flourishing city of Eden as it appeared on the plan, and Mr Scadder was doubtless well within the truth when he stated that all the public buildings, &c. set forth on the plan were not completed. But was not Mr Chuzzlewit rather like too many English emigrants of the present time in expecting too much for his money? He paid one hundred and fifty dollars for a fifty-acre lot, which Mr Scadder pointed out—and we are not told that it was found to be untrue—as situated with a good river frontage near the centre of the (proposed) town. Now, there seems to be an idea amongst stay-at-home people that one may easily purchase lots of this sort, with buildings on them, &c. in good positions in towns, for sums of like amount—namely, about twelve shillings and sixpence per acre. This, however, is by no means the case, as central lots in Chicago or St Paul are worth quite

as much as similar situations in Birmingham or Leeds; in fact, a far-seeing capitalist would probably be willing to give more for them, because the American towns are capable of more development with the increase of population to be expected in a new country, than is the case in the old.

Let us accompany Mr Chuzzlewit and the ever cheerful Mark Tapley to the city of Eden and see what he found there, and what chances a shrewd man could have seen for the future development of a city. First of all, there was steam communication by water between the city and the Eastern States. Next, we find that the pioneer settlers were suffering from fever and ague. This is one of the drawbacks which a pioneer must be willing to face, given the desirable adjuncts of a warm climate and a good soil, with consequent luxurious vegetation; and this fever and ague doubtless gave way before cultivation, as a few drains and a little clearing of the land always have this effect. We are told that there was a good supply of timber there, for the steamers called to take in wood. Mr Chuzzlewit & 'Co.' arrived there, and found only a few settlers carrying on a miserable existence; and the senior partner, being a prejudiced European, seems to have been disheartened by this, and to have fallen in with the general idea and done nothing to improve things.

A good settler, with his head set right on his shoulders and a little capital to back him, may be supposed to have bought out Mr Chuzzlewit's lot for pretty nearly anything he chose to offer—say, fifty dollars. Instead of waiting for something in his particular line to turn up, he would have sat down and calculated what could be done with the resources at hand. An obvious opening at once is to start a sawmill; for this he requires a small outlay in a steam-engine, and about half-a-dozen hands to work it at first. He gets his steam-engine and hands from the East; they arrive; all turn into the log-house already on the place, and commence to clear a site for the mill, choosing high ground as near the river as possible for convenience of transport. By dint of hard work with pick and shovel, a site is soon ready; and while this has been going on, others have been engaged in felling logs for the mill building; and now the work becomes harder than ever, for these logs have to be brought down with skids, or, if obtainable, with the aid of a team of horses, to the site of the proposed mill. At length they are all there, and all the available neighbours come to assist at the 'raising.' A raising is very hard work for all concerned. Four of the best axe-men take the corners, and cut nicks in the logs, to bind them together, and cause them to lie as near together as possible, so as to leave less space between for the subsequent 'chinking'; while the rest of the men have to raise the logs—one end at a time—into their required position on the wall. The 'boss' of the sawmill will have taken care to have plenty of substantial food down for the occasion, and a goodly supply of whisky. This latter is only partaken of sparingly during the progress of the work. As the sun gets low on the eventful day, all work with a will to get the walls finished; and just as darkness is coming on, the last log goes up with a cheer; and all adjourn to the old log-hut for supper, and a

convivial evening after. A fiddle comes out, and dancing is kept up till the small-hours; while the whisky-can circulates far more freely than the Blue Ribbon people at home would consider proper. On the next day, the people engaged for the mill get on with putting the machinery in position; and by the end of the week it is all ready for work, the little details of roofing the mill, &c. being postponed until slabs are sawn by the machine-saws for the purpose. I have not made any mention of the fever during all this time, as the men employed have had a great safeguard against it in hard work with plenty of perspiration, and have hardly had time to think of such a thing.

Time goes on; the mill is finished, and a fair pile of sawn timber begins to grow round it; while close to the water's edge plenty of cordwood is standing ready for sale to passing steamers—cordwood which brings the vendor a considerable profit, as it is made from the crooked and smaller pieces of the trees, the better part of which have been sawn into boards. It is soon found inconvenient to load everything into the steamers from the mud-banks, and so the mill-owner makes a wooden quay, connected with wooden rails to the mill; and now they can lie alongside at their ease.

Let us now pass on to the next spring and view the settlement. Several neat framehouses now take the place of the old log-hut, which was found far too small for the workman except at the first start off. The settlers who were here before the mill started begin to wake up and do a little garden cultivation, to supply their busier brethren with necessaries. Some of the mill-hands have chosen locations for themselves, and begin actively to clear away the timber and start cultivation on their own account. An enterprising man has opened a general store to supply the local demands, which are rapidly increasing, and sells anything from tobacco to ready-made clothes. But alas for the mill-owner; the demand for lumber ceases in the more Eastern points, another mill having started nearer to their market; so a cessation of the work becomes necessary. It is a bad time for our speculator. The mill, on which he had reckoned for a good return this year, now represents only so much locked-up capital; but he does not abscond or commit suicide; he does what is more sensible—thinks what he *can* do. He comes to the conclusion to cultivate his fifty acres and put up houses on lots of ten acres each, constructing them of his surplus stock of lumber. This occupies him and his hands until the next winter, and by that time a fresh demand has arisen for lumber in a new market. Added to this, the farming community are doing well with the little crops which they have raised, and more settlers flock into the neighbourhood, who themselves create a demand for lumber, and cause the storekeeper to hug himself when he thinks of the increasing business which they bring him. Settlers with families begin to think that a school is necessary for their children; call a meeting of the inhabitants, and agree to build one—the contract going to the mill-owner. A travelling doctor comes on the place and thinks there is an opening for him. He hears almost with regret of the fever which used to infest the place, but is comforted by

finding that he has plenty of work in assisting new-comers into the world, a work for which he is well paid, though not always in money.

Last of all, they wake up to their spiritual needs, and are soon not content with having service from an occasional minister who may happen to come by, but they set to and erect a church, getting subscriptions from all, on the plea that it is to be undenominational; and as soon as it is built, the wily Methodists find out that the land must be 'deeded' to some one, and grab it for themselves. The Presbyterians are not going to be outdone, so build themselves another church; and the Episcopalians, waiting first to see if there is prospect of a permanent congregation and proper emoluments for a parson, cautiously erect a small church and parsonage for themselves. The area farmed increases all round the town, and new stores are opened up to meet the new demands. An hotel is built near the landing-place; and the town goes perseveringly on, with slack times now and again, but generally all the better for them in the end, as a lack of one kind of business causes other kinds to be started, and they are not often abandoned as soon as the original business gets better again.

Years go on, and the whole of the United States is shaken by the rebellion; Eden sends its quota of stalwart soldiers to preserve the Union and to free the slave; while 'the most remarkable men in the country' content themselves with holding meetings and advising others to go to the front and fight. During the rebellion, Eden, with many other frontier towns, remained at a standstill, but did not go back, as the women and children, accustomed to battle with difficulties, themselves turned to and harvested the crops, and did all the work which it was at all possible to do.

After the war up to the present time it partook of the real prosperity which has favoured the States generally, and now it is a town of hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, with several railways running to it, and putting it in communication with large and flourishing rural districts. Its river is churned by numerous steamboats, plying to the seaboard and around the great lake system, with which it is connected by canals. Large and handsome public buildings occupy the site of the old mill, and what was forty years ago a dismal swamp is now a handsome city.

This is no fancy sketch. At about the time when Dickens wrote his book, Chicago was nothing but a flat swamp on the side of a lake. The two cities of Council Bluffs and Omaha—on either side of the Missouri—were non-existent except as muddy wastes of brush and forest; St Paul and Minneapolis were frontier settlements, struggling with locusts and hostile Indians; St Louis had no existence; Rock Island, on the Mississippi, now the great arsenal of the States, was an island and nothing more; San Francisco was nothing but an insignificant Spanish mission; while the flourishing settlement of Salt Lake and the mineral wealth of its hills was undreamed of.

What has been the history of the Central States within this short space of time, will be the history of the British country of Central Canada within a short time, with the difference, that instead of the settlers there losing their

nationality and becoming citizens of the States, they will remain Englishmen, and eventually conduce to the support and strength of the mother-country to which they belong, and to which they remain attached. Let but the right sort of man go there now, either with a head and some capital, or with a head and strong hands accustomed to work, and he must succeed. Ups and downs there will be, and difficulties of many sorts to be overcome; but those who survive them will be the better fitted to enjoy prosperity from the very fact of having learnt to turn their hands to many things in seasons of adversity; and a new and prosperous England is now taking root there, which will endure for many years, whatever may be the fate of the old country.

ADVENTURE WITH PIRATES IN THE CHINA SEA.

TWENTY years ago, piracy was more common in the China seas than now, and every vessel leaving Hong-kong with opium as a part of her cargo—a fact duly intimated to the pirates on the coast, previous to the ship's sailing, by their agents at that port—ran a very good chance of being boarded by pirates within forty-eight hours of leaving harbour. In the case of such an attack, if the chests were handed over to the pirates, or they were allowed to help themselves to them unresisted, they would generally depart peaceably, or with perhaps merely a playful attempt to set the ship on fire. But in the event of any endeavour on the part of the poor captain to defend his ship and cargo, in most cases sanguinary scenes were enacted, and whole crews massacred, and ships scuttled or burnt.

Some five-and-twenty years ago, the writer, who had previously been chief-officer of an opium-receiving ship at Hong-kong, had subsequently joined the English government service as chief warder of the convict prison on the island, and in that capacity had seen a good deal of the seamy side of the Chinese character; the comparatively lenient punishments of *Fanqui* (barbarian or European) criminal law, as in force in a British colony, attracting the scum of the Chinese population of the mainland of Kwangtung, making the island of Hong-kong a perfect Alsatia for Chinese thieves, pirates, and criminals of every description, who found the diet and treatment of an English convict prison a heavenly contrast to the drastic and Draconic remedies applied by the Chinese mandarins to the disease of criminality, the number and nature of their punishments exhausting human ingenuity for refinement and excess of torture, even for trivial offences.

Among the prisoners in the Hong-kong convict jail, there was an English able seaman named Kelly, who had been convicted of mutiny and murder of the captain on board an English ship. The captain, it appeared from the evidence of the loyal of the crew, was a great tyrant, and bullied and half-starved his men; and this fact being considered as somewhat extenuating his crime—

Kelly having not actually been the committer of the crime, but accessory before the fact, he keeping watch at the cabin door while his comrade drove a harpoon through the captain while lying asleep in his bunk—Kelly himself was respited when the rope was round his neck and he was on the scaffold, the extreme sentence of the law being carried out in the case of his guiltier comrade. Kelly's punishment was remitted, therefore, to penal servitude for life, and in this way he came under the writer's notice as one of the English convicts of Victoria Jail, Hong-kong.

This fearful experience seemed to have tamed down Kelly into a very quiet, willing, and useful prisoner, and he was accordingly well treated by the prison staff, and was placed, under an armed guard, in a small way of authority over a gang of Chinese prisoners, working on the roads, receiving the privilege of smoking tobacco, and earning a fair number of good-conduct marks towards the remission of a portion of his life-sentence. By his daily contact with Chinese, and being a quick fellow, he soon picked up the Cantonese dialect, and proved useful to the warders as an interpreter. These particulars of Kelly's history are important, as we shall meet him further on in this true narrative of events, taking an important part in its principal scene.

Having been ailing for some time, the duties of my post being very arduous, I procured three months' leave, which I proposed to spend in a trip to the north of China by sea. To this end, I was therefore looking out for a vessel to procure a passage to one of the northern treaty ports, and strolling down the Queen's Road, I came across the *shroff* or cashier of a Chinese friend of mine, a large merchant on the Praya or seafloor, whom I had been able to do several kindnesses to, in the shape of chartering suitable vessels for conveyance of his goods to the north, in return being a welcome guest at his house, and receiving the present of many valuable Chinese and Japanese *curios*. Tripping gingerly along with his snow-white jacket, full pantaloons, and handsome silk-embroidered paper-soled shoes, with a palm-leaf fan in one hand, and a dandy English silk umbrella over his head, the *shroff*, who was quite a Chinese exquisite in his way, greeted me: 'Ay yah, taiping [gentleman], I chin-chin you. My piecee master wantshee look see you too muchee; he wantshee one piecee number one ship six thousand piculs, go Tien-tsin side; chop-chop.' (In English): 'Oh, good-morning, sir. My master would much like to see you; he wants to charter a vessel of six thousand piculs' [a picul is one hundred and thirty-three pounds] 'capacity to go to Tien-tsin; load immediately.'

'All right, Cupid,' I replied. (Cupid was a nickname given the dandy cashier by one of the English captains frequenting his master's *hong* or warehouse.) 'We will take a chair [palanquin], and see him at once.'

We engaged a bamboo chair; and I soon completed the business to Akow's (the merchant's) satisfaction, by chartering for him a Hamburg barque called the *Etienne* at a reasonable figure; and in return, he arranged with the captain to give me a free passage to Tien-tsin and back.

The captain I found a hearty, good-tempered

Hamburger, looking a thorough sailor, and proving it, and, as I afterwards found, a plucky fellow to boot in our tussle with the pirates later on. I went on board with him to see my berth and have a glass of grog with him and the mate.

'Did Akow tell you that he had six chests of opium for you to take?' I asked the skipper, when we were seated under the poop awning refreshing ourselves.

'No,' said the captain, who spoke English fluently; 'he did not. I shall be sorry if I have to take it. You remember only last month the attack on the *Fiery Cross* in the Lyee Moon Pass, and the poor captain shot before his wife's eyes?'

'Too well, I do, captain; and the gunboats haven't got the lorcha yet that did it, either, worse luck; but that lieutenant in the *Raccoon* is a splendid fellow, and has done a lot to thin them out. In fact, the Jews in the Queen's Road have been pretty near cleared out of watches, the *Raccoon's* men have had so much head-money to spend ashore.—But, captain,' I continued, 'the question is simply this: if we are attacked, is it to be fight, or give them the opium?'

'Fight! The insurance does not cover risk by pirates, and I must do my duty to my owners and charterer.'

'It is always wise to know one's mind; and you seem to have a fine crew,' I replied, glancing at the men rattling down the lower rigging.

'I have,' said Captain Hermann, 'a first-rate crew. Many of them have been with me in different ships for years. There are eighteen of them able seamen, two ordinary seamen, four stout apprentices, two mates; and a boatswain and myself make twenty-eight all told. I have that twelve-pounder carronade there, two dozen muskets and cutlasses; plenty of ammunition; grape, round-shot, and canister for the carronade; and a revolver each for myself and two officers. You see, my owners fitted our magazine for the China Sea.'

'And I have a short Enfield and two hundred rounds, and a Lefauchaux revolver with same amount of ammunition; and three hundred hard Mexican dollars in my cash-box, which latter I intend to take to Tien-tsin with me, if messieurs our friends the long-tails don't get the better of us. If we can carry a good working breeze up to and through Mirs Bay, I think none of their craft are fast enough to overhaul you; but if we get becalmed, which I am Job's-comforter enough to say is very probable at this time of year, we shall very likely receive an uninvited visit of an unpleasant and somewhat exciting character. It is the stinkpots, as they are called, which are the worst feature of piratical attacks.'

Stinkpots are round earthenware pots with a lid, filled with a sort of Greek-fire, which, slung with small cords or lanyards, the pirates carry at the mastsheads of their craft. When alongside the vessel they are attacking, they throw them on to the deck; the pots break, and a suffocating sulphurous liquid and vapour break forth, burning into the flesh if touching it, and suffocating all near it. After demoralising the crew of the vessel attacked by this contrivance, they board with spears and short swords, and endeavour to complete their work.

By this time it was five o'clock, the usual hour for the crew's supper; and the captain took the opportunity of mustering his men, and acquainting them with the fact of its being very probable that having opium on board, the ship might be attacked on her voyage, and asking them if they intended standing by him and his officers in such case. The men, through their spokesman the boatswain, said they of course would, and would like to have a brush with the pirates; but as regards those of the crew who were married, if any of them were killed, they hoped the owner would remember their wives and families. This was the only thing they had to ask.

The captain having fully satisfied them on this point, I called my *sampan* and went ashore.

Stepping from the boat on landing, I met Mr Farquhar, the governor of the prison, and my immediate superior there. 'Here's a case, M—,' said the governor. 'Kelly has escaped from the chain-gang in Wyndham Road, wrenched the musket from the sepoy guard's hands, shot him, and disabled the warder with a heavy blow from the butt, ran off, and is supposed to be in hiding somewhere on the island.'

'He speaks Chinese so well, and is such a clever fellow,' I replied, 'that I shouldn't be at all surprised if he isn't somewhere in Taipings-han' [a low quarter of the town], 'among some of his Chinese friends, old convicts, disguised as a Chinaman; if, indeed, he isn't already away in one of the Chinese passenger boats, to land somewhere among the islands and join a pirate lorcha. I expect we shall hear something more of Mr Kelly's exploits before long. He has been a naval-reserve man, and can handle big guns, and is likely to prove useful to some Macao pirate firm.'

'I wish Macao was blown out of the water,' said Mr Farquhar. 'It is a den of pirates and men-stealers, and costs this government thousands yearly in dealing with the criminals it manufactures and encourages.—Well! so you have got a ship,' continued he, when I had mentioned my having secured a passage. 'I wish you luck and recovery of your health. Keep clear of the *pilongs* [pirates] if you can, and get back safe.'

A few days afterwards the *Etienne* was loaded and ready for sea, with six chests of Benares opium in the after-cabin; some crates of fowls and ducks, sundry potted meats, and three casks of English bottled beer; and sent on board very thoughtfully by Akow for my and the captain's benefit.

With a fine leading wind, with royals and all plain sail set, as the *Etienne* passed Green Island on her northward voyage, Captain Hermann, rubbing his hands, said gleefully to me: 'It will puzzle any lorcha to catch her if she keeps this wind.—Heave the log, Mr Schmidt' (to the chief-mate, who was standing by), 'and see what she is doing.'

'Nine and a half, sir,' said the mate, when the glass had run out and he stopped the line. 'She is in capital trim, just four inches by the stern, and a lively cargo.'

The breeze held steadily all that day, during the night, and the forepart of the next; but shortly after mid-day the wind gradually dropped, and at five P.M. we were nearly becalmed, with

topmast and topgallant studding-sails and everything set that would draw, stealing along about a mile an hour only, with the dreaded Mrs Bay on our beam, distant about a mile. I had a very powerful pair of marine glasses on board with me, and I stood on the poop looking at some suspicious craft drawn up on the beach, with some dark circular objects at their mastheads, showing out clear under the bright evening skyline.

'They may be only trading craft,' I said to the captain, 'as they all carry guns and stinkpots for their own protection against pirates; and if what is alleged is true, when trade is dull and freights low, they turn pirates themselves on occasion, displaying a versatility and power of adaptation to circumstances peculiarly Chinese.'

Whilst I had been conversing with the captain, the wind had fallen entirely, and the *Etienne* lay 'like a painted ship on a painted ocean,' lifting lazily to a slight swell, her sails slatting against the masts, with the slow pitching of the vessel.

'By Jove!' I exclaimed, with my glass levelled again over the poop rail, and directed to the shore, where some vessels were lying, 'there is no mistake this time; we are in for it. That black patch you see between the craft and the huts up there consists of about a hundred Chinamen coming down to the beach. I can see what looks like spears and gingals in their hands, and parties of two are carrying long sweeps. They are going to sweep out to us, and we shall have all three of those vessels after us. They will attack us in their usual way—on both sides, and with one vessel in reserve. I hope one of the gunboats is not beyond the hearing of our carronade.' You had better load it with a double charge of powder and a heavy wad and fire it.'

This was accordingly done, and the loud report rang out over the still water.

The captain, his mates, and myself now consulted together a plan of defence, whilst the men were getting up the ammunition for the carronade and small-arms, buckling on their cutlasses, and reloading the gun with grape-shot. It was decided that the carronade should be used directly the vessels came within range; and that, when nearly alongside, all hands should take to the fore, main, and mizzen tops, told off in divisions to each top—the second mate at the fore, the chief at the main, and the captain and myself in the mizzen, with the crew divided equally among the three tops.

I then got up from the after-hold the three casks of bottled beer sent on board by Akow, and started the beer from the bottles into the wash-deck tub, and smashing up the bottles, laid the broken glass in a large heap ready for a certain use described later on. The men were then ordered to put on their long sea-boots.

By this time the pirates had not been idle, and were perceived coming out to us with three lorchas, using their long sweeps or oars, and yelling so loudly we could hear them though half a mile off at least. Their next move was to let drive three shots at us from their broad-side guns, evidently fired with very bad powder, as they fell very short and were badly aimed.

The crew of the *Etienne* were ranged along the port bulwarks, that to which the pirates were approaching, and instructed to divide them-

selves, and half to man the starboard side at word of command.

As the pirates approached, they fired again with better luck, as a twelve-pounder shot struck the mainmast about twelve feet from the deck, but only slightly wounded it, the shot diverging, passing over to leeward. When at about a hundred yards distant, we fired our carronade with grape at the foremost pirate; and the effect was to make the splinters fly from their bulwarks, and make very apparent gaps in the crowd of Chinamen who literally thronged her decks. As they approached nearer, one of her consorts pulled out from under her stern, so as to cross our bows and board us simultaneously on both sides. Being now within musket-range, the crew were ordered to commence firing, which they did with good effect, my short Enfield doing considerable execution in picking off men who were at the long tiller steering the first lorch. The first lorch being now close alongside, the carronade was fired slap into her bows, the broken glass was strewn over the *Etienne's* decks, and 'All hands aloft!' was the order given. The deck was therefore left vacant; and the pirates perceiving we were all aloft, ran alongside without using their stinkpots, thinking they had an easy prey.

Now the scheme of the broken bottles proved its utility. The Chinamen jumped from their vessel's bulwarks on to the *Etienne's*, and in their fury and excitement, clean on to the broken glass with their bare feet, to stagger about with howls of anguish. The man in command of the lorch had been driving his men by voice and hand—the latter with a spear in it—to board us, as they seemed to hold back, after so many of them had gone down under our musket-fire; and he now headed a party who were evidently bent upon coming up the rigging and overpowering our party in the mizzen-top by numbers, the same stratagem evidently taking place at the fore and main. As the pirates came crowding up the ratlines, they were picked off by revolver and musket, and fell like over-ripe fruit from a tree; but, to my dismay, we were now attacked by another crowd coming up the starboard rigging from the second lorch. They seemed simply insensible to fear, and as one after another was shot down, two or more would take his place.

In spite of all our efforts to prevent them, the leader with two more got into the mizzen-top, and a hand-to-hand fight—cutlass versus China sword—took place. With my revolver in my left and cutlass in the right hand, I parried a cut at my head from the pirate leader, when, suddenly starting back, so that the grasp of his left hand on the rigging seemed almost gone, and he was in danger of falling backward, he exclaimed in good English: 'Good heavens, is it you, Mr M——?'

At a flash I recognised him: it was Kelly in Chinese dress.

'I will save your life, sir, if I can,' he said gaspingly, being apparently wounded in the throat; 'but the men must have the opium.'

'Never! Stand back! Shin down the backstay, or, as true as death, I'll shoot you, Kelly!' I cried.

Calling in Chinese to his men, he sprang on to the topmast backstay, and slid like lightning

to the deck, and disappeared down the cabin skylight, evidently to search for the opium.

'I wish one of the gunboats would come up!' I said hurriedly to the captain, as we were loading and firing our revolvers. 'This won't last long.'

I had hardly said this, when the sound of a heavy piece of ordnance fired at a distance came booming over the water; and shortly after, the peculiar sound which a high-pressure steamer makes when under steam was faintly heard, and round the point of land astern, steaming at full speed, came Her Majesty's gunboat *Raccoon*, with her men at quarters, and her sixty-eight pounder trained and manned. The pirates on this scrambled back into their craft, cast off the lashings, and pulled vigorously for the shore. As the *Raccoon* came under our stern in chase of them, she fired her long gun at one of the lorchas, smashing her stern into smithereens; and her commander hailed us: 'Many of you killed or hurt?'

'No!' I hailed back; 'none seriously.'

'Will come back to you by-and-by,' replied he, and steamed on after the lorchas.

The *Raccoon* succeeded in capturing the whole of the remaining crews of the three lorchas, and sending a party ashore, burnt their huts. One lorchas was set fire to, the other two being towed to Hong-kong and condemned in the Vice-Admiralty Court. Kelly's wound proved fatal to him, when he was on his trial for the several crimes of murder, prison-breaking, and piracy, he having been taken back to Hong-kong in the *Raccoon*. The captain received a handsome gold chronometer watch and chain from the owners of the opium on board the *Etienne*, and a substantial present from the underwriters.

Some three months afterwards, the writer returned to his duties at Hong-kong, with his health re-established, and a vivid recollection of his 'Adventure in the China Sea.'

LITHOLINE.

The troubles occasioned by hardness in water are too well known and too widely felt to need any special comment. All are familiar with the 'furring' of kettles, kitchen boilers, and steam-pipes, caused by the precipitation of lime, when the carbonic acid is driven off by boiling. The inconvenience and expense attending the derangement of the domestic appliances for hot-water supply, will enable some idea to be formed of the troubles resulting from the employment of hard water in our large industrial establishments, where boiler-power is utilised on a very extended scale, hundreds of tons of coal being not unusually consumed in one work in a single day. No one who has ever witnessed the terrible chipping and hacking of boiler-plates to remove the deposit once formed, or who has had any experience of the constant annoyance, delays, and loss occasioned, will wonder that constant attempts are made to devise means of dealing with an evil so widely experienced.

With this object—namely, to check the formation of deposit—litholine has been produced and placed before the public by the Litholine Company, Park Road, Oldham. Litholine—whose composition forms a trade secret—is sold under

two forms—either as a viscous preparation, when required for the treatment of water containing mainly carbonate of lime; or in an anhydrous powder, when the water to be dealt with contains as solid matter principally sulphate of lime. Litholine may be applied either by treating with it the water-supply in a separate tank prior to its introduction into the boiler, or the compound may be injected directly into the boiler itself, there to act on the injurious substances. The fact that the new compound exercises no injurious corrosive action on boiler-plates either of iron or steel, whilst successfully preventing the formation of hard deposit, is rapidly commanding the attention of owners of steam-power who are troubled by hard water. Harmlessness, no less than effectuality, forms a desideratum in substances designed for the prevention of the incrustation of boilers. The quantity of litholine required is small; with water of average hardness, about one pint will amply suffice for a full-worked, full-sized Lancashire boiler.

In addition to its property as a strong anti-corroder, litholine is also a powerful deodoriser and disinfectant, a point of some importance in dealing with foul waters. For locomotive boilers with narrow water-spaces, more readily choked by deposit, the substance now under consideration is of especial value.

With reference to the cost of litholine, it is reckoned at about three-halfpence per ton of coal consumed, an expenditure by no means excessive, when the advantages and economies resulting from its adoption are considered.

In conclusion, we have only to add that litholine has powerful advocates amongst influential members of the engineering profession; whilst the fact that its employment is recommended by six of the largest and most widely known boiler-insurance Companies—stern critics in a matter of such vital import to their business—forms evidence sufficient, without further comment, of the value of the invention.

'JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED.'

PERCHANCE the friend who cheered thy early years

Has yielded to the tempter's power:

Yet why shrink back and draw away thy skirt,

As though her very touch would do thee hurt?

Wilt thou prove stronger in temptation's hour?

Perchance the one thou trustedst more than life

Has broken love's most sacred vow:

Yet judge him not—the victor in life's strife

Is he who beareth best the burden of life,

And leaveth God to judge, nor questions how.

Sing the great song of love to all, and not

The wailing anthem of thy woes;

So live thy life that thou mayst never feel

Afraid to say, as at His throne you kneel,

'Forgive me, God, as I forgive my foes.'

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ELOCUTION AND LECTURING.

ALTHOUGH the educational systems of to-day are somewhat too elaborate and all-embracing, yet a counter-current has of late set in, which current, or wave, has washed away much of the old school traditions, and brought in their stead far more practical ideas. The struggle for the survival of the fittest is growing yearly more and more pressing, and it is now recognised that the aim of our schoolmasters should be, as far as possible, to teach us such things as will be of most service to each individual in the inevitable battle of life. Hence it is that the Modern Sides of our schools, both great and small, are becoming of more importance every day. We give more attention to modern geography, the science of languages, and to the various divisions of natural science. But there is one branch of education, we may almost say of primary education, which has been, and even is now, unwisely neglected. Few schoolmasters give much attention to elocution. The vast numbers of boys and girls are merely expected to read their lessons, or repeat their verses, intelligibly—not intelligently; no art, no expression of feeling and interest, is looked for from them. They are not taught to read—to make a proper use of their voices; the ear is given no critical training; very poor opportunities are afforded to boy or girl to speak *al improvisatore*. Such elegances as these, we are told, the schoolmaster has no leisure to cultivate, or the scholar time to study; and the consequent neglect of such is the cause of much annoyance and bitterness in after-days. How few of us are there who can read aloud, and afford any real pleasure to ourselves or our audience, much less make a short and appropriate speech. A close observer will find the deficiency of training very marked in the ranks of the clergy. Most of our preachers will not trust to extemporary powers, but read their sermons, and even then frequently do so with unmarked grace. The reading of the Lessons and other parts of the Church service, also, is too frequently defective;

so much so, that when we hear the Lessons read with true feeling—with proper intonation of the voice, application of emphasis, and so on—we are pleased beyond measure, it is so novel and rare an experience.

As for the generality of Englishmen, when one of them gets on his feet—be it at a public meeting or dinner, at a family gathering or a wedding breakfast—he is lost. His neat speech, which he had been nervously concocting up to the very last moment, seems to slip from his memory and leave his mind a blank. Few persons in such circumstances have sufficient presence of mind to keep cool; they are miserable, mutter a few words, sentences almost totally unconnected, know not when or how to leave off, and at last sink back in their chairs crushed by a knowledge of their utter failure. We have all seen this sad spectacle repeated over and over again; many of us have experienced the humiliation and misery of such moments. A little determination and steady practice, boldly taking advantage of every opportunity afforded for extempore speech, will soon put an end to this painful awkwardness.

Of the utility and comfort of ready and polished speech, few can doubt; we need not, therefore, quote a mass of authorities—from Demosthenes and Cicero to Macaulay and Carlyle—in support of our arguments. We shall now briefly set forth a few practical hints.

Perhaps one of the gravest and most common faults of young beginners, and we here especially refer to reading and lecturing, is raising the voice to an excessively high pitch. This is both disagreeable to the audience and fatiguing to the performer; moreover, the latter is seldom able to keep on very long at the high pitch he started, but is forced to lower his voice. This produces an unevenness which is inartistic and inappropriate. Others go to the other extreme; they speak so low or so deeply, that when they have gone a certain length, they are obliged to lower their voices for artistic effect, and so become almost inaudible. The reader or lecturer should

conquer his diffidence when confronted by either a small or a large audience. He should speak firmly and distinctly, as though he were emphatically conversing with a circle of friends. The voice must be raised and lowered according to the emotions which the words should produce, or the stress which the lecturer wishes to lay on certain words or passages. Many amateur performers are guilty of reading either hurriedly or drawing out their sentences in an exasperatingly slow manner. Here it may be as well to say a few words on mannerism, for both slow and quick reading may often be classed under the effects of this vice. Readers are apt to think it advisable, if not essential, to adopt some particular style of delivery; and this is cultivated to such a pitch that the effect is annoying and distressing. The fact is we must follow nature as closely as possible, unless we are occupied with farce, when, of course, nature must be tabooed, and art, exaggerated and deformed, called to our aid. To the beginner we would say, be confident, and, above all things, show both animation and interest in what you are about, for without such interest, the most careful study of art principles will be of very little service. The great object should be to interest our audience; and if we are indifferent to the subject on which we have undertaken to dilate, we cannot expect to impart enthusiasm to the listeners.

With regard to the voice, we have already said that the reader should neither speak too loud nor too low, too quickly nor too slowly; the key adopted must differ according to circumstances—the size of the room, number of the audience, &c.; but that key, when once adopted, should be kept to throughout. It will be necessary to raise or lower the voice at different passages; but proportion should always be observed. The speaker should make judicious use of pauses, also observe the period, semicolon, and comma. The due observation of punctuation is the essential part of oratory. Each sign has a special meaning and a special value. With regard to the comma, this may be observed more or less according to the sense of the passage. Judicious readers often insert commas, as it were—make slight pauses—where none appears in the printed book, such being necessary in order to help the voice over long sentences. Pauses are also useful when the speaker or reader wishes to mark some solemn passage, or in comical sketches, lead up to and point out a joke. These pauses should be somewhat longer than those generally allowed for full stops, and the voice immediately before the pause either raised or lowered considerably.

The greatest difficulty which must be faced by those who wish to succeed as elocutionists is the proper placing of emphasis on the words—the kernel of the art lies here—nearly the whole effect of the lecture depends on this. A production must not be read in a monotonous sing-song kind of way—which, unfortunately, seems only too much in favour with some pedagogues—emphasis on words, sentences, and passages is absolutely requisite for good reading. Practice is necessary, and can never be too much cultivated, for sentences may bear various and contradictory meanings according to the placing of emphasis. Emphasis may be said to be divisible into two kinds; first, emphasis of sense, which determines

the meaning, but which, by changing the position, will vary the sense of the sentence; second, emphasis of feeling, which is applied and controlled by emotion. Readers *cannot* do without emphasis of sense; and though emphasis of feeling is not absolutely requisite, the expression of sentiment and beauty of the lecture entirely depend upon its proper use. These remarks may be applied to the stress on syllables. Careful study must be brought to bear here. To sum up, we may quote the following passage of Blair, who says: 'Follow nature, and consider how she teaches you to utter any sentiment or feeling of your heart.' Do this with taste and discretion, and you cannot fail to produce a pleasing effect on any audience, educated or uneducated.

Oratory and elocution have now come to be looked upon as marketable accomplishments, and, indeed, almost as necessary acquirements of everyday life. It is a good sign to see with what steadiness the art of elocution is advancing in the favour of the educated classes. In the United States of America, lecturing is general and popular; the peripatetic professors are well patronised, and have a certain position in the economy of society. In England, lecturing has also, of comparatively late years, made great strides in popular estimation. Leaving aside the work of our university and collegiate professors, and the proceedings of learned and educational associations, we find that lecturers have multiplied exceedingly, and on the whole, we believe, manage to make a comfortable living. The great masters of our literary world have all had a turn on the platform—Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, and many others. But it is of the less known, who have taken up lecturing and public reading as a profession, that we wish to speak. There are many of them who travel about the provinces, holding forth in institutes, public halls, and schoolrooms, carrying knowledge of all kinds—religious, literary, scientific, and political—over the face of the country, and affording an evening's instruction or amusement to the somewhat sleepy inhabitants of some rural district or petty town. They are doing good work, and earning an honest livelihood in a not altogether disagreeable manner. In these days of hard struggle, many an educated man and woman, wrecked prematurely on the rocks of some domestic disaster, have sought refuge in the ranks of elocutionists, and a goodly number of them have found that in their drowning struggles they have not caught only a straw, but a good serviceable oar on which they can depend. Young writers have also taken to reading their productions, thus managing to get double or treble publicity for their writings. It is certain that if either man or woman, with a fairly good education, takes a little trouble in cultivating the art of elocution, and is careful to get hold of an interesting subject on which to dilate and expound with authority, he, or she, will be able to gather together interested audiences in many of our provincial districts. We know of the case of a lady who, left suddenly penniless, took to lecturing on Rational Dress, and managed to maintain not only herself but three children on the proceeds of her lecturing tours. In another instance, an energetic and versatile 'quill-driver,' with a certain humble literary connection,

annually combines business with pleasure, and pays for his summer outing by the delivery of a series of lectures in the smaller provincial towns. Many may go and do likewise. Here lies a path, not as yet overcrowded, along which persevering folk may launch themselves, with a fair prospect of earning a just reward for their exertions. But even putting aside the idea of qualifying as a professional lecturer, every one should pay some attention to elocution; it will benefit every educated creature, even if seldom employed, and we never know when our powers of speech may be called into use.

In conclusion, we append the following list of works for the use of those readers who wish to go more deeply into the subject: Aristotle's *Rhetoric*, probably the most complete and correct work ever written on the subject; Blair's *Rhetoric*, very full and useful; Campbell's *Philosophy of Rhetoric*; Whately's *Elements of Rhetoric*, most judicious and appropriate for students; Serjeant Cox's *Art of Writing, Reading, and Speaking*, extremely interesting, for the use of more advanced students; Professor Hullah's *Cultivation of the Speaking Voice*, highly interesting and useful; Professor Plumptre's *Principles and Practice of Elocution considered in Reference to the Various Professions* (1861), practical and good; and also his *King's College Lectures on Elocution* (1883), which will be found to contain much practical advice. It is very complete, and gives many annotated selections in poetry and prose.

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XVI.—IN DOCK, OUT NETTLE.

'HA!' said Mr Gotham, 'there is the rector.—Excuse me, Josephine; I must leave you here. I have business with Mr Sellwood, and shall be with him a little while. You must walk home alone, or—get Mr Cable to escort you.' Then he hobbled, wheezing, to the rector, holding out his hand.

'If Miss Cornellis wishes an escort,' said the captain, who was with his father, 'I offer myself.'

'Thank you, Captain Sellwood; I accept it,' answered Josephine, and turned to go back to the Hall along the shore without another look or word for Richard Cable. It would not do for her further to favour him, after the gift of the vessel, especially in the presence of so many bystanders. She walked slowly along the shore beside the captain. On the right was the seawall for a little way, with a ditch behind it full of bulrushes, waving their red-brown heads. On the left, the flats of mud, with the tide running in the channels. Their feet were on the narrow strip of shingle, made up of flints, fragments of rolled chalk, and lumps of coral rag. A film of bleached seaweed and cast crab shells formed an almost unbroken fringe. A little further ahead was rising ground, broken banks covered with old oaks, under which, in spring, the bluebells abounded; they were now in flower, flushing with blue bloom the little slope. Here there was no seawall; there was no need for one. Beneath the bank was a long strip of coarse smooth grass, which went locally by the name

of the Bowling-green. This was only covered by high spring tides. It was perfectly level, and may at one time have been used in the way its name implied. It was not suitable for cricket, because it was narrow. Moreover, a spring oozed out of the bank, and became a swamp on the land side of the bowling-green. At the extremity of the green walk, this rill discharged itself into the sea; and there a few piles had been driven into the soft soil, on which the feet could rest whilst passing over to solid ground beyond. Then the sandy cliff—if cliff it can be called where no stone showed—ceased, dying away, and the seawall began again.

Captain Sellwood walked beside Josephine without saying much, and she was too much occupied with her thoughts to desire conversation. When, however, they came on the Bowling-green, the only picturesque bit of the coast, where utter flatness and mud did not force themselves on notice, Captain Sellwood worked himself up to converse.

'It is a fine day, to-day.'

'Yes; I perceive it is so.'

'I am sorry so many of the old oaks here have been cut down.'

'I also am sorry. We cannot afford, on this coast, to part with a single element of beauty. He who pollards a willow or destroys an oak should be stoned to death.'

'We should have to send over to Kent for the stones, as we produce none on the spot.'

They walked on a little farther in silence; then the captain said: 'I may not have such another opportunity, Miss Cornellis, so I seize on this for a few private'—

'Oh, Captain Sellwood! in pity spare me. I have had two keelhauls already to-day; first by your father, and then by Mr Gotham.'

'I am not going to keelhaul you.'

'Then let us have no private and confidential communications. Do look at the bluebells, and admire the mixture of red-robin, also the occasional speckle of stellaria.'

'I must speak to you, Miss Cornellis. The happiness of my life depends on the answer'—

Again she interrupted him; she was nervous, annoyed. She suspected at once what he was about to say, and was unprepared for it. She had not thought of Algernon Sellwood except as a butt for her ridicule, the slow man who had nothing to say for himself, the Morbid Fly.

'Mr Sellwood,' she said hastily, 'we are old acquaintances, I may almost say friends. You are about to assume the privilege of a friend, and lecture me for my imprudence the other night. I have committed another imprudence to-day: I have made a present of the new boat Messrs Grimes and Newbold are building, to Richard Cable, because he saved my worthless life; and—here is the absurdity of the situation—I have not a penny wherewith to pay for the vessel. It was ordered when I thought myself rich, and I have woke up to the fact that I am a pauper. I am going out as a governess; no—I could not endure the children—as a seamstress or milliner, or something of the sort, to earn my bread.'

'Is this possible, Miss Josephine?'

'It is certain, Captain Sellwood. My father

has had terrible losses; and *my* money—I mean what my mother left—that is all lost also; so that we are left as mere barnacles, clinging to Cousin Gotham.'

'Dear Miss Josephine, as this is so, it only makes me more resolved to proceed.'

'Do you know what it is to be a barnacle, Captain Sellwood? To have all the faculties of the mind concentrated on suction?—No; you do not. I have read in some book of natural history that the barnacle is a nautilus, provided with silver wings, to sail on the surface of the summer sea; but as it gets battered by winds and upset by waves, it draws in its glittering sails and sinks and attaches itself to a stump or a keel; absorbs its wings, or converts them into a proboscis or foot, or whatever it is by which it can adhere, and is degraded at once utterly and for ever from a nautilus to a barnacle. Well—we have furred our wings, doffed our mother-of-pearl lustre, and have become scaly and purple, and begun to taste of copperas; we have lost all our independence, and are converted into parasites.'

'Dear Miss Josephine,' said the captain, 'you are throwing me off, trying at least to do so; but you shall not divert me from my purpose. I must speak.'

'What about? My folly the night of the fire? Oh, Captain Sellwood, I would not have believed it, unless convinced by my eyes, that you could in an emergency be so ready. How spiritedly you went over the pales! Was your light overcoat much torn? The wood bristles with hooks like a teasel. And your sense of *les convenances* was as much lacerated as your overcoat by my preposterous behaviour.'

'I beg your pardon, Miss Cornellis; you explained how you came on the wall, and that was enough. Neither my father nor I had the slightest right to ask an explanation. When you gave us one, we accepted it as final.'

'Not your father—he refused to receive it. He has done so again to-day.'

'I received it; I have not presumed to question it.'

'You are more charitable than even your father.'

'Towards you, there is no call for charity.'

'You think better of me than does either your father or my cousin Gotham.'

'I think the very best of you. I know that you are incapable of doing anything which could make me regard you otherwise than with respect, as I do—he paused, and then said in a low tone—'and with love.'

'With friendship,' corrected Josephine. 'I thank you for your kindly estimate; it is more generous than I deserve. Come—what do you think of my conduct of giving away a ship to Mr Cable when I have not the money to pay for it? Is not that a swindle?'

'I think, Miss Josephine, that your generosity outruns your judgment, whether in the matter of ships or of crackers.'

'I thank you for your kind opinion,' she said, touched at his consideration. She had laughed at him as silent and dull, yet now he spoke well and easily. She might possibly have yielded to a warmer feeling, had she not recalled her father's words, and remembered that he had schemed that she should take the captain. Her rebellious

temper at once rose, and she said: 'You only half know me. I am like the palings, full of hooks and spikes; those whom I catch I tear; those who rest a hand on me, I pierce with wounds.'

'Miss Josephine, when you were a child and played Blindman's Buff, when caught, you wriggled, and wrenched, and ducked till you had corkscrewed your way out of the grasp of the Blind Man. You are trying the same game with me now; but it will not succeed. I have come here determined to say what I have at heart and to know your answer.'

'I give you the answer at once, before you ask the question. It is conditional.—Does your father hold me in as high esteem as yourself?'

He hesitated. My father is the most kind of men.'

'And yet,' said Josephine, 'he thinks ill of me. He does not approve of your speaking to me to-day. I know he does not.—Say no more. Your father must think of me as you profess to think, before I listen to another word of what you have at heart.'

'You will not hear me out?'

'No; I have ducked and eluded your grasp. Yonder is the path to the rectory. I am going home, sir, and need no further escort.' Then she burst into a merry laugh.

'What is the joke?' asked the captain with a reproachful look in his great dark eyes. 'Is it a joke, Miss Cornellis, that a man should have laid his heart at your feet and you should have trodden on it?'

'How serious you are, Captain Sellwood!' she said, the laugh dying on her lips. 'Excuse me, if I see droll similitudes. You are generally so silent, and have so little to say when we talk on common matters, and now you are eloquent.'

'Because it is not a common matter on which we speak.'

'No; you are like the gannet. I had a tame one in the garden for some time. It could not fly because it was on level ground. It flapped its wings against the grass and waddled. One day I set the bird on the top of a high wall; at once it precipitated itself into the air, and away it flew, and soared, and was speedily out of sight. The solan goose is incapable of doing more than flap and waddle when on a level; it must be on high to be able to start for a flight. Is not that like yourself, Captain Sellwood? Have I hurt you? *Gare la cheville barbelée!* I warned you against the spikes and crooked nails.—There is your path, and this way lies mine.'

He obeyed her, and went along the path through the clover field she indicated. She looked after him, and at once regretted that she had spoken about the solan goose. It was not kind, after his deference to her. They had known each other for years, and she had often challenged him with her jokes, and laughed because he was slow to respond, or, to speak more truly, incapable of responding. She had carried her joke too far; she had indeed wounded the man when he had shown her a good and generous heart. As he opened it to her, she had struck it. Did she dislike him? No; she had a regard for him—not a keen one; he had never interested her; but as a member of a

worthy and well-to-do family she respected him; as an old associate of childhood she liked him. That was all. Regard, respect, liking, went no further. Only to-day did she see that there was in him more than showed in common life. Only now did she perceive that in him was that which might convert negative regard into positive affection. She felt tempted to run after him and say: 'I am sorry, Captain Sellwood, that I spoke about the gannet and made fun of you. I was in a perverse mood.'

But her pride would not suffer her to do this. If she had done this, he would have forgiven her immediately, as she well knew, as also that he would immediately have pursued his advantage and proposed fully to her. She did not wish that. She did not know her own mind. It was true she did not love him, but she loved no one. If she must marry, Captain Sellwood was harmless; and a husband who would not be exacting and promised docility might suit her better than another. She had made a mistake again. She had treated a serious offer with levity. She had met it in an improper spirit; and she had insulted the man who had shown her the most generous trust, in spite of appearances to her disadvantage.

It was her fate to be always saying and doing the wrong things. Why was she so wayward in heart that she revolted against those who proposed to lead her and against anything suggested to her? The reason she did not know. The reason was that from childhood she had seen only falseness, and had contracted suspicion against her father, her aunt, against every one and everything, so that the natural truthfulness of her nature was in a chronic condition of hedgehog with bristles erect. She was perverse because she wanted to go straight where all was crooked, and when she came among those who were sincere and honourable, she was unable at once to take her direction. There are conditions of the body in which the eyesight is disturbed, and sees the air full of floating black spots. The eye may look into the purest of skies, but the vision is blurred with these sailing stains, as clouds of midges. It is so with the mental vision; when the spirit is not in good health, it also sees obscurely, and its vision is full of deceptive black spots. It was thus with Josephine. The moment the captain was gone, she knew that she had behaved badly; she had seen only the ridiculous in him, and that she had thrown away a chance which she ought not to have cast aside unconsidered. When we are troubled with floating black specks, we know at once that we need a tonic or an alternative dose. We consult a doctor, and are uncomfortable till these irritating black spots clear from our sight, and we can look our neighbours in the face, or into the silver summer cloud, without seeing that disturbing drift. But we are not so anxious to correct the moral vision; and we are content to look at all who surround us, and see these specks, and let them thicken and become multitudinous, without an effort to dispel them, and—here is the singularity of the case—we do not seem aware that the spots are not where we look, but in ourselves. It is our own disordered mind which sends them up as a cloud of midges from a stagnant pool.

Josephine was startled out of her brown-study by a hare that dashed over the seawall and ran splashing through the water athwart the mud-flats, towards the sea. Quite small matters sometimes divert our minds from great considerations, and it was so now with Josephine. She looked round, and saw that the captain in crossing the clover field had disturbed the hare, and the creature raced away towards the open sea.

'You poor fool,' she said, 'flying from an imaginary danger, you are running to your death.'

The captain had no gun. A race of water, now shallow, lay between the flats and the shore. Unless the hare returned immediately, the rising tide would intercept it before the flats were flooded.

She looked after the hare till she could see it no more. Then she walked on to the willows, and, feeling tired, not so much from walking as from worry of mind, she seated herself on the little plank bridge, with her feet hanging above the placid water of the dike. The dike was here broad and deep. Along the coast, a channel behind the seawall receives the drainage from the land, and at intervals discharges itself into the sea through sluices so contrived that the rising tide closes the doors. When, however, the sea has fallen, then the pressure of the fresh water behind opens the sluices, and the stream pours away down a channel it has cut for itself and also paved for itself with pebbles, lying between the clay banks. One such channel extended from the dike to the open sea at the end of Cable's garden. Up channels such as this, boats can approach the shore, and in such channels bathers disport themselves without fear of sinking in the mud, because of the pebbly floor. The tide was out, consequently there was movement in the moat; all the blossoming, white, yellow-centred water-plantain was drifting one way with the current. By the margin, the pink flowering rush stooped in the same direction.

Josephine's head was throbbing and hot; she removed her hat, and bending down to the water, gathered a couple of handfuls of plantain, and filled her hat with it and put it on her head. The cold wet leaves and flowers sent freshness into her heated brain; the water ran down her cheeks, her hair, and over her forehead. She sat still, enjoying the coolness, resolving, when the leaves had spent their freshness, to replace them with others. Then Richard Cable came to the plank end and said: 'You here, miss! What are you doing?' Then seeing the moisture on her cheeks: 'Surely not crying?'

'In dock, out nettle,' answered Josephine. 'I am drawing the fire out of my brain with water-plants.'

'Still troubled with bad thoughts, Miss Cornellis?'

'Always. I cannot get rid of them—always stinging and burning; and I am angry with myself to-day; I have done so many foolish things.—There; these plantains give me no more ease.' She took off her hat and threw out the crushed herbs.—'Am I in your path? Do you want to go by, Mr Cable?'

'No,' said he. 'Do not let me disturb you. Is your head very hot?'

'Like a coal of fire.'

Then he put his rough sailor hand on her head;

but though the hand was rough, the touch was gentle as if a plantain leaf had lighted on it.

'Hold your hand there,' said Josephine; 'it is better than the dripping leaves.'

'Do you remember what I said to you a little while ago?' he asked, still with his hand on her throbbing head.

'What?' she asked, without stirring.

'It was anent the ladder, miss. You will never have a cool head and walk with steady heart till you can do that.'

'Do what?' she asked again, and did not move her head.

'Please, miss,' he said, his rough voice lowered and becoming soft, 'when I was a little chap, I was sent up the shrouds in a gale of wind. When I was aloft, I looked down, and it seemed as if I was lost—the sea was like as if it was rising to swallow me, and the ship was heeling over, and I must fall and be drowned. My head went round like a teetotum, and my heart sank into my shoes. I should have let go and gone overboard, and there'd have been no Dicky Cable alive now; but the mate—he saw what was up, and he shouted to me: *Look aloft, lad—look aloft*; and I did, miss.—You'll excuse if I'm forward. No imperitence meant, miss.'

He withdrew his hand, and the fire came back into her brain.

'I cannot,' she said; 'indeed, I cannot. I have not the power.'

THE BLACK REPUBLIC.

THE statement that at the present day, in a presumably civilised and professedly Christian state, the horrible practice of cannibalism should be a matter of by no means rare occurrence, is, to say the least of it, rather startling. And besides, what adds to the greatness of the crime is the fact that it is not caused by any lack of food, but is practised purely as an accompaniment to one of the most degraded forms of 'fetich' worship.

The republic of Hayti, where these obnoxious rites are said to be freely observed, was till recent times comparatively a *terra incognita* to the majority of English readers. Thanks to Sir Spenser St John (*Hayti, or the Black Republic*, published by Smith, Elder, & Co.), the veil has now been lifted, and we are presented with a picture which, in its awful depth of depravity and superstition, is positively appalling. Hayti, once upon a time one of the fairest gems in the colonial empire of France, has, since the date of its independence, been steadily pursuing a retrograde path, and seems destined to lapse, in the not very remote future, into a condition of complete barbarism. The natural savage instinct of the African race is every year asserting itself with greater vigour; and the nineteenth century may yet possibly behold the melancholy spectacle of one of the finest islands in the West Indies becoming little better than one of the most demoralised heathen states in the dark continent of Africa. The frequent revolutions and protracted civil wars to which the republic is subject, are no doubt among the principal causes of this rapid decadence. Foreign capital and enterprise have been driven from the land.

Though blessed with a soil seldom equalled in fertility, agriculture is almost totally neglected. Frequent fires—often the work of incendiaries—devastate the towns, and the ravages of the conflagrations are seldom repaired. The fine public buildings and splendid town and country mansions of the planters, which were pretty numerous some years ago, are now things of the past. Dreadful massacres and the fanatical hatred of the blacks, have forced the white population to flee from the country and seek safer domiciles elsewhere. With the exception of the representatives of foreign powers, very few white persons are to be found living for any length of time in Hayti.

Another cause of this wretched state of decadence is the intense hatred existing between the black and coloured inhabitants. By the latter designation, the mulatto or mixed portion of the community is meant; but the former are in far the greatest numbers; and the mulattos, through intermarriage with those of purer African descent, are slowly but surely 'breeding back' to the original negro stock. For the mixed race there might have been some hope, as they occasionally developed some good characteristics, and showed themselves capable of attaining at least a certain degree of civilisation; but in the case of the pure blacks, who have now completely the upper hand in the management of affairs, the result seems hopeless.

There are many revelations in Sir Spenser St John's volume which are sufficiently alarming; but certainly the most startling of all is the account of the pagan practices of the negroes, accompanied, as they too often are, by the disgusting additions of human sacrifices and cannibalism. 'Vaudoux' worship—a species of heathen religion founded on the rites observed amongst the most degraded of African tribes—is carried on with unblushing openness over the whole country. Nominally a Christian state, this pagan practice pervades all classes of society; and the authorities seem to think it is not their business—or interest, rather—to put it down. There are laws against it; but these are rarely put in force; and this is scarcely to be wondered at when it is known that the great mass of the population are disciples of the Vaudoux. The highest government officials, from the President downwards, are frequently known to have been votaries of this degraded form of religion. Vaudoux worship, as usually observed, is not supposed to be accompanied by human sacrifices, and in the majority of cases is free from this crime. Nevertheless, the practice *does* take place; and many well-authenticated instances are given of its occurrence at recent celebrations, with the additional horror of cannibalism as part of the programme. These obscene rites are chiefly observed in the country districts, in some carefully selected spot, not likely to be discovered by profane eyes; and the greatest care is taken that none but the initiated should be present. The more common form of worship is celebrated quite openly, and the sacrifices confined to the slaying of a white cock or goat. It is only at the secret assemblies of the Vaudoux votaries that this harmless sacrifice is dispensed with, and a substitute provided in the shape of the 'goat without horns.' This latter expression is

the common phrase in use for designating a human victim.

In the time of the French occupation of the country, Vaudoux worship was quite common among the slaves; but the offering of human victims seems to have been unknown. This fact alone is only too significant of the terrible pace at which this fair isle of the West is degenerating into a savage condition, coupled with heathen observances of the most obnoxious kind. The worship of the Vaudoux is evidently a relic of former days in the African wilds, and has been handed down from one generation to another, until now it is a strange mixture of paganism adorned with portions of the ceremonials of the Romish Church. It is a form of serpent-worship, and a large species of harmless snake which abounds in Hayti is the supposed object of adoration. This reptile is confined in a sparred box, and carefully tended by a priest and priestess, who are variously known as King and Queen, Master and Mistress, or Papa and Mamma. The Vaudoux rites are always celebrated at dead of night and in profound secrecy. A room is prepared with a sort of altar at one end, under which is placed the box containing the sacred serpent, and of which those who wish can have a glimpse through the front bars of the cage. Fearful vows are taken or renewed by the worshippers; and after various preliminary ceremonies are gone through, each one who wishes can approach and request the aid of the Vaudoux for whatever purpose he most requires it. The answer to his request comes, of course, through the medium of the King or Queen, and is sometimes favourable, sometimes the reverse, and occasionally ambiguous, like all oracles. After this, there is generally a collection taken of the offerings of the votaries, no doubt to the King and his consort the most important part of the night's proceedings. New candidates are initiated into the mysteries, and dances of the most excited character engaged in. The victim is slain, and whether it be goat, fowl, or child, the warm blood is caught in bowls, and eagerly drunk by these wretched deluded creatures. Intoxicating liquor is freely circulated, and promiscuous dances kept up till all are utterly exhausted; and generally the whole affair winds up with a scene of indescribable debauchery. Such is a very faint and mild account of Vaudoux worship as observed in the republic of Hayti. Those who wish more information on the subject, or of other details concerning the present state of this semi-savage black community, will find their curiosity amply gratified in the volume before us. Numerous well-attested cases of cannibalism are given; and though the Haytians are loth to admit the accusation, the facts are too clear to admit of being doubted.

In several instances, parties have been brought to trial for participation in these cannibalistic orgies; but it is almost impossible to get the culprits convicted and condignly punished. And no wonder, considering the vast ramification through all classes of society of the Vaudoux creed. As before stated, from the highest to the lowest, Vaudouxism can claim its adherents. Possibly the very men trying the cases may be members themselves of the villainous association. The administration of the penal laws

in Hayti is a farce; and it is an exceedingly difficult thing to get a conviction against a black man or woman, unless some high official has a personal desire or reason that they should be punished. Crimes committed on white people are laughed at, and the killing of a white man is positively looked upon as an action worthy of emulation. President Salnave—who was at the head of affairs in 1867—in order to please the masses and regain his fading authority, went openly to consult a Vaudoux priest, and actually went through the ceremonies requisite to become an initiated member of the society. He was anointed with the blood of a goat, made handsome offerings to the priest, and then joined in the usual debauchery which almost invariably ends the performances. But the fates continuing adverse, and his cause rapidly declining, he again went to consult the oracle. He was then informed that all would go well with him if he went through the highest form of the sacred mysteries, and participated in the sacrifice of the 'goat without horns' and its horrible attendant orgies. Whether he consented or not is a disputed point; his enemies declare he did, and certainly a man who went the length he is known to have done, would not likely shrink from anything, however atrocious, if he thought he could bolster up his fast-fading authority and secure a victory over his opponents by so doing.

Several instances of white persons being present in disguise at Vaudoux celebrations are related, and the sacrifice of the 'goat without horns' witnessed. A child is usually kidnapped for the purpose, though instances have been known where it was suspected the parents themselves were cognisant of the murder. The widow of a missionary who, owing to civil war, was obliged to reside for a lengthened period in a remote part of the country, declares that to her personal knowledge, human sacrifices were frequent, and, what is scarcely credible, states that human flesh was openly sold in the village markets! The power held over the people by the Vaudoux priests is enormous, and no one would dare to disobey their commands, or even show the least opposition to their wishes. During the reign of the Emperor Soulouque, a priestess was arrested for performing a sacrifice *too openly*! On her way to prison, a foreigner remarked in her hearing that she would be sure to be executed. The woman laughed, and said: 'If I were to beat the sacred drum and march through the city, not one from the emperor downwards but would humbly follow me!' She was put in prison, but was never known to have undergone any punishment whatever, far less reaping a well-deserved fate by being shot, this being the mode in which the death sentence is carried out in all cases.

So much for Vaudoux worship and its attendant horrors, which has gained such a power in the Haytian republic, that the authorities are unable, and probably unwilling, to attempt its suppression. The state of affairs is fast becoming unbearable, and will likely end in one or other of the European or American powers stepping in and putting a stop to what is a disgrace to Christendom.

The Haytians are an intensely vain people, and the thing they most pride themselves on is

their army. Nothing will convince them that as a military power they are not vastly superior to any nation either in the Old or New World. Even those who have lived in European capitals are addicted to this extremely ridiculous 'balderdash'; but when the real facts are presented, the state of affairs disclosed is simply sublime in its absurdity. The Haytian army must present to European beholders a spectacle of grotesqueness, the equal of which it would be difficult to find anywhere either in fact or fiction. Imagine a battalion on parade consisting of thirteen privates, ten officers, and six drummers!—the rest of the men—as the author quaintly puts it—thinking it unnecessary to present themselves except on pay-day. The staff-officers are clad in the most gorgeous uniforms procurable; while the men are habited in a motley array of tatters. Some have coats wanting one arm, the collar, or the tail; the headgear may consist of a dilapidated shako, a straw-hat, wideawake, or in many cases merely a handkerchief tied round the head. The officers hold their swords in either hand as suits them; and the men march past in admirable confusion, each one carrying his musket in the position he finds most convenient. The populace look on with admiring looks, and gravely ask if finer troops can anywhere be found. The Haytian black, however, thoroughly detests military service, and consequently the sentries, lest they should be over-fatigued, are considerably provided with chairs!

Robbery of state funds and all other kinds of corruption are of course to be expected among all government officials, the main object of every one being to 'feather his nest' while he has the chance, as there may be a revolution any day and his opportunity gone. This common trait in the character of their authorities excites no surprise or indignation in the breasts of the easy-going Haytian blacks; and if any one who had the opportunity of becoming rich at the expense of the state were to neglect it, he would not rise one particle in the opinion of his countrymen. On the contrary, he would be considered a person of very small ability, and unanimously voted 'a fool for his pains.' A favourite saying in this republic of blacks is: 'Prendre l'argent de l'état, ce n'est pas volé' (To take government money is not robbery).

The Haytian creed of both political and personal morals is certainly not particularly strict in either profession or practice.

THE BRANCHTOWN BALL.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

Eva looked so exceedingly well in her fur cape and bright-winged hat, as her mother and she set forth, escorted by His Grace, that it was almost excusable in him to devote himself entirely to her, leaving her mother to entertain herself. A fine brisk breeze met them as they passed the turnstile, and stepped on the seemingly endless planking of the long pier. The sea was choppy, but beautifully blue. To the left lay Mudport, with its land and water forts, and the forest of masts in the harbour. A gunboat was anchored at a safe distance, and was firing

for practice at some unseen mark, the sullen boom of the cannon and puff of white smoke recurring ever and anon.

'There's an ironclad coming round the Point,' remarked Eva, as they reached the end of the pier. 'I wonder what she is? I heard the *Olio* was expected back to-day.'

'Oh, there are the Greenes!' exclaimed her mother in a vexed tone.—'Don't stop, Eva, if they speak to us. I don't want to have those girls foisted upon me for the rest of the afternoon.'

'If the *Olio* is in, that means good news for Bertie,' remarked her daughter with a significant smile. 'No; they don't see us. They are going away; I suppose they've had enough of this wind.'

'You ought to come to Branchtown in your yacht next summer, duke,' said Mrs Armitage-Maxwell, trying to keep her teeth from chattering.

'Yes, and enter her for some of the races,' said Eva gaily, her heart leaping at seeing a certain manly form coming swiftly down the pier. 'It would be such fun! Branchtown in race-week is very gay, and I'm always sorry when it's over.'

'Yes, you must come again, and renew your acquaintance with Branchtown,' said the widow, putting up her umbrella to keep off a little of the cutting wind. Just then a voice behind her said: 'How do you do?' and she turned to see Bertie Fleming.

It cannot be said that her greeting to him was very cordial, but the soft pressure of Eva's fingers was eloquence itself. The duke curtly nodded to the young officer, and walked on with Eva, as if determined to keep his pretty companion to himself. Poor Bertie found himself compelled to make himself agreeable to Mrs Armitage-Maxwell, who purposely lagged behind, out of earshot. Eva looked round at them over her shoulder once or twice, as if to say: 'Why don't you walk faster?' but her mother was too knowing for that.

'Those two always have so much to say to each other!' she sweetly remarked to her companion.

'I was not aware that the duke possessed such very great conversational powers,' answered the lieutenant dryly, quickening his pace.

'How pretty the sea is this afternoon!' said the widow, standing still, so as to better appreciate the beauties of nature.—'May I ask you to be so good as to hold my umbrella for me? I am afraid of the wind for my neuralgia; and if I hold it myself, I cannot keep my hands in my muff.' And having thus cleverly insured his keeping pace with her, she strolled on serenely, her unwilling cavalier chafing at her side.

'I hear that you are talking of going over the dockyard to-morrow,' began Bertie, after a short silence.

'Yes, we are. The duke wishes to see it.' 'What time shall you go? I should like to join you, if I may.'

Her handsome face assumed a very forbidding expression. 'We are going by special invitation from Admiral Conway, Mr Fleming.'

'I met him in the train just now, and he

said that a party of you were coming over to-morrow to have luncheon at Government House, and see the dockyard afterwards; and if I or any of our fellows liked to come, he'd be very glad to see us,' answered Bertie a little defiantly. 'If you like, I'll meet you at the Mudport station with a cab, and we could all drive to the Admiral's together.'

'The duke is going with us; he will see to all that,' she answered stiffly. 'There is no occasion to trouble you.'

'It would be no trouble.—But perhaps you would rather I didn't come?'

She was not the woman to lose such an opportunity. 'Since you have asked the question, Mr Fleming, I candidly confess that I would rather you did not come—on Eva's account.'

'I suppose I should be in the way of the duke?'

'I think that as a man of honour you ought to cease from paying attentions to Eva which can only be to her disadvantage. The child has no fortune, and with your circumstances as they are, what use is it to think of marriage? You cannot blame me for being anxious to see my dear girl well settled in life.'

'Has the duke proposed to her, then?' he demanded hotly.

'Hush!—Not quite so loud, please. No; he has not proposed, but he may do so any day; and I think in the meantime he would rather you did not go with us to-morrow. Honestly, I don't think he likes you.'

'I can assure him the animosity is mutual,' he answered, grinding his teeth. 'Do you imagine he could ever make your daughter happy?'

'Of course he can! Why, she will have everything a woman can want. It is so miserable to be poor!'

'I'm sure I wish I were as rich as Croesus, for her sake,' he answered passionately; 'but, as it seems that I am only in the way at present, I will promise to keep away until the duke takes his departure, and then perhaps matters may come back to their old footing.'

'Don't let us quarrel,' she said with angelic sweetness, prepared to give him a sugar-plum or two now that she had gained all she wanted—a clear course for His Grace. 'I should be very sorry to do that. What I have said is all for your good. It is no kindness to allow you to cherish false hopes.'

With a heavy heart the young officer walked mechanically with the widow to the turnstile, in the wake of the others; and then, with a mute, pitiful glance at Eva, he shook hands, muttered something about having a train to catch, and left them.

The next morning was gloriously bright and sunny, and in due course Eva and her mother and the duke arrived at Mudport. About a dozen guests were present at the luncheon at the Admiral's house. That distinguished officer entertained them genially, and recited all his best stories of the Crimea and the Chinese War for the duke's edification. Then, after sitting for a few minutes with Mrs Conway in the spacious drawing-room, crammed with curious mementoes of voyages in many seas, they all adjourned to the dockyard, which was close by. The general public who wished to see it had to write their

names in a big ledger in a kind of office at the gate; and after being scrutinised by some twenty policemen, they were told off in batches under the guidance of a constable, who allowed them only a limited view of the wonders of the place. It was quite another thing to be ciceroned by the Admiral-Superintendent. A general touching of caps and extreme deference was accorded to the great man, and his party saw everything. First they visited a large workshop smelling delightfully of newly-cut wood, and witnessed the interesting process of block-making, by which square billets of wood were turned, grooved, pierced, and smoothed in an incredibly short time. They went to the masthouse, where were great stores of spare masts for half the ironclads in the fleet. Being of iron and hollow, many of them were so large that a man could have stood upright inside them. Another shed was filled with enormous anchors; and a little farther on was a dry dock, in which a colossal ironclad was building, with a most delightful sound of iron hammers ringing on her metal sides—surely the most exhilarating sound in the world. They visited a storehouse filled with Whitehead torpedoes—deadly monsters, in the shape of shining metal fish about six feet long, with sharply pointed snouts, and delicately formed tails—the queerest fish that ever swam the seas.

The ladies manifested much terror at these uncanny creatures, and backing towards the door, asked the Admiral if he was quite sure they wouldn't 'go off.' The genial old tar laughed at their fears, and led the way to the smithy—a vast, dimly-lighted, resounding building, where the glow of twenty huge furnaces, the flying sparks, the army of brawny smiths in leather aprons, and the great blocks of metal in every stage of manufacture, made up a picture worthy of Rembrandt. After a word or two with one of the men, the admiral informed his visitors that they were just in time to witness a most interesting sight—a monstrous mass of iron, intended for an immense anchor, being operated upon by a Nasmyth hammer. Drawing back to a safe distance, they saw the huge piece of metal, red-hot and glowing most brilliantly, lifted from a furnace by an enormous crane, and deposited on a gigantic anvil, above which the mighty hammer was poised in mid-air. Down came the Titanic implement, and struck the glowing mass with a thud, making the sparks fly. Again the hammer rose and prepared to descend. The duke, standing by the Admiral, was looking with open mouth, while the ladies peeped timidly over the shoulders of the gentlemen. The Admiral was explaining, in a voice loud enough to be heard in a typhoon, on account of the noise, the processes necessary for the completion of the anchor.

'When the metal is sufficiently cooled, duke, it is placed'—

He paused. A party of ordinary tourists, under the convoy of a policeman, had entered the smithy by another door at the same time as themselves, and were watching the same operation at a very respectful distance from the more distinguished visitors. They were quiet, inoffensive, well-dressed people, and the Admiral would not have noticed their presence, had not one of them, a young man of three or four and twenty, in a well-fitting suit of tweed, been gradually

nearing the official party, until now he stood quite close to the duke, and seemed evidently desirous of overhearing what was said.

Such bad manners irritated the old sailor exceedingly. In the dockyard, he was supreme, and he liked his authority to be properly recognised. So, thinking he had to deal with an 'Arry who did not know his proper place, and deserved a rebuke for his intrusiveness, he said wrathfully: 'I don't know if you are aware, sir, that I am the Admiral-Superintendent of the dockyard, and that these ladies and gentlemen are my personal friends. The policeman in charge of your party will give you any information you may require, and—and, in short, sir, your presence here is an intrusion.'

The policeman in charge of the party, perfectly aghast at the young man's audacity, had crossed over, and was standing just behind the intruder, ready to walk him back unceremoniously.

'Excuse me, Admiral,' said the new-comer, lifting his hat with courtly grace, and speaking with the polished intonation of a perfect gentleman, so that the choleric old sailor was mollified in spite of himself. 'I have no wish to intrude upon you and your friends; but I see an individual here whom I recognise, and on his account I must say a few words. May I ask you this—gentleman's—name?' As he spoke, he indicated the duke, who had shrunk back among the wondering ladies, as if he wished to get out of sight. The Admiral, glancing at his distinguished visitor, saw with astonishment that his face was of a ghastly whiteness.

'The Duke of Ambleside,' answered the old sailor in amazement.

The new-comer gave a merry, boyish laugh. 'I fancied I heard you call him "duke," although I could hardly believe my ears. This individual is no other than a very worthless valet of mine, dismissed from my service some weeks ago. I am the Duke of Ambleside.—So he has been passing himself off for me?'

'Yes, he has—the scoundrel!' said the admiral, turning upon the wretched jackdaw in peacock's plumes with a threatening gesture.

'Well, William Jeffreys, what have you to say for yourself?' went on the lawful owner of De Courcy Castle. It was noteworthy that, although they had only his bare assertion that he was the real Duke of Ambleside, nobody dreamed of doubting it, in spite of the presence of a previous claimant to that title. There could be no greater contrast than that between the two young men; the one, erect of bearing, easy-mannered, courteous, with the unmistakable air of a gentleman; the other, vulgar, craven, abject, the most pitiful of impostors.

With cowardly subservience, the sham duke actually flung himself at his master's feet and grovelled there on the stones. 'Oh, your Grace, have mercy on me! Don't, don't punish me!'

'Don't kneel to me, you pitiful hound!' was the answer, given with righteous scorn.—'Get up!' added the young nobleman imperiously.

'Forgive me, your Grace! Forgive me, and I'll never do so again!' whined the reptile, struggling to his feet.

'No, that I'll engage you never will!' returned the duke with curt decision.—'Take him in charge, policeman!' he added, turning to his guide, who

had all this time remained a passive spectator of the scene, his helmeted figure being no doubt an object of additional terror to the detected impostor.—'I forgave you, Jeffreys, when I caught you pawning my jewelry, and promised not to prosecute; but as you have abused my clemency in this way, you shall answer for everything, and to prison you go.—No; not another word! I won't hear it!' And he turned his back on the cringing valet, who, still begging frantically for mercy, was led off by the policeman.

'And now, Admiral,' said the young duke with a sunny smile, turning to the old sailor, 'allow me to apologise to you and these ladies for the very unpleasant scene I have been compelled to make. I felt as if I could not lose a moment in unmasking the rascal.'

'Rascal indeed!' said the Admiral angrily. 'To think of his imposing on us all, and passing himself off as a member of the aristocracy! He deserves stringing up at the yardarm!'

'How long has he been carrying on this game?' asked the duke, walking by the Admiral's side as the party left the smithy.

The old sailor in reply gave him an account of his valet's brief fashionable career; after which the duke explained how it happened that he made his appearance at that particular moment. 'When I dismissed that fellow from my service, I was about to start for the Mediterranean in a friend's yacht. Jeffreys was aware that I should probably not return for six months at least, as we intended to visit Algeria and Egypt; so I suppose he thought he might safely pass himself off for me in a neighbourhood where I was not known. But we had scarcely reached Lisbon, when my friend was taken very ill, and had to be landed there; and we all dispersed. I took a passage back in the mail-steamer for England, and arrived here this morning. I joined a party of my fellow-passengers who wished to see the dockyard, and was walking about with them, when I happened to catch sight of that fellow's face. I knew him directly, in spite of his fashionable get-up.'

So the British aristocracy vindicated itself in Eva's eyes. The real duke was just as unaffected, cultivated, and agreeable, as the counterfeit had been ignorant, conceited, and overbearing.

The excitement which the news caused at Branchtown defies description. The people were so enraged at having been duped by a vulgar impostor, that, had they had the power, they would have torn him limb from limb. The tradespeople were heavy losers, for he had obtained quantities of expensive things from them on credit. The private residents, also, had in many instances lent him small sums; for he had a habit of pretending that he had forgotten his purse, and had thus obtained a good deal of money from unsuspecting people, who were glad to oblige such a distinguished individual with the loan of five pounds or so.

Imagine poor Mrs Armitage-Maxwell's feelings! The hope of a brilliant marriage for Eva dashed to the ground; an expense incurred for which her means were quite inadequate; and herself the laughing-stock of the whole town, by reason of the slavish adulation she had bestowed upon an audacious trickster: it was little wonder that

she took to her bed, quite ill with disappointment and mortification. Lady Borwick and the rest of the leaders of Branchtown society were not less indignant and humiliated; and the result was that a second ball never took place, and Mrs Armitage-Maxwell's brilliant project of a series of dances at other people's expense proved an ignominious failure.

From that hour, pretty Eva was known as 'The Duchess of Ambleside' in Branchtown. It was so galling to her mother, that she could scarcely bear to stay in the place. Perhaps she would not have remained, had not Bertie Fleming come forward with the offer of his hand. A distant relative, whom he had never seen, had recently bequeathed him, not exactly a fortune, but quite enough to live comfortably upon, and Mrs Armitage-Maxwell did not offer a single objection. Perhaps her brief experience of the parvenu aristocrat made her better able to appreciate Bertie's real worth.

Mr William Jeffreys was sentenced to a year's imprisonment. He confessed that, having some money in his pocket when he was dismissed the duke's service, he decided to see a little of the world before seeking another situation. By the merest chance he came to Branchtown, and empty vanity induced him to pass himself off for his master during the day or two he intended to remain. His assumed title, however, created a far greater sensation than he had expected, and he found the adulation of the people so pleasant, that he was induced to prolong his stay. One thing led to another. He had not sufficient cleverness to make a very superior swindler, and he at first only proposed to get what he could from the local tradesmen while his credit lasted, and be off before he was detected. But a girl's pretty face, and his own vanity, beguiled him into carrying the game too far.

We think both swindlers and honest people might find a moral or two for their guidance in the unlooked-for results of the Branchtown Ball.

NOVEL USES OF PAPER.

THERE are few things that cannot now be made out of paper. Its adaptability is astonishing, and the wildest speculations as to its future are excusable when we reflect upon the present uses of this material. As the delicate substance can be made to serve for steel or iron, it is not difficult to understand how paper is for many purposes now taking the place of wood. Mention was before made of a new mill in Sweden for the manufacture of paper from moss. Paper of different thicknesses, and pasteboard made of the white moss, have already been shown, the latter even in sheets three-quarters of an inch thick. It is as hard as wood, and can be easily painted and polished. It has all the good qualities, but none of the defects of wood. The pasteboard can consequently be used for door and window frames, architectural ornaments, and all kinds of furniture.

Paper made from strong fibres, such as linen, can, in fact, be compressed into a substance so hard that it cannot almost be scratched. As houses have been made of this novel building

material, so almost everything requisite to complete and furnish a residence has since been manufactured of paper. After the Breslau fireproof chimney, it is quite possible, for instance, that cooking or heating stoves can be made of similar materials. These paper stoves are annealed—that is, painted over with a composition which becomes part of the paper, and is fireproof. It is said to be impossible to burn them out, and they are much cheaper than iron stoves. Bath-tubs and pots are made in the same manner by compressing the paper made of linen fibres, and annealing. The tubs, we are assured, will last for ever, and never leak. Placed on the fire, they will not burn up; and it is almost impossible to break or injure them. Our rooms can be floored with this wonderfully accommodating material, as proved by the Indianapolis skating-rink before referred to in this *Journal*. It may here be mentioned that cracks in floors, around the skirting-board or other parts of a room, may be neatly and permanently filled by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water, and a tablespoonful of alum, thoroughly boiled and mixed. The mixture will be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the cracks with a case-knife. It will harden like papier-mâché.

Doors, which one would think were polished mahogany but that they swing so lightly, and are free from swelling, cracking, or warping, are composed each of two thick paper boards, stamped and moulded into panels, and glued together with glue and potash, and then rolled through heavy rollers. These doors are first covered with a waterproof coating, then painted and varnished and hung in the ordinary way. Few persons can detect that they are not made of wood, particularly when used as sliding-doors.

Black walnut is said to be getting very scarce in this country; but picture-frames are now made of paper, and coloured like walnut, and are so perfect that no one could detect them without cutting them. Paper-pulp, glue, linseed oil, and carbonate of lime or whiting, are mixed together and heated into a thick cream, which on being allowed to cool is run into moulds and hardened.

Drawing-rooms can be set off by handsome pianos manufactured from paper—a French invention. A beautiful musical instrument of this kind has lately been an object of great curiosity to the connoisseurs and musical savants of Paris. The entire case is made of compressed paper, to which is given a hard surface and a cream-white brilliant polish. The legs and sides are ornamented with arabesques and floral designs. The exterior and as much of the interior as can be seen when the instrument is open, are covered with wreaths and medallions painted in miniature by some of the leading artists of Paris. The tone of this instrument is said to be of excellent quality, though not loud. The broken, alternating character of piano music is replaced by a rich, full, continuous roll of sound, resembling somewhat that of the organ. Only two of these instruments have been made. One is still on exhibition; the other has been sold to the Duke of Devonshire.

Our correspondence may be conducted through the medium of the latest novelties in note-paper.

We have had the 'ragged edge,' in imitation of the hand-made paper of long ago; and now we have the *Palæographic*, an exaggeration of the same idea. The edges are charred and torn, and the surface of the paper time-stained. A buyer might call it dirty, but it is only 'artistic.' There is also a dull red paper with silver and gold dots sprinkled over it, and another with stars, in imitation of certain wall-papers. A thin and rather pretty paper is 'the hammered silver' with water-marks representing the lines in hammered silver-work. The morocco, alligator, and calf papers, embossed to imitate the surface of those leathers, are also interesting as novelties.

Notes can be jotted down with the paper pencils made in Germany. The paper is steeped in an adhesive liquid, and rolled around the lead to the required thickness, then dried and coloured to resemble a cedar pencil.

Paper plates, introduced by an ingenious *restaurateur* of Berlin, can now be used. Bread and butter, cakes, and similar articles were served by him on a pretty papier-mâché plate, having a border in relief, and resembling porcelain. They are cheap and light, and not liable to be broken.

Even knives and forks may now, we are told, be made of compressed paper. They can be used for any practical purpose, like steel ones. The household cutlery, it may here be mentioned, can be well preserved if wrapped up in paper prepared from ozokerit. This waxed paper is largely used in New York for wrapping hardware. Candies, fish, and butter, and a score of other articles, are also thus wrapped, and saved from injury through damp.

To prepare paper for wrapping up silver, six parts of caustic soda are dissolved in water until the hydrometer shows twenty degrees B. To this solution are added four parts of oxide of zinc, and boiled until dissolved. Sufficient water must next be added to reduce the solution to ten degrees B. Next dip the paper into this solution, and dry. This wrapping will very effectually preserve silver articles from being blackened by sulphuretted hydrogen, which is contained in the atmosphere of large cities.

Our household may also be supplied with the paper bottles now made on a large scale in Germany and Austria. The paper is coated on both sides with a mixture of blood-albumen, lime, and alum. After drying, the leaves are placed over each other, and then put into heated moulds. These bottles are made in two pieces, which are afterwards joined. Neither water nor alcohol has any action on such bottles, and it is thought that they will prove of great value to travellers, as there is little fear of breakage.

Our sleeping apartments can be provided with paper bed-clothes, curtains, and bedsteads. The latter pieces of furniture look beautiful, and are declared to be everlasting. They are made of slips of paper, instead of paper rings, as in the case of railway wheels before mentioned in this *Journal*, which wheels can now run on rails of the same material, some new particulars of which have come to hand. These, it is stated, can be produced—by an American Company in Russia—at a third of the cost of steel rails, and are extremely durable. Being much lighter than metal, these rails may be carried and laid at far less cost, and they will

doubtless diminish oscillation and wear and tear of rolling-stock. They are to be made of greater lengths than ordinary rails, and therefore will have fewer joints. The success or failure of the project seems simply a question of durability.

Useful, no doubt, will be found the small house-truck on wheels used for wheeling loads around the house. The sides and bottom of this are very thin, but made of finely compressed paper, capable of bearing a very great weight. In short, so universal is the application of this extraordinary substance, that the time seems not far distant when we may be living in a paper house, clad in paper clothes, sitting on a paper chair, writing at a paper desk with a patent paper pen on some novel kind of paper.

Land vehicles will probably ere long figure as further triumphs of the paper-mill; and why not steamboats? Canoes and launches built of the ever useful material we call paper have been described in this *Journal*. A Frenchman recently made an interesting experimental trip in a paper boat from Paris to Marseille, and returned to his starting-point opposite the Tuileries Gardens. The hull of this curious little boat is said to be not much more than one-eighth of an inch thick. The voyage under the circumstances was not without danger. It extended over six hundred miles, and was full of adventure, particularly in going down the rapid Rhone. The voyage was undertaken with the intention of proving that paper boats can do good service, and that they can be made as well in France as in England and America.

We have before mentioned a plan for rendering paper so tough that it can be used in making boxes, combs, and even boots. The usefulness of toughened paper in a more scientific way has also been proved. Filter paper can be rendered tough and at the same time pervious to liquids by immersing it in nitric acid of relative density 1.42, then washing it in water. The product is different from parchment paper made with sulphuric acid, and it can be washed and rubbed like a piece of linen. It contracts in size under the treatment, and undergoes a slight decrease of weight, the nitrogen being removed and the ash diminished. The toughened paper can be used with a vacuum pump in ordinary funnels without extra support, and fits sufficiently close to prevent undue access of air, which is not the case with parchment paper. Toughened filter paper, it is thought, will be exceedingly useful not only to chemists, but to other scientists, both practical and theoretical.

Towels made of this wonderfully adaptable material are said to be used in the surgical dispensary of Philadelphia for drying wounds. Sponges are not easily perfectly cleansed after being once used, so they are never employed in the hospital. Ordinary cotton or linen towels are much preferable to sponges. The Japanese paper towels, however, answer the same purpose as cotton ones, and are so cheap that they can be thrown away after being used. The paper towels are hardly suitable for drying hands after washing, unless several towels be used at once, because a large amount of moisture on the hands soon saturates a single towel. For removing blood from wounds, a paper towel is crumpled up into a sort of ball and then used as a sponge. Such balls

absorb blood rapidly. The crude ornamental pictures on each of the towels are of no advantage, nor are they, so far as is known any objection.

The *Photographic News* (United States) gives instructions how to make translucent paper. Take a negative on the paper and pin it, paper-side up, on a board. Apply butter (cold) all over it with the fingers; use plenty. Then hold the negative over a paraffin stove with the flame turned low. Keep the melting butter moving over the less greased portions till an even surface is obtained, which will be in about five minutes. Then lay, paper-side still up, on a board or cloth, and, while warm, rub off the surplus butter with tufts of cotton-wool; it will probably be necessary to remove the negative several times during the operation. Should any butter by chance get on the film-side of the negative, warm it and rub it with cotton-wool, and it will at once come off. Give a final rub with cotton-wool dipped in alcohol, and the negative is ready to print from, and has a fine ground-glass appearance.

Mention has before been made of waterproof luminous paper which will shine in the dark. According to a German authority, it is prepared from a mixture of forty parts paper stock, ten parts phosphorescent powder, ten parts water, one part gelatine, and one part bichromate of potash.

Several kinds of fireproof paper have already been noticed. An excellent one is now made by a combination of asbestos and infusorial earth. About forty parts, in bulk, of fine disintegrated asbestos fibre, and about sixty parts of what is known as 'infusorial earth,' are taken and placed in a dry state in an ordinary beating-engine, and then sufficient water is added while the machine is in operation to beat the mass into pulp just thin enough to form upon an ordinary cylinder. The web is taken from the cylinder and finished in the usual manner. This forms a flexible paper, which may be used wherever ordinary paper is employed, differing, however, from ordinary board in being fireproof.

Many and various materials from which paper is manufactured have been mentioned by us from time to time. The principal material used in Tonquin is said to be the *ke-yioh* or paper-tree. Its bark is macerated, and then rubbed in mortars so as to reduce it to a fine pulp. It is thus made with a certain quantity of water into a clear paste, which is sized with an infusion made from the shavings of the *gomao* tree. The paper is made sheet by sheet by women, by what now seems a primitive process, yet each worker is said to produce one thousand sheets a day.

Some interesting paper-making statistics are occasionally compiled, the accuracy, however, of which may be open to question, when we are told the exact number of pounds used up severally by newspapers, books, letters, &c. It is said that the paper-mills of Britain produce in a few weeks sufficient paper to carpet the whole of London. The United States produce a great deal of this material, but Europe double the amount. On the Continent, it has been computed that the average amount of paper used by individuals in different countries amounts

to eleven and a half pounds by an Englishman, ten and a quarter pounds by an American, eight pounds by a German, seven and a half pounds by a Frenchman, three and a half pounds by an Italian or Austrian, a pound and a half by a Spaniard, one pound by a Russian, and two pounds by a Mexican. If the consumption of paper is a gauge of civilisation, this table of averages is very flattering to our national conceit.

AN ORACLE.

AN INCIDENT ON THE TRANSVAAL GOLD-FIELDS.

GOLD has been found in various parts of the Transvaal for some years now; indeed, according to some authorities, the northern districts of that country supplied the greater portion of the gold with which Solomon adorned his wondrous Temple, and of which the fair Queen of Sheba made such lavish use. Whether this be so or not, matters little for the purpose of this relation; suffice it to know that gold has of late years been found in sufficient quantities to induce some hundreds of adventurers, in the first instance, to try their luck as gold-diggers, with the hope of gaining a prize sufficiently large to place them beyond necessity; but, as in so many thousands of other cases in the farther-off fields of Australasia and California, few ever approximated to their desires. A gold-field—from an Australian point of view—never has existed in South Africa, and probably never will, owing to a variety of circumstances, but mainly from the fact, that the country has suffered in ages past from successive eruptions, which have destroyed the original 'run' of the deposit, making the search for it altogether too risky for even the most hopeful of diggers. No doubt, men will always be found willing and content to 'prospect' on and on, with the chance of a nugget turning up to pay for all their outlay and the disadvantages of the life they are compelled to lead; but a gold-field such as we have been wont to visit, or read of, where thousands are supported in one way or another, will never be seen in Africa.

Nowadays, the gold-bearing district is in the hands of concessionaires, who work upon a principle that does away with the romance that usually hung around the life of a gold-digger in the old time. The incident about to be related took place ten years since; the exact locality it is unnecessary to fix upon. Should any of the diggers who were present on the occasion come across this relation, they will have no difficulty in bringing to mind the scene and the principal actor therein, and 'a right good sort' he was too.

Jasper Hillary had not been over-well treated by the fickle goddess at any period of his career, the last year or two of which had been spent upon the Diamond Fields in the neighbouring province of Griqualand; and although a hard and energetic worker, luck seemed to have made a dead set against him; so he had returned again to the scene of his earlier efforts as a digger; and with a shade of better luck pegged out his claim on Antbear Creek; and having successfully applied for water-rights, had brought in water from a distance of over two miles, and began work with a decided improvement in his prospects.

Most of the diggers were having a 'good time' of it in their claims, and few grumblers were to be found; and but for the doubtful character of one or two individuals, whose mysterious habits formed a constant topic for speculation among the diggers, all seemed to be going as merry as marriage-bells. The individuals alluded to were men of a decided nationality, sleek and well-fed in appearance, but with a tendency to commune with the native 'boys' (a term in general use in the South African colonies, signifying servant) that savoured of something other than the mere desire to learn the *lingo*, or study habits and customs. Wherever native labour is employed, it is generally looked upon as a suspicious circumstance to see Europeans haunting the huts and kraals where the employees live. So at least it was considered in this community of hard workers, who failed to understand how men could live for choice or pleasure among surroundings uncondusive to comfort, were it not that a 'something' could be made out of it.

One day, Hillary, whose claim had been turning out a fairly level yield of gold, came up to the hotel—where some six or seven of us were lounging over our pipes, preparatory to 'turning to' again for the afternoon's spell of work—his face wearing a somewhat angry and puzzled look, and addressed us after the following strain: 'Look here! My luck's run out, or there is some thievery going on among my "boys."'

'What's up, old man? What's wrong?' asked Drake.

'Just this: I "cleaned-up" this morning, and I didn't get a bit of gold larger than a pea. Now, all along, as I worked *up* my ground, the gold has been getting heavier. It has been coarsish all through; but just where I expected to get the heaviest, it has dwindled down to dust, with a few shotty bits. There's something wrong, and I am going to puzzle it out. By-the-bye, I daresay you'll agree with me that it is a queer thing that those shiny gents'—here he pointed in the direction of the tent occupied by the men of decided nationality—'should be over at Hermit's—at the bank—paying in gold. Yes, that's so. Mike Bruty saw 'em; he told me so himself.'

'Have they got licenses?' asked Drake.

'O yes, I've found that's all right; they're 'cute enough for that.'

'What are you going to do, eh, Jasper?'

'Well, I'm going to watch my "boys" a bit first. There's one among 'em I am not very sweet upon. If I find him as tricky at his work this week as he has been, I'll lay a trap for him; and you fellows shall come up and see how it works next time I clean-up, which won't be before next week.'

Soon after this, it came to Hillary's knowledge that this 'boy' of his, of whom he had expressed himself so dubious, had been seen in the bush some little distance from the camp in close conversation with one of the shiny gentry; and this led Hillary to come to the conclusion that the 'boy' was playing him false; so he at once determined to put him to the test. On the Saturday following, the day on which he had arranged to clean-up his sluice-box, this doubtful 'boy' was set to work at the head of the box where the pay-dirt was

being shovelled in; and at this comparatively isolated work it was an easy matter to watch him. As soon as the pay-gravel is shovelled into a sluice-box, the water rushing through carries away all the stones and sand over the ripples at the lower end of the box, and whatever light gold is carried with it, sinks, and becomes lodged in between the ripples or stones with which the box is paved. All the coarser specks and nuggets remain at the head of the box where first dropped in with the gravel, the superior gravity of the metal preventing the weaker force of water from carrying it away. Thus, any one at the head of the box seeing anything like a stoppage in the smooth flow of water, becomes aware that a piece of heavy gold is at the bottom; and if the worker ceases to put in more gravel, the water soon becomes clear enough to enable him to see the gold. So, then, this doubtful 'boy' was set to the work of feeding the box; and towards the close of the operations, Hillary placed a nugget of about an ounce in such a position in the heap of gravel that the 'boy' was bound to see it. As Hillary expected, the native did see it; and looking cautiously around to see that no one was watching, he carefully appropriated the nugget, and placing it in the folds at the bottom of his trousers-leg, which, as usual, was rolled up—the garment in question being something too long for him—proceeded to finish up the heap of gravel.

Hillary had been carefully watching for this, and having seen the whole performance, came away satisfied that he had the culprit safe in his keeping.

After the cleaning-up was over, and the 'boys' had gone through the business of washing themselves and preparing for the rest usually accorded them after two o'clock on Saturdays, Hillary sent word to us to the effect that if we wanted to see the fun, we were to go round to his hut at once. We found him sitting on a rock with about a dozen 'boys' around him waiting to receive their week's wage.

After our arrival, Hillary addressed them in their own language, of which he was a fairly good master, telling them how his yield of gold had fallen off, and that there was no reason why it should have done so, as the 'white baas' ahead of him was finding well; that he was quite sure some one was robbing him, and that it must be one or more among themselves.

Of course their protestations to the contrary were both loud and vehement, vowing, as natives generally do, that he was too good a 'baas' to be robbed, and that they would assegai the man who could do so.

'Very well, then,' said Hillary; 'if you are all innocent, you will all consent to stand the trial which I shall give you.—Now, look here'—here he pulled a small pocket-compass out of his wallet, and showing it to them, explained that the Spirit that made the needle inside shake about, would presently become aware as to who the thief was; would then remain quite still, pointing to the guilty man.

This seemed to tickle their fancies, though we rather thought, other than its being likely to prove an amusement to them, they had but little faith in its power of divination.

Hillary then placed them in a circle round him, at distances of about two yards apart, taking care to place the man he knew to be guilty as due north as possible. Then telling them again that the Spirit never made a mistake, and that whoever the needle pointed to was to be shot, without any more palaver took his rifle, and then placing the compass on the ground in the centre of the group, stood on one side.

It was amusing to watch the varying expressions upon the faces of the 'boys' standing around—from the moment the compass was set on the ground, when the needle spun about with rapid vibrations, till the gradual and final decline to stationary—expressions of wonder, mirth, and incredulity gradually deepening into fear as the oscillations of the needle became weaker and weaker; and when it finally came to a stand, pointing to the guilty one, he, with a yell of dismay and an unnatural pallor upon him—I have seen a native go all but white—turned and fled, those remaining dropping to their haunches as Hillary with levelled rifle stood laughing at the success of his plan. Hillary had forgotten that he had eased the pull of his weapon a day or so before, and although he had no intention of taking life at the beginning, felt a kind of satisfaction as he drew the bead upon the retreating form. Be that as it may, the excitement had no doubt wrought upon his nervous system; the lightened trigger yielded under the trembling finger, a report followed, simultaneous with which, the flying Kafir gave one spring into the air and fell dead on the hillside, along which he had been speeding but a moment before.

The authorities made it too warm for Hillary, who had to clear out. He eventually gave himself up, was placed in the *trönk*; and after being incarcerated in this building, made of wattles daubed with mud on the outside, minus a door, for a whole week, the diggers became impatient that one of their number should suffer such indignity 'all about a thief of a nigger.' They took upon themselves to effect his release; and escorting him over the border, parted from him full of regrets that the law of the land made it necessary for him to absent himself, at anyrate for a time, from among them.

He got a rattling good price for his claim, and the purchaser did not lose on the bargain; but the lesson upon the 'boys' who were working on the creek wrought an immense amount of good; and what was better, the shiny gentry deemed it advisable to discontinue their evangelising among natives employed by diggers.

MEDICINE IN HEATHENDOM.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE uttered a truth the civilised world has been slow to grasp, when he said that 'preaching the gospel to the heathen includes much more than is implied in the usual picture of a missionary—a man going about with a Bible under his arm.' He showed in his explorations what he meant; for he made it his aim wherever he went to introduce humanising influences, and to bring into play all the forces of civilisation which could alleviate suffering.

We are glad to find Dr Lowe of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society emphasising this requirement, and strenuously advocating the benefits of medical missions in his recently published book, *Medical Missions: their Place and Power*.

In Heathendom the densest ignorance as to the cause, prevention, and cure of disease prevails. In India and Africa, a close connection is established between religion and medicine. Sickness is a punishment sent by the gods or by evil spirits; and it will be followed by death, if propitiation is not made to the offended deities. The Chinese are a little more enlightened. They have a medical literature of a kind; but they know nothing about even the elementary principles of anatomy and physiology. A Chinaman who wishes to become a doctor does not go through any training or spend money in buying a practice; he has only to purchase a pair of spectacles, and gather some herbs, a few spiders, and some snakes, which he places in bottles in the window of his shop. The bottles are his advertisement; they tell all who are in need of healing to come to him. His favourite prescription is a horrible pill, compounded of parts of snakes, wasps, centipedes, toads, and scorpions, ground small and mixed with honey. Another pill, supposed to be of extraordinary efficacy in cases of extreme weakness, is made of the bones of tigers. The belief in its merit is based on this strange piece of reasoning: 'The tiger is very strong; the bone is the strongest part of the strong animal—therefore, a pill of this must be pre-eminently strengthening.' These facts speak eloquently as to the state of medical science in China. The lamentable consequence is an excessive mortality. It is calculated that thirty-three thousand die daily, and this number is of course largely increased during an epidemic, which is no uncommon visitor.

The Siamese believe that the human body is composed of four elements—fire, earth, wind, and water. They divide the body into thirty-two parts, and teach that it is subject to ninety-six diseases, caused by the disturbance of the elements which enter into its composition. Fevers are traced to an undue proportion of fire. The wind is the fertile source of ailments. If you ask a native what is wrong with him, the chances are ten to one he will reply, 'Wind.'

In Southern India, festivals are observed at which sacrifices of sheep, goats, and fowls are offered to Siva to avert sickness. Another festival is held by convalescent invalids, who seek to fulfil the vows they made. It is attended by scenes disgusting beyond conception.

Some of the tribes in Central Africa have male and female doctors. The ladies play the largest part in the ministry of healing; the activity of the men is confined to the treatment of wounds and snake-bites. They handle a broken arm or leg in a curious fashion: if it is a simple fracture, the limb is pulled straight; if it is broken in pieces, some small cuts are made in the flesh, and as soon as the swelling

is reduced, if the limb cannot be straightened, the broken bones are pulled out and a powdered root is applied to the wound. The woman-doctor puts great faith in magic. When she goes to see a patient, she takes with her a basket containing what she is pleased to call a magic wand, but what is in reality a double tube, nearly a foot long. One tube is filled with small stones; the other is empty. She waves the wand over the sick person, to begin with; she then places it over the part in which pain is felt. After going through some manipulatory tricks, she professes to draw the disease out in a tangible form; but she is always cautious enough to conceal it from the patient.

If the natives of the Friendly Islands suffer from a spreading ulceration, they have the limb cut off with a sharp shell. The excruciating agony of such an operation can be better imagined than described. Should a man go mad, he is invariably buried alive. In the South Pacific Islands, a free incision is the panacea for all the ills flesh is heir to. Wherever pain is felt, a cut is made, as the natives simply put it, 'to let the pain out.'

Other specimens of the appalling ignorance of the doctors of Heathendom might easily be given; but those adduced will serve our purpose. They show the need for the introduction of European skill. That need should be in itself an eloquent appeal to the chivalry of young doctors. The best way to spend life is to spend it in the service of others; and surely no better service could be rendered than to lighten the darkness and alleviate the sufferings of the debased inhabitants of heathen lands.

A FEW PULPIT VAGARIES.

Whilst recognising the noble part the pulpit has taken in the reformation of the world and education of the people, it must be admitted that it has been occasionally the scene of humorous incidents, some of which, perhaps without irreverence, it may be permissible to recall.

Possibly the greatest number of pulpit recollections hang upon misquotations and misplacement of terms. Only recently, the writer heard a minister declare 'it was impossible for any man by thought to add one *stature* to his *cubit*'—a truth so important to his mind as to merit an impressive repetition. Another minister affirmed, on the authority of the Scriptures, 'Moses *pulled off his feet*, for the ground on which he stood was holy.'

The writer thinks it was a curate who informed us that 'immediately Peter crew, the cock went out and wept bitterly.' Another of his order certainly said: 'Till heaven and earth pass, one *tit* or one *jottle* shall in nowise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.' Another pulpit orator, quoting from Job, gave out: 'Skin for skin—as the old Patriarch said,' leading us to infer that Satan was the progenitor of a family, in addition to being the father of lies. A popular preacher speaking of Goldsmith's poor parson, told a crowded audience that 'children plucked the coats of that good man's tail to share his kindly smile.' These children must have been a contrast to some others spoken about by one who, illustrating moral depravity, said he had 'seen even

little children that could neither walk nor talk run about the streets blaspheming.'

A minister once commencing grandiloquently: 'Jacob sold his birthright for a pot of message,' paused, and thinking, somehow, it scarcely sounded right, he repeated: 'Jacob sold his birthright for a pot of message.' Still querying the correctness of his version, and anxious to make it correct, he said again rather more slowly: 'Jacob sold his birthright for a pot of message.' Seeing the puzzled and amused looks of his congregation, he hesitated once more, only to assume a determination that this time at anyrate there should be no mistake on this point, by saying very deliberately: 'My dear friends, some of you do not appear to sufficiently appreciate the full import of my quotation of a biblical fact; for the benefit of such, I will repeat it, and repeat it with emphasis—that "Jacob—sold his birthright—for a—pot—of—message."'

Of all scriptural characters to whom special attention has been paid, not one has received more unremitting favour than the retrospective spouse of Lot, and we can understand the feeling of a long-suffering hearer who had heard the same minister preach nine times upon 'Remember Lot's wife.'—'Remember Lot's wife!' cried the afflicted hearer; 'why, it is absolutely impossible for me ever to forget her.'

OUTSIDE THE GARDEN GATE.

Two little forms outside the gate,
Who hour by hour in patience wait;
Four wistful eyes as bright as stars
Peeping with wonder through the bars;
Four little hands that long to hold
Bright flowers, or apples red and gold;
Two shrill young voices that would say:
'Give us some flowers or fruit to-day!'
Only—what little tongue could dare
Ask such a boon from lady fair?

She comes! and down the velvet walk
Moves gently, and with silver talk
Beguiles the time; her comrades glide
In pleasant converse by her side.
They do not see the eager eyes
Who watch them with a glad surprise.
To rustic judgment, they must seem
Like white-robed angels in a dream,
So fair, so graceful, and so blest
In such sweet garden bowers to rest,
And no doubt plucking many a gem
Which seems so far away from them!

Alas! how oft our mortal fate
Keeps us outside the garden gate!
Almost we feel we might be there,
Wandering amid those scenes so fair;
Almost our fingers seem to clasp
Bright flowers, that still elude our grasp;
Some adverse fortune seems to say:
'Tis not for *thee*; so, go thy way!

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CAMPING-OUT.

OF five years which I recently spent in India, some of the pleasantest reminiscences are those connected with camp-life. It is true that never having had the good fortune to go on active service, I cannot claim to have seen the most exciting description of existence under canvas; but of nearly every other kind of camping-out I have had, at anyrate so far as India is concerned, full and pleasant experience. Once, indeed, I was lucky enough to be placed in charge of a very large camp—that, namely, in which His Excellency the Commander-in-chief, accompanied by the principal officers and offices of the Army Headquarters Staff, made his winter tour some two or three years ago. That was a very grand affair, everything in the way of tentage, transport, and so forth being *double*, so as to allow an empty camp to be always ready for occupation one march ahead. This is the essence of comfort in marching, especially in India, where it is anything but pleasant, after a long ride or trudge, to have to wait perhaps hours in a blazing sun until one's tents come up from the last camping-ground. Then, again, all the tents belonged in this instance to a camp equipage specially kept up by the government of India for the commander-in-chief's use; everything was consequently on a most liberal scale. His Excellency himself was accommodated in a truly royal fashion, his camp equipage being very different from the English military officer's bell-shaped tabernacle, or from the flimsy structures which holiday-seekers consider sufficient accompaniments to a river-trip. At each camping-ground, he found waiting for him two enormous piles of canvas, connected by a passage, and fronted by an awning. Each of these two great tents, which were duly carpeted and furnished throughout, were divided into three good-sized apartments; and the canvas, poles, and ropes weighed about five tons. In rear was a space inclosed by canvas walls, in one corner of which was a kitchen tent; while outside was to be found a

stable tent, a luxury seldom met with even in India. This collection of canvas dwellings, duly guarded by sentries, stood at the head of a long street, on each side of which were ranged the tents of the staff, their offices, servants, &c. The entire central camp, again, was flanked by the smaller camps of a squadron of cavalry and a wing of infantry, forming His Excellency's escort.

The above could not, of course, be compared with a large standing camp such as that in which, last year, the Viceroy of India received the Amir of Afghanistan at Rawal Pindi; but for a flying-camp it was of highly respectable dimensions. Indeed—irrespective of the escort—some fifty elephants, two hundred camels, and a number of country carts were required to keep it in motion; while for pitching and striking the tents, we had quite a regiment of *khalassis*, a race of natives who live about Oudh and Fyzabad, and are particularly clever at this kind of work. In working the machinery of the camp, the chief difficulty was to dispose the tents day after day according to a 'sealed pattern,' deviations from which had to be avoided as far as was absolutely possible. The country traversed was somewhat a rough one, and the camping-grounds none of the best; but the *khalassis* were wonderfully skilful; and the regularity with which, sometimes almost in the jungle, this mass of canvas was run up in a few hours, with spaces correctly left and tent-pegs aligned with the utmost accuracy, amazed me greatly, even though I was so fully behind the scenes. As to the manner of marching between camps, every one besides the escort and myself and subordinates, seemed to take things very comfortably. A cup of tea in the early morning, a ride of perhaps a dozen miles, with generally some shooting *en route*, breakfast in the next camp, and then to the duties or pleasures of the day. I may mention that the camp was duly accompanied by a travelling post-office, so that, although we were going straight across country, there was a regular delivery of letters, and official work could be carried on just as easily

as in a station. As regards amusement, there was almost always shooting to be had, especially with small game; and in the evening, occasional lawn-tennis, a court being improvised during the day, to the music of a band which accompanied the escort. At large military stations, His Excellency held levees; and at several native towns he exchanged visits with local rajahs, the tatterdemalion escorts of the latter contrasting poorly with the trim, well-mounted troopers who pranced behind the chief.

For myself, of course, the *dolce far niente* was well-nigh impossible; but on the whole I had, as the Americans say, 'a very good time.' As officer in charge, I had daily to go on in advance, leaving the existing camp as a rule about two P.M., and having a pretty hot march in consequence. Arrived at the next camping-ground, I marked out, with the help of an advance-party detailed for that purpose, the new camp, arranging, if necessary, for a small road to connect the entrance with the main route. The supplies were then inspected; and as the tents came up, they were rapidly unloaded and pitched. The majority were generally ready in a few hours; but the commander-in-chief's tents took all night to erect and arrange. I usually waited until the *khalassis* had upreared the big poles, which they always did to the accompaniment of a tremendous *pæan*, and then I turned in, arising early next morning to see the finishing touches put, and always being careful to see the flagstaff properly set in front of His Excellency's tent, the flag to be run up the moment he entered the ground.

As a rule, the work went very smoothly, owing to the skill, experience, and energy of my subordinates; but of course there *were* hitches, which we took good care to keep well out of sight. On one occasion, the ridge-pole of a huge tent snapped in two on the march, and it was only by the most curious and elaborate splicing that the tent could be pitched at all that evening. Then, again, while swimming some elephants across a river, we nearly lost one foolish monster, which persisted in going *down* stream until the commissariat warrant officer and I, who were following him in a boat, quite gave him up as lost. We called him bad names; we even stuck spears into him, but to no purpose; the wretched brute seemed bent upon going down to the sea. Suddenly, to our relief, he turned, and reached the opposite bank, his flanks distended with the water he had swallowed, and his head lacerated with the blows which his driver had laid on with the *ankas*, the iron crook which mahouts, or elephant-drivers, have used since the days of Alexander. On a third occasion, the camping-ground was terribly lumpy, and it became necessary to level a hillock of quite a respectable altitude. This seemed at first a wild impossibility; but the local headman turned out the entire village, men, women, and children with shovels and baskets, and the thing

was managed somehow. I remember that camp very well, for on the same evening I received a note from one of the staff in the camp I had left, 'suggesting' that, as a scratch race-meeting would be very good fun, a racecourse should be prepared forthwith. Fancy preparing a racecourse in about four hours of daylight! Luckily, the ground was so manifestly unsuitable, that I escaped any very severe censure for my unseemly neglect of orders.

To cut a long story short—the march passed off very well; and as an instance of 'camping-out' in style, was a most interesting experience to a junior officer like myself. A curious contrast it was to marching with one's regiment, where one's sole accommodation is a 'Kabul' tent with little room in it for anything besides a camp-bed, the entire canvas, ropes, poles, and pegs weighing but eighty pounds. However, even in these circumstances a march has many pleasant features, if only as a relief to the weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable life of cantonments. The chief discomfort, perhaps, lies in the very early hour at which operations have to be commenced. The 'rouse' bugle as a rule is sounded about four A.M.; and shortly afterwards the sleepy officer is awakened by his servant bearing a lamp in one hand, and a cup of tea or cocoa in the other. At the time of year when regiments in India are marching in course of relief, it is bitterly cold, and dressing is not an inspiring process. About half-past four you issue shivering from your tent, and proceed to where the men of your company are loading elephants, camels, mules, or pack-bullocks with their camp equipage and kits. The scene is a busy and picturesque one, for all the light at this early hour is derived from torches and blazing fires, and the confusion seems indefinite. At about ten minutes to five, however, the loading is completed; the 'fall-in' is sounded; and punctually at five away goes the regiment as merrily as the darkness and the occasional eccentricities of the road will allow. After the first half-hour, a short halt is called; and thenceforward halts of five minutes in every hour, not including the long 'coffee halt,' usually at about six miles from the last camp. During the coffee halt, every one has coffee or tea and biscuits, the day having by this time broken; and when once more the regiment moves off, the band strikes up, and the brass instruments take turn about with the drums and fifes until the next camp is reached. Here the regiment finds the camp already marked out by the camp colour-party sent on the night before for that purpose. In a very short time the camp is fully pitched; a general toilet follows, and a most welcome breakfast; and then, possibly some shooting, lunch, a stroll, an early dinner in the big mess tent, a chat round a camp-fire, and bed. Not a very exciting existence, but a very sociable and eminently healthy one. For, although—except when the regiment is marching 'at attention,' or when carrying the colours—infantry officers are generally allowed to mount their ponies on the march, this privilege is seldom taken advantage of, and the daily trudge

of twelve or fifteen miles has a decidedly good effect.

Camping-out in the hills is a very pleasant method of spending at least part of the two months' leave to which every officer in India is, if he can be spared, entitled. The scenery on these trips is generally of the most magnificent order, and the vegetation occasionally luxuriant and extremely beautiful. At a height of perhaps eight thousand feet above the sea-level, grand forests of evergreen oak are to be found, and green glades which would do credit to an English park. The creepers and ferns often baffle description, the maiden-hair growing in almost rank profusion. But a march in the hills, to be enjoyed, must be made leisurely, and sufficient supplies have to be taken from the starting-place, to supplement the scanty provender obtainable from the rude villages of the hill-men. Transport-animals are, as a rule, inadmissible, owing to the rudimentary state of the footpaths; but human substitutes are always available, and generally trustworthy and efficient. But camping-out in the hills has been so admirably described by Mr Andrew Wilson in his *Abode of Snow*, a book too well known to require recommendation, that any personal reminiscences would probably fall very flat.

To many minds, the most delightful of all forms of camp-life, even putting the question of sport on one side, is an expedition into the jungle after big game at the end of the cold weather. For it must not be supposed that because the cantonment, with its dusty roads and heat-collecting walls, is at this time of year becoming almost intolerable, the jungle is equally so. In the deep silent recesses of the jungle it may not be actually cool; but with tents pitched in a bosky grove, and with the distraction of constant occupation when in the open, the heat can well be borne. At the beginning of the hot weather, too, many of the jungle trees are looking, if not their best, at anyrate passing well. The comprehensive banyan as depicted in many a child's picture-book; the grateful mango, the jungle fruit of which, however, savours too much of turpentine to be palatable; the *mhowa*, with its thick sun-resisting foliage, and heavily scented white blossoms, on the distilled essence of which myriads of natives are perpetually drunk; above all, the sacred pipal, with glossy leaves, finely pointed like those of the vine—all these, and many more, with flowers, some fruits, fantastic creepers, and overflowing undergrowth, put on bright dresses to welcome the refugee from the orderly-room and the court. Of animal life, at first sight, the presence is not so conspicuous; but when a beat takes place, the latent profusion speedily bursts forth; and from nooks and crannies, startled by the harsh cries and the resounding *aves* of the beaters, come forth sometimes enough birds and beasts to stock a menagerie. Usually the first to herald the commencement of a beat, skurries forth the peacock, followed, maybe, by a scampering gray boar, or a hare, or a fretful porcupine. Sometimes a great body is heard crashing through the thicket, and out trots a shaggy stag with branching antlers—the *sambhar*, from whose yellow-tanned hide indifferent good shooting-gaiters are to be made. He stands for a moment all but motionless, and

it would be easy to roll him over in his tracks. But if it be a beat for tiger, the finger must rest motionless on the trigger until the monarch himself appears, sullen at this ignoble disturbance of his siesta.

The routine of a shooting expedition in the Indian jungle has been often and well described by sporting litterateurs. But there is perhaps room still left for a series of loving sketches of the inner life of the jungle, with its countless wonders of flora and fauna, its strange sounds, its differences from any other form of existence. Sitting up even at night in the midst of some great forest, like that, for instance, which clothes a large part of the Central Provinces, and listening to the innumerable forest-voices all around—the chirrup of the cicala, the dull sonorous call of the tiger to his mate, with interruptions of a peculiarly resonant bird-note, the exact counterpart of the noise made by a stone flung along the ice—hearing all this in the jungle gloom, one sometimes thinks with fond audacity that it would be worth attempting a sympathetic description of this sequestered life. But as 'the vision of dawn is leisure,' and 'the truth of day is toil,' so the pleasures of camping-out fade in the return to the cares and distraction of work. From the little tent in the mango-grove, the sportsman returns to the office desk or the parade-ground. The poetry of the jungle is succeeded by the prose of evidence or drill, and the pen from which so much careful observation coupled with graceful fancy and romantic imagery should have flowed, is devoted to the production of sterner stuff, or lies idle and corroded, an inglorious companion of the dried-up inkpot.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XVII.—AS THE HARE RAN.

RICHARD CABLE entered his cottage quietly; his mother was engaged with the children, preparing them for bed. Six little white things sat side by side in their nightshirts, with their small feet hanging down, on the bedside, their yellow hair combed out, wet, and spread over their shoulders. Mrs Cable was washing the baby, who was quite naked; and she had a thick towel, and was rubbing the little head, and working the short hair into curls by doing so. The baby did not mind the water or the towel; but the towel had a fringe, and the tiny fingers tried to catch the fringe and pull it out, with a view, doubtless, to ultimately eating it.

Over the bed was cast a blue-and-white check coverlet; and the walls were whitewashed. There were white valance and curtains to the small window. Above the bed was a coloured chromolithograph of Christ blessing little children; and under that, a photograph of Polly, the mother of the seven.

'There is your father,' said Bessie Cable; 'say your prayers to him.—Now—not all of you at once off the bed.—Sit still, Effie and Jane; take care of Lettice and Susie; they will tumble.—

Mary first; only the twins shall say their prayers together, because they are twins.'

So Mary, as the eldest, descended from the bed and came over the floor, her little feet, still wet, printing themselves on the deal-boards. She knelt down at her father's knees as he sat on a low chair, and began her prayers. He removed his hat, and as the golden evening light poured into his face through the window, he put his hand over his eyes. Then, when Mary had done, she stood up, kissed her father, and scrambled on to the bed again; whilst Effie and Jane slid down and knelt, one at the right foot, the other at the left, of their father and closed their little hands on his knees.

When all had done but the baby, then there were six of the prettiest little heads laid on white pillows in one bed, three at head, and three at foot, all with twinkling blue eyes and smiling lips and golden hair. Then Richard, with his great rough hand, smoothed the sheet, turned down at top under all the little chins, and stood and looked at them.

'Do you know,' said he, 'that here on this flat Essex coast in spring the seabirds come and make their nests in the marshes and on the saltings? Now, if there were to be high tides then, the poor little fledglings would be drowned, and the parent birds would fly about screaming, broken-hearted, unable to do anything for their young. But God thinks of the seabirds, and in spring on this coast, He sends us the *bird-tides*—that is, very low tides—all the while the little ones are in the nests and unable to escape. When your father was in the storm, and his boat broke from her anchors and was swept away and wrecked, he was not drowned. God thought of the little birds in their downy nest, and spared him for their sakes. There are bird-tides to men as there are to feathered fowl.—Now, go to sleep.'

His mother said: 'Dick! do look how baby has torn out my gray hair!'

He took the child, and spread out the tiny hand in his own great palm and sat studying it. The infant was quite happy on her father's knee, feeling one strong arm about her.

'What is it, Dick?' asked Mrs Cable.

'Nothing,' he replied; 'only, I was looking at the little mite of a hand, and thinking if there were not bird-tides to us, these tiny fingers and delicate little bones would never come to be great and strong and hard as mine.'

'I wish you'd take the bath down for me,' said Mrs Cable. 'It's heavier than I can carry.'

'I'll give the soapy water to the young lettuce and broccoli—it will keep away the slugs,' said Richard.

Then he went down the few steps into the basement, holding the wooden tub, blue-painted, half-full of soapy water, in which his seven little children had been bathed. It was not easy to carry it down without spilling the contents in splashes on the stair; but Dick Cable was steady and sure-footed, as a sailor need be, and not a drop was upset. Then he went out with the tub into the garden and set it down near the bed of young plants that were to be soused with

it. He returned to the kitchen for a bowl wherewith to ladle the water out, and found a tin one with a wooden handle. He knelt down by the tub and dipped the bowl. The sun was set—set to the garden; but some of the light still caught the willow trees, and the dancing leaves were as of gold against the blue sky. He scattered the soapy water over the bed of seedlings; then he paused, kneeling on one knee, resting the bowl on the ground, and lapsed into thought. His face was troubled; usually open as the day, a cloud was on it now, a cloud that would not disperse. From far away, the mutter of the sea could be heard as the waves broke upon the clay banks; it formed a pleasant murmur, a low bass tune, whilst in the wind the twinkling willow leaves whispered falsetto. He dipped the bowl again and distributed some more soapy water.

The evening was very still. A dog was barking on a farm, perhaps a couple of miles away. Mosquitoes began to hum about his ears. He paid them no heed; they would not molest him.

Presently his mother came out and surprised him, when he had not half emptied the tub. 'What, Dick! Not done this yet?'

'I must not pour it all at once on the bed, but let it sop in little by little.'

'Dick, what is the matter with you?'

'With me, mother?' He turned his head and looked up at her; he, still kneeling, she standing behind him.

'Yes, Dick. There is something. You've been more silent and thoughtful of late; and when you've taken the baby of nights, when fractious, and walked up and down trying to soothe it, you've not sung *There's Grog in the Captain's Cabin—Water down below*, as you always used, but another tune altogether, that has no words to it.'

'I suppose I tired of the old song,' he said, smiling.

'And—in the Bay of Biscay, O! you have not sung that,' she said.

'I'm tired of that also, perhaps.'

'But the new song has no words to it.—What is the matter with you, Dick?'

'Mother,' he answered gravely, 'I'll tell you straight out. For the first time in my life, I don't see my way plain before me. That is it.'

'What has come to obscure it, Dick?'

'Mother, do you know that Miss Cornellis has given me a ship—that which has been building of late in Grimes' yard; and she has called it after herself, the *Josephine*?'

'Well?' Mrs Cable asked with a catch in her breath.

'And I don't know whether I ought to have accepted her, and I don't see how I could have refused; and I'm puzzled altogether—I am.'

'Why do you think you ought not to have accepted the boat?' asked his mother, looking intently at him.

He hastily ladled out some more soapy water. 'That's not so easy to answer,' he said, and considered again.

'Dick, you've been thinking a good deal of late of this Miss Josephine.'

'Yes, mother, I have; I could not help it.'

'You should have fought against the thought.'

'I do not know that. She seems to me to be just as I seed her that night of the storm, tossing

and distracted, not knowing whither she is going, or how to row.'

'She's nothing to you. You are not her captain.'

He started; he remembered the words addressed to him when he was offered the boat. 'I'm troubled about her, mother.'

'But you can do nought for her.'

He did not answer at once; he threw out some more soapy water. 'If I could help her, and she called me to help her, I would be bound to do my best.—Mother, what would you think of the captain who in a gale o' wind saw another vessel in distress, signalling, and were to go on his course and give no heed? Nelson, when he was engaged in a naval battle, was told that his admiral had signalled to retreat. Then Nelson turned his blind eye in that direction, and vowed he could not see the summons to run away. But, mother, you would have me clap a blind eye to the quarter whence a poor little drifting, helmless, water-logged craft is appealing for help. 'Tain't seamanship that, mother.' Then he laid aside the bowl, but remained kneeling, looking down into the tub of soapy water, where two bubbles were floating, and he watched these bubbles curiously, as though their course concerned him. One was a large bubble, the other small; the water was in vibration, and they swung from side to side; but also, as it had a circular motion, they floated near each other, and the little one drew towards the great bubble, and the great one seemed about to take the small one in tow—no—at one moment as if they would coalesce in one. He was wonderfully taken up with these soap-bubbles. His mother stood by looking at him, and he looked at these globes.

'My dear Dick,' said Mrs Cable, 'you're deceiving of your own self. You think you're acting out of pure charity, and it's no such thing. There's something more than charity in your heart—there is love.'

He made no answer; he was engrossed in the course of those bubbles; they were riding side by side, swinging round the tub.

'It is of no use, Dick. You've heard what the sailors tell of the spirit-ship; all white-painted, with white sails and gilded prow, crowding by in the moonlight. When she is hailed, she makes no answer; and when you are drawn on, all at once you are on a rock or a sandbank, and the spirit-ship has disappeared. She is this ship. She is very beautiful and strange, and an altogether unknown and un-understood craft to the likes of you. She belongs to another world to yours—and woe betide you if you follow her! She will lead you to your ruin. The sailors say that there are troubled souls in the spirit-ship that will find no rest till she is brought into port and to anchor. But what are you, to board her and take the helm and conduct her? That is not for you—for such as you. It won't do. The spirits must man and guide the spirit-ship, and the mortals keep their distance.'

Then Richard Cable, still following the bubbles, put his finger to them, to insist on their uniting; and instantly they burst, and no trace remained.

'Dick,' continued his mother, 'it is all folly. She is a born lady, with a fortune and education, and gentle belongings and tastes and cultivated thoughts; and you're nought but a common

sailor lad, with no money and no learning, and only a vulgar mother, and seven little children.'

He seized his mother's hand and kissed it, when she said—a vulgar mother. She took no notice, but went on: 'Seven little children, all exacting, and needing much forethought and patience to rear them aright.—Now, how can you think it possible that such a one as Miss Josephine Cornellis should stoop so low as to you?'

'I do not think it,' he said hastily; 'I never have dared to think it possible. I would not ask it. But I cannot help myself. I must do what I can for her when she comes in her pleading way to me. She has no thought of me, nor I of her, other than as one vessel at sea signals to another, and that other makes towards her. Mother, when that is so, there is no thought of lashing the two together.'

'If the two vessels were so lashed, what would happen?'

'If the sea were rough, they'd sink each other, of course.'

'They'd sink each other, of course,' repeated Mrs Cable. 'Remember that, Dick, and don't go too near her, nor let her come too near you. Keep a wide berth between you.'

'Mother,' said he, with his fingers in the soapy water, 'what am I to do about that boat she's given me?' Then he wrote, with his finger in the water, the name 'Josephine.'

'I do not know. I must consider. You will give up lightship work if you keep her.'

'Can I refuse her?'

'If you mind to stick to your present line of life, you can make that an excuse.'

'But I should hurt her, were I to refuse.'

'It may hurt her if you keep the boat. Folks will talk.'

'I might let the craft out and bide on in the Hanford port service myself as lightshipman.'

'It is a bad job either way. I wish you'd never come across Miss Cornellis.'

Richard shook his head. 'She was brought to me; I did not seek her. I was looking away to land over the dark frothing sea, to the belt of willows, thinking of my babes and of you, mother, when all at once I saw her, and that she needed help.'

'And she drew you away in thought from them and from me?'

Again he shook his head. 'They are never out of my heart. Mother, it's just like this house; sometimes the children are singing and laughing in it, and sometimes they're coiled up and asleep. If I'm still at any moment, I think I can hear them all seven breathing, deep in me; and whilst I wait, I see their eyes open and smile at me. They are always there, but not always chirping.'

'And now you've let a young cuckoo in who will kick your own out.'

'That is not possible,' answered Richard Cable. 'If the Lord bade the cuckoo egg be laid, and the young cuckoo be reared in the same nest with the yellowhammers, is it for the parent bird and nest-builder to kick out the egg? The one heart can warm them all.'

'I wish to heaven you'd never seen anything of her! I can't wish she were drowned, but anything short of that; and I wish you'd not been

called in to save her, and contract an acquaintance which will do you mischief, and no good.'

'I did not seek it. I keep away from her now as much as ever I can; but it comes over me that she is *sent* to me, or perhaps that I'm called to pilot her. I cannot help myself. I do my duty up to my light. In past times, there was no difficulty in seeing my way, and now there is—it begins to be not so plain. There's something disturbing the compass, and what that is, I cannot tell; but I'll get my bearings all right again shortly, never fear.'

'Dick,' said his mother, 'I've never spoken to you of your father, because it is no pleasure to either of us to think of him. He was a gentleman. I, a poor girl, an orphan. I was ignorant, and I thought, like you, that I could be a help and comfort to him. I found out my error too late. He was false and treacherous, and forsook me and you. All seemed to me right and simple before I took him: I could be of use to him in a thousand ways such as no lady could; and he was a man that needed me and all my little acquirements, homely as they were. But when we were married, then we found out that we did not agree together; he had his ways, and I mine; he was out of heart at once, and left me. You're making the same mistake that I did. Do you suppose that the ostrich and the eagle think alike and have the same tastes? Why, the eagle is all for flying, and the ostrich for running; and the latter hides his head in the sand, and the other looks the sun full in the face without blinking. They see differently, think differently, have different pursuits. No, no, Richard. Miss Cornellis is a soaring, bold, and beautiful eagle; and you're nothing but an ungainly ostrich. Though I'm your mother, I say it.'

Then Richard laughed and stood up, holding the tub in both hands, and as he laughed, the soapy water danced and splashed in the tub. He took it to the head of the sloping bed, and tilted it on one side, and allowed the water to run down the furrows between the young plants, not quickly, but slowly, that it might sink in.

The evening had closed, but there was light in the sky, that beautiful pearly twilight which makes the June nights an echo of the day. As he was thus tilting the bath, he heard a cry, upset the rest of the water, sprang up the bank, and looked in the direction whence he heard it. In another moment he was over the bank. He had seen some one—a girl—Josephine in the channel, running in the shallow water, seawards, with extended arms; then he saw her fall, then pick herself up and run on. He pursued her. In that pebble-floored channel, the water deepened, the cold wavelets ran in from the open sea; if any one went on far enough, that person would be soon out of depth, between the clay banks, up which there was no climbing. The water was already deep; it was above her knees; she could no longer run; she threw herself down in the waves, and was at once caught and drawn out and held up by Cable.

'Miss Cornellis—Miss Josephine!—what is it?'

She uttered another cry; she could not speak; but she put her arms round his neck and clung to him; and he carried her back, wading in

the water, till he came to the seawall; then he crossed his plank bridge, and bore her into the cottage. As the hare had run a few hours before—poor fool—so had she.

THE JACKAROO.

As many of our readers may be already aware, the above is the invariable local name, or rather nickname, given to those young men who are sent out to the Australian colonies from almost every part of the United Kingdom in order to learn sheep or cattle farming—generally the former—as carried on at the antipodes; in other words, to serve an apprenticeship to the remunerative business which has become, by a curious distortion of its original meaning, universally known as squatting. As might be expected, these consignments—for it is in that character that the majority arrive—from the mother-land vary widely in rank, education, and means. For instance, we have the scion of some wealthy and noble family who comes, not with any serious idea of acquiring knowledge of the business, but simply because he wants a change for a year or so—perhaps from the strain of fast London life, or it may be from over-study at school or college. More generally, though, the first of these reasons is the correct one; and after a few months of healthy bush-life, finding himself completely restored, the gilded youth begins to feel terribly dull, and departs.

Again, we have the sons of respectable middle-class people, mostly from the English counties, who come out accredited to good stock and station business houses, by whom they are, as opportunity offers, placed on stations as Jackaroos, or colonial-experience men, sometimes at a small premium, which, however, is almost always returned as wages. These young men—many of them scarcely out of their teens—have in many cases already tried their hand at something in England—as medical students, clerks, surveyors, &c.; and finding that it was either the old story of the square peg in the round hole over again, or thinking, perhaps, that they could do better at a new business in a new land, have prevailed upon their friends to give them a fresh start. Many of this class turn out good men. They find that bush-life agrees with them, take an interest in their occupation, and in time become overseers, managers, and eventually—aided of course by home friends—may own a station or two of their own.

As for the irretrievably scampish family disgrace, the black-sheep, whose relations seem to imagine that Australia, of all places, is the one fitted up by Providence specially for the reception of their incubus—he generally goes to the dogs there as fast as if he had remained at home, although a few instances have happened in which the expatriation of the *mauvais sujet* turned out for the best, spite of strenuous efforts to the contrary on his own side. A case of the kind once came under the writer's notice, and is well worthy of brief relation.

Some years ago, a young fellow, the only son of very well-to-do people in England, came out duly accredited to an unsuspecting and very wealthy uncle, a squatter, whose property was situated in what at that period was a far out

and unsettled district in Northern Queensland. At home, they had been able to do nothing with him. Fairly incorrigible, he broke his mother's heart, and was a source of enduring shame and vexation to his father and to his other relatives, till at last, in a lucky moment, they were enabled sternly and peremptorily to call upon him to make a choice between an enforced sojourn at Portland in one of Her Majesty's establishments, or to take a voluntary and prolonged trip to the antipodes.

His career in the colony was but a repetition of his English one; and finally, his uncle, tired out and disgusted, refused to have anything more to do with him, or to recognise their relationship any longer, at the same time writing to the young man's father strongly deprecating the remitting of any more money to his graceless son, whose name was fast becoming a byword for vice and dissipation from one end of Queensland to the other.

So time passed; and at length, finding supplies altogether stopped, young H.—completely threw off all semblance of civilisation, and joining a powerful tribe of aborigines, took unto himself a partner from amongst the dark daughters of the soil, and became in all respects as one of themselves. Two years elapsed, during which time the squatters' sheep and cattle had been repeatedly stolen and speared, and despite the vigilant watch of native troopers, the depredators had, with singular skill and audacity, succeeded in eluding capture. At length, one cool, gray, spring dawn, as the marauders were stealthily driving away a mob of choice fat bullocks, the troopers came upon them. Led by their chief, who carried firearms, and contrary to their usual custom, the thieves offered a desperate resistance to the furious onslaught of the black police, who, when engaged in the work of destroying their own kind, become very demons. Shot through the neck and chest, their leader at last fell, and the scant remnant of his men made the best of their way into the desert.

Mr —, who happened to be with the troopers, soon recognised, in the dark features of the apparent savage who lay bleeding to death on the thick salt bush, the face of his sister's son, and had him carried carefully to the station, where, after many weary months of illness, he arose from his sick-bed a changed man, one truly with 'a broken and a contrite heart;' served as manager with his uncle till the latter's death, many years afterwards; and then, inheriting all the great estates of which he had for so long been the general superintendent, he became the wealthiest as well as one of the most respected and popular landholders in the colony.

From two classes, or perhaps, more correctly, nationalities, are drawn chiefly the capable and intelligent men who fill these positions of trust, difficulty, and oftentimes great danger, in the 'Land of the Golden Fleece,' and of these, first in order comes the native-born Australasian, then the Scotchman. The former, most likely, if not himself related to pastoralists, has friends who are connected in some way with the paramount interest of the country, and from his earliest youth has been accustomed to hear that interest spoken of in some form or other—sheep, cattle, wool, hides, &c. Station-life, therefore, seems

to him his natural goal, and he takes to it kindly, feels an interest in everything he does, works hard amongst and for the animals themselves; and in time, with a little help from kindly pastoral relatives or friends, perhaps, but very rarely totally unaided, he passes the initiatory stages of jackaroo and overseer, to manager of a small station, at a salary of from one to two hundred pounds a year. If, however, he should be lucky enough to have both interest and ability, it is quite probable that he may very rapidly obtain the highest prize on the managerial list, worth, say, twelve hundred pounds per annum. Generally, though, the small station is the preliminary training for the more important post with its multifarious duties and responsibilities, and in which, especially in these days of almost aggressive free selection, an apparently immaterial error of judgment may in the long-run work nearly irreparable damage and loss. Of course it goes without saying that a man to be a successful manager of a pastoral property should know almost everything that there is to be known about stock, their capabilities, and those of the particular country under his charge. Of old, that was about sufficient; but nowadays, in addition, the modern manager must, if he aspire any higher than a four-mile block and five or six thousand sheep, be a bit of a lawyer, and a bit of a land-agent as well; he should have the Old and New Land Acts with all their amendments at his fingers' ends, and the Impounding Act by heart. An inkling, however slight, of the surveyor's craft will be wonderfully handy at times; and if he has a little practical knowledge of steam as applied to vertical and horizontal engines, he will find that its possession will make an appreciable difference in his salary. Irrigation and the construction of silos are subjects beginning to play an important part in station management, and the more a man knows practically about these things the higher value will his services command.

As for the young Scotchman, then, who has pastoral friends or relatives in some part or other of the Australias, he will find them willing to give him on his arrival a chance to show what he is made of; for they will probably pack him off 'up-country' as a 'colonial-experience,' giving him from thirty to thirty-five pounds a year to start with. The youngster rarely has much money in his pockets when he lands, and this is his one chance. As a rule, with characteristic plodding perseverance, he rises, differing from the colonial in that, when once at the top of the tree, he is even then not satisfied: he is managing a station only—he must own one; and, truth to say, he generally ends by so doing, sometimes half a dozen. Educational superiority will be found to lie with the new-chum; and for a time at least, practical experience with the native.

It is safe to say that in Australia proper, sixty per cent. of station-managers are either Scotchmen or natives, whilst in New Zealand, the former, both as managers and owners, exceed far and away every other nationality. Of course, the process of serving a pastoral apprenticeship varies greatly. There are, for instance, stations whose owners make a specialty of taking colonial-

experience men only on payment of a handsome premium, and who have nominally in their service at times as many as eight or ten young fellows, who have a large and handsomely furnished house to themselves, with a couple or three servants, grooms, &c. But these are mostly sons of wealthy people, and they do not go in for the thing in earnest, indeed have no necessity to do so, and simply pick up as much as is absolutely necessary for the possible absentee owner *in futuro* to know. They do pretty much as they like, come and go when they please, and are to all intents and purposes independent.

These, however, are exceptional establishments. The average jackaroo on the average station is a very different species. He lives certainly with a fair degree of comfort, but also without the slightest approach to luxury. His 'barracks' are as to the walls innocent of aught but whitewash; as to the floor, bare boards. A few stools, a rickety chair or two, and a table, constitute the furniture of this common dining and sitting room, out of which doors open into small bedrooms, furnished in accordance with the ideas of their several owners whose sanctums they are, the one place of all where the jackaroo can 'sport his oak' and bid defiance to intruders. On most stations, the 'bachelors' hall' or 'barracks' is a large cottage built of slabs or weatherboards; and here dwell perhaps four or five young men, who receive from thirty-five to forty pounds a year, with a stated allowance of rations—an allowance, however, generally so plentiful as to make the term, in a restricted sense at least, a misnomer.

If a new-comer, after the first twelve months' experience, shows himself of any use at all, he will probably find his salary raised to fifty-two pounds a year; though at that figure, unless he has influence or is very exceptionally smart, he may remain. If a vacancy occurs amongst the overseers, the manager naturally looks through his young aides to see if one of them is capable of taking the position, before going further afield for a successor; and generally the best man gets the billet, worth from eighty to eighty-five pounds per annum. The station finds the jackaroos' mess a cook, as it would be sheer loss of time and provisions to let them dress their own food. Many owners also allow a liberal quantity of 'extras' to find their way from the station store to the messroom table; others, but in very rare instances, allow nothing but 'dry rations,' namely, tea, flour, sugar, and meat—any little luxuries, such as jam, butter, &c. having to be paid for out of their own pockets.

Wonderfully hard do they work at certain seasons of the year, getting through at those times most of the active outdoor duties of a large sheep-station; up, in shearing-time, long before day-break, into the saddle as the first gray streak opens out over the eastern horizon, and by sunrise, miles away, mustering distant paddocks in the cool of early morning for the flocks which must be at the great shearing-shed ere nightfall. Should the sheep prove stubborn—and very often such is the case—or the weather uncommonly hot, it may be midnight before the weary jackaroo, hoarse with shouting, coated with dust and perspiration—himself and horse, in fact, knocked out of time

altogether—regains headquarters, and quite possibly he has to make a 'camp-out' of it all the night with his charges.

When there is no especial press of work, things of course ease off, and cricket, football, &c. receive a due share of attention, some stations boasting crack Elevens and Fifteens to do battle against those of neighbouring properties and townships; and in the long winter evenings there are many worse places than the 'barracks,' with its blazing fire of huge myall logs, as it oftentimes echoes to merry jest and laugh and song and the musical screech of the omnipresent concertina. The one of longest standing and experience, possibly in age the youngest amongst them, takes the lead, receiving his orders from the overseer, who has his from the manager himself. Overseers and colonial-experience men sometimes mess together; but in many cases, the former, together with the accountant, have separate quarters, and it is rarely that there is more than one overseer or at the most two overseers at the head station, the others being placed on outlying portions of the run.

We are, and have been, speaking of a holding, say, of three hundred thousand acres or so, and carrying one hundred and fifty thousand or more sheep. On smaller establishments, it is true a solitary jackaroo may perhaps be found; but, as a rule, it is only on the great properties, many of them with a world-wide reputation, that a number of young men are to be seen systematically going to work to obtain a thoroughly practical knowledge of the business.

A very noticeable and noteworthy feature of these small communities—and the writer has had no little experience of them—is an absence of all desire to torment or bully the new chum, be he ever so green, who joins their mess, granted, of course, that he behaves himself and does not put too much 'side' on, so as to make himself generally disagreeable. Take them as a whole, a more manly, generous, and kindhearted set of young fellows than are the jackaroos of Australia it would be impossible to find.

As to the relation in which the subject of our sketch stands to the rest of the station employees—after a time, and as he gradually gains experience, he is invested with a little authority—not much, certainly, but in such measure that he may, if he observe anything going wrong, or imagine that he does, take on himself to rectify it to the best of his ability, and in such a case can call upon others to do his bidding, and he will be obeyed without question. He sometimes makes mistakes, errors of judgment; but almost invariably, such are leniently dealt with by the powers that be, if even they, as at times happens, result in loss of property. 'I'd sooner see one of my youngsters attempt to use his own judgment in a pinch, even if it cost me money out of pocket every time he did so!' I once heard a well-known and popular manager of one of the largest stations in the colony exclaim.

The jackaroo, then, is treated with respect by the station hands, and is invariably addressed as Mr So-and-so. In his hours of leisure he has the entrée to what society there may be around; at neighbouring squatters, and the best houses of country townships, in which—doffing the dusty and often dilapidated moleskin pants,

cotton shirt, and shapeless felt sombrero of work-a-day wear; and laying aside for a while leggings, whip, and spurs—he, attired in the garments of sartorial civilisation, is ever a welcome guest; and although employed in all kinds of manual labour, at times both hard and eminently disagreeable, he never on that account, amongst the veriest snobs—and even in remote bush society are such to be found—loses his status of gentleman.

Although the new-comer may not guess it, the manager himself directs the manner of his 'breaking-in'; and although he may never be aware of it, his actions are watched, and the quantity and quality of his small work, when completed, are as closely inspected, and as duly reported upon at headquarters, as if of the uttermost importance. Not that this is done with any hostile feeling—far from it. The executive simply wish to find out what sort of material they have to deal with; they want to ascertain if it is stuff that is worth trouble to tend and cultivate, or whether it will pay them better to leave it alone and to waste neither time nor trouble over.

If the jackaroo is already able to ride, so much the better; he will simply have to shorten his stirrup-leathers, get accustomed to the rather clumsy-looking but most indispensable knee-pads of the colonial saddle, and perhaps cling tighter to the pigskin than he could have imagined possible in the old English days, should at any time his evil star lead him to think that he is fit to tackle a 'buck-jumper.' If ignorant of horsemanship, he is after a while handed over to the head-stockman, who chooses him a quiet old horse, and soon has him able to canter—the trot is a pace abhorred by the average bush horseman, who calls it 'working a passage;' and his delight and exultation at mastering that accomplishment are generally so intense that they invariably induce him to give up his steady-going old hack in contempt, and, spite of all advice, take a fancy for something younger and 'flasher,' much to his subsequent discomfiture and frequent acquaintance with mother earth.

At the end of a couple of years or so, our new-comer has had, to use a colonialism, 'most of his rough knots smoothed off;' and he is, or should be, not only capable of doing work himself, but knowing when it is correctly done by others; he should be able to calculate the cubic contents of any excavation, say, a tank and roadway, no such easy matter, if, as sometimes happens, they are of very unequal dimensions—and one that his Colenso remembrances will not help him much with; he should be able to 'race' a flock of sheep; superintend the erection of new lines of fencing, &c.; and above all, to feel a pleasure and interest in everything that concerns the prosperity of the establishment of which he forms part.

It may be thought that in this somewhat discursive paper rather too much stress has been laid on the necessity for possessing some sort of an introduction on the part of the intending jackaroo to pastoral society. Such, however, is really not the case. Certainly, if the experience-gainer be wealthy, or have the command of wealth, that alters affairs altogether; but it is not of that class that I have been writing, but

of young men of limited means; and these last will, without some such open sesame, however slight, find it curiously difficult to enter within the pale of 'jackaroodom.'

A RAILWAY JOURNEY AND ITS RESULTS.

SEVERAL years have passed away since I found myself set down, one summer evening, beneath the portico of the crowded and bustling terminus at King's Cross, an intending traveller by night-mail to Scotland, whither I was bound on a visit to my old friend Charlie Montgomerie, at the time commanding a regiment quartered in a northern barrack. Long years before, in days when the dawn of life still shone brightly, and the world lay, a distant and sun-gilt prospect, before us, we two had sworn firm friendship beneath the shadow of the old school buildings at Eton; nor, though we were early separated, had the compact then entered into been broken. Years, oceans, continents had often and long divided us; and though, soon after quitting Cambridge, I had been so fortunate as to pick up business at the bar, which by degrees increased so that, at the period of my northern visit, I was a hard-worked if not successful barrister, friendship between us had ever been maintained as cordially as widely severed paths in life permitted. One element, as the cynical may be disposed to think, was at anyrate in our favour, in that we were both unmarried; nor, so far at least as he had seen fit to confide in me, had my friend, though no misogynist, ever contemplated adding to his increasing responsibilities by taking to himself a wife.

The scene at the station that evening was sufficiently animated—motley and excited groups of English travellers hurrying hither and thither amid the hustle and bustle, rush and crush, of the train's approaching departure; for it was about the period of the great annual migration to the north. These were the dark days of the pre-smoking-carriage era; and unwilling to forego the accustomed solace of an after-dinner cigar, I secured, as I fondly hoped, though it were through the forbidden agency of a modest tip, the luxurious solitude of a first-class compartment. Having snugly ensconced myself in a corner of the carriage, I sat impatiently awaiting the shrill whistle of departure and the shout of 'Right away,' when I might safely light up. At that moment the door was suddenly flung open, and a lady rushed headlong, rather than stepped, into the carriage. Opportunity for adieus there was none; and the new arrival had barely time to beg her friends upon the platform to say 'Good-bye for her to Willie,' ere the train glided smoothly and swiftly from the station. Here, at anyrate, is an end to my carefully arranged plans, was the reflection with which I regretfully laid aside the now useless source of anticipated enjoyment on the narrow sill of the little window at my elbow, regarding the while as narrowly as I dared, yet stealthily withal, the living veto which had thus in a moment frustrated my selfish preparations. Nor was I able to deny that the result of my reconnaissance was such as to furnish a measure, at anyrate, of consolation for

the failure of my deep-laid schemes. My companion, no longer in the *première jeunesse*, it is true, was yet fair to look upon; and as we by-and-by drifted imperceptibly into conversation, I was no less quick to discover that a winsome charm of manner was added to more obvious attractions.

'Surely you had been intending to smoke,' she remarked after a while; 'if so, pray, do not allow my unceremonious intrusion to deprive you of the enjoyment of a cigar: you won't inconvenience me in the slightest degree; indeed, I generally join my brother and any friends who may be with us after dinner in the smoking-room.'

Permission thus graciously accorded, I lighted my cigar, and conversation by degrees dropped into grooves somewhat hackneyed: the beauties of the expiring season, the latest opera, anticipations of the forthcoming Goodwood, finally turning upon the probable designs of the French Emperor, whose then recent Italian campaign was by many viewed as a prelude to hostile demonstrations against ourselves.

'Have you seen much of the Continent?' I asked, prompted in my inquiry by the interest which my fair companion manifested in the warlike topics we had just been discussing.

'O yes,' was the reply. 'I've travelled a great deal, not merely over the beaten track of tourists, but having stayed with friends whose husbands have been quartered in the Mediterranean, I have visited both Malta and Gibraltar, enjoyed runs with the Calpe hounds, mingled fully in the joys of Valetta, danced at the convent at Gib., as well as at many a regimental ball in the magnificent old palaces of the Knights of Malta.'

'Oddly enough,' I remarked, 'I am just now on my way to visit my very oldest friend, who, some few years ago, shortly after the war, was quartered at both those stations.'

'And you,' hastily interrupted my companion, in seeming disregard of the object of my journey or its destination—'and you will surely wonder what brings me here, travelling by night alone, and intruding so unjustifiably upon your carefully prepared solitude.—The fact is, however,' she continued, 'I've been somewhat hastily summoned into Yorkshire. I live with my brother near Ascot; and it was during his absence from home, only late this afternoon, that I received a telegram from my sister begging me to lose not a moment in coming to her. I hurried as fast as I could to town—after all, barely catching the train for the north, as you just now saw.'

As night wore on, conversation between us grew more and more spasmodic, and I believe we had both succumbed to the influence of the drowsy god ere the train arrived at the station where my fair travelling acquaintance was to alight. As we drew up to the platform, I hastened to offer my services in the collection of her wraps and those manifold *impedimenta* without which no lady believes that she is thoroughly equipped for travelling, and we parted with kindly expressions of regret, begotten of an unexpected yet not wholly uncongenial companionship.

Left to myself, I fell to ruminating on the strange and unaccountable ways in which people

are sometimes thrown together, and as suddenly wrenched asunder, on their way through the world, and to speculating how chance acquaintance, with opportunity for development, might ripen into a warm friendship; and then it crossed my mind how accidental meetings, such as I had just chanced upon, resembled nothing so much as an exchange of numbers between passing vessels on the open ocean, each going her way and remembering the other no more.

The sun was some time risen upon the earth, when I awoke to find myself no great distance from the town in which my old friend was quartered, where I was speedily made welcome in the barracks of his regiment, and a participant in the genial hospitalities of its well-ordered mess. Amid the agreeable novelty of my surroundings, and in the enjoyment of Montgomerie's society, time passed only too rapidly away. There was indeed much to diversify the confined and monotonous existence of a hard-working barrister just emancipated from the musty atmosphere of law-courts and the study of interminable cases. The glorious panorama which the ramparts unfolded to my ever-admiring gaze—the picturesque Forth winding like the silvery folds of some gigantic serpent through the widespread and richly cultivated plain—was in itself enough to infuse new life and energy into a weary denizen of the dust-laden metropolis. Far away eastward, shrouded in the gray-green distance, lay the Pentlands and the Lammermoors; while mountain peaks and ranges towering heavenward in bewildering profusion, closed the western horizon. Nor was the constant and orderly revolution of the military machine, monotonous perchance to those more familiar with its daily pulsations, much less calculated to fascinate and delight a civilian's unaccustomed eye. But neither the charm of nature in her daintiest and most alluring garb, nor the brisk and animated soldier-society, in any measure rivalled the pleasure and gratification I derived from renewed association with Charlie Montgomerie. Nor was it long ere I imparted to him the circumstances of my unexpected adventure, by no means concealing the chagrin with which I at first regarded the invasion of my too assured solitude.

'Strange!' he remarked. 'You say the lady talked of having visited Malta and Gib. I wonder, how long ago? What was she like? Tall or short, blonde or brunette? Plain, you certainly said she was not; and her name you managed somehow or other not to discover. However,' added he, as though careless about pursuing the matter further, 'such lots of girls come out in the winter to stay with friends, especially at Gibraltar, that it would be no easy matter for me, who, as you know, have never been much of a hand with the fair, to identify her, especially as it is more than probable that I never set eyes on her at all.'

One evening, shortly before the day fixed for my departure, Montgomerie and I retired somewhat earlier than usual from mess, and having changed our clothes and disposed ourselves comfortably in the cosiest of easy-chairs in his quarters, prepared for a final gossip over our pipes before turning in. After discussing the probabilities of his obtaining leave to be present at my

intended marriage, which was to take place in town some time the ensuing spring, and respecting which I had at first endured a whole volley of good-natured chaff from the most confirmed of old bachelors, I determined, if possible, to gratify my curiosity on a subject which had never as yet been alluded to between us, and extract from Montgomerie the true version of a story, vague hints concerning which had some few years previously reached my ears.

'Charlie, old fellow,' said I, 'I wish you would tell me about that girl at Gib. some while ago—the girl, I mean, who bolted in a fellow's yacht when you were out there, and afterwards married him and went to India.'

'Why do you ask, Graham?' replied the colonel in tones more stern than was his wont. 'Who told you that the girl or her bolting was any concern of mine? Have any of my fellows been gossiping to you about my affairs?'

'Certainly not; I was quick to reply, knowing Montgomerie to be, like all good commanding officers, a bit of a Tartar where those under him were concerned. 'The fact is, the story of Miss Trevennen's escapade came to my knowledge in connection with some business transactions in which the man she married—whose name has wholly escaped my memory—was interested; and as the facts struck me at the time as remarkable, I thought it probable you might remember something about them.'

'Remember something about them! I should rather think I did—have too much reason to, in fact,' rejoined my companion carefully relighting his pet meerschau. 'So now, Graham, as you've asked the question, I'll make a clean breast of it, and give you the entire version of my only love-story.—You may bear in mind that when the army was broken up at Balaklava, the regiment—which old Tarleton then commanded—was ordered to Corfu. The Tarletons had always been great friends of mine; and when the colonel set up house again and Mrs Tarleton came out from England, our friendship was resumed, and I was often asked to dine. By-and-by we were moved to Malta, and there it was that my unfortunate acquaintance with Maud Trevennen commenced. She came out to stay with Mrs Tarleton, and naturally I saw a great deal of her. There were of course the usual objects of interest for a stranger to visit, provocative of riding-parties in the cool winter months; and ere long it became a sort of understood thing that my place was at Miss Trevennen's side, and that I should act cicerone in introducing to her the many lions of the island. Every evening, except Sunday and Friday, there was the opera, where I well remember how a youthful and ambitious prima-donna, dreaming of future triumphs and future gains at St Petersburg and Milan, would occasionally entrance an admiring audience by lilting old ballads in her charmingly broken English; and I became, as a matter of course, a regular visitor to the colonel's box. In addition to opportunities such as these, there were, of course, parties at Government House; afternoons on board ship, with music and dancing amid big guns, under canopies of bunting; and balls at the various messes; so that, in one way or another, it came about that hardly a day passed throughout the winter without our

meeting once, and sometimes oftener. Thus the cool season passed away, and it became time for all who would avoid the torrid heats and varied discomforts of Valetta to quit the isle where, according to classic fable, Calypso welcomed the son of Ulysses to her court, and betake themselves to the more salubrious climate of their native land'—

'But why on earth,' I interrupted impatiently, 'did you not propose to Miss Trevennen, Montgomerie, when, by your own showing, you had been constantly about her during the whole of a Malta season?'

'Now, don't go off at score, old fellow; be patient, and you shall hear the whole story. You appear to forget,' continued my friend, settling himself anew in his easy-chair, 'that my uncle was still living, so that at the time I had nothing beyond my captain's pay and the allowance he was ever so good as to make me, which, though amply sufficient to meet a bachelor's requirements, did not, as I considered, warrant me in proposing to a girl cradled in wealth and luxury, as I believed Maud Trevennen to have been. Well, at the commencement of the following winter, and, as I honestly believe, with a view to furthering what she deemed my best interests, Mrs Tarleton once more invited the young lady to visit her. Meantime, we had moved on to Gib., and among other changes, headquarters had been joined by one of our captains from the dépôt, for whom, I must honestly confess, I had never felt much warmth of friendship, Seymour by name'—

'Seymour!' I exclaimed. 'Why, that was the man's name I was just trying to remember.'

'Now, Seymour,' resumed Montgomerie, 'if not possessed of the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind, was nevertheless a very Croesus in the eyes of his brother-officers; and though a votary of too much, and games wherein success turned on the hazard of a die, bore impressed on surroundings, such as a luxuriously furnished sea-going yacht, and a stud of hunters fit to go with any reasonably accessible pack, the undeniable hall-mark of much ready-money. From the moment of their introduction, it was evident to all beholders that Seymour would spare no pains to ingratiate himself with Miss Trevennen; and to me there appeared no honest course but to resign such pretensions as I might have had, in favour of my better endowed rival.

'So passed the winter and spring; and as summer approached, it was arranged that the young lady was to return to England, while Seymour applied for leave of absence to pursue the suit which—so ran the gossip of the Rock—he had even now not hopelessly urged. Such was the state of affairs, when, just as I had arranged to join a party about to start for a short tour on the Spanish side of the lines, I heard of my uncle's death and my altered fortunes. Now my lips need no longer be sealed; free course might be yielded to long pent-up feelings; and, once returned, I meant to risk my fate. Judge, then, the speechless horror with which, on rejoining, I received the stunning intelligence that Maud Trevennen had left for England, as was supposed, with Seymour—whose leave was just granted—on board his yacht. Such details as I heard of the affair were told me by Mrs

Tarleton. Seymour and Miss Trevennen were married on arriving in England, where he effected an exchange into a regiment in India. For myself, I learned by degrees that

Gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Even on the Rock, a scandal so piquant at length dwarfed into a nine days' wonder; and as, shortly afterwards, Tarleton resigned the command, and the regiment was ordered to Ireland, I began to find, amid new scenes and associations, a relief from my thoughts.'

So ended the Colonel's story. As for myself, something like a year and a half of steady and not wholly unrequited labour passed by ere I was destined once again to be brought in contact with the concerns of Mrs Seymour. It appeared, indeed, that her marriage had never been a happy one; nor, when the circumstances attending it are considered, is there ground to marvel at such a result. I learned in the course of certain investigations which it became necessary for me to make, that the lady had been beguiled on board his yacht by Captain Seymour, as one of an afternoon sailing-party, which, however, never came off; that under pretence of cruising on and off, awaiting the advent of Mrs Tarleton—who had been detained at home by a carefully planned scheme of Seymour's—the yacht's course was finally laid for home; and that, on arrival, little difficulty was found in persuading the lady's stepfather to agree to a speedy marriage. Whatever objections she herself might have raised—of which a previous attachment was stated to have been by no means the least—were overpowered by the unfortunate position into which she had been inveigled, and the lack of support accorded at the hands of her friends. The marriage accordingly took place, and the parties sailed for India. Seymour's gambling habits obtained a firmer hold upon him, and, after a while, he sold his commission, and took to tea-planting in the hills about Darjeeling. Meanwhile, Mrs Seymour's health obliged her to return to England; and the ill-assorted union was shortly afterwards dissolved by the unexpected death of the man to whose fiendish craft its accomplishment was originally due.

Here, then, beyond peradventure, was the heroine of Montgomerie's love-story. Prompted at least as much by curiosity as by zeal in the service of a client, I deemed it necessary that a personal interview with Mrs Seymour was essential to the more perfect understanding of the circumstances submitted for my opinion. Need I describe my unfeigned astonishment when, on the lady acceding to my request, the fair companion of my journey to Scotland was suddenly ushered into my presence! The sequel hangs well together. My wife lost little time in calling upon Mrs Seymour, who, consequent upon her brother's marriage, had quitted Ascot, and was living near at hand in South Kensington; nor was it long ere Montgomerie, who constantly looked us up when in town from Aldershot, and had heard the full details of her misfortune, happened to drop in and dine when the whilom lady of his love completed a *partie carrée*.

My wife has just assured me that anything more delicious than the harmonies in heliotrope, fancies in fawn, arrangements in azure, and miracles in mauve, comprised in the trousseau of Maud Seymour, it would be beyond her power to describe.

PRESERVED PROVISIONS.

BY AN ANALYTICAL CHEMIST.

In time of war, or expected active military operations, there is always an extraordinary demand for this class of provisions, and the markets are thoroughly searched for that kind which possesses the properties of keeping for a great length of time, of occupying a small space, of being easily made eatable when required, and admitting of cheap and ready transport.

For many years, the manufacture of preserved meats has been an important branch of industry in the United States; and so largely are these meats used at the present time in that country, that the legislature felt bound to protect the consumers from dangers arising out of carelessness on the part of manufacturers. Within recent years, Australia and New Zealand have given special attention to the preparation of these meats; and colonial produce, on account of its excellence, is steadily ascending the ladder of public estimation. In this country, tinned meats are prepared on a small scale as compared with the countries above named.

Meat intended for preservation in tins should be of the very finest quality, and should not be, as is too often the practice of unscrupulous persons, of a kind that is not readily saleable in the home market. Any one who has an opportunity of examining a good sample of colonial produce will not fail to be struck with the high quality of the meat used. Preserved provisions are almost a necessity in our modern way of living. Men of the present day are not content to live as their forefathers have done; bigger tasks are undertaken, and comparative comfort is enjoyed in the matter of food by those whom circumstances force into places remote from the chastening touches of civilisation. Armed with a few tins of preserved food sufficient for a week's rations, the tourist or explorer hesitates not to climb the lone and uninhabited mountain, but cheerfully contemplates the prospect of having a dinner on the top; while on the smaller scale the busy City man bustles about all day with no time to spare for his dinner, relying for the necessary strength on possibly the small box of meat-lozenges which he carries in the pocket of his vest. Under circumstances such as these, preserved foods are invaluable, and almost indispensable; but it need scarcely be urged that where the same substances are readily obtainable in their natural condition, it is not advisable to have recourse to food in a preserved state.

The preserved foods now in the market consist of vegetables alone, meat alone, or a mixture of both, or fruit alone. It is well known to most persons that water is the chief constituent of vegetables in a natural state; that in a moist condition all substances decompose more rapidly, once decomposition begins; and that vegetables do not suffer much by the artificial abstraction

of water, but readily absorb it again when boiled with it. Now, as water is procurable in most parts of the globe, a great saving in carriage is effected by removing the seventy-five per cent. (or more) of water which vegetables contain. It was therefore a very natural and wise idea to desiccate vegetables and transport them in that condition. Almost all the common vegetables are now so treated—potatoes, carrots, turnips, and such like. We have recently examined samples of desiccated potato which were very carefully prepared, palatable when cooked, and nutritious. They contained not quite eight per cent. of water. A mixture of vegetables for use in making Julienne Soup is also prepared. We have recently examined samples of vegetables consisting of carrots, turnips, potatoes, &c., flavoured with dried herbs, which were really delicious when cooked, and in no way inferior to ordinary vegetables. In these mixtures it is desirable that there should be a large proportion of carrots, to neutralise the tendency to acidity of the potato and the turnip, and the whole of the vegetables cut small.

Preserved jams and marmalades are also important as an article of diet in this country. These are preserved in sugar, and in this way we are able to obtain a supply of fruit all the year round, as well as to partake of foreign fruits which otherwise could not reach this country in a state fit for food. These when carefully prepared with sufficient sugar and stored in glazed stoneware jars, will keep for any length of time.

Pickles are vegetables or fruits preserved in vinegar or other liquid. They seldom deteriorate if kept in jars or glass vessels; but if stored in wooden kegs are liable to blacken through the action of the acid on the iron of the hoops.

The most important of all these preserved foods is meat. We can obtain boiled or roast beef, boiled mutton, sausage, fowl, or corned beef. It is a fact worth mentioning that the latter does not keep so well as fresh beef boiled in the tins and sealed hermetically. As was above stated, our Australian and New Zealand meats cannot be surpassed by any in the market; but owing to the shape of the tins used by the colonists, the larger part of the Nile expedition order was given to America. Round tins cannot be so economically stored as four-sided ones; and it is to be hoped that our colonial friends will be better prepared in the future. No sound argument can be urged in favour of cylindrical tins, and it is probable that before long they will go out of use altogether.

Sausages cannot be recommended for keeping a long time.

There is scarcely one of these preparations which meets with such general favour as does extract of meat or essence of beef; but their value can only be determined by analysis; and it is hardly necessary to say that, like many other articles of food now sold, many comparatively worthless samples find their way into the market.

The lozenges above referred to consist of gelatine and extract of meat. They are invaluable to persons absent for any length of time from places where food is obtainable, as in the hunting-field, or at prolonged meetings, or such like. When *cuca* is more commonly known, it may,

owing to its extraordinary sustaining powers, prove a rival to meat-lozenges.

There is another class of provisions consisting of a mixture of meat and vegetables of many different kinds. Some consist of a mixture of beef, bacon, fat, carrots, turnips, potatoes, pickles, separately cooked; then placed in the tin and sealed, gravy being first poured over the contents. The intention of this mixture seems to be to provide a complete dinner in each tin. The preparation is, in our opinion, objectionable, for not only do such provisions not keep so well, but the large percentage of moisture they contain is an avoidable addition to the cost of carriage.

'Erbswurst' is another mixture of meat and vegetables consisting of peameal, fat, and occasionally a little extract of meat or meat-fibre. Packed in cylindrical tins about three inches long by an inch and a half in diameter, it makes a palatable and highly nutritious soup when boiled in water. The pea, however, is so heating, that it cannot be employed as the sole food for any great length of time.

'Edwards' Desiccated Soup' is another mixture of vegetables (potatoes) and meat. The potatoes are desiccated in a special manner, and are mixed with a small quantity of extract of meat. The preparation can be eaten in the dry state like biscuits, if water for cooking is not procurable. A one-pound tin is said to be sufficient food for a hard-worked man for two or three days. As an article of food it is, however, inferior to Erbswurst.

Most of these preparations are in a fairly compact form, but not sufficiently so for use in time of war, when they are most largely used. During the Franco-German war, a mixture of vegetables and meat, resembling Erbswurst, compressed into tablets was found very convenient and serviceable. Strange to say, such tablets are unknown in our markets, although they are possessed of so many advantages. These tablets occupy less room than any other form in which these preparations are now made in this country, and are particularly sought after whenever a demand for a large supply of preserved foods arises.

THINGS BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

In the hurry of speech, and often in our very anxiety to be polite, some of us are liable to occasional slips, which may have the ludicrous effect of putting an entirely different construction upon a sentence than that intended. For instance, upon arriving at your entertainer's house, you say: 'I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late;' and are met by your hostess with the words: 'My dear sir, no pardons are needed; you can never come too late.'

Take another case. At a grand dinner, a very heedless gentleman, who talked a great deal, forgot that his neighbour, a young lady, was unusually tall, and exclaimed: 'I do not like big women!' The lady bit her lip; and the speaker, seeing he had made a blunder, and trying to repair it as gallantly as possible, added: 'When they are young, madam!'

At an evening party in Cork, a lady said to her partner: 'Can you tell me who that exceedingly plain man is sitting opposite to us?'—'That is my brother.'—'Oh, I beg your pardon,' she replied, much confused; 'I had not noticed the resemblance.'

That was certainly putting one's foot in it, and yet was perhaps not so awkward as this. 'Do you see that gentleman over there, the handsome fellow twisting his moustache?' said one woman to another, to whom she had just been introduced. 'He has been watching me all the evening, and making eyes at me. I think he must be smitten. Do you know who he is?'—'Yes; he is my husband.'

In *Dombey and Son*, Mr Toots's modest, 'It's of no consequence,' has its counterpart in real life. Said a gentleman to his friend on his leaving the house after paying his first visit: 'Well, good evening, Mr Blank; shall be very pleased to see you at any time.'—Mr Blank nervously: 'Oh, pray, don't mention it.'

After a certain concert, a well-known German cantatrice asked a gentleman to whom she had been introduced how he liked her duet. 'You sang charmingly, madame. But why did you select such a horrid piece of music?'—'Sir, that was written by my late husband!'—'Ah, yes, of course. I did not mean— But why did you select such a cow to sing with you?'—'Ach Himmel, that is my present husband!'

In an equally unenviable situation were some lady visitors going through a penitentiary under the escort of a superintendent. When they came to a room in which three women were sewing—'Dear me!' whispered one of the visitors, 'what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?'—'Because they have no other home. This is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters,' blandly answered the superintendent.

Mistakes of this kind often occur through people similarly jumping at conclusions. 'What a murderous-looking villain the prisoner is!' whispered an old lady in a courtroom to her husband; 'I'd be afraid to get near him.'—'Sh!' warned her husband; 'that isn't the prisoner; he hasn't been brought in yet.'—'It isn't? Who is it, then?'—'It's the Judge.'

Some people have such a pleasant way of putting things. 'Now, do let me propose you as a member,' says Smith.—'But suppose they blackball me?' replies Brown.—'Pooh! Absurd! Why, my dear fellow, there's not a man in the club that knows you even!'

A lady very desirous of concealing the awful fact that she is the same age as her husband, observed to a visitor: 'My husband is forty; there are just five years between us.'—'Is it possible?' was the unguarded reply of her friend. 'I give you my word, you look as young as he does.'

As unexpected must have been the reply of the husband whose wife said: 'You have never taken me to the cemetery.'—'No, dear,' he

answered; 'that is a pleasure I have yet in anticipation.'

It is related of a portrait-painter that, having recently painted the portrait of a lady, a critic who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, exclaimed: 'It is very nicely painted; but why do you take such an ugly model?'—'It is my mother,' calmly replied the artist.—'Oh, pardon, a thousand times!' from the critic, in great confusion. 'You are right; I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely.'

On a similar occasion, a facetious friend inspecting a portrait, said to the artist: 'And this is Tom Smith, is it? Dear, dear! And I remember him, such a handsome, jolly-looking chap a month ago. Dear, dear!'

A rather different meaning from the one conveyed was intended by the old lady who said to her friends: 'No man was better calculated to judge of pork than my poor husband was. He knew what good hogs were, for he had been brought up with 'em from his childhood.'

Much better unsaid would have been part of the address of a collector for charities, who raising his hat to a lady at the front door, began: 'Madam, I am soliciting for home charities. We have hundreds of poor ragged vicious children like those at your gate, and our object is'—'Sir, those children are mine!' and the slamming of the door finished the sentence.

From the following, it would seem that the ceremonious orientals are not above marring their politeness by an occasional speech apropos of the subject in hand. Some European ladies passing through Constantinople, paid a visit to a certain high Turkish functionary. The host offered them refreshments, including a great variety of sweetmeats, always taking care to give one of the ladies double the quantity he gave to the others. Flattered by this marked attention, she put the question, through the interpreter: 'Why do you serve me more liberally than the rest?'—'Because you have a larger mouth,' was the straightforward reply.

What are called 'random shots' of speech often have a peculiar knack of hitting the mark. Not long since, a negro customer entered a barber's shop in Liverpool and said: 'I hope, gentlemen, you don't object to smoking?' The barber, without turning round from his occupation, replied: 'Go on; smoke till you are black in the face.'

A lady said something the other day at a friend's dinner that found mark the archer little meant. There were several strangers present, and in response to a remark made about a certain lady of a certain age, the fair guest in question exclaimed: 'Why, good gracious! she is as old as the hills!'—and could not imagine in the least what had caused the general consternation. She did a little later, however, when it was explained to her that two maiden sisters at the table, whose names she did not catch in the introduction, were called Hill, and were extremely sensitive on the subject of age.

An alderman's wife, overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, took refuge in a shop, and proceeded to make a few purchases. 'You seem very quiet to-day,' she said to a newly engaged shopman, who was very attentive and obliging. 'You are generally so very busy.'—'Oh, gracious,

madam,' was the reply, 'just look at the weather! What respectable lady would venture out of doors on a day like this?'

Similarly ambiguous are some of the speakers in the following incidents. A pompous physician said to a patient's wife: 'Why did you delay sending for me until he was out of his mind?'—'O doctor,' replied the wife, 'while he was in his right mind he wouldn't let me send for you.'

Another doctor said to his wife: 'You see, dear, I have pulled the patient through after all; a very critical case, I can tell you.'—'Yes, dear hubby,' was the answer; 'but then you are so clever in your profession. Ah, if I had only known you five years earlier! I feel certain my first husband—my poor Robert—would have been saved.'

To turn from doctors to clergymen. One Sunday, as a certain minister was returning homeward, he was accosted by an old woman, who said: 'O sir, well do I like the day that you preach.' The minister was aware that he was not very popular, and he answered: 'My good woman, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like when I preach?'—'O sir,' she replied, 'when you preach, I always get a good seat.'

A crooked compliment was paid a German young lady who said: 'Now, Herr Lieutenant, if you don't at once cease your flatteries, I shall have to hold both my ears shut.'—'My adorable Fräulein,' answered the officer, 'your pretty little hands are far too small for that.'

'Very sorry, sir,' said a young beauty at a ball; 'I am already engaged. I hope you are not very disappointed?'—'O dear no, miss; quite the contrary,' was the unexpected reply of the gentleman.

A case of mistaken gallantry occurred in Italy. 'O Signorina,' exclaimed a dandy, 'if it be true that man descends from the monkey, how beautiful that monkey must have been from whom you descend!'

'And what do you think of the engagement-ring I sent you, Jennie?' inquired a lover tenderly. Jennie answered in delighted tones: 'Oh, it is beautiful—in fact the handsomest one I ever had given me.'

At a wedding breakfast, the groom remarked to a little girl: 'You have a new brother now, you know.'—'Yeth,' responded the little one; 'ma sesh it wath Lottie's lasth chance, so she'd better take it.'

'Now tell me, Ethel,' said a governess, 'what letter comes after h?'—'Please, Miss Parker, I don't know.'—'What have I got by the side of my nose?' asked the governess.—'A lot of powder,' was Miss Ethel's startling reply.

'Here, my dear husband,' said a loving wife, 'I have brought you a dear little silver pig for luck; it's a charm you know, dear, to bring happiness to a house.'—'Ah! how kind of you, darling! But why should I need a little pig to bring me luck, when I have you still!'

An awkward compliment recently rather disturbed the harmony of a wedding breakfast given by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the eldest being the bride. A neighbouring young farmer, who was honoured with an invitation, thinking, no doubt, he ought to say something

smart and complimentary upon the event, addressing the bridegroom said: 'Well, you have got the pick of the batch!' The countenances of the four unmarried ones may be imagined.

BLOCKADE-RUNNING.

IN the article on 'Blockades and Blockade-runners,' in our number for June 26, 1886, we alluded to the exploits of a gallant son of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in the recapture from the Federals of his vessel, the *Emily St Pierre*, by himself, his cook and steward. A correspondent, a relative of the hero, gives us some further particulars, gathered from his own lips. His name was William Wilson, and he came of a race of sea-loving ancestors, half farmers, and perhaps smugglers, and half seamen, in many cases owning wholly or partly the vessels they commanded. The exploit alluded to created a sensation at the time; and the merchants of Liverpool were so impressed with his daring, that they presented him with a valuable service of silver-plate, and entertained him at a banquet. The owners presented him with two thousand guineas, and his crew gave him a sextant. It is worthy of note that the remainder of the crew of the vessel had been sent to England by the British consul at New York, and were at the offices of the owners when Captain Wilson entered the door to report his safe return with the vessel they had intrusted to his care. The news of his return spread like wildfire in Liverpool, and somehow it became known that the prize crew, who had been under hatches during the voyage, would be disembarked the next day. Accordingly, amid the derisive cheers of the crowds who lined the quays, the lieutenant and his prizemaster and crew, clad in full uniform, were gracefully handed over the side into their own boat, and proceeded to the American consulate. It is but fair to add they expressed to their involuntary host their warm sense of the kindness with which they had been treated during their imprisonment, and for the special care with which one or two who had been wounded in the scuffle had been tended by the captain's own hand.

During the whole thirty days that elapsed between the recapture and the arrival in Liverpool, Captain Wilson informed the writer he had never closed his eyes for more than five minutes at a time, and when he arrived, his hands were so swollen and blistered with his constant exertions, that he could not sign his name. Altogether, he ran the blockade about fifteen times, and his vessels were never taken into a prize port.

Another strange adventure of his is worth recording. Not long before the incident of the *Emily St Pierre*, he was in command of a large blockade-runner which had safely entered one of the southern ports. He attempted to escape during a fog in the evening; the fog suddenly lifted, and he found he had nothing but a swift pair of heels to rely upon, for a Federal cruiser was within range of him. The Federal fired across his bows, but the captain took no notice beyond putting a little extra weight on the steam

safety-valve. His decks were piled high with cotton, which formed an excellent protection against small-arm fire. The Federal now opened the ball in good earnest, and shell after shell churned the water into foam around, but not one struck her. Just as she was getting out of range, however, a shell penetrated the side and lodged in the boiler, and the vessel was helpless. She had considerable way on her, so, though sinking, she was headed for shore. The Federal ceased firing, and watched the disabled vessel until at last she was beached, half full of water. Captain Wilson and his crew fled to shore, and saw the Federal send off a boat to inspect their capture. Satisfied that the vessel was completely disabled, the Federal steamed off to her station in the assured hope that she had settled Captain Wilson this time. The misfortune, however, did not daunt him. He made his way to a neighbouring plantation, obtained the assistance of a number of the hands, and as soon as the captor was out of sight and the tide had receded, unloaded the bulk of the cotton. With the assistance of a blacksmith, he repaired the hull by riveting iron plates inside and outside the shot-hole and filling the interspace with tar and cotton. The water in the boiler had put out the fuse of the shell; so, extracting his iron visitor, he riveted new plates over the hole, and made, with the assistance of his engineer, a strong if not very presentable repair. The cotton was re-shipped; and in the early gray of the morning, as the Federal captain appeared in the offing to take possession of his prize, he beheld her steaming away to England as if nothing had happened, while a contemptuous salute from Captain Wilson's single gun gave him a forcible idea of the resources of a 'canny Scot' in a corner.

Shortly after the close of the war, he retired to his native Kirkcudbrightshire. But the passion for the sea could not be restrained, and in a short time he was placed in command of a vessel in the Eastern trade. On his return voyage, fever struck him down; and now he sleeps in peace serene, with the salt waves of the Red Sea pealing in his ears the music he loved best of all.

AGNES BROWN.

[Died 14th January 1820, aged eighty-eight; buried in Bolton churchyard, near Haddington.]

The spring birds sing, nor care if no one listen,
The spring flowers open if the sun but shine,
The spring winds wander where the green buds glisten,
Through all the vale of Tyne.

And while, to music of the spring's returning,
Thy fair stream, Gifford, in the sunlight flows,
I, nursing tender thoughts, this sweet March morning,
Stand where the dead repose.

The snowdrop on the grass-green turf is blowing,
Its pure white chalice to the cold earth hung;
The crocus with its heart of fire is glowing
As when old Homer sung.

And round me are the quaint-hewn gravestones, giving,
With emblem rude, by generations read,
Their simple words of warning for the living,
Of promise for the dead.

But not that mausoleum, huge and hoary,
With elegiac marble, telling how
Its long-forgotten great ones died in glory,
Has drawn me hither now.

Ah, no!—With reverence meet, from these I turn:
They had what wealth could bring or love supply,
Like thousands such, who, born as they were born,
Live, have their day, and die.

Let peace be theirs! It is a fairer meed,
A more-enduring halo of renown,
That glorifies this grave, o'er which I read
The name of AGNES BROWN.

A peasant-name, befitting peasant-tongue:
How lives it longer than an autumn moon?
'Twas hers, the Mother of the Bard who sung
The banks and braes of Doon.

Here in this alien ground her ashes lie,
Far from her native haunts on Carrick shore,
Far from where first she felt a mother's joy
O'er the brave child she bore.

Ah, who can tell the thoughts that on her prest,
As o'er his cradle-bed she bent in bliss,
Or gave from the sweet fountains of her breast
The life that nourished his?

Perhaps in prescient vision came to her
Some shadowings of the glory yet afar—
Of that fierce storm, whence rose, serene and clear,
His never-setting star.

But dreamt she ever, as she sang to still
His infant heart in slumber sweet and long,
That he who silent lay the while, should fill
Half the round world with song?

Yet so he filled it; and she lived to see
The Singer, chapleted with laurel, stand,
Upon his lips that wondrous melody
Which thrilled his native land.

She saw, too, when had passed the Singer's breath,
A nation's proud heart throbbing at his name,
Forgetting, in the pitying light of death,
Whatever was of blame.

Oh, may we hope she heard not, even afar,
The screamings of that vulture-brood who tear
The heart from out the dead, and meanly mar
The fame they may not share!

Who would not wish that her long day's decline
Had peacefullest setting, unsoftened with tears,
Who bore to Scotland him, our Bard divine,
Immortal as the years?

He sleeps among the eternal; nothing mars
His rest, nor ever pang to him returns:
Write, too, her epitaph among the stars,
MOTHER OF ROBERT BURNS!

JOHN RUSSELL.

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WALTON'S RIVER AND BOOK.

No river in England possesses so undying a charm for the angler as the Dove. In a country celebrated for the limpid clearness of its streams, the verdure of its valleys, and the loveliness of its wood-clad hills, the scenery which surrounds the little Derbyshire river may be said to bear the palm. The origin of the river's name has long been matter of conjecture. Some have derived the name from the British word *dwfr*, (water); others, such as Cotton, ascribe it to the purity or swiftness of the stream. Cotton's lines are well known:

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po.
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine
Are puddle-water all compared to thine,
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are,
With thine much purer to compare.
The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority.
Tame and Isis when conjoined submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

But though there are few rivers—especially in these days of river-pollution—which can vie with the Dove in clearness and purity of current, that which distinguishes it from other rivers, even in Derbyshire, is the constant recurrence of miniature cascades or cataracts, which by their pleasant ripple lend enchantment to both eye and ear, and are singularly in harmony with the landscape around. On either bank, almost abruptly from the water's edge, rise limestone hills, clothed with the thickest foliage; the rocks here and there forming the most fantastic shapes—now a spire, now a tower, now a lion's head. It was in ascending the precipitous side of one of these hills that the Dean of Clogher lost his life in the last century. The Dean, who was on horseback, attempted to ride up the cliff, accompanied by a young lady belonging to his party, named La Roche. The same horse was to convey the rash equestrians up the ascent.

It proved unequal to its task, although a considerable elevation was gained. Both riders fell with the animal. The Dean expired a few days after, from the effects of the fall, and was buried in Ashbourne Church. Miss La Roche, however, was fortunately saved from destruction. Her hair had become entangled in a bramble-bush; and though she remained in a state of insensibility for two days after being disengaged, she eventually recovered. The horse, curiously enough, was but slightly injured.

Of the scenery of Dovedale we have no wish to speak further. It has frequently been described; but no pen can do it justice. For generations, its rocks and waters have been the delight of poet, angler, and tourist. Not a mile distant lies the lovely village of Ilam, nestling in a kind of natural amphitheatre of hills. Tradition considers this spot to be the Happy Valley described in Dr Johnson's *Rasselas*. However this may be, it is certain that few scenes breathe so perfectly the air of calm and peaceful loveliness. Four miles below, at Mayfield, lived the poet Moore. Here he wrote his *Lalla Rookh*; and the sound of the Evening Bells ringing in the ancient church of Ashbourne is said to have suggested to him that well-known melody.

But as the Dove is pre-eminently the angler's stream, owing to the excellence of the trout and the grayling which abound in its waters, so the memories which are chiefly connected with the dale are those of anglers. Hither, in the seventeenth century, came Walton, the 'Father of Anglers,' and his adopted son, Charles Cotton, both of whom are closely identified with the spot. Cotton's *Second Part of the Complete Angler, being Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream*, is associated with this river. Here we may see with our own eyes the fishing-house, with date 1674, where Walton and Cotton smoked their pipes and held many a pleasant conversation, and from which they surveyed the country round. Of the country, Walton in a note remarks: 'Some part of the fishing-house has been described; but the pleasant-

ness of the river, mountains, and meadows about it cannot, unless Sir Philip Sidney or Mr Cotton's father were alive again to do it.

The trout-fishing in the Dove is at times very good, though, owing to the extreme clearness of the water, and the consequent shyness of the fish, it is now infinitely more difficult to obtain good sport than it could have been in the days of Cotton. In parts, however, good baskets may be made after rain; the writer, indeed, of this paper had some most successful trout-fishing only the day before penning these lines in the very water on which, two hundred years earlier, fell the primitive tackle of Walton and Cotton. Very different contrivances are now needed to delude the wary trout of the Dove than were necessary in the year 1675; and were Cotton once more alive in the year 1887, he would doubtless be astounded at the degree of refinement to which the gentle art has attained.

But who was Izaak Walton? What did he write? and why should his book, the *Complete Angler*, though written more than two hundred years ago, be held in honour by the anglers of the nineteenth century, notwithstanding that improvements in tackle and increased knowledge of fishing have rendered the instructions therein laid down chiefly out of date? Such are questions which must often occur to the ordinary tourist who visits Dovedale, and hears mention made so often of Walton, or of his adopted son, Charles Cotton.

We will begin by considering the last question first. We believe the high regard in which the *Complete Angler* is still held to be due to the fact that no other work has ever been written on angling which deals so admirably with the contemplative nature of the pursuit. It should be noticed that the full title of the treatise is *The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation*. Walton's book analyses, so to speak, those emotions which are specially called forth by the influences of fresh air, sunlight, and dashing streams. Without following too closely the arguments by which he attempts to prove the authority of Scripture for his favourite pastime, we may yet admire his acuteness as a special pleader on its behalf. To quote one passage as an example. After mentioning that four of the twelve apostles chosen by our Lord were simple fishermen, he goes on to say: 'He [that is, our Lord] never reproved these for their employment or calling, as He did Scribes and money-changers. And secondly, he found that the hearts of such men by nature were fitted for contemplation and quietness, men of mild and sweet and peaceable spirits, as indeed most anglers are; these men our blessed Saviour, who is observed to love to plant grace in good natures, chose to call from their irreprovable employment of fishing, and gave them grace to be His disciples and to follow Him and do wonders.'

The allusion to the ancient canons of the Church which forbade hunting to churchmen, but permitted angling, as a 'recreation that invited them to contemplation and quietness,' is singularly apposite. Nor are Walton's examples of anglers, selected from men nearer to his own time, badly chosen, as instances of the contemplative spirit which he seems most to praise. Dr Nowell, Dean of St Paul's in the reign of Elizabeth,

and writer of a Church Catechism, is first mentioned. 'The tenth part of his time,' says Walton, 'was bestowed on angling; and the tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, was bestowed on the poor who dwelt near the rivers in which it was caught; and at his return to his house, he would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble, both harmlessly and in a recreation that became a churchman.' The picture of this worthy divine may be seen at Brasenose College, Oxford. He is there represented with his Bible and fishing-rod, and beneath, the inscription, that he 'died February 13, 1601, aged ninety-five years, forty-four of which he had been Dean of St Paul's Church; and that his age had neither impaired his hearing, nor dimmed his eyes, nor weakened his memory, nor made any of the faculties of his mind weak or useless.' Walton remarks: 'Tis said that angling and temperance were great causes of these blessings; and I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man.'

Walton himself outlived the allotted span of human life, dying at the age of ninety-one.

His next example is that of Sir Henry Wotton, the poet-provost of Eton, a man who had had a most brilliant and honourable career as a diplomatist in stirring times. Walton quotes a saying of Wotton's which will bear quoting: 'He [Wotton] would say of angling, "Twas an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent; for angling was, after tedious study, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness."' Wotton's memory has been embalmed by his friend in Walton's *Lives*, which were published in 1670, being the lives of Hooker, Sanderson, Wotton, Donne, and George Herbert. Of these *Lives*, the poet Wordsworth has well said:

There are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an angel's wing.

The greater part of the *Complete Angler* is occupied with instructions as to how to capture the various kinds of fish, giving also a certain amount of natural history. With regard to the instructions to anglers, we need only remark that though many of Walton's precepts hold good even now, yet anglers are likely to pay more attention to the advanced treatises of Pennell, Francis, Foster, Stewart, and others. In his remarks on the natural history of fish and water-insects, he shows considerable knowledge, although he evinces too great an inclination to give credence to the absurd stories of the middle ages regarding the pike, carp, and eel. But we must remember that even in our own time little is known of the food and habits of the salmon, none being more ignorant than the professional fishermen themselves. A quaint humour mingles with his directions; thus, the angler when tying a frog on the hook, as a bait for pike, is 'to use him as if he loved him, that he may live the longer.' Or, to quote his address to a disciple of the angle: 'Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have

made a better berry, but doubtless God never did ;" and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

The work is enlivened here and there with songs composed by Wotton, Walton himself, and others. All deal with the contentment of a country life, the freedom from worldly care, and some with the recreation of the angler. Originally a London tradesman, Walton had retired to a country house near Stafford when middle-aged. His second wife was the sister of Bishop Ken ; to her he alludes in his poem of *The Angler's Wish*. The poems composed by Walton were sung by the melodious voice of his wife. At Dovedale, Walton was the guest of his adopted son, Cotton, who, though nearly forty years his junior, was united to him by the closest bonds of affection. The characteristic feature of the *Complete Angler* is, as we have said before, the spirit of contemplation which is therein expressed. Walton never wearies of insisting on the happiness which lies open to those who try to read the secrets of nature aright, and to enjoy the contentment which may be found by a quiet spirit in a calm and beautiful landscape. An instance of the soothing and tranquillising effect of this pursuit upon a mind overwrought well-nigh to madness will occur to readers of the biography of Mark Pattison, but lately published. At a terrible crisis of his life, it was a visit to his native streams of the north which at the time saved the late rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, from serious illness, if not from death.

We will close this sketch of Walton and his book with a few of its concluding words : 'Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eaten and drunk, and laughed and angled and sung, and slept securely ; and rose next day and cast away care, and sung and laughed and angled again ; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience.'

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE YOUNG CUCKOO.

JOSEPHINE was wet, shivering, not unconscious, but as one distracted, unable to answer questions. A second time Richard Cable bore her in his arms ; but before, she had been hot, with throbbing heart and heaving bosom ; now, she was cold, trembling, and her breath coming in sobs. How she clung—with every finger as though it were a claw. Richard could feel each several finger through his jersey. Her gasping breath was on his cheek. She made no attempt to speak, to explain her conduct, to account for what she had been doing.

He did not ask anything after the first hasty query, but carried her in his strong arms as firmly, as evenly as he had carried the bath of soapy water previously. He took her up-stairs,

and placed her in his mother's chair in the same room with the seven little children. There were only two bedrooms in the cottage—that occupied by the babes and their grandmother, and his own ; the latter a lean-to room, into which the stair opened, and where only on one side was it possible to stand upright. Mrs Cable followed him silently. The first thing to be done was to change the girl's clothes.

'I will run to the Hall for a dry suit,' said Richard.

Then Josephine started up and held out her hands with palms extended, quivering in remonstrance.

'Do you not wish it?' he asked gently. She shook her head. He saw that she tried to speak, opening her mouth ; the lips were white, but she could not utter anything. 'Sit down again in the chair,' he said persuasively ; 'my mother will lend you dry things.'

Then he went down-stairs and made up the fire. A second time Josephine had been in his arms, a second time he had saved her from a watery death, and this time she was seeking her death. What had happened at the Hall?

Richard Cable left the room below ; he could not be quiet ; a restless fit came on him, and he went into the garden. He walked about there, found the blue tub empty, and brought it indoors. He listened, but could not hear that Josephine was speaking. His mother was silently attending on her. He heard the heavy tread of the old woman on the boards.

Ought he to go at once to the Hall and communicate with Mr Cornellis? He did not know. Josephine evidently disliked the idea of his going there ; but was it not his duty to go? He must wait a while till Josephine could explain what had occurred, and then he would know what course to adopt. He could not see the window of the bedroom from the garden ; it looked out on the road ; on the garden side was only roof. He went round into the highway and walked in the road, and looked up at the window. There was no light in it. No candle was needed ; it looked north-west, and the northern sky was full of silvery light. Were all the children asleep? There was no little voice heard, not even that of the baby, who, as a privilege, was laid to sleep in its father's bed, and only taken into its grandmother's when she retired for the night. How shrewd little Bessie was ! She would go to sleep in no other bed. In vain did her grandmother try to lull her to roost in her own room ; the blue peepers would not shut. They looked dazed ; and the heavy eyelids fell over them, then drew up again, and intelligence came into the eyes, and, alas, at the same time a peevish look, and whining began. Nothing would satisfy the tiny creature but to be put to sleep in the mean little lean-to room, on the small hard bed of the father, a bed he only occupied when off duty from the lightship. Of lightships, of duty,

nine-month-old Bessie knew nothing; but she knew the lean-to roof and the little bed; and, by some mysterious instinct, was aware that it was her father's, and that she could sleep better in it than elsewhere.

When Richard Cable came up-stairs for the night, the baby was gone, but in the pillow was a dint such as his fist might have made, and he knew it was the impress of Bessie's head.

He had spent thirteen contented years with his Polly; he had been much attached to Polly, whom he respected; but there had been no close union of souls in their marriage. Polly was a lusty lass when he married her, a hard-working girl, much engrossed in her daily tasks, and able to think and talk of nothing else. Richard was a meditative man; his mind was always engaged, though his hands were sometimes idle. His occupation on the lightship had fostered this habit. He did not open to many; he had few friends, but every one respected him. He had inherited from his mother the tendency to feel most interest in those who needed help, to love those who clung to him. His wife had been an independent woman, going her own eminently practical way, asking for no guidance and support, because she needed neither; but it was different, of course, with the babes; they all were helpless; they all depended on their father, and therefore they filled a greater part of his heart than Polly had done. It is the place of the elm to sustain the vine; it is the privilege of the vine to cling to and ramble over the elm.

Nature has made some plants creepers, and others sustainers. The creepers sometimes strangle their supports, if too embracing, contracting, exacting. A sustainer can hold up without hurt a vast amount of parasitic growth—honeysuckle wreaths, exhaling sweetness; evergreen, glistening ivy; crimson and gold clothed Virginian creeper. It is only when the clambering plant has thrown its tendrils over the head of the supporting tree, that the tree breaks down under its burden. It is wonderful, sometimes, what a glory a commonplace tree will acquire from the parasite that clings to it: in itself it is nothing; as a means of displaying its mate, it is beautiful. I have seen an old dead trunk wreathed about with wisteria, beautiful with the lilac chains that hung about it; surrounding it with an atmosphere of honeyed sweetness; and I have seen human wisterias clinging, trailing, embalming, adorning dead memories. Though what they envelop and beautify is dead, it matters not; it is something about which they can cast their arms and hang their chains of flowers, and breathe forth the incense of their innocent souls.

These same climbers deserve a chapter in the great gardening manual of human souls. How indifferent they are to what they lay hold of, if only they may have a support. How the delicate little pink hands of the *Ampelopsis* grapple a piece of granite, and hold it that you cannot tear them away, and riot over it, and

wave triumphant wreaths of victory and rejoicing. How the jessamine laces with ribbons of green round the rugged-barked pine, in preference to the smooth-skinned beech; and the pure *Devoniensis* holds to the common clay garden wall and laughs, leaning against it, with thousands of delicately blushing blooms, flowery whispers of happiness and love and pride; whereas it scarce shows a few blossoms, and the buds decay unburst, against the stately hewn-stone mansion wall. Why does the Bankshire prefer a cold and cheerless aspect to that which is hot with sun? Verily, the creepers deserve attention in the world-garden of humanity.

But, what are we about, rambling concerning ramblers? when our subject is the prop up which seven little climbers are throwing their tendrils, and, at this moment, an eighth, no seedling, has cast her arms and asked to be sustained, and lifted high out of the sordid soil?

Richard Cable saw the blind drawn in the lower cottage window, and then a flush of light over it; so he knew that his mother was below, and had kindled the lamp. Thereupon he went indoors, and found Josephine in his mother's Sunday dress, seated by the fire, in his mother's high-backed leather chair, a chair that had belonged to her father, who was drowned. Josephine was very pale and sallow; her hands rested on her lap; she was looking into the fire, and the flames reflected themselves in the large dark irises. She did not seem to observe Richard's entrance; she did not turn her head or raise her eyes.

Mrs Cable was engaged between the back and front kitchen, getting some of Josephine's wet clothes cleaned of the mud that adhered, wringing them out, and putting them on lines where they might drip and dry.

Richard Cable went to the fireplace, and leaned against the brick jamb, looking at the girl. In the wooden houses of the coast, the chimneys are built of brick, and there is a brick basement on which the wooden walls rest.

'Please, Miss Cornellis, I'm sorry to interfere; but I'm bound to ask—what is to be done?'

She folded her hands, slightly raised her chin, and then her head sank again, and the eyes remained staring at the fire.

He waited a minute, still observing her, and then he said again, in a low, gentle voice: 'I'm sorry to be disturbing you with axing of questions as may seem impertinent, miss; but I'm bound to repeat the same thing—what is to be done?'

Again she made a slight movement with her chin, and unclosed, then reclinched her hands; but she said nothing.

Presently little Bessie began to cry up-stairs, and Mrs Cable ran up. It was the child's hour for supper, and she was exact to her time in demanding her bread and milk.

A third time Cable asked the question, and then Josephine slightly shook her head.

He must extract an answer from her; he must do something. She could not remain in his house without his letting her father know. He took a step towards her, and laid his hand upon her head, as he had laid it that same afternoon, and now, as then, the dark hair was wet. 'Is the head burning?' he asked.

Then she looked up at him without moving

her head; her eyes were large, and had a strange far-away look in them.

'Now, Miss Cornellis, answer me—what is to be done?'

'I do not know,' she replied.

'But,' he said, 'I must be told. I must do something about this matter.'

'I leave it all to you.'

'May I take you back to the Hall? If you cannot walk, I will carry you.'

She held her head steady under his hand; she did not shake it, but said: 'No; I will not go back there. I will stay here, if you will take me in. If not, I will go back into the sea.'

'Miss Cornellis,' he said after a long silence, 'I do not understand what has happened.' Then he took away his hand from her head, which was not hot, but cold, and knelt down by the fire on one knee, and stirred up the logs, and threw on a few small sticks that crackled and blazed.

'I will not go home any more.'

'But the Hall is not your home; it belongs to Mr Gotham.'

'I will not go home to my father again.'

'Has there been a quarrel?'

'He has been angry. I will not go near him again.'

'Did he—did he strike you?'

'Strike me?—Oh, not with his hands. I should not mind that.'

'What did he do? I must ask. You leave me to decide what is to be settled about you; and I cannot decide without knowing the circumstances.'

'I am not going back to him.'

'Did he—excuse me—drive you out of the house?'

'I left, because I could not stay.'

'Why could you not stay?'

Her fingers in her lap worked nervously; she plaited and unplaited them; she twisted them on one hand, and then smoothed them with the other.

'I cannot tell you all. Would you take the lamp away? The light hurts my eyes.'

He complied with her wish, and placed the lamp in the back kitchen. Up-stairs was Mrs Cable getting the baby to sleep. Richard heard her singing:

'There's grog in the captain's cabin,
Water down below.'

He returned to the fireplace and stood against the jamb, opposite her, and said: 'Tell me everything, Miss Josephine. I am your friend. I will advise.'

'I know you are my friend,' she answered. 'I will tell you what I can; but my head spins, and I cannot think; I cannot recollect everything.' She was in no hurry; she knitted her brows, trying to recollect the chain of circumstances. Presently she said: 'It was the rector's fault; he told Aunt Judith, and she, of course, went at once to papa and told him.'

'Told what?'

'I had seen the rector this morning, and he took me to task about going on the wall to you the night of the fire.'

'It was an unwise thing.'

'You also are against me. I will say no more. Every one is turned against me. Everything I say works people up into hatred of me. I am a miserable, unhappy girl.'

'Miss Cornellis, I am not turned against you. I say what your own common-sense has told you, that you acted imprudently that night.—The rector spoke about it to Miss Judith?'

'And she, blundering, stupid old creature, went with it at once to papa. I was not in then. When he did speak to me, I saw he was angry. He does not turn red, but a greenish white, and he speaks slowly, but every word cuts like a razor; and not only so, but every word is dipped in venom, so that when it has cut you, the wound goes on festering for months, and perhaps never heals at all.'

'Your father!—Richard spoke in slow wonder —'a father hurt, poison the blood of his child.' It was to him inconceivable. He would have allowed his flesh to be torn off his bones with red-hot hooks and pincers, rather than wound or bruise one of these tender, fragile, little innocents that looked up to him in love and trust.

'My father as he speaks, when he is very angry, has a face like a dead man; but his eyes blink, and now and then he quivers, just as though he felt an electric shock; and then he is as if he would hurt with his hands; but he controls himself again, and stabs instead with his tongue.'

Richard Cable drew a long breath, and put his hand across his chest to the mantel-shelf.

'When my papa spoke to me, I knew at once he was in one of his worst moods. And I—as I always do—was ready to fire up. I am not afraid of him; he does not cow me. He makes my heart boil and foam over.'

'Does he not take you to him, and put his arm round you, and speak low, and tell you that you have pained him, and that he loves you very, very dearly?'

'Never!' said Josephine decisively. She was recovering herself. As she thought over the scene she was describing, the heat returned to her heart and fired her veins.

'Then I acknowledged it all when he charged me; and when he sneered, I said that was not all. I told him that I had bought you the ship, given it my name, and that I should pay for it out of the insurance money for Rose Cottage.'

'What is that?' asked Cable.

She was excited now, and went on, disregarding his interruption. 'He was trustee for my little fortune left me by my mother, and he has made away with that—how, I do not know. I did not know it was gone when I ordered the vessel. Now that it is bought, I thought I should like to pay for it, though it does not really matter, as my cousin Gotham will advance—will give me the money. Yet, when my father took this line with me, I was angry, and said I would claim from him some of my money out of what he would get from the insurance Company. Then he stung me worse and worse; and just as a hornet will drive a horse mad, so did he make me forget everything but my pain and wrath—and I said something—about the fire.'—She paused, hesitated. 'Even to you, I cannot repeat it.' She halted again. 'But I believe that what I said was true.' She stammered.

'Yet, I ought not to have said it. He is my father.' Then she drew her feet together, and put her hands on the elbows of the chair, and raised herself, and her face flamed crimson, and the very hair on her brow seemed to bristle with electric excitation, and sparks to shoot out of her eyes. 'It was then he used words to me that I shall never forget—never forgive!' She stood shivering with wrath, looking very tall in the long black dress of Mrs Cable, and in the dark room, with the firelight alone illumining her. 'After that, I would not stay.' She spoke slowly, and with intervals between her sentences, which came forth as the discharge of minute-guns at sea from a foundering vessel. 'I could not stay.' She shook so that she rattled the armchair which she touched with one hand. 'I had no home more.'

'But,' said Richard, 'though he angered you, he was your father, and a father'—

She did not allow him to conclude; she said harshly: 'Do you not understand? There are things which even a father may not say. As there is a blasphemy which has no forgiveness, neither in this world nor in the world to come, so is there an insult which cannot be endured nor be forgotten.' Her face was dark, and startled Cable with the rage and bitterness that was in it, lit with the glare from the fire.

'Why did you not go to the rector?' asked Richard.

'The rector!—after I had refused his son, and laughed at him?' She shook her head. 'There was no place to which I could go. Rose Cottage is burnt down. The Hall is no more a home. The rectory doors I have closed against myself. To this house I could not come.'

'Why not?'

She looked at him, then her eyes fell, and she looked into the fire. 'Because of what my father had said. There was no place for me—but the sea.' Then, unable to sustain herself longer on her feet, she sank back into the chair.

After considering a while, Richard Cable said: 'Miss Cornellis, it was God's doing that I was the means of saving you before in the lightship. It is God's doing that I have been the means of saving you this night. Therefore, what am I, to oppose His will? I will go at once to the Hall and tell Mr Cornellis that you are here and will remain here.'

'He will insult you.'

'I am not afraid of him or of his words. And when I've told him, miss, that you are here, then I'll get out my boat and row away to the new lightship, and stay there for ten days or a fortnight.'

Then, as he moved to go, she started to her feet again and caught his arm with both her hands, and quivering with excitement, said: 'Do not go—do not leave me helpless, friendless. I cannot bear it. There, there—I will kneel to you, if need be, and entreat you. Be Master, Captain, Pilot—everything to the *Josephine*.'

He took her hand between his own, and said very gravely: 'As I said before, I say again—I'll do my duty by her, so help me God!'

Then Bessie Cable came in, and a brilliant light from the lamp she carried fell over them, hand in hand.

'And now,' said he earnestly, 'I go with a

firm confidence to your father, for I have a right to speak in your defence and for you.'

But Mrs Cable looking on, put her hand to her brow and said: 'The young cuckoo is in the nest!'

(To be continued.)

BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.

I HAD agreed to relieve one of the observers at Ben Nevis Observatory for a fortnight in the month of June last. I decided to proceed to Greenock, and go the rest of the journey by steamer. After a journey of about fourteen hours, Fort-William is reached at eight p.m. Having engaged a bedroom at the *West End Hotel*, I proceeded to the post-office, and obtained permission to 'talk' to the observatory people by telegraph, to whom I intimated my arrival and my intention of making the ascent on the following morning. I was then introduced to the care-taker of the observatory road, who ascends nearly every day during the summer months with provisions and stores, and who was to act as my guide the next day. At eight o'clock next morning, as arranged, I found the guide and another man with two horses and a cart ready to start. We soon arrived at the base of the Ben, where the horses were unyoked, and the contents of the cart tied securely over their backs. I had been advised previously to walk on without waiting for this being done, as the horses would probably go too fast up hill for me to keep up with them. There was no fear of losing myself, for a while at least, as the road is well made, so I set out at a steady pace, determined to reach the top, if possible, before the horses.

The climbing was rather warm work. The first part of the road was pleasant; but by-and-by, as I went higher, the clouds began to make themselves felt, the air became cooler, and the place presented a strange, desolate appearance. I thought of Rip Van Winkle, and started once or twice as an unearthly-looking face peered over a huge stone at me. It was only a black-faced sheep, however, which scampered away at my approach. After going about two thousand feet high, I saw the clouds immediately above me, and very soon felt them as well. I was now completely enveloped in a wet mist. I was loth, however, to give way. 'Excelsior,' I muttered, and clutched my useless umbrella with determination. At last I had to stop. I had passed small patches of snow here and there on my way up; but now there was one great bank of snow which ascended as far as I could see. There was consequently nothing else for it but to wait for my guide, which I did as philosophically as possible. Not very long afterwards I heard the horses labouring up the hill, and was soon joined by them. I had now to follow up behind the best way I could, and very hard tiresome work it was, struggling and blundering on through the snow. Once or twice the horses had to be stopped, to allow me to overtake them. After half an hour of this work, we caught sight of the observatory, and almost immediately afterwards were welcomed by the Superintendent, Mr Omond, and the other observers who had come out to meet us. I was drenched to the skin, and unfortunately had not made provision for such

an emergency; but what I required was kindly provided. The next day I was clothed in the robes of office peculiar to the place and climate, of which more anon, and during my stay became so accustomed to oilskins and sea-boots, that I was almost sorry to relinquish them before descending.

The life of an observer on the summit of Ben Nevis can hardly be described as a happy one, yet in spite of the monotony of severely disagreeable weather and a seeming repetition of the previous day's existence, the devotees at the pinnacle of science do not pass an unpleasant time. This I am able to testify from the experience of a fortnight's voluntary exile at the observatory. It may be thought that my spirits were buoyed at the prospect of a release and a descent at the end of two weeks; but that does not account for the pleasant recollections which I retain of the observatory and its inmates. There were the instructive conversations on meteorology; the genial company of the observers; the cosy evening smokes round the kitchen stove; the whist parties; an occasional visit to tea at the 'hotel' on the summit; the unusual experience of appearing at those 'teas' attired in oilskins and sea-boots; the novelty of living among the clouds and seeing nothing but fog and snow from morning till night; the fun of going out in the morning to fill the buckets with snow for the day's water-supply; the melting of it previous to performing the morning's toilet; the reducing of it to liquid for domestic purposes; and the consuming of it in the shape of tea and coffee. There were also a goodly number of well-selected books with which any leisure time could be profitably spent.

But the 'natives' are not allowed to die of ennui at Ben Nevis Observatory. The amount of work to be performed puts that out of the question. Observations are made hourly, night and day; and it is not, as may be supposed, simply a matter of rising from your seat and looking at the barometer. Elaborate preparations have to be made. Punctually at five minutes before the hour, the observer proceeds to clothe himself in apparel suitable to face the outside elements. Sea-boots, thick worsted gloves, oilskins, and sou'-wester are donned as quickly as possible. The room is rather dark, as the snow still covers the windows, and in order to read the barometer a candle is required. After the candle has been lit, the clock is watched until it is precisely the hour, then the barometer reading is taken, after which the observer goes outside to make the other observations.

It is early in June, and there is still a considerable depth of snow on the summit of this, the loftiest mountain in Great Britain. The observer has to climb quite a small hill of it at the door ere he reaches the surface. Once there, what a glorious view could be had, were it not for that provoking fog. Day after day and week after week it envelops the top with a density and persistency that baffle all description. The most striking and extensive view in Scotland is by its means reduced to the most miserable and limited one of a few yards in circumference. What a strange quiet there is! Not a sign of life out-of-doors. The observer is, to all appearance, monarch of all he surveys; and as he trudges along through

the snow with his rain-gauge and spirit-level in hand, and considers that all he surveys is snow and fog, it is not surprising if he is unpatriotic enough to wish that his possessions would make themselves scarce. Although it is the month of June, the thermometer still registers several degrees of frost; and on one day during my brief sojourn in the clouds, four thousand feet above my friends below, about a foot of snow fell in less than twelve hours. It can be understood that no more time than is necessary is spent outside in conditions like these. His observations over, the observer hurries 'home' again and divests himself of his oilskins. He then 'corrects' his readings and enters them into several sheets. Besides this, a good deal of time is occupied in summing up the previous day's observations, calculating the averages, finding the humidity, vapour-tension, and dewpoint of each hourly observation; the same having to be performed for the weekly and monthly averages. If it should happen that he finds himself in possession of some spare time, the science of meteorology affords sufficient food for the digestion of his philosophical inquiries from one year's end to the other.

It speaks well for the observers' devotion to duty, that during the long boisterous winter months of last year, except on the occasion about to be referred to, not a single hourly observation was lost. For one whole week in February, every observation had to be taken by two observers roped together. Storms of this force are of frequent occurrence; but it is fortunately seldom that it blows with such force as to stop the observations even by this means. On one occasion, however, all outside observations were stopped for fifteen hours. Mr Omond, in referring to the matter, says: 'A terrific southerly gale blew with almost hurricane force, and stopped all outside observing for fifteen hours. It was impossible to stand or even to crawl to windward; while the most carefully shielded lantern was blown out at once. During the height of the gale, the air was full of snowdrift, intermixed with which were great lumps of hardened snow, that had been torn from the ground by the violence of the wind. One of these flying pieces broke the only window that was above the snow and exposed to the gale; and another smashed half-a-dozen louvres in the Stevenson's screen for the thermometers.'

In the winter months, unusual caution has to be exercised by the observers for their safety. The observatory house is entirely covered over with snow, with the exception of the tower. During the prevalence of thick fog, therefore, the observer has to feel his way to his outside instruments by means of a rope connected with them and the tower. He has to use the same guide in returning to the house, for although it is but a few yards off, the house is entirely hidden by the fog.

One of the observers tells of an experience that might have had serious results. He was on the 'nightwatch,' and the other two had retired to rest. The night was an ordinary Ben Nevis winter one—a good deal of wind, snow, frost, and fog. While shutting the tower door on the outside, the handle broke, and he was left standing in the storm with no means of admission.

The low-level door was entirely covered over, and there was nothing visible except the tower and the top of the chimney. After hammering at the tower door some time, he found that it was impossible either to force it open or to attract attention by its means. He then turned his attention to the chimney, and kicked and shouted into it until he was hoarse. There was only one thing left, and in desperation he made up his mind to it—that was, to attempt to reach Fort-William. Fortunately, his voice had aroused one of the sleepers within, who speedily admitted him, to the saving of his life.

The usual weather experienced on the Ben is a thick, wet, driving fog, or mist, with a temperature below freezing-point. More favourable conditions are so unusual, that there is considerable excitement when the top clears. After living in fog for a whole week, we were startled one night to hear from the 'nightwatch' that the top was clear. Instantly we rushed up through the tower and out on to the roof of the house. It was really true. The clouds that had rested on the top so long had fallen below, and left the sky above quite clear. It was a sight worth seeing. Huge cumulus clouds rolled over the tops of the lower hills, or rested in the valleys beneath. Sometimes a larger one would approach in a direct level with the top of the Ben and threaten to bury us again. But as it drew nearer, it also descended, and left us to enjoy what was really a magnificent piece of cloud and mountain scenery. By-and-by, as the night advanced, we had to retire, each hoping that the clouds would remain at their present low level.

The following morning, the clouds below and above had almost entirely disappeared; the horizon all round was clear, and so remained for two days. It is difficult to attempt a description of the delightful view from the top. As far as the eye can reach, on each side, hills and mountains of all shapes and sizes, some tipped with snow, are calmly resting, apparently enjoying the sunshine which has been so long a stranger. Here and there, as if purposely to enhance the picture, lies a loch or lake reposing between two gigantic mountains. Ben Lomond, Ben Muichdhu, Ben Wyvis, and quite a host of others, are pointed out. To the north of the Ben, the Caledonian Canal can be traced through Loch Lochy, Loch Oich, and into Loch Ness, where it hides itself in a valley before approaching Inverness. Looking westward, the islands of Skye, Rum, Colonsay, Islay, and Jura are plainly seen with the naked eye; while with the assistance of the telescope the Irish coast becomes visible. Turning to the other side of the country, the eye passes over the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, Nairn, and Elgin, into the Moray Firth and the German Ocean. Thus, by performing a right-about turn, the German Ocean and the Atlantic can be seen in the same minute.

Nothing can surpass the gorgeous sunsets that are to be seen from the Ben. Besides enjoying the appearance of all the beautifully tinted clouds that show themselves in an ordinary sunset, here the sun sends forth a thousand beams, distributing them over the hilltops and into the valleys, and throwing into each a variety of light and colour the beauty of which is indescribable. There are other objects to be seen which, while also having

their origin in or from the sun, possess a non-material existence. They live quietly and unostentatiously, and glide imperceptibly to an end that is shrouded in the unexplored domain of mystery. They are never seen but on the silvery side of clouds, and are particularly fond of anti-cyclonic conditions of the atmosphere—conditions, by the way, that are not particularly fond of the Ben. Their existence is of a vapoury kind, and they may be conveniently classed under the heading of optical phenomena.

The 'glories' which are the most interesting of these mysterious visitors, are always seen when the top is clearing, and the sun shining on the fog or clouds below. There is a cliff to the north of the observatory which falls perpendicularly to a distance of two thousand feet, from the edge of which the 'glories' can be most favourably witnessed. Clouds frequently rest themselves in this gorge during their temporary absence from the top. When the sun is shining, it throws the shadow of the observer on the clouds, and forms round the shadow a series of beautifully coloured rings, the size varying with the sun's altitude. There is also the Ben Nevis 'spectre,' who haunts the top during the dark foggy nights of winter. He is not partial to summer weather, because in those regions darkness does not come. If meteorological conditions are favourable, the 'ghost' is easily brought into existence. All that is required is a lighted lantern and a person to show his shadow on the fog, and presto! his ghostship is complete. Like other ghosts, he can be seen, but not felt, for, as you approach, he retires at a corresponding rate. His size is abnormally large, and his covering, of the good, old, orthodox white. Unruly little children would grow peaceful under his influence.

Rainbows are very seldom seen, but when they do appear, they sometimes form a complete bow. Fogbows, on the other hand, both solar and lunar, are seen very often. Coronæ and halos also appear frequently, and with great beauty, when the top is clear. Occasionally, during anti-cyclones, the dryness of the atmosphere experienced at the observatory far surpasses anything to be met with at any low-level station in the country, and can only be compared to that of Arabia or the Soudan.

Tourists who experience this kind of weather on the Ben are fortunate. Those people, however, are generally very unlucky, and arrive at the top drenched, to see nothing but fog. They nevertheless put a cheerful face on matters, and try to look as if they enjoyed it. The pushing, self-assertive tourist is quite amazed to hear that he cannot enter the observatory, examine it, and go about peeping into every corner as he pleases. He seems to have left the foot of the mountain with the fixed idea that the observatory is a place specially erected to gratify the curiosity of travellers, and that the observers are individuals placed there to answer questions. It is with difficulty he grasps the idea of the observatory being erected only for scientific purposes. Of course each tourist must send a telegram from the top; his visit would not be complete without it; and he usually displays an alarming disregard for truth in estimating the depth of the snow. If we were to accept the testimony of these telegraphic witnesses, they would make us believe

that the snow varies from ten to fifty feet in depth. Notwithstanding the wet condition of the weather, the visitors occasionally manage to put a little humour into their telegrams.

The ascent from Fort-William can be made in three hours; but travellers generally take longer. The distance is a little over seven miles; and the road, although vastly improved by the observatory people, is yet very rough. Vegetation entirely disappears after attaining a height of about two thousand feet, after which there is nothing but large stones under foot until reaching the snow. Visitors can be supplied during the summer months with tea and coffee by an enterprising Fort-William hotel-keeper, who has erected refreshment rooms on the summit. Owing to the number of visitors who arrive at the top during the summer months, it is impossible to admit them to the observatory, as it would interfere with the work. Ordinary visitors need not, however, feel any great disappointment at this; there is nothing very interesting to the uninitiated in the various meteorological instruments in use. They can be described in a few words.

The Barometer is on Fortin's principle, that in which the surface of mercury is adjustable by means of a thumbscrew. There is the great Dry Bulb, which is seldom dry, and its fellow in harness, the Wet Bulb, with its hood of muslin and its tiers of cotton. The Raingauge, too, receives its hourly visit, when it is replaced by another, taken indoors, thawed, and its contents measured. Then there is the Black Bulb, which is used only to measure the heat of the sun's rays. There is also the Sunshine Recorder, which leads an idle life, and is usually left at home, because there is seldom any sunshine to record. It is a large glass ball placed in a sun-dial arrangement, which burns a black mark on a paper beneath, on which is inscribed the hour of the day. There is the Spectroscope, which is prosaically carried in the waistcoat pocket of one of the observers. Through it, the mysterious rainband becomes visible. The Anemometer, which measures the velocity of the wind, is placed on the highest part of the observatory. Near it is the Weather Vane, which persists in keeping its head to the wind, and whose movements are carefully recorded inside by a clock-work instrument which is on the watch night and day. Lastly, there is the Stephanome, invented by Professor Tait, for measuring the dimensions of objects that have no bodily existence, such as rainbows, coronae, halos, and the like.

The observatory itself is a one-story building, the inside being of wood, with an outside covering of rough stones from three to four feet in thickness. The inside comprises a kitchen and office, four bedrooms, storerooms, and other necessary compartments. The building is supplied with double doors and windows, and a tower, rising some fifteen feet above the roof of the observatory. During the winter months, the conveyance of any bulky article to the top is impossible; the observatory is consequently provisioned and coaled for nine months; and during the most of that time, the 'sky crofters' have to exist on tinned meats, biscuits, and fare of a similar kind. They are connected by telegraph to Fort-William, which office, when all other communication is cut off, keeps them informed of the doings of the lower

world. The observers are cheerful and enthusiastic, and sacrifice much in the cause of the science for which they are working; and if they cannot supply conditions of weather to suit the individual likings of the British public, as some people would have them, the recent publications of the Scottish Meteorological Society show that the Ben Nevis observations have been the means of throwing light upon a great deal of hitherto doubtful and unexplained phenomena. How soon and to what extent the country will feel the practical benefit of the work of the observers on Ben Nevis remains to be seen. In the meantime, all that can be done is being done, faithfully and well, by the three gentlemen stationed at the observatory; and it remains with the public to give the Scottish Meteorological Society the encouragement and financial support which it deserves.

SOME RAILWAY HUMOUR.

OUR most celebrated living art critic, Mr Ruskin, has a very strong objection to the railway being carried through any district where there is exceptionally beautiful scenery; and yet a railway and its stations do not of necessity disfigure the landscape; indeed, there are many pretty railway stations dotted here and there over the country. It may be, however, that most of the whole number are anything but pleasant places, and it may be concluded that very few of them are places calculated to give much amusement. Still, there is one which may be said to supply both of those requirements. A house near to it was advertised as an eligible summer residence, on both of the above-mentioned accounts. 'It commands,' said the advertisement, 'not only a view of the pretty little railway station, but also of the people who miss the trains.' Thus were insured combined beauty and amusement.

Railway plant is not very suggestive of humour. Such of the drollery as one comes across is almost as heavy and quite as lumbering as the greater part of the plant itself. Surely it must have been a serious travail of the mind to bring to light such a conundrum as the following: 'Why is a locomotive engine like a comet?—Because it has a head-light and carries a long train.' Of course there are worse jokes, even off the line, but one does not often meet with them. A New York paper is guilty of perpetrating the following: 'A Western railroad Company is seriously thinking of calling its main road "The Primogeniture Route," because it is the heir line.'

A very fair attempt at a joke of the lugubrious kind was once committed by a guard on one of the short midland lines. The Company was very small and very poor, and it was just a little more than they could do to make ends meet at the yearly day of reckoning. There were not many conveniences for the passengers, and indeed they were not quite so much cared for as the goods in the wagons that were mixed up with the carriages. As for the guard, at some of the stations on the line he was ticket-clerk, station-master, passenger-porter, and goods-porter all in one.

Just before leaving the junction on a certain day, a fussy passenger called him to the window. 'Look here, guard,' he said; 'why don't you have foot-warmers in these carriages? We shall get our death of cold.'

'Well, you see,' responded the guard, 'one of our directors is a doctor, another is a chemist, and another is a tombstone mason; and you know in this world people must live and let live. So, you see'—

'All right, guard; go ahead. You ought to have had another director a coffin-maker, and then we could have got up a special catastrophe for the benefit of the directorate.'

'We have a coffin-maker amongst them, sir; but I thought it would be too suggestive to mention him.'

'Ah, well, it is rather suggestive,' said the passenger. 'So, what do you think of an accident, for the express benefit of your mixed lot of directors?'

'Express, did you say?' asked the guard. 'Ah, you have not been on this line before, or you would not talk like that. Why, sir, we don't go fast enough to come to any harm, even if we ran off the lines; and as for a collision, that is an impossibility, for our only other engine is laid up with a twisted cylinder and a broken wheel.'

Charles Dickens wrote a very humorous homily upon railway refreshment inconveniences; indeed it was one huge joke at the expense of the Companies, and for the benefit of the public at large. Had he wanted a text at the time that should be exactly to the point of his *Boy at Mugby*, he might have found it in one of the prophetic books, where it says: 'And he shall snatch on the right hand, and be hungry; and he shall eat on the left hand, and they shall not be satisfied.' The story was literally true then of nearly all stations, while now it may only be said to be an accurate description of some here and there. Still, some approach was made to it at that refreshment room on the line before referred to in the earlier part of this account. The train stopped one day, and a famished passenger called a newsboy to the window and said: 'Here, boy, take these two pence and fetch me a penny bun, and get one for yourself with the remaining coin.'

The boy rushed off at double-quick speed. The passenger was on pins for fear the boy would not return in time. He did return eating; and as he swallowed the last bit, he handed one of the pennies in at the window, saying: 'Here's your penny, sir; there was only one bun left.'

Railway-men are not celebrated, like cabmen, for instance, for having much power in the way of repartee, but now and then they are the occasion of it in others. At a certain station a porter promptly offered assistance to a bishop, who was more often out of his diocese than his people liked. He was a humorist, loved continental trips, and carried a good deal of luggage with him.

'How many articles, your lordship?' asked the porter.

'Thirty-nine,' replied the bishop with a twinkle in his eye.

'That's too many, I'm afraid, your lordship,' said the man stolidly and in perfect good faith.

'Ah!' responded the bishop dryly, 'I perceive that you are a dissenter.' And the porter did not see the joke.

This density was well shown on the North London Railway not long since. A passenger remarked in the hearing of one of the Company's servants how easy it was to 'do,' as he called it, the Company. He declared that he had often taken them in. The servant was on the alert in a moment; thought he had got a case, and determined to make the most of it. He listened.

'I have often,' said the passenger to his companion, 'gone from Broad Street to Dalston Junction without a ticket. Any one can do it, easily; I did it myself yesterday.'

When he got out of the train, the servant of the Company followed after, and wanted to know how it was done. At first, the passenger would not give the information; but at last, for a little monetary consideration, he agreed. The money was paid.

'Now,' asked the official, 'how did you manage to get from Broad Street to Dalston Junction without a ticket?'

'Oh,' said the passenger with a smile, 'I simply walked the distance.'

That railway servant grimly saw the joke, but felt that he had paid for it rather dearly.

On the old Stockton and Darlington Railway, in the days when that Company took the preachers of the gospel at half-price like children, one of the ticket-clerks, when asked for a minister's ticket by a somewhat underclerical-looking man, expressed a doubt as to his profession. 'I'll read you one of my sermons, if you doubt my word,' said the minister. 'No, thank you,' said the ticket-clerk with a gloomy smile, and handed the ticket over without any further proof.

But if the railway-man is not ready in repartee, from an apparent desire not to talk, this desire having been the natural result of the demand made upon him to answer so many frivolous questions, he cannot be said to be unequal to an emergency. A ticket-inspector was chosen deacon of a church, and when it became his duty to take up the collection, he startled the congregation into rather indecorous smiles by blurting out his habitual and characteristic demand of 'Tickets, gentlemen!' and it is even averred that the collection was much larger than usual that day. It must have been the same man who one day, at a combined concert and public meeting, had a presentation made to him, and was consequently called upon to make a speech in response. For a time he shook his head; but at last relenting, he said: 'Well, I've only one speech.'

'All right; give us that!' several called out.

'Very well,' he assented; and looking round for a moment, he exclaimed, according to the order of the classes of passengers: 'Tickets, if you please, gentlemen; tickets, please; tickets!' and retired from the platform. It is said that the speech was so effective, that the band could not play for full ten minutes, and that the audience could not have listened to them even if they had played.

Still, there was once a railway-man who must have been a wag at heart. He was an engine-driver, and had been discharged for not exercising due care in the course of his duty. He

applied to be reinstated in his former occupation, when the following dialogue took place.

'You were dismissed,' said the superintendent austere, 'for letting your train come twice into collision. Once we could have overlooked, and we did so on your first occasion; but it is impossible for us to pass over a second offence, and you only waste your time in making such an application as you are now proceeding with.'

'Why,' said the engine-driver, interrupting him, 'that is the very reason why I ask to be restored to my work.'

'How so?' asked the superintendent in astonishment.

'Because, sir,' replied the man, 'if I had any doubt on the first occasion as to whether two trains could pass each other on the same lines, my doubt is now entirely removed. I am now completely satisfied. I have tried it twice, sir, and I find that it can't be done; and you may take my word for it that I shall not try the experiment again.'

And he did not, for they would not allow him the opportunity.

WITWATERSRAND:

THE NEW GOLDFIELDS OF THE TRANSVAAL.

WITWATERSRAND (white-waters-rand), so called by the Dutch settlers on account of its fountains of clear (or white) water, is a range of low hills running irregularly across the South African republic, and situated at a distance of thirty-six miles south of Pretoria. A tract of country extending longitudinally about fifty miles, and in varying but much smaller distances in a northerly and southerly direction, has been thrown open as a public goldfield, and frequent additions are being made to its already extensive area. Previous to the discovery of gold, and its consequent 'rush,' the district was pastoral and entirely in the hands of Boers, who occupied farms of from five to six thousand acres each, and who devoted their energies to the rearing of cattle and sheep, only very small patches of land being under cultivation, and these usually producing barely sufficient for the requirements of the Boer's family and stock. The *veldt*, as this pastoral land is called, is of an undulating and, except in swampy places and during the rainy season, of a parched and barren nature, devoid of trees and bush. It is an uninviting locality except for gold-digging. For some years, it has been thought that this was a gold-bearing district, and 'prospecting' of a desultory nature has been carried on; but it is only within the past few months that the area has been proclaimed auriferous, and the existence of payable gold indisputably proved. During this short time a population of more than two thousand has scattered itself over the 'Rand,' as Witwatersrand is colloquially termed, and a steady influx is daily augmenting the number. Camps have sprung up like mushrooms; the main camp, or, as it is called from its originator, 'Ferreira's Camp,' is a straggling collection of huts and tents, interspersed with a few houses of a more pretentious nature, which are constructed of corrugated iron and brick. There is a long main street, and a market square, with innumerable stores and canteens; but the general appearance of the camp

suggests its sudden growth, and probable equally sudden disappearance, leaving behind it only the debris and dirt which seem to be the natural concomitants of a mining camp. Ferreira's Camp, with its dirt and discomfort, its wretched hovels of reeds and mud, its gambling and drinking dens (literally dens), its dust and filth and glaring uncleanness, is the centre of commerce for the Fields, and a busy bustling place. Here are sold all the requirements of a mining community; here are conducted the various transactions in claims and shares which constitute part of the financial speculations of the Fields; and here are held those periodical sales of horses, cattle, vehicles, and general merchandise which are so dear to colonists, and such a marked trait in their characters, that wherever a few of them are gathered together, an auctioneer is an absolute necessity.

There are other camps, some of them approaching in size to a small canvas village, while many are dotted about the *veldt*, and consist in most instances of two or three tents and a wagon. The population of the Goldfields is of that miscellaneous and motley character which always seems to gravitate to mining camps. As yet, only a few Australian and Californian diggers have put in an appearance here, and they seem somewhat out of their element, the pronounced difference in the general formation and association of the precious metal to its existence on other Fields being quite at variance with their notions of the eternal fitness of things; yet they are very sanguine of the great future before the Fields, and they emphatically and repeatedly assert their confidence in language bristling with a species of decorative profanity peculiar to their class.

The Jews are very numerous, and active in speculation, buying and selling, and in a most disinterested manner; and at terrific risk and inconvenience providing sophisticated gold for the purpose of producing the crude article; but their untiring labours are always conditional, and they will reap their reward at who knows how much per cent. Speculators from the Diamond Fields, representatives of syndicates from all parts of South Africa, farmers, merchants, professional men, clerks, mechanics, ex-members of the Bechuanaland Field Force, and adventurers, jostle each other in the race. Honest citizens and escaped convicts, gentlemen and blacklegs, university men and the scum of racecourses, stand cheek by jowl, and metaphorically shake hands in the same ring; and yet it is a most peaceful and law-abiding community; robbery and violence are practically unknown; drunkenness is the common vice, but is in no way excessive; and gambling, the natural atmosphere of a portion of the community, is very prevalent.

Witwatersrand possesses an exceptionally healthy climate. Occasionally, the extremes of heat and cold which occur in the course of a day and night are very marked, but do not appear to produce more than trivial and temporary ill effects. A violent wind, which springs up suddenly, but is of short duration, sweeps with fearful force over the plain, carrying with it clouds of dust, and requiring all hands to 'stand by' the tent poles and guy ropes during its paroxysm, which is quickly exhausted, the storm subsiding as suddenly as it appeared. These

winds are of almost daily occurrence, and serve a sanitary purpose as the 'doctors' of the camp. The general health of the Fields is excellent, no serious cases of sickness being known.

Gold-digging on these Fields will be confined to quartz-mining, and loses many of the charms which are supposed to be associated with alluvial digging or diamond-digging in the early days. Expensive and complicated machinery must be used; the quartz must be crushed and washed on a gigantic scale, cheap labour procured, water-courses constructed, tramways laid for miles, to carry the quartz to the mills; and altogether, gold-mining will be an unromantic but steady and dividend-paying industry. The ideal digger with pan and cradle will have no existence in the future of these Fields, unless the at present apparently improbable discovery of payable alluvial gold should be made. Individual claim-holders who were fortunate enough to 'peg out' on good ground when it was first proclaimed, will be splendidly rewarded, by being able to sell out to the various Companies which are already formed or in course of formation; for if their claims are good, they will realise handsomely on them. As much as a thousand pounds has been paid for a single claim which only cost the holder—who had it for five months—the monthly rental of one pound, which is the sum required per claim in order to retain it and secure the protection of the government. There are many poor men who are original claim-holders, and are anxious to sell out, but ask too high a figure; and the Companies can be patient, whilst the hard-up holders must at last succumb and make the proverbial bad bargains of necessity.

The matrix in which the gold is found is a conglomerate, changing into quartzite and quartz reef—or, as some prefer to call it, a 'deposit,' and deny the existence of reefs at Witwatersrand. This is a dispute of very little practical importance. The name of reef has been generally adopted for the underground ridges of quartz and conglomerate in which the gold exists, and will no doubt always bear that name. The reefs are very numerous, and in some places crop out of the surface; they are all gold-bearing, and yield varying amounts of the precious metal, from a few grains to five ounces, and in exceptional cases, ten ounces, to the ton of quartz. The conglomerate, which forms a thick casing to the quartz reef, is a peculiar formation of almond-shaped pebbles, pressed into a solid mass in a bed of rock of an igneous nature, and is called 'Banket' on account of its resemblance to a favourite Dutch sweetmeat known in England as almond rock. The 'Banket' is also rich in gold. The reefs are very erratic in their formation, making sudden dips and striking off in unlooked-for directions; but in all cases where shafts have been sunk, they are proved to be of a permanent nature, and test-washings from any part of the reef or casing invariably give 'colour.'

Machinery is being fitted up from England, and, once in operation, will give a wonderful impetus to the Goldfields, as everything is now in a state of suspense, and mining has been confined to exposing and ascertaining the extent and direction of the reefs and proving their gold-bearing nature. This, with transactions in shares and speculations in claims, has necessarily been all that could be

done towards the development of the Fields; but nothing could be more satisfactorily proved than the existence of an unlimited quantity of payable gold; and the prospects of Witwatersrand are as bright and cheering as the most deeply interested investors ever anticipated. The South African Goldfields at present are decidedly not the place for poor men; the congested state of the labour market here has found an outlet in the Fields, and they are now overstocked with all descriptions of non-capitalists. This country will, however, provide a home for many thousands in the not far distant future.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE meeting of the British Association for the present year will take place at Manchester on August 31, under the Presidency of Sir H. Roscoe, M.P., F.R.S. The several sections will have as Presidents, Sir Robert S. Ball, Astronomer-royal for Ireland, for Mathematics and Physics; Dr Schunck for the Chemistry section; Dr Woodward for Geology; Professor Newton for Biology; General Sir Charles Warren for Geography; Dr Robert Giffen for Economic Science; and Professor Osborn Reynolds for Mechanical Science. With this concourse of good names, it is expected that the meeting of 1887 will be a memorable one.

An Order in Council has been issued declaring the following monuments to be 'ancient monuments' under the provisions of the Ancient Monuments Protection Act of 1882: Little Kit's Coty House, or the Countless Stones of Tottington, in the parish of Aylesford, Kent; the Chambered Tumulus at Buckholt, Gloucestershire; the Druids' Circle and Tumulus on Eyam Moor, Derbyshire; the Pictish Town of Carloway, Ross-shire; the Ruthwell Runic Cross, Dumfriesshire; and St Ninian's Cave at Glaserton, Wigtownshire. The Order will become law after lying for forty days on the tables of both Houses of Parliament.

A French paper publishes a new method of platinising metals, which is said to be not only effectual, but to be only one-tenth the cost of nickel-plating. The necessary operations are as follows: The object to be coated is first of all covered with a mixture of borate of lead and oxide of copper in turpentine, and submitted to a temperature sufficient to melt this deposit, and to cause it to spread over the metal in a uniform layer. Next, a second layer of the same composition is laid on; but in this case, oil of lavender takes the place of the turpentine used before. Finally, the article, thus doubly coated, is brushed over with a solution of chloride of platinum, and submitted to a heat of two hundred degrees. The platinum is said to adhere firmly to the surface, and to exhibit its characteristic brilliancy—a brilliancy which does not tarnish.

A scheme has been proposed by which the

town of Lanark, on the river Clyde, is to be lighted by electricity, the necessary motive-power for the generating machines being procured from the Stonebyres Fall. At a meeting recently held, the inhabitants of the district were most enthusiastic in their support of the project; and if terms can be arranged with the owners of property adjoining the site of the proposed works, the scheme will most probably be carried out at an early date.

Professor Macadam has lately given a description of a sample of talc obtained from New Jersey, which is very largely employed in paper-making in place of kaolin or china clay. It is of such a fibrous nature that it readily attaches itself to the smaller particles of paper, and causes them to be retained, instead of being washed away. It is said that the beautiful quality and smooth glaze of American papers are primarily due to the use of this mineral.

In a lecture upon Wrought Iron lately delivered by Mr J. S. Gardner at the Society of Arts, attention was directed to the great superiority of mediæval ironwork to that of the present day. The lecturer was inclined to attribute this to the circumstance, that in the middle ages important work of this kind was intrusted only to men who had an aptitude for it. If the right man could not be had, the work was not executed except in a very simple form. But if a skilled workman were forthcoming, the design, or at anyrate its details were left to his own fancy. 'He was not fettered by estimates nor bound by time.' Yet, according to Mr Gardner, the work was more quickly done than it is now.

A very common error, and one which has again and again found its way into print, is that water when turned into ice is subjected to a kind of natural purification, by which it is at once rendered safe for potable purposes. That this theory is quite untenable has been more than once pointed out, but never more conclusively than by a Report lately made by the State Board of Health of New York. This Report contains the analysis of some ice taken from Onondaga Lake, into which lake is discharged the sewage of the city of Syracuse, amounting to five million gallons a day. Analysis proved that the ice contained about twelve per cent. of the sewage impurities dissolved in the same quantity of unfrozen water of the lake. The presence of bacteria in great abundance was also demonstrated, their growth being somewhat retarded, but by no means destroyed by the ice. There are numerous cases on record where dysentery and other diseases have been induced by the use of ice from impure water.

It was recently exemplified in the metropolis on the occasion of a suspected murderer being 'wanted' by the police, that the wide circulation of the man's photograph had no influence in procuring his arrest. Again, in France lately, a suspected man having come to the end of his money was compelled by hunger to enter a restaurant. In this house there happened to be sitting a policeman who had

in his pocket a portrait of the wretched man, and yet failed to recognise him. Do these failures indicate that the pictures were unlike those for whom they were intended?—or are the police of both countries very unintelligent members of the human family? We are inclined to think that the explanation of the problem may be found in an unexpected direction. The cheap photographs taken by itinerant operators 'while you wait' give a reversed image of the sitter. This he does not detect himself, for he is used to see his face thus reversed every time he looks in a mirror. But such a likeness—and such likenesses often form the original from which copies are multiplied for police use—conveys a very different idea to a stranger. We may add that the difficulty could easily be obviated by again reversing the image in the operation of copying the photograph.

A valuable application of photography, but one which is not used so much as might be wished, has been adopted by an American Company for the preservation of valuable manuscripts against loss by fire. The method has the merit of extreme compactness, so that trouble in storage and handling is reduced to a minimum. The method simply consists in copying the pages, with all the interlineations, corrections, &c. on a reduced scale of two inches per page. These leaflets are perfect, although so small, and can easily be made legible when magnified. We may remind our readers that a similar expedient was adopted during the last siege of Paris, when the whole of a newspaper was reduced to such tiny dimensions that the copy could be contained in a quill. This quill was fastened to the tail feathers of a pigeon, the only kind of biped which could escape from the French capital at that time.

The United States Fish Commission print a very interesting Report on Hawaiian Fishing Implements and Methods of Fishing, which contains a curious account of the method adopted for securing the octopus. The smaller kinds are caught in shallow water by women, who accomplish the work with considerable skill; but the larger kinds of octopus are dealt with by the men. The bait is a cowrie, the shell of which must be of a particular shade of colour, to tempt the octopus from its hole. Arrived at the fishing-ground, the fisher, after chewing some candle-nut, ejects it from his mouth into the water, so that the oil will insure a glassy surface, through which the man can watch his prey. The line with cowrie attached is then dropped into the water, and seized by the octopus, which will generally closely hug it and coil itself all round it. The line is then drawn to the surface, and the octopus is killed by a blow from a club between the eyes. This blow has to be given with skill, or the creature may prove to be a very dangerous foe. It is stated in this Report that the amputation of one or more of the eight arms of this unattractive creature does not in the least affect the efficiency of the remainder.

According to the will of the late Sir Joseph Whitworth, those of the pictures he has collected which have been painted by Members or Associates of the Royal Academy, are, after the death of Lady Whitworth, to become the property of the Manchester Corporation.

The American government have recently sent to this country a large consignment of fish-ova, that of the Whitefish (*Coregonus albus*), which are destined for the hatchery at Delaford Park. It is believed that this valuable food-fish will thrive well in the waters of the United Kingdom, and more especially in the Scottish lakes, which are well adapted to the natural necessities of the fish in question. The experiment is one which will be watched with great interest, for, if it is successful, it will indicate a very important addition to our food-resources.

The Tobacco trades section of the London Chamber of Commerce, in order to encourage the culture of the 'weed' in the British possessions, offer two prizes of fifty guineas each, to be awarded respectively to the best specimen grown in the United Kingdom, and for that produced in India or the colonies.

A paper upon Tobacco-growing in England, which was lately read by Mr E. J. Beale before the Society of Arts (London), gave some valuable information regarding the experimental tobacco-culture which took place near the metropolis last year. In summing up the results obtained, he asserted that successful culture must depend upon the observation of rules laid down by English experimentalists rather than by following the methods employed by other nations. With regard to the cost of tobacco-cultivation, he puts it at twenty-five pounds seven shillings and eightpence per acre; which, if the produce yields fourpence a pound, would show a net profit of from ten to twenty-four pounds per acre. In the discussion which followed the reading of this paper, the wish was expressed that many would be induced to cultivate a small patch of tobacco, which could be done with sixpennyworth of seed. The wide experience thus gained would be most useful in determining the possibility of making the culture pay on a larger scale. We may add that such experimental growing of tobacco can now be prosecuted without taxation by going through certain formalities prescribed by the Revenue department.

The earthquake shocks with their lamentable death-roll which occurred in Southern France and Italy in February have reminded a contemporary that some of the greatest earthquakes recorded in previous years have taken place in the same month. In 1531, Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake which buried thirty thousand persons in the ruins. In 1703, an earthquake at Aquila, in Italy, killed five thousand persons. Eighty years later, Italy and Sicily were shaken by an earthquake which destroyed many thousand lives. In 1797, an earthquake in Central America destroyed forty thousand persons in one brief second of time; and lastly, in 1835, an earthquake took place in Chili which was of a most disastrous character. All these catastrophes took place in the month of February.

We have heard so much lately about swords and cutlasses supplied to the British army which are little better in quality than old hoop-iron, that we begin to lose faith in the vaunted excellence of British cutlery. But it would seem that the best of cutlers in this hemisphere can learn a good deal from the sword-makers of Japan. According to *Iron*, these men turn out weapons of the most marvellous character, not to be

matched by the blades forged in Damascus and Toledo, which have figured in so many stories of our boyhood. It is stated, as a not uncommon feat, that a Japanese soldier can cut a pig in two at a single blow, and that he can similarly divide bars of lead, and even of iron, without notching or injuring his sword-blade. A sword is also mentioned of such excellent quality that a floating leaf drifting against it while the blade is held in a stream will be cut in two. If it be the fact that the Japanese understand the tempering of steel so much better than we do in this country, the sooner that a few skilled artisans are sent out there to learn the methods adopted the better it will be for Britain in general, and for our military authorities in particular.

A steamship is about to be built by the Arrow Steamship and Shipbuilding Company of New York, which it is believed will leave the swiftest ship afloat far behind in point of speed, and which will, it is said, mark an era in the transatlantic trade. This ship, which is already named the *Pocahontas*, is to be constructed on an entirely new principle. It will carry no heavy goods, and the speed it is calculated to attain will enable it to cross the Atlantic in four days! The length of this unique vessel will be five hundred and forty feet, with a beam of forty feet, and a draught of twenty-five feet. The engines will be of twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and eighty-six horse-power, and will be fed by twenty boilers.

A simple seismometer, or measurer of earthquake shocks, has recently been suggested. It consists of a cup with four equidistant lips, filled with mercury. These lips should be placed so as to correspond with the point of the compass. The intensity of the shock can be gauged by the amount of quicksilver displaced, while its direction is indicated by noting the particular lip from which the metal dropped. The instrument must be fixed on a firm base, free from vibration caused by mere local circumstances, such as the passing of a heavy wagon, and it is evident that means must be adopted to prevent the evaporation of the mercury.

Liquids which are liable to great expansion with any rise in temperature cannot be safely stored in wooden casks. To meet this difficulty, Messrs Hein, Lehmann, & Co. of Berlin have recently introduced casks made of corrugated and galvanised iron. It is said that while these casks are much lighter than wooden ones, they are much stronger, and will last much longer. The corrugations are parallel with the hoops, which are tubular. These casks are now used for the transport of oils, spirits, and even beer. They will withstand an internal pressure of thirty pounds to the square inch.

The scheme for constructing a ship-railway across the isthmus which joins North and South America together as by a slender thread, will most likely sink into oblivion now that Captain Eads, its promoter, is dead. The scheme, of which we gave a detailed account in this *Journal* for October 3, 1885, was indeed a bold one, and if it had been suggested by any one but a successful engineer, would never have been listened to. Captain Eads maintained that a broad railway could be made which could carry ships of

the largest size from the Pacific to the Atlantic, or *vice versa*, at a far cheaper rate for construction and maintenance than a canal.

The American consul in Honduras in a recent Report speaks of the Pita plant which could be usefully applied to many manufactures, but which has never been cultivated. In Honduras, it grows up in such wild luxuriance on the banks of every river and lagoon which happens to be situated anywhere below an altitude of two thousand feet, that it can be had in abundance for the mere cutting of it. The natives make of it thread for sewing boots and shoes, nets, fishing-lines, hammocks and cordage generally, and a thousand other things. It has also been manufactured into handkerchiefs, laces, and ribbons. There seems, however, to be some little difficulty in separating the fibre from the plant without rotting or injuring it.

Mr J. H. Fisher of Dunfermline recently read an interesting paper, before the North British branch of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, On the Action of Freezing Solutions on Ice-cream Solutions. In the course of this paper, he showed how the employment of certain freezing mixtures in conjunction with the metal zinc, of which the machines are now commonly made, would lead to the formation of poisonous compounds, as well as to the early destruction of the metal-work. There have been cases of poisoning by cheap ices which might possibly be traced to this source; and although the author of the paper was careful not to state definitely that this was the case, he said that the symptoms exhibited by the sufferers closely agreed with those which would be due to poisoning by chloride of zinc. From its extreme cheapness, zinc is now largely employed in the manufacture of all kinds of utensils, and something of its chemistry and the nature of the compounds which act upon it should be widely known, in order to prevent disastrous consequences from its careless use.

A correspondent of the *Scotsman* says that Canada is furnishing another explorer for the search for the north pole in the person of Mr Alexander Macarthur, a former employee of the Hudson Bay Company, who started out on his northward trip from Winnipeg on the 20th February with only one companion. Sleighing is to be used until Norway House is reached, and dog-trains thence, proceeding due north to Fort Churchill. From that point he will make divergence to Chesterfield Inlet to see a New Bedford whaler wintering there, from which he hopes to gain some useful information, and by which vessel, on its return, he will forward the only communication to the world he leaves behind, until his return, as once past that inlet the dreary polar wilderness has to be entered. By the middle of May, Mr Macarthur expects to reach Boothia Felix, where the magnetic pole is situated, whence he will push forward through Somerset and Devon Land, keeping west of the Greely route, and in an entirely unexplored country. Mr Macarthur has served a long apprenticeship to semi-arctic life, and a fellow-official of the Company, well known in arctic discovery, Dr Rae, is a personal friend. He is well supplied with instruments, and trinkets for Eskimo trading, and he takes provisions for two months, after which the two explorers will

have to depend on their rifles for food. He expects to be absent three years; and the result of his enterprise will be awaited with patriotic pride by his Canadian fellow-countrymen, who hail the enterprise as undertaken by one of themselves well adapted for its hardships.

Brunel's steamship, the *Great Eastern*, the largest vessel ever built, and the construction of which cost half a million of money, has been sold to the London and Australian Steamship Company for the small sum of twenty-six thousand pounds. This Company is forming a fleet of steamers to trade between this country and the antipodes, and the big ship is to take her place in this service. To fit her for the duty, her cumbrous paddles will be removed, and the whole of her machinery renewed in favour of more modern patterns. The work of renovation is in the hands of the Fairfield Ship-building Company of Glasgow, and the cost of the projected improvements is estimated at one hundred and sixty thousand pounds. It is expected that a speed of twenty knots will be attained by the vessel when these works have been carried out. If we remember rightly, her old speed was only fifteen knots, a rate of progress which much disappointed her gifted designer.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

UTILISATION OF NATURAL GAS.

AN experiment of singular interest has just been brought to a successful issue in Pennsylvania, U.S.A., which may possibly in the near future cause a revolution in public economy in the coal districts of the United Kingdom. We refer to the practical utilisation of natural gas both for domestic and industrial requirements. Thus, in Pennsylvania the natural-gas region covers an area of about four hundred square miles; the gas lies immediately below the clay-beds, and a tapping of the reservoir is the only labour required to procure a steady supply of first-class gas. The pressure is generally found to be very great, something between five and six hundred pounds to the square inch; a serious drawback if it be wanted for immediate domestic use; but, on the other hand, this high pressure enables the gas to be conducted in eighteen-inch tubes great distances without any additional mechanical contrivance. Methods have also been found for aerating the gas with oxygen, in order to reduce its pressure and quality when necessary. The great centre of manufacture in this region, Pittsburgh, is now almost entirely supplied with this gas, even factories working with it, and thus economising their heavy outlay in coal. The operatives, and inhabitants generally also benefit by this new discovery, every house being supplied with a practically unlimited supply of gas for lighting and cooking purposes at a merely nominal rate per annum; for the gas is so plentiful and easily got at, that public opinion would not tolerate its being sold by measure.

It is conjectured that these vast accumulations of natural gas are derived from the petroleum springs; but as the gas and petroleum districts are quite distinct, and some little distance apart, and, moreover, coal-mines—anthracite and

bituminous—are within or quite near the gas region, it is quite as likely that this natural gas is nothing more than after-damp, or a product of after-damp, which has escaped from the coal-beds and old unworked pits and galleries. Should this latter conjecture prove to be a correct solution of the as yet unsolved mystery, it will at once be seen that in England, Scotland, and Wales we may also possess vast natural gas regions. It would then only be necessary to discover the whereabouts of the subterranean gas deposits, when artesian wells could be sunk, and the gas brought to the surface ready for immediate use. The practical benefits of such a discovery would be immense; for not only would there be an enormous saving in fuel, but one of the great drawbacks of the manufacturing districts of our country, the stifling, life-destroying pall of smoke, would be greatly diminished, if not entirely done away with. This would be a great gain. But to counterbalance the boon, it would probably be found that after some length of time the consumption of the gas would produce more or less severe land depressions or subsidings, like those in our salt districts, and as they expect in the neighbourhood of Pittsburg. There is yet another drawback to the discovery of vast reservoirs of these gases in our country—such discoveries would be likely to be serious blows to the mining industries, as less coal would be consumed in the immediate neighbourhood of natural-gas tapings. However we must recollect that any serious revolution in industrial economy invariably brings a certain amount of hardship in its train; nevertheless, this should be no valid reason against practical steps being taken to ascertain whether we cannot imitate our transatlantic cousins.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR GUTTA-PERCHA.

The public will be gratified to learn, from a Report in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of British Guiana*, that an admirable substitute for gutta-percha has been found in the milk-like secretion, or juice, of the Bullet Tree (*Mimusops balata*). Dr H. Muller had submitted a sample of this curious tree to an india-rubber manufacturer, who said that he treated it as a superior kind of gutta-percha; but it appears that it is a distinct substance altogether, being much softer at ordinary temperatures, and not so rigid in cold. It also possesses the great advantage of not becoming brittle when exposed to light and air, whilst the property of insulating for electricity is said to be equal to gutta-percha. Balata has been known for the last twenty-five years, but never has gained any commercial importance until recently. In 1882, upwards of one hundred thousand pounds were brought to the English market, commanding a price of one shilling and threepence per pound. It is collected chiefly on the Canjé River, which falls into the Berbice River, between the Amazon and the Orinoco. The tree often reaches the height of one hundred and twenty feet, and grows with a fine spreading head. The trunk is sometimes sixty or seventy feet long, and four to five feet in diameter; but the majority are not nearly this size. Specimens of the tree seem to be plentiful throughout the region named.

A SHIP-CANAL FOR BRUSSELS—CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF PEREKOP.

Paris and Manchester having both resolved on a ship-canal, it now appears that Brussels is determined not to be behindhand, and therefore a proposal has been made to the municipality to construct a ship-canal to the Scheldt, having a depth of six and a half metres, with quays sufficiently capacious to allow twenty ships, of two thousand five hundred tons each, to unload or load; and the whole is to be connected with the great Belgian lines of railway. The scheme is a bold one; but the Company who will undertake it—if it is carried out—is an English one, and the contractors and workers will doubtless be English too.

Whilst on this subject, we may mention that such another scheme is about to be attempted in South Russia, by the cutting of a canal across the Isthmus of Perekop, to connect the Sea of Azov with the waters of the Black Sea. By this plan, a saving of one hundred miles of very rough sailing will be effected, and more especially the dangerous passage of Kertch, which in winter is constantly closed by ice. It is supposed that the making of this canal will greatly improve the coal and salt trades of Donetz and Odessa, which alone, in a commercial point of view, is a matter of the highest importance.

BOAST NOT OF TO-MORROW.

THE Lark said: 'Lo! the winter has gone by;

Buds will be bursting; I shall greet the spring;

The snow has vanished, and bright days are nigh;

I soar into the blue, my song to sing.'

But ere he plumed his wings for happy flight,

Deep snow came down, and veiled the fields in white.

THE Floweret said: 'In this warm, sheltered nook,

My blossom I will spread before the sun,

And he will smile on me with gladsome look.'

But the dear floweret, ere the day was done,

Shrivelled before the north wind's frosty breath,

Trembled, and closed her bright-blue eyes in death.

THE Maiden said: 'My true love is away;

But soon his ship will come across the foam,

And life will then be lovely, bright, and gay,

And blessed days will gladden our fair home.'

But as she dreamt her happy dreams and smiled,

His barque went down at midnight dark and wild.

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THE QUEEN'S CORONATION.

THE most complete and graphic account of the coronation of our present gracious Queen is to be found in the special issue of *The Sun* newspaper of Thursday, June 28, 1838. This special issue reached at least a thirty-sixth edition, and continued to be reprinted and sold up to September, and perhaps later. Its first and fourth pages are printed in gold, and the first contains a medallion of Her Majesty twelve inches in diameter. The extraordinary circulation which this copy secured, and the commendation which it received from contemporary prints, show that it was considered at the period to have marked a notable advance in journalism. The thirty-sixth edition of a newspaper is perhaps unique; and a particular copy being reprinted from June to September is in itself a remarkable instance of newspaper longevity. The price of this copy of *The Sun* is not stated; but there is a notice to the effect that 'the immense expense we have incurred in preparing the present copy of *The Sun*, which we willingly give to our subscribers at the usual price, will prevent us from selling it to non-subscribers at the same rate. Its beauty, however, is so great, that we are sure the public who will be desirous of possessing such an extraordinary specimen of the art of printing will be willing to pay the sum which we shall find it necessary to demand to cover our expenses.'

The editor informs his readers that they may form some idea 'of the exertions and expense necessary to attain our object,' when it is stated that it has 'required the united labour of three large establishments, comprising between two and three hundred persons,' to produce this issue. At the same time, he is able to congratulate himself that the exertions of his staff were not in vain, for 'the very handsome manner in which three of our morning contemporaries have done us the honour to speak of the specimen we laid before them, is an earnest of the praise we hope to deserve from the public at large.'

In order not to interrupt the direct narrative,

it may be as well to refer here to the proceedings in the House of Commons on the morning of the coronation. The House met at seven. At nine o'clock the Speaker entered in his robes, the Serjeant carrying the mace, and wearing all his orders. At that time there were upwards of four hundred members present; 'and it never was our fortune to witness a finer or grander scene than when the members all rose to receive the Speaker as he proceeded to the chair. The intermixture of the various uniforms and court dresses formed as beautiful a *coup d'œil* as could possibly be witnessed.' The House of Lords is not mentioned on this occasion.

At seventeen minutes past three o'clock on the morning of the 28th of June, a royal salute of twenty-one guns awakened the citizens of London to the fact that 'the sun was then rising upon the joyous day when the crown of these great realms was to be placed upon the head of the most popular and beloved sovereign that has wielded the British sceptre since the days of Alfred.' By four o'clock, the streets were so thronged with passengers and pedestrians that they were in many places impassable, and the whole population seemed to have poured out in the direction of the Park and the Abbey. Even so early as six o'clock, the Green Park, the Mall, and the inclosure in St James's Park were filled with persons of all ranks, eager to scramble for places. Their efforts were premature; for the police and military made their appearance on the scene, and by degrees the crowds were compelled to retire within the inclosure and down the Mall. Squadrons of Life-guards, a troop of Lancers, and a company of infantry, with general officers and their brilliant staffs, occupied the open spaces. The roof of the northern projection of Buckingham Palace was covered with people; whilst on the top of the Triumphal Arch were stationed two sailors, 'of remarkably fine figure,' who were in charge of the flagstaff upon which the royal standard was to be hoisted on Her Majesty's departure from the palace. About eight o'clock, the band of the Life-guards struck up *God save the Queen*, and

played at intervals till the commencement of the procession. The carriages of those who were to take part in the cavalcade took their places according to the prescribed order, those of the foreign ambassadors in the south walk, and the royal carriages in the north walk of the Mall.

Of the foreign ambassadors, the most popular was Marshal Soult (Duke of Dalmatia), ambassador extraordinary from France. The marshal was loudly cheered as he passed along the line. His carriage created far more interest than that of any other ambassador. Its colour was a rich cobalt relieved with gold; the panels were superbly emblazoned with the marshal's arms. The carriage had side-lights, then considered unusual, and four elegant lamps, ornamented with the ducal coronet, of rich silver. The raised cornice was of silver, higher and more elaborately chased than that of any other vehicle in the cavalcade; and at each of the four corners was a ducal coronet of large dimensions. The lining of the interior was a rich nankeen satin, relieved with scarlet; the hammercloth was of blue broadcloth, trimmed with nankeen gimp and tassels. This elaborate structure was drawn by two horses. The liveries were of a drab colour, with a rich figured lace. The carriage of the Duke de Palmella was of a brilliant green relieved with silver; that of Count Gustave de Lowenhielm, of a rich lake; that of the Marquis de Brignole, of deep chocolate relieved with white. There was, therefore, no monotony of colour in these elaborate conveyances. Her Majesty's state carriage was covered with scarlet silk Genoa velvet embroidered with gold; the badges on each side and back, the fringes, ropes, and tassels, being of the same precious metal. 'We understand that it cost one thousand pounds,' says *The Sun*, and what foreign ambassador could come within a long distance of that?

The early morning was dark and gloomy. Some rain fell, 'which, though it damped the apparel, neither damped the spirit nor the expression of the loyalty of the vast assemblage.' By ten o'clock the clouds dispersed, and the sun shone out in full summer strength and radiance. At length the signal was given that Her Majesty had departed from the palace. At a quarter past ten, the royal standard was raised amidst enthusiastic shouting. At half-past ten the royal carriage passed Apsley House. Whilst passing through St James's Street, a short delay took place in consequence of one of the traces giving way, so that it was not till thirty-two minutes past eleven that Her Majesty reached Westminster Abbey.

The streets through which the procession passed were not only crowded, but every window was filled with spectators, and every housetop occupied. Huge platforms had been erected all along the line in front of the clubs and business premises for the accommodation of those fortunate enough to secure places. These were festooned, and branches of evergreens were interspersed, so as to give the whole a very pleasing appearance, which was much heightened when they were filled with beautiful and smiling happy faces. The largest structure was that erected opposite the Reform Club, which afforded room to no fewer than six hundred ladies and five hundred members and their friends. The Ox-

ford and Cambridge Club afforded seats to six hundred members; and the Carlton, a similar number. These establishments provided wines and refreshments during the day, which, we are told, 'were brought into requisition to a great extent; and many were the sincere aspirations breathed forth for the happiness, the long life, and prosperity of her who engrosses the attention of all Europe at the present moment.'

Within Westminster Abbey, the scene was striking and magnificent. The great body of the spectators were congregated in the nave, along the sides of which galleries were constructed, arranged in the form of an amphitheatre, with ten rows of benches, rising one above the other, and calculated to hold at least fifteen hundred persons. Very shortly after five o'clock, the hour at which the Abbey opened, these galleries began to fill, and by seven were crowded. Naval and military officers were there in their uniforms, clergymen in their canonicals, civilians in endless variety of apparel, the sombre black of the men being relieved by the countless hues which marked the dresses of the ladies. The patience of the spectators was severely tested by a six hours' waiting, relieved, however, by watching the progress of the more distinguished personages as they proceeded up the nave towards the choir, where they had their stations. Now, it was a judge; then, a peer arrayed in coronation robes of crimson velvet edged with ermine, and coronet in hand; again, it was a noble dame with splendid flowing train, followed by her daughters, whose charms needed not the aid of the gems that glittered upon their persons. Or perhaps it was some foreign ambassador, whose strange and costly dress attracted the attention of all gazers for a while. At half-past nine, a loud cheer was heard outside, and a few minutes after, the Duke of Wellington entered, to be greeted with enthusiastic applause.

When Her Majesty arrived at the west entrance of the Abbey, attended by the Princes and Princesses of the blood-royal, the party was received by the great officers of state, the noblemen bearing the regalia, and the bishops carrying the patina, the chalice, and the Bible. Her Majesty was led to the robing chamber, constructed on the right of the platform outside the entrance. At a quarter to twelve, the procession advanced up the nave, the choristers singing the anthem, 'I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord,' &c. The Prebendaries and Dean of Westminster led the way, followed by officers of the royal household, the Archbishops of Armagh and York, the Lord Chancellor, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Then came the Princesses of the blood-royal, the noblemen appointed to carry the regalia, then the Princes of the blood-royal. Immediately preceding the sovereign were the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England; the Duke of Wellington, Lord High Constable of England; Viscount Melbourne, bearing the sword of state; the Duke of Richmond, bearing the sceptre with the dove; whilst the Duke of Hamilton, as Lord High Steward, bore the crown; and the orb was borne by the Duke of Somerset. Then followed the Bishops of Bangor, Winchester, and Lincoln.

The Queen walked between the Bishop of

Durham on the right, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells on the left, the train being borne by eight young ladies. Her Majesty proceeded up the aisle, and on being recognised, was hailed with a loud burst of applause, which was speedily repressed. The youthful sovereign displayed perfect self-possession, united to a dignity and gentleness that won all hearts.

In the centre of the Abbey there had been erected a platform, ascended by four steps, covered with claret-coloured drapery, on which were placed the chair of state, a litany chair with faldstool, and the throne or coronation chair, the well-known wooden chair preserved in King Edward's Chapel, with the Stone of Scone under the seat. The Queen ascended the platform and took her seat on the chair of state, the bishops standing on either side; the noblemen bearing the swords of state took up their position on the right hand, the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Lord High Constable on the left, the noblemen bearing the regalia standing near, the train-bearers being behind the throne.

Upon the conclusion of the anthem, the Archbishop of Canterbury, together with the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal, advanced to the east end of the platform, where the Archbishop made the recognition in the following words: 'Sirs—I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of the realm; wherefore, all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?' These words were repeated at the north, west, and south sides, during which Her Majesty remained standing by her chair, and turned towards the people in each direction at which the recognition was made, the people replying with loud acclamations of 'God save Queen Victoria;' and when this ceremony was concluded, the trumpets sounded and the drums beat. The Archbishop then proceeded to the altar and stood at the north side. The Queen, attended by those already mentioned, approached the communion rails, and kneeling, made her first offering of an altar-cloth of gold, which was placed on the altar, followed by an offering of an ingot of gold of one pound-weight, which was placed on the oblation basin.

After a short prayer, Her Majesty arose, and, attended as before, went to the chair of state. The regalia were then placed on the altar, and the Litany proceeded with. At the conclusion of the Litany, the Sanctus was sung, after which the Archbishop began the Communion Service, the Bishop of Rochester reading the Epistle, and the Bishop of Carlisle the Gospel. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, who took for his text 2 Chronicles xxxiv. 31. The sermon being concluded, the Archbishop advanced and ministered the questions to the sovereign prescribed by the service. These being answered, Her Majesty went to the altar, where, kneeling at the rails, and laying her right hand on a copy of the Gospels, she took the Coronation Oath, kissed the book, and set her sign-manual to a copy of the oath. The Queen then returned to the chair, and *Veni Creator Spiritus* was sung by the choir. At the conclusion of the hymn, the Archbishop read the prayer, 'O Lord, Holy

Father, who by anointing with oil didst of old make and consecrate kings, priests, and prophets,' &c. Then the choir sang the anthem, *Zadok the Priest and Nathan the Prophet*, at the commencement of which the Queen rose from the chair, and advancing to the altar, laid aside her crimson robe, and proceeded to and sat down on the throne or St Edward's Chair, where the ceremony of anointing was performed. Four Knights of the Garter held over the Queen's head a rich pall of cloth of gold; the Dean of Westminster poured some of the consecrated oil from the *ampulla* into the anointing spoon, with which the Archbishop anointed Her Majesty on the head and hands in the form of a cross, pronouncing the words, 'Be thou anointed,' &c. The Archbishop then read the next of the appointed prayers, after which the Queen resumed her seat in St Edward's Chair.

The Lord Great Chamberlain receiving the spurs from the Dean, knelt down and presented them to Her Majesty, who returned them, to be laid again on the altar. Lord Melbourne, carrying the sword of state, now delivered it to the Lord Chamberlain, receiving another in a purple scabbard, which he delivered to the Archbishop, to be laid on the altar. An appropriate prayer having been said, the Archbishop, attended by all the other dignitaries of the Church, took the sword, and delivered it into Her Majesty's hands, by whom it was returned, to be laid on the altar. This sword was then redeemed by Lord Melbourne for one hundred shillings, and was carried unsheathed during the remainder of the ceremony. Her Majesty was then invested with the mantle of cloth of gold. The Archbishop presented the orb, which was returned, and laid on the altar; then placed the ruby ring on the fourth finger of the Queen's right hand. The Duke of Norfolk presented a glove for the right hand, embroidered with the Howard arms, which Her Majesty put on. The sceptre with the cross or royal sceptre, and the sceptre with the dove or rod of equity, were then delivered.

The Archbishop, then standing before the altar, took up St Edward's Crown, and blessing it with the prescribed prayer, advanced, attended by the dignitaries, and placed it on Her Majesty's head. The people shouted 'God save the Queen!' and immediately the peers and peeresses present put on their coronets; the bishops their caps; and the kings of arms their crowns; the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the Tower and Park guns were fired. When the plaudits had ceased, the Archbishop pronounced the exhortation, 'Be strong and of good courage,' &c.; and the choir sang the anthem, *The Queen shall rejoice*, &c.

The Archbishop then presented the Holy Bible and pronounced the benediction. The *Te Deum* was then sung, at the commencement of which the Queen removed to the chair on which she first sat, attended by the chief officers as before. At the conclusion of the *Te Deum*, the Queen was led to the throne by the Archbishop, and all the noblemen on the platform ranged themselves about the steps of the throne. After a short exhortation from the Archbishop, the Queen returned the sceptres to the two noblemen from whom she had received them, and then the ceremony called the Homage began. The Archbishop knelt before the Queen, accompanied by

the other prelates, and said the words of homage, the others repeating the same after him. The Archbishop and the Lords Spiritual then kissed Her Majesty's hand and retired. The Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge ascended the steps of the throne, and taking off their coronets, repeated the words of homage, then severally touched the crown and kissed Her Majesty's left cheek. The Dukes and other peers thereupon performed their homage, the senior of each degree pronouncing the words, and the rest of each degree saying after him; and each peer of the same degree successively touching Her Majesty's hand and then retiring. During this ceremony, the choir sang the anthem, *This is the Day the Lord hath made*, &c., and the Treasurer threw about the medals of the coronation.

The patina and chalice with the bread and wine were now placed on the altar, and the Queen laying aside the crown, made her second offering of a purse of gold. The holy communion was then celebrated, all the officiating clergy and Her Majesty partaking of the elements. During the conclusion of the service, Her Majesty remained seated on the throne, wearing her crown and holding the two sceptres. When the benediction was pronounced, marking the conclusion of the religious service, Her Majesty, attended as usual, repaired to St Edward's Chapel, and laying aside the scarlet coronation robe, was arrayed in the robe of purple velvet, and received the orb from the Archbishop. In the meantime the procession was being re-formed. Everything being ready, Her Majesty proceeded to the door by which she had entered, wearing her crown, and bearing in her right hand the royal sceptre, and in her left the orb. The four swords were carried before the Queen as before; in fact, the same order was preserved, only that now all the noblemen and clergy were covered.

The procession commenced to leave the Abbey at twenty minutes to four o'clock; but Her Majesty did not get to her carriage till twenty minutes to five. The same enthusiasm which marked the approach to the Abbey now showed no diminution all along the return route. When the Queen had passed, the vast crowds slowly dispersed, having witnessed a display the like of which but few are ever destined to gaze upon again.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,'
'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE 'WINDSTREW.'

GABRIEL GOTHAM returned somewhat late to the Hall; he was exhausted; it was not often that he took so much exercise, and was away from his house so long; but he was pleased with himself; he chuckled and rubbed his left hand over the back of the right, which held the walking-stick. As he came in at his gates, he met Mr Cornelis, hardly recovered from his agitation caused by the interview with his daughter.

'Where is Josephine? I want her,' said Gabriel.

'I do not know where she is. I have had

a talk with her. I am incensed. I have had to reprimand her pretty sharply. She is inconsiderate, aggravating.'

'Come with me to the Platt. I must have some Curaçoa or Chartreuse, or cherry-brandy. I am fagged.—You look pale as well.'

The Platt was a square platform about seven feet high, built of brick, with a concreted top, to which a flight of steps led from the garden. It was said to have been originally a winnowing-floor, when wheat was grown where now lay the Hall gardens. Here, advantage was taken of the breeze from off the water to clear the corn of the husk. Such platforms still exist in different parts of England, and in the west are called Windstrews. They occupy a high situation, exposed to every breeze. Here, it was near the sea, because the air always stirred there, even when, at a rifle-shot inland, it was calm. This windstrew would probably have been broken down, and the bricks used for other purposes, had not the proprietors of the Hall considered it a pleasant spot on which to sit when the weather was hot, and enjoy the cool air off the water, and see the boats coming in or going out with the tide. It went now by the name of the Platt, whatever its former designation had been, Platt being perhaps a contraction for platform. It adjoined the garden wall, and occupied an angle in it, the wall rising just high enough above the platform to serve as a back to benches. On the garden side it was unrailed. The steps ran up the side of the wall to it. At the bottom of the steps was the garden wicket-gate, almost invariably fastened.

'Where is Josephine? I want to speak to Josephine,' said Gotham again.

'I do not know where she is. She has left me in one of her tantrums. I had to speak decidedly; and she dislikes dictation: she is wayward as an unbroken filly.'

'Go into the house, Justin,' said the Squire; 'tell one of the servants to bring us glasses and the liqueurs to the Platt. I cannot bear up much longer. I am too hot to go indoors. If you see Josephine, send her to me.'

Mr Cornelis bit his lip, and obeyed. He did not like being ordered about by Mr Gotham; but he dared not show that he was annoyed. At this time, he was much ruffled. His interview with his daughter had disturbed him more than he showed. He was a man who hated opposition, and above opposition, a will as strong as his own, and a mind above being humbugged. He knew that he could not delude his daughter into submission, and now he was discovering that he could not browbeat her. Accustomed to the easy natures of his sister Judith and his cousin Gotham, he was provoked at encountering opposition in his own child. He had made his plans, and these plans were disturbed by the rebelliousness of Josephine. He wanted her to marry Captain Sellwood, partly because he desired to be free from the encumbrance of his child, and partly because he could rely on Captain Sellwood not troubling him about Josephine's fortune, which he had spent. An energetic and greedy son-in-law might make matters unpleasant for him. The Sellwoods were too comfortably off to care for a small jointure, and too gentlemanly and well connected to have

recourse to law, and so expose his conduct to public notice. If they found he had behaved badly, they would hush up the matter in the family interest. His plan was, as soon as Josephine was settled, to saddle her with Judith, and himself depart, and do the best he could for himself with what money he got out of the Insurance Company, till Gabriel Gotham's death put him in possession of the Hanford estate. This event could not be far distant; the wretched Squire was failing rapidly, and as he failed, drank more, and dosed himself with larger portions of narcotics. He was now half imbecile, and his brain would certainly soften, and paralysis ensue very speedily. For a while, Mr Cornellis had been uneasy because Gabriel would speak of the past, and revert, especially in his maudlin moods, to the wrong he had done to Bessie and her son.

'Pshaw!' said Cornellis. 'If every one of us took to heart the faults of his youth, as you do, none of us would come to gray hairs. Your father and uncle made the woman a good offer; she refused it, and with that the matter came to an end. You are quit.'

But this did not wholly satisfy Gabriel. The recollection of his treachery haunted him, and he took to liqueur-drinking and opiates, as much to still the voice of self-reproach as to lull the nervous pains he felt.

If Bessie Cable had not lived in the same place, it would have been better for him. The occasional sight of her and of her son renewed in him the stings of conscience. But though he felt these stings, he was too cowardly and weak to redress the old wrong.

Bessie had stood in the way of his marrying. At one time, he had visited a neighbouring Squire and paid attention to his daughter—one of his daughters; and because the Squire had five sons and six daughters, and his estate was heavily burdened, he would have been glad to dispose of one of the girls to the owner of Hanford. Miss Wakeham also, knowing herself to be slenderly provided for, would have accepted him. Gabriel rode over twice a week to Woodley Park, and walked and flirted with Miss Wakeham; but just as every one supposed he was about to declare himself, Bessie Cable reappeared in Hanford, and Gotham became frightened. He expected that she would repeat the story of his conduct to her, if he proceeded; and he hung back, ceased to visit Woodley, and remained an old bachelor.

Would Bessie have interfered? He never knew. She, perhaps, herself was undecided how to act. But he resolved not to risk the unpleasantness such a disclosure would cause. He was certain that the Wakehams would refuse the connection, if it came to their ears; they were a somewhat pinched, but a proud family.

The conduct of Gabriel to Miss Fanny Wakeham was commented on, and was the occasion of some coldness between the Wakehams and him; but when she, after a twelvemonth, married a Baronet, and became Lady Brentwood, this coldness disappeared; the Wakehams were even grateful to Mr Gotham that he had withdrawn his pretensions. The vanity of the man was enhanced by the marriage of Miss Fanny, and he liked to boast to Cornellis and other inti-

mates of his old flame, Lady Brentwood, by whom, by George! he was nearly caught; but hearing that she had a deuce of a temper, he had been wise enough to cry Hands off.

Justin Cornellis had gained his power over Gabriel Gotham at first by his knowledge of the secret which imbibited the life of the latter. He knew it, because it was a family secret; consequently, Judith also knew about it. But Cornellis did not know that there was a son, and that mother and son lived in Hanford, till he came there and took and inhabited Rose Cottage. When the Cornellis family came to Hanford, Gotham was disturbed in mind lest the story should get out by their indiscretion. He was just then desirous of being made a Deputy-Lieutenant for the county, and a Justice of Peace; and he knew that it would be fatal to his chance, were the scandal to get wind; so he cringed to Cornellis, and offered him a loan of money, were he in want of temporary accommodation, as many a man is when buying a house and fitting it up. Cornellis soon got the upper hand of the Squire, and maintained such a hold on him, that, as Justin supposed, Gotham was unable to act in any way without him. He did not refrain from jesting about the boatman's lass Bessie, the very old girl who had taken advantage of the inexperience of the young Squire; and to sneer at the lout of a son, and his marriage with the servant from the rectory. Cornellis did not see that he was overshooting his mark. His contemptuous jests about the Cables recoiled on and hurt Gotham. If Bessie were such a despicable creature, what a fool Gabriel himself must have been to take up with her; if the son were such a booby, the father must have been a poor creature. Gotham did not like the jokes of Cornellis; they galled him, and wrought in him great bitterness against his cousin; and sometimes, when he was alone, it boiled up, and he clenched his fists and gnashed his teeth at the thought of the man who had become indispensable to him, but whom he hated. Cornellis did not consider that a weak man is a man on whom you can never lean; he is always devising some meanness whereby he can deceive those upon whom he fawns and to whom he clings. In playing a game with a stupid man, the faculties become lulled; we think we know exactly what moves he will make, and we are beforehand ready to countermove. But it sometimes happens that stupidity simulates genius, because it sinks to depths beyond calculation, and surprises us by a step for which we were quite unprepared. Mr Cornellis over-estimated his own power, and undervalued the parts of the Squire. He had no suspicion that Gabriel regarded him with mistrust.

Mr Gotham seated himself on the seat, with his back to the wall, on the raised windstrew, took off his hat, and removing slowly his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his head with a shaking hand. His weak eyes were watering, his narrow forehead was covered with moisture. The evening was warm, and he was tired. He looked about him, at his garden and groves and terraces. What a pretty place it was! Yet he hardly enjoyed it. He had a conservatory, and bought for it rare plants, not that he cared for them,

but that he might boast of the sum he had paid for this new orchid or that rare lily. He had a good stable, two hunters; but he rarely rode them, never hunted with them; all the pleasure he had from them was to talk about them and what they cost him. Some of his neighbours humoured him, but laughed at him in their sleeves. They humoured him for the sake of his subscriptions to the hunt and the balls, and because he gave good dinners. He was mean in some things, extravagant in others, as often happens with weak men.

Now, as he looked about him, he felt uncomfortable. The idea glimmered in his cloudy mind that he must before very long leave this pretty place, his greenhouses, his pines, his hunters, his cellars, his china. All would pass from him to another. He could see the church tower behind the trees. His walled garden adjoined the graveyard, and was believed to have been taken out of it; certainly, bones were dug up on the north side of it; but the strawberries along that bed were splendid. 'I wish the Chartreuse would come,' he grumbled. 'What is that fellow Justin about?—So; he has been talking of the changes he will make when I am dead, calculating on the improvements he will effect. My grapes—my muscatel house; I have been particular to have the muscat vines all together; you can't have the proper flavour where they are mixed. He'll be eating my pines when the worms are eating me! Shall he—shall he!' He uttered these last words aloud.

'Shall he!—Shall who?' asked Cornellis, ascending the steps, and taking his place on the other seat, at right angles to that occupied by Gotham. He had his back to the sea. He asked the question with indifference; he had no idea that it concerned himself.

'I—I have been unwell to-day; I have been thinking that my health is breaking up.'

'Pshaw! You are in low spirits. Breaking up! when you have been trotting about all the afternoon like a boy of sixteen. It is I, not you, who have cause to be in the dumps. I have been irritated past endurance by that daughter of mine. —Thank you, I will have green Chartreuse.'

'What has she been doing?'

'Doing! Will you believe it? She has refused Captain Sellwood!'

Mr Gotham's mouth opened, and he stared at Cornellis with feeble astonishment, mixed with amusement.

Cornellis remarked the latter, and said somewhat testily: 'There is nothing so funny about this. To me it is indescribably mortifying. He will have eventually fifteen thousand.'

'And she has, from her mother, about five hundred pounds in all,' said Gotham with a chuckle.

'Not so much; no—hardly four.'

'You have been very careful of it,' said Gabriel, crouching with his hands on his stick. His glass of Chartreuse was so full, and his hands so shaking, that he did not venture to raise the glass to his lips; he stooped to the table and put his mouth to the glass and sucked the brimming contents. He looked so mean and wretched as thus bent, with his bleary eyes on Cornellis, that the latter had difficulty in checking the

expression of contempt that began to curl his lips.

'Yes,' he answered; 'I have been a careful trustee.'

'So Josephine told me,' said Gabriel.

Mr Cornellis started, and the colour went out of his brow, which turned deadly white. The movement was so sudden, that Gabriel was frightened, and upset the glass with his nose or chin.

'There!' said he; 'I have spilt my glass before I have half drunk it. It cost me twelve shillings a bottle, and a bottle don't hold much; it is soon gone.'

Mr Cornellis considered whether he should ask what Josephine had said. He thought it best not to pursue the subject.

'Pour me out a little more,' said Gotham; 'my hand is unsteady.'

Whilst Mr Cornellis complied, Gabriel said to him: 'So, Josephine has refused Captain Sellwood.'

'She told me so herself. It is monstrous!'

'There must be a prior attachment.'

Now, the hand of Justin Cornellis shook, and he spilled some drops on the little table. 'Prior attachment! Of course not. To whom could she be attached? Pooh! It is absurd.'

'What was that I heard about a meeting on the night of the fire?'

'Meeting! I know nothing about one.'

'Do you know what I have been doing to-day, Justin?'

'No, Squire.'

'I have been to Grimes and Newbold's dock, to see the vessel Josephine has bought, called after her name, and given to Richard.'

'Josephine cannot buy a boat. She has not the money; and I will see her at Jericho before I advance the requisite sum.'

'I have advanced it, Justin. You—you can repay me at your leisure out of Josephine's money.'

'You!' Mr Cornellis looked at him with astonishment. This mean little man had meddled to make mischief. 'Do you know what you have done?'

'I think I do know,' chuckled Gotham.

'I think you do not,' said Cornellis angrily. His face was becoming pale, and the lines in it hard, as if cut with a gouge in stone. 'I do not think you are aware that you have compromised my daughter's character. It was bad enough that she was on the lightship alone with that fellow; but this is worse. She gives him a vessel which she calls after her own name, and you help her, you encourage her to do so.'

'Why should she not?'

'I say, because she makes the tongues wag about her. Ever since that confounded affair of the lightship, she has been running in and out of the man's cottage.'

'And,' said Gabriel, 'she has met him at night on the seawall.'

'People will talk. There will be plenty of scandal floating. And do you expect me to put up with it?'

'Let them talk. Something may come of it, that would please me well.'

'What is that, Gabriel?' Mr Cornellis' cheeks

blanched, and his hands closed. He was very angry.

'Why should she not take him?' said Gabriel. 'She likes him well; of that I am sure, and that would satisfy me.'

'It would not suit me,' said Cornellis in a husky voice.

'It would suit me excellently, Justin, as you may see, for then I could leave what little I have to Josephine, and so Richard would get it. That would be a great satisfaction to my conscience, and—do not look at me in that strange way; I do not like it, Justin—I say it would just fit in with my wishes; no one would know who he was, and my conscience would be clear.'

'Is that what you intend!' exclaimed Cornellis, starting up, and leaning forward, his face livid, his lips drawn back, showing his white teeth. 'Is that it?—That you shall never do!'

Gotham staggered to his feet also, and shrank back; he was frightened at the ghastly face and malignant expression of Justin Cornellis.

'You dare to utter this to me!' said the missionary, and with his elbows drawn back, he took a step towards Gotham. 'I'll throttle you first.'

Gotham, trembling, let fall his glass of Chartreuse, and backed before the angry father, who suddenly thrust forth both his hands to grip him.

At that moment, up the steps of the windstrew came Richard Cable.

Gabriel Gotham uttered a feeble cry, whether of terror at the approach of Cornellis, or of surprise at the apparition of Cable, neither knew, and in a moment he fell headlong from the Platt upon the garden walk below.

THE DEATH-ROLL OF SNOWDON.

We have lately had articles on the Death-roll of Mont Blanc (No. 137) and of the Matterhorn (No. 148). A few notes on the death-roll of Snowdon will show that life and limb can be risked and lost without going above the snow-line. The list of fatal accidents on the great Welsh mountain is not a long one, but we fear it is incomplete. A death on some world-famed Alp is telegraphed all over Europe, and finds permanent record in the literature of mountaineering. An accident on Snowdon is only noticed in a paragraph in the corner of a newspaper, and is soon forgotten. The Alps and the exploits of the Alpine Club have by comparison all but made our Welsh and Scottish mountains into molehills; and to talk of adventures among the *cwm*s and *bulchs* of Snowdon in those days, when mountaineers talk chiefly of *arêtes* and *crevasses*, *coulloirs* and *Bergschrunds*, is like writing about the deeds of pygmies in an age of giants. But the wild precipices and deep *cwm*s of Snowdon have had their tragedies, no less than the glaciers and rocks of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. Here are some of them.

The first on our list dates from forty years ago. The ascent of Snowdon was then looked upon as rather a serious affair, for it was before the age of Alpine Clubs. One wintry day in 1846, a clergyman—the Rev. H. Starr of Northampton—attempted the ascent from the side of Llyn-Cwellyn. His track lay along the bold rocky

spur of Clogwyn Ddu'r Arddu, to the north of the way now known as the 'Beddgelert ascent.' The day was dark and misty, and the local guides strongly urged him not to ascend. He appears to have gone up alone. He did not return; and next day, his friends, who were staying in the neighbourhood, had the mountain searched by parties of guides, but to no purpose. No trace was found of him till months afterwards. A man who was making the ascent saw his body lying on the rocks far down one of the bold rugged slopes of Clogwyn. The foxes had partly stripped the bones of flesh. This was clearly a case of an accident due to choosing a bad day and a track that is not easy to follow. Probably the unfortunate clergyman also increased the risk by venturing up alone. Even on such comparatively safe places as a Welsh hillside, two heads and two pair of eyes are better than one, when it is a question of picking out a track along the rocks in mist and darkness.

In 1859, there was another death on this same spur of Snowdon. A Mr Frodsham lost his way after dark on the track along the Clogwyn, fell over the rocks, and was killed. Another life was lost on the mountain in 1859, and a cairn of rough stones, near the Beddgelert path, on the hillside above the farm of Hafod Uchaf, still marks the scene of the sad event. A Mr Cox made the ascent of the mountain on a cold wintry day, when there was enough snow on summit and slope to justify its name. He appears to have gone up from the Llanberis side, accompanied by a single guide. He had evidently miscalculated his strength; very possibly he was in bad health, to begin with; but however this may be, as he came down the slope of the Llechog, he became exhausted with cold and fatigue. At last he told the guide he could go no farther, and sat down on the snow. The guide hurried down to the farm near which the path enters the road from Carnarvon to Beddgelert. There he got some food and drink, and carried them back to the place where he had left the tourist. But he found him dead. He had probably died in that state of sleep that comes on with terrible rapidity when a tired or exhausted man sits down unsheltered in the snow.

We find no further record of deaths on Snowdon for fifteen years, though this may be only the result of our search being incomplete. In 1874, a Mr Wilton lost his life on the bold northern face of the mountain. He fell down the rocks while attempting to ascend from Cwm-Glas to the ridge between Crib-Goch and the main summit. He was apparently trying to make out a new line of ascent for himself; but whether this was the result of ignorance or enterprise, we cannot say. Even on the Welsh hills, to leave the recognised tracks and attempt to make new ones will often lead the climber into dangerous positions. Even some of the lower hills have precipitous faces that have never yet been climbed, and probably never will be. The narrow summit ridge known as Crib-Goch has a bad name as a dangerous place, and the guidebooks say terrible things about it; but we can find no case of an accident actually occurring on this part of Snowdon, perhaps because most tourists avoid it. We have heard of some narrow escapes on the pass where the Beddgelert path runs for nearly

a quarter of a mile along a ridge between two precipitous slopes. In one case, when a lady was riding up the path on a Snowdon pony, led by a guide, the pony slipped. It held the ground with its forefeet for a moment, the guide helping it by seizing the bridle, while with his other hand he pulled the lady from the saddle on to the rocks. The next moment, the poor beast had lost its footing, and was rolling down the precipice into the great hollow below. But we have heard of no loss of human life on this narrow path, which is yearly traversed by hundreds of tourists. Nearly all the accidents seem to have occurred in comparatively easy places.

This was not the case, however, with the death of Mr Haseler in 1879. On the 26th of January, he left Pen-y-gwryd with a party of four other Birmingham gentlemen. All were good climbers; one or more were members of the Alpine Club, and they carried alpenstocks, ice-axes, and other helps to mountaineering. They ascended by the ridge of the Lliwedd, which is connected by a narrow rocky neck known as Bwlch-y-Saethau with the main mass of the mountain. From the Lliwedd the ridge descends rapidly to the Bwlch, or narrow pass; and beyond it the rocks rise very steeply to the summit of the mountain. At first sight, the place looks inaccessible; but even ladies have made the descent by this route. The north side of the Lliwedd and of Bwlch-y-Saethau is a sheer wall of rock some five or six hundred feet high, and in climbing to the summit from the Bwlch, one has on the right the bold precipice which overhangs the lake of Glaslyn. The party lunched on the Bwlch about one p.m., and then began the stiff climb to the summit. A narrative which was published in the *Times* by one of Mr Haseler's friends tells what followed: 'After a few yards, they reached a comparatively flat spot, where the question for discussion arose whether to the right or the left, when Mr Cox [apparently the leader of the party], an experienced Alpine climber, replied that there was really no choice in the matter but to go to the left, which course they all took, except the deceased, who went to the right. That was the last seen of him alive; but he was spoken with afterwards, for, in reply to an inquiry how he was getting on, he said: "I shall be with you directly." These were the last words he was heard to speak. The deceased was twenty-three years of age, had had some experience of Welsh and Scotch mountain-climbing; nevertheless, it is to be feared that he was too venturesome, as a short time previous to his disappearance he had been cautioned by Mr Bennett, himself an experienced Alpine climber, in words to this effect: "There is only one thing, Mr Haseler, to make you a good mountaineer, and that is, caution."

His friends not knowing he had fallen over the precipice, completed the ascent, expecting to meet him on the summit. They descended on the Beddgelert side, a little anxious, but hoping to find he had got back to Pen-y-gwryd before them by the shorter route. When they did not find him at the hotel, a search was organised. All night long the search continued by lantern-light; but it was not till half-past nine next morning that one of the search-parties, below the great precipice that towers over Glaslyn lake, 'saw, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, that large patches of snow had

been discoloured by what proved afterwards to be blood; and as they drew nearer, they found the body of the deceased lying on the right side, dead and stiffened. His cap was a little distance from him; his knapsack was still at his back, with the straps loosened; his watch, without the cases, dangling at his side, attached to a gold chain; and he had upwards of six pounds in his purse. The deceased had evidently fallen a distance of between five and six hundred feet, and must have been killed instantaneously.' His ice-axe was not found. It probably remained somewhere on the rocks above.

The accident is a terrible warning against dividing a party in a difficult place. The best policy for the leader of a party, when any one separates himself from it in such a position, is to halt, call the straggler back, and if he hesitates, tell him firmly that the party will not proceed till he rejoins it. For a man climbing by himself on a difficult slope, so slight an accident as a sprained ankle may lead to either a subsequent fatal fall, or a night of exposure and suffering. The first rule for mountaineers is, 'Keep together.'

The last fatal accident on our list can hardly be called a mountaineering accident, for it is of a kind much more common on the plain. On Sunday, September 23, 1884, a party of tourists from London and Lancashire, ladies and gentlemen, ascended Snowdon successfully. Whilst they were on the hill, clouds gathered, and a very severe thunderstorm broke over the summit. They took refuge in one of the huts on the mountain, but had hardly entered it when the lightning struck it, killing on the spot one of the party, Mr Livesey of Ashton-in-Mackerfield. The body was terribly burned. Perils of this kind seem to be very rare on our higher mountains. We do not recollect any other case of a climber being killed by lightning.

THE OLD MANSION.

For many years, at very uncertain intervals, the same dream came to me, with always the same curious haunting consciousness, when I awoke, that some day I should act over in reality in my waking life the scenes I pass through in the dream. I often wondered if such a thing could happen, long before I thought of, or understood, the curious subtle conditions of mind that oftentimes brought about such a result. The prosaic monotonous life I led made me doubt such a possibility, and also a nature that has little sympathy with the common forms of superstition. Yet, in spite of myself, the impression grew so strong and persistent at every recurrence of the dream, that I could not easily shake it off.

When quite young, I dreamt about the old mansion many times, without paying any particular attention to the fact, except to say to myself when waking: 'I have seen that old mansion several times before in my dreams;' or, 'There is my old house again.' Then months would pass, sometimes a year or two, without a return of the dream, and I would forget all about it; when suddenly I would have the same dream again, and each time with increasing vividness,

till I could sketch every door and window, and describe every room, staircase, and corridor, as if it existed in real life, instead of being a mansion in dreamland or a veritable castle in the air.

I dream I am walking up some rough steep steps by the side of a cornfield; the way is difficult and stony, but very beautiful, and I seem to smell the honey-sweet scent of red clover, and to hear the rustling of the wheat as the soft summer breeze passes over it; and I feel the warm sunshine as I walk slowly onwards. Suddenly, three steps are gone or broken; but looking upwards, I see they begin again, higher up. With a slight effort I spring forward, holding by the roots of a tree. I reach the steps, but feel myself sliding over again, when a man catches me and sets me on my feet. I turn to thank him; but he has gone so far off, I cannot follow in time. I mount to the top of the steps, and come upon a rising ground; and a few yards off stands the old mansion. Every window glitters in the sun, and there appear many of them. The mansion is of brown stone, one story high, with pointed gables, and great stacks of twisted chimneys, and sloping red roofs. The windows are heavily mullioned, with small diamond-shaped panes; and on every corner and projection are carved grotesque heads, and figures both of human beings and animals, strangely mixed with masonic symbols, cherubins' heads, and dancing demons. Several steps lead up to a pointed archway with quaint twisted pillars, ornamented with fantastic tracery. I seem to scan with ever-increasing interest the various carvings, and remember where to look for some particularly familiar face or figure that has taken my fancy. The door stands open; and before I go inside, I turn and look at the glorious country stretched before me, and ever the same objects meet my gaze—a soft sweep of turf, a deep haha, and wide stretch of golden gorse in full bloom. The warm, soft perfume seems to reach me as the afternoon sunshine pours down. Around, on every side, are hills and woodland, and in the dim blue distance shines the sea.

As I stand, I think: 'Surely, from the upper windows I can see farther;' and I go through the doorway into a dusky old hall, and up a wide stone staircase with heavy twisted balustrades. I pass many doors that stand open; but the rooms are all empty, save for the warm dancing sunbeams that glint through the diamond-paned windows and cast curious shadows on the floors. Then I open a door at the end of a lofty corridor, and go into a long empty room with many windows; and I notice the soft glowing tones of colour that are cast on the walls and floor from the coloured glass, with which curious monograms are worked in the diamond-paned casements. I walk to one of the windows and open the casement, and sit down on the broad seat, and look out on the smiling country—the golden gorse, the rich woodland, and the glittering sea, where, as I watch, I see vessels passing to and fro. I am conscious of waiting for some one, and of that some one being long in coming; but I feel no impatience, only the intense peace and loveliness of the scene fill my mind. Then a distant door opens, and a tall girl in a straight black gown walks towards me. She has intense black eyes; and a long fleece of pale golden hair, tied with

a ribbon, flows over her shoulders. 'Have you found the boy?' she asks me in eager tone. I answer: 'No—not yet;' and with a sudden despair on her face, she turns round and leaves the room. Then I quit the house, and going down the steps again by the waving cornfield, suddenly awake.

Two months pass away, and again I dream I am wandering through the old mansion with a bright lamp in my hand. I go into all the rooms, and hunt in every closet and cupboard through all the wide corridors, and into the deserted kitchen and larders, down into underground vaulted passages and damp cellars; and finally come out in a long avenue of pine-trees, through which the night-winds sigh and sigh, and the moonlight gleams white and ghostly. Here I again meet the girl with the fleece of golden hair and strange black eyes, and again she asks me: 'Have you found the boy?' and again I answer: 'No—not yet.' And with a gesture of despair she walks away; and putting out the lamp, I awake.

For some days afterwards I had the curious feeling of waiting for something; then the work and worry of everyday life supervened, and the dream faded from memory.

Fifteen months afterwards I was on a visit to a friend in a busy bustling town. It was a large household, with a number of boys and girls from school, of ages varying from eight to sixteen, and cheerful active life constantly going forward—certainly nothing to induce any morbid condition of mind. But on the fourth night of my visit I was again at the old mansion. This time, I had approached it through a number of mean low streets, and passages full of stones and debris of various sorts. Rough men with picks and shovels stood aside for me to pass, and one told me to go up a dark staircase. I opened a door at the top, and again stood in the long room of the old mansion. The light was dim and faint that came through the diamond-paned windows, and I was deafened by the roar of machinery. In the growing dusk I could just discern hundreds of wheels of all sizes revolving in all directions, and so close did they seem, that I stood still, near to the door, lest I should be drawn into the midst and torn to pieces. I seemed to hear the whirl and click of machinery quite distinctly. Suddenly, the whole room was ablaze with light, and the girl in black stood before me and said: 'Have you found the boy?' I answered: 'No—not yet.' Her hand fell on mine; and she led me through all the machinery, down the broad stone staircase, and out of the door; and before me was stretched the fair open sweep of country, the golden gorse, and the distant sea. I turned and looked at the quaint figures on the twisted pillars, the grinning apes and masonic symbols, the angels' heads and dancing demons, and as I said to myself, 'Here I am at the old mansion again,' I awoke.

It was a perfectly still dark night, or rather morning, for a distant clock struck three, and I heard the faint musical chime of the old English air, *Life let us cherish*. I turned over, and fell asleep again. It seemed but a minute or so, and back I was at the old mansion again; and standing in the door-porch was the girl in black. Fixing her strange eyes on me, she said: 'The

door is shut; but the boy is there; I saw him go in.—Hark! Do you not hear?' She laid her hand on my arm and listened; and there came inside the far-off laugh of a child and the babble of an old nursery rhyme; and pattering footsteps seemed to echo along the upper corridors and dance down the stone staircase, and stop.

The shining black eyes of the girl looked into mine, and again she said: 'The boy is there. You hear him? I am not mad!'

I answered: 'Yes, I hear; but we shall not find him yet.'

Then we both went into the hall, and searched through the rooms and corridors in every nook and cranny, even up on to the gutters of the sloping roof. The girl was always just a step behind me, and I seemed to feel her warm panting breath as she hurried along. As we neared the head of the great staircase, a door stood open that was quite new to me, and a long narrow passage with many windows was before me. Bright sunshine flooded the entire length; and dancing in the sunbeams was a slim, fair-haired boy, with bare feet, and quaint-cut velvet tunic, that might have belonged to a child of three instead of six or seven, as he appeared to be. I turned to the girl and said: 'Quick! There is the boy!' directing her attention towards him, when in a second the whole scene vanished, and nothing but the wall and staircase was there. In my vain endeavour to find the door again, I awoke. I sat up in bed and listened intently. It was still and dark—the stillness and darkness that precede the earliest dawning hour, and not the faintest indication of waking human life in the air. But I felt curiously tired and worn out, and ready to sleep again. It was with a sensation of relief I heard first one little sound of life, then another—the crow of a rooster, the clap of a distant gate, the bark of a dog, and finally, the servants moving about the house. I fell asleep again for some hours, and woke in broad daylight, refreshed. The recollection of the dream I had was still vivid; but morning sunlight had dispelled all the strange eerie feeling of early dawn. I had slept late, and came down with a ravenous appetite for breakfast; and in the talk and laughter of the young people, the effects of the dream wore off. Nor did it return till a year and seven months had passed, when a circumstance occurred that stamped it indelibly on my memory, and the first feeling of fear connected with it took possession of me.

I was staying at a quiet village farmhouse a few miles from the south coast. I had brought down a niece, who had been suffering from typhoid fever, a child of eight years old, not with any real hope of cure, but as a last resource of lengthening out the frail life a few months. For several days the child, Avis, seemed to improve and gain strength; then there was a sudden relapse. Soon fever set in, and it was plainly seen her days were numbered. I need not go through the details of the sorrowful period, but only relate the curious thing that occurred four days before our little Avis died. She was very restless, and it was with great difficulty sleep could be induced by natural means. It was a very hot night in July, still and breathless. My sister had been

with Avis for the greater part of the night; but between two and three she called me up, as the child wanted me to sing to her. For nearly an hour I lay by her side, with her little hands in mine, crooning over hymns, songs, anything I could remember. Then the languid blue eyes closed, and she slept quietly; and after watching the thin white face and short uneven breathing for some time I also fell asleep and—dreamed. I was again walking up the broken steps by the cornfield, in the warm sunshine, till I was standing in front of the door of the old mansion, and looking over the sweep of golden gorse, the lovely country, and the distant sea. I looked at the masonic symbols and curious heads round the doorway, before I went inside; then I ascended the old staircase. At the top stood the black-eyed girl. She said to me: 'You are come to help me to find the boy?' I answered: 'Yes, I have come.'

Together we seemed to go all over the house, in all the sunny rooms, and down the long corridors, and came back to the large room with diamond-paned windows, where the soft hues of the coloured glass in the casements gleamed on the floor in the sunshine; then at the top of the staircase, the girl cried out suddenly: 'There he is—there is the boy! Look! Oh, come!' And down the narrow passage comes the boy with yellow hair, dancing in the sunshine. Another moment, and it was all gone. There is only a blank wall in front of me, and the girl is tearing madly at the carved projections—and I awake, with a strange fear at my heart.

Little Avis is still sleeping, but flushed and restless; and as I watch her, she opens her eyes. There is a curious sharp ring in her voice as she says: 'Aunty, the little boy is shut up in the long passage; he is playing all by himself—dancing up and down. He has yellow hair, and no shoes on; and such a funny jacket. The tall lady can't find him, aunty. You must help her to find him, aunty. Won't you?' The eager blue eyes looked into mine so strangely, I was quite startled and unnerved at the singular coincidence of the dying child having had her mind and brain so curiously influenced by what I had just been dreaming.

I soothed Avis as best I could, and she again dropped into a doze, while I sat at the window and watched the sun rising over the hills, and thought strange things—grief for the waning life before me, sorrow for the parents, and an intense, eager longing for a better understanding of those strange glimpses we get of the border-land between sleeping and waking. Tennyson has expressed this feeling in one of his exquisite sonnets:

As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in some confused dream
To states of mystical similitude.

Four days after, blue-eyed Avis fell asleep for the last time. She lies buried in the quiet churchyard of the village.

At the end of the month, my sister and her husband returned to London, leaving me a few days longer to finish some business details. I spent most of my evenings rambling about the pretty bypaths and lanes round the village, and

enjoying the lovely weather. Two or three days I went short railway journeys to the different places near. The day before I left, I intended to go down early to the little seaside town for the day, and started accordingly about ten in the morning; but, by curious mischance, mistook the train at the junction, and found myself quite in another direction, with no train back for two hours, when it would be too late for my destination. I felt vexed at first; but decided upon exploring the country where I was and making the best of the matter. The station was a mile from the nearest village, and the old guard on duty said: 'It was a nice old-fashioned village; and the Priory on Harne Hill was a queer ramshackle place that artist-folks came to paint every summer; maybe I should like to see it. There was another train back at six in the evening.'

I determined at once upon spending the day there; it did not much matter, as long as I was in the fresh air. I strolled leisurely along the mile of country road to the village, and found it just one of the loveliest, quaintest old places possible. Built on the side of a hill, its one long irregular street had almost all the cottages on one side, and on the other was a charming stretch of hill and valley. The curious little church stood on a rising ground, with the churchyard sloping on all sides. It was nearly surrounded by magnificent beech-trees, and was well cared for, and full of lovely flowers, roses in particular. I lingered in the church some time, examining the curious carvings and monuments. A grave-faced woman was busy sweeping and dusting; but she did not speak to me until I was leaving the building, when she asked respectfully if I had seen the inner chapel.

I had not noticed it; and she turned back with me, and passing by the choir stalls, opened an iron gate near the organ. 'It's the burial-place of the Harnes, ma'am,' she said as I entered.

Pure white marble monuments on every side, with delicately carved scrollwork and graceful flowers wreathed around them. The last new one struck me as singular and beautiful. It was in memory of 'ISOBEL HARNE, aged 22; and RUPERT HARNE, aged 8. "In death they were not divided."

Looking closely at the lovely wreath of carved flowers that decorated the marble cross, I found them to represent the gorse in blossom. In a flash came to me the remembrance of the haunting dream. Startled and trembling, I sat down on one of the tombs. The grave-faced woman said sadly: 'It's a pitiful tale about the poor young things buried there. The last of the Harnes they were.'

'Tell me about it,' I said eagerly; and the woman related the following story.

Twenty-eight years ago it is since Sir Rupert Harne took his wife, Lady Isobel, to Italy for the benefit of her health, which had been ailing since the baby Isobel was born. She never came back, but died at Florence. Not two years after, Sir Rupert married an Italian lady. There were several children of this marriage; but all died infants, till Miss Isobel was fourteen, when a son was born that cost the mother her life. Four years after, Sir Rupert Harne died, making his

daughter solemnly promise to take the boy to England and Harne Priory, and bring him up as an English gentleman.

In the meantime, a distant cousin, who was next heir, had been living at Harne Priory; and hearing all that was to be done in relation to the boy Rupert, suddenly shut up the house and disappeared, leaving only a man and his wife as caretakers.

Miss Harne and the little heir were expected every day, and every one wondered the Priory had not been made ready for them. One stormy March night, a lady and elderly woman with wild scared faces came driving up to the *Lion*; and the woman said it was Miss Harne from Italy—that they wanted some rooms; and in a terrible way with fright and grief they seemed. When their story was told, great was the commotion caused in the village. They had driven from the nearest station to the Priory, the young heir with them, and were much surprised to find no preparation or lights at the house. The boy's nurse got out of the fly and rang the bell and knocked many times. Then Miss Harne, getting impatient, also got out, and leaving the sleeping boy on the seat, went to the door and rang and knocked. The man in charge opened the door with a light in his hand, and he utterly refused to let them in or know anything about them. In vain Miss Harne protested and the nurse stormed. He shut the door in their faces, and locked and barred it after them. They returned to the fly, and determined to go to the village for the night; when they found, to their horror, that the boy was gone from the carriage. It was impossible to see without lights. The man was half asleep, and had seen or heard no one, and no cry or scream was heard from the child. Miss Harne was nearly frantic; the nurse could hardly hold her in the house out of the drenching rain.

The news spread like wildfire through the village, and very soon all the men and boys turned out to look for the missing boy. For nearly a week the country was searched in every direction without effect. The Priory was likewise searched, to no purpose; and the mystery only deepened as time went on. Then the next heir came back to the Priory, and hearing the tale, laughed it to scorn, saying there never was a boy brought from Italy, and that it was all a made-up story about him being lost—a planned job—coming just in the storm too—done on purpose to get possession of the estate.

People listened. Some believed. Some did not like John Harne, and disbelieved; but things dropped through. Miss Harne fell ill with raging fever. When she recovered her health, her mind was a complete blank, and all the words she ever uttered were: 'Have you found the boy?'

John Harne sold the Priory to a man named Salter; but he died before taking possession, and no one has lived in it since. Miss Harne used to go up and wander about the old rooms as long as she was able to walk. She went in at a little side-door, of which the old nurse had a key, and the old man and woman still were kept on as care-takers.

Then a strange thing happened. One afternoon Miss Harne was in the Priory, and a dreadful thunderstorm came on. The lightning struck one of the great chimney-stacks, and it

crashed through on to the head of the great staircase, breaking in the woodwork and wainscoting. When the nurse came and ventured to look for the young lady, she was found in a long narrow passage, with a poor half-starved idiot boy in her arms, who clung to her with shrieks and idiotic babble. But every one could see it was the lost child—lost for nearly four years, and, as it turned out, hid away by the wretches who lived on the premises.

The heir was an idiot, and Miss Harne was mad. The poor things were taken every care of; but disease and neglect had done their work, and in a month they were both dead. John Harne was never heard of again; and the old couple ran away.

When the woman had finished her narrative, I asked the way to the Priory, and was directed through a little copse behind the church. I had not gone many yards before I came to the steep steps by the cornfield; and when I reached the top and came out on the sweep of turf, the old house of my dream stood before me; and as I walked to the front of the house and looked over the deep hallow, the sunshine poured down on the golden gorse, the fair smiling country of hill and woodland; and far away, beyond the purple distance, glittered the shining sea. I drew a deep breath of the honey-sweet air, and turned to look at the old house. It was all the same—the stacks of twisted chimneys, the sloping red roof and pointed gables, the many diamond-paned windows, the quaint cornices and projections; angels' heads and dancing demons mingled with masonic and solar symbols—all the same, save where a yawning chasm had been made by the fall of the chimney-stack. As I went toward the entrance, four or five men and two ladies came out; they had sketch-books and camp-stools, and were busily engaged examining the ornamented doorway.

I asked permission, and entered; and then in reality—as oftentimes in my dreams—I ascended the stone stairs, and came out in the large room with the many windows, where the coloured glass threw soft glowing tints of crimson, purple, and amber upon the floor. I went through all the rooms, warm and empty, and long corridors. Nothing was wanting, save the tall girl in the black dress and fleece of yellow hair, to come and ask me: 'Have you found the boy?'

I wandered about the rooms and passages, and looked from the sunny windows, and puzzled my brains much upon the strange coincidence of that day that had brought me, through no volition on my own part, to realise the scene of my haunting dream.

Why should these scenes be pictured in my imagination years before they came to pass, while all the actors therein were hundreds of miles away, never heard of, or ever seen? What caused the tragic incident of the boy-heir to be projected, as it were from my brain into that of the dying child Avis with such sharp distinctness? Science cannot account for such things; we can only leave the subject as one that no finite brain can understand.

The startling effect on my mind was not of the most pleasing character, and for weeks, I could not banish the tragical story from my

waking thoughts, and yet, as a curious anomaly, I have never had the dream since. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

OUR UNPAID MAGISTRACY.

WHATEVER may have been the period of its original institution, the first statutory provision to be found relating to the office of a Justice of the Peace was made in the first year of the reign of King Edward III. Justices of the peace are defined by Dalton 'to be judges of record, appointed by the king to be justices within certain limits for the conservation of the peace.' We find Sir William Blackstone in his celebrated *Commentaries* lamenting, that in consequence of the multifarious duties heaped upon justices of the peace, few cared to undertake, and fewer to understand the functions of the office; and he very properly added, that they were of such vast importance to the public as to make the country obliged to any worthy magistrate who, without sinister views of his own, would engage in the troublesome office. Their powers, which were at first very limited, were gradually extended, as the necessities of the times prompted; and at the present day, the powers and duties of this honourable office, particularly regarding the county magistrates, have been most extensively and are yearly enlarged. And as they have become more arduous and responsible, and require greater talent and more matured habits of business for their proper and efficient discharge, it is pleasing to think that high-minded and well-informed gentlemen have not been found wanting to perform them, and at the same time to sustain the dignity of their station, and command respect for the laws by their honest and impartial administration.

The several descriptions of justices of the peace in England and Wales are those for counties, ridings, or divisions, and boroughs and cities, besides the salaried police magistrates of the metropolis and our large provincial towns, and the lord mayor, recorder, and aldermen of the city of London. The mayor for the time being of every borough is by virtue of his office a justice of the peace for such borough, and continues to be so during the year succeeding, unless disqualified, and during his mayoralty has precedence in all places within the borough. There is no general or special disqualification as regards the status in society of a person to be appointed a justice of the peace. They are appointed by the Crown through the Lord Chancellor, and usually upon the recommendation of the Lord Lieutenant or other influential parties. The qualification for a county justice is either by the possession of a certain amount of property, or by the occupancy of a dwelling-house of a certain annual value. If the qualification is of the former kind, it is requisite that the person should have in his possession a freehold estate in lands or tenements lying in England or Wales of the clear yearly value of one hundred pounds. If the qualification is derived from the occupation of a dwelling-house, then it is necessary that he has, during the

two years preceding his appointment, been the occupier of a dwelling-house of the annual value of one hundred pounds. Borough justices of the peace are not required to possess any pecuniary qualification; but they must reside in the borough or within seven miles of it; or be the occupier of some premises in the borough. Before a gentleman appointed to the office can act, he must take three oaths: the first is that of qualification, by which he swears that he is *bonâ fide* possessed of the necessary estate; or, where the qualification is one of residence, the same oath is taken, modified accordingly. The second and third oaths are the oath of allegiance and the judicial oath. They are as follows:

Oath of Allegiance.—I, _____, do swear that I will be faithful, and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors, according to law. So help me God.

Judicial Oath.—I, _____, do swear that I will well and truly serve our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria in the office of _____; and I will do right to all manner of people after the laws and usages of this realm, without fear or favour, affection or ill-will. So help me God.

The authority of justices of the peace is either ministerial or judicial. The ministerial functions of justices consist of receiving informations or complaints for indictable offences (triable at quarter-sessions or assizes), and also for offences determinable in a summary way—causing the party charged to appear and answer either by summons or warrant, and taking the examinations, and committing or bailing the prisoner for trial; also appointing parish officers, and allowing rates, &c. Their judicial functions consist in the trial of offenders at quarter-sessions (borough justices do not possess this function), and hearing and adjudicating upon complaints made for the non-payment of wages, parochial rates, &c.; disputes between masters and servants in certain trades; landlords and tenants; as to the fairness of parochial rates; and many others of a similar nature; the latter being of a civil, while the former partake of a criminal nature. All justices of the peace are by virtue of their office *ex officio* guardians of the poor, and they have also an *ex officio* authority in several other smaller matters.

If any person acting as a justice of the peace has the misfortune to be adjudged bankrupt, or makes any arrangement or composition with his creditors, he is rendered incapable of holding office until he has been again appointed by those in authority.

In conclusion, and now that we have had laid before us the many and intricate duties fulfilled by these gentlemen, who gratuitously, and with so much zeal and ability, administer justice in their respective divisions, we can well imagine the great service they render to their country by their untiring efforts; for when we come to think of the 'seven hundred and twenty' petty sessional divisions existing in England and Wales, and then of the fact that the fourteen metropolitan police courts cause a yearly outlay of fifty thousand pounds to be borne by the London ratepayers, we see at once the immense advantage we derive by this honourable office being filled by individuals who disregard both time and expense in meting out justice to their fellows. It has been

well said by Paley that 'a vigilant magistracy, an accurate police, and an undeviating partiality in carrying the laws into execution, contribute more to the restraint and suppression of crime than any excessive severity of punishment.'

'PATRON DAYS,' OR IRISH RELIQUES.

'OLD times are changed, old manners gone;' and gone are the national observances of Ireland. The time-honoured customs and institutions of early days, hallowed by the reverence in which they once were held, and inseparably associated as they were with the bright memories of early youth, have passed into the twilight of far-off lore. The 'Patron Day'—to some the occasion of pious exercises, to others the opportunity of very different observances—shed a halo over every season of the year. The Maypole Day, when festoons and garlands, and wild-flowers and deep-green foliage, were lighted up with the morning rays of the first summer's sun, has waned into the mere remembrance of things that were. St John's Fire, in the bright glow of which village maids and village swains, with light hearts and affections pure, rejoiced, smoulders far away in the remote and quiet places of rural life. The mystical mummeries of Hallow Eve, the traditional absurdities of Twelfth Night, and many other anniversaries of minor importance—the memory of which is still preserved in the recollections of a lifelong career, and in some districts still cherished fondly as dear reliques of the past—are too quaint, are too old-fashioned for this fastidious age.

The Patron Day was the most distinguished in popular imagination, and the most gladly welcomed of all the anniversaries. It was a trace of the religious institutions of Ireland; it became interwoven with the sentimental traditions of the people; and its celebration was honoured with a degree of romantic piety peculiar to the high religious and poetic tone of the Celtic temperament. The Rev. Joseph Saynds, a Protestant writer, thus speaks of the rise and decline of Patron Days. 'The first institution of Patron Days in Ireland was an anniversary commemoration of those days on which parish churches had been dedicated to the respective saints whose tutelary guardianship the people annually implored as their mediators and advocates with the Almighty. The same custom prevailed also in England, where such annual meetings are denominated *wakes*, and which in both countries used to be celebrated for one or more days after the next Sunday or Saint's day to whom the parish church had been dedicated. These institutions seem to have been very ancient in Ireland. It would appear that the clergy and laity of each parish annually assembled at their respective churches on those solemn occasions, not only to implore the future tutelage of their patron saint, but also to offer prayers and distribute alms for their departed friends, from whose tombs they cleared the rank weeds, and then decorated them with the gayest flowers—renewing at the same time the funeral dirge, in which, as on the day of interment, they recounted every worthy action of the deceased and his relatives. Thence it became necessary to erect booths or temporary lodgings in the neighbour-

hood of the churches, and to procure provisions for the poor, which were distributed to them in charity by the pious of every denomination. It was also necessary to find refreshment for strangers whose devotion brought them from very remote places on those occasions. Such, doubtless, was the first institution of Patron Days, and such it continued for ages. The people, ever tenacious of the religion of their fathers, assembled on each anniversary day; but in course of time, owing to various causes, and chiefly to the Reformation, they were at length become as a flock without a shepherd, and exercises of devotion at such meetings gradually gave place to profane amusements. The pious and devout having in a great measure forsaken those degenerate assemblies, a total relaxation of discipline and good order prevailed among the ungoverned multitude; drunkenness and riot became familiar, and those days originally devoted to the honour of God seemed now wholly set apart to celebrate the orgies of the Prince of Darkness.

The Patron Days were originally all holidays, either of obligation or devotion; but in modern times, when these days do not fall on a Sunday or a holiday, the observances are transferred to the Sunday immediately following, or to that within the octave.

After the Anglo-Norman invasion, no general changes were made in the pre-existing ecclesiastical topography of the country, except in the neighbourhood of the manorial seats of the Anglo-Irish barons. In such places we generally find traces of comparatively modern plans and arrangements in the foundation and structure of churches. Sometimes they were constructed with a view to the requirements of secular priests, but oftener for regular clergy, and not unfrequently for collegiate purposes. And here it may be worth while to remember that not rarely those same barons 'robbed Peter to pay Paul;' in other words, they frequently built churches with the spoils of a rich old abbey. And even in religious concerns we find plenty of proof of the spirit of hostility which kept the native devotees from mingling their pious practices with the devotions of the successful invader. Scarcely in any instance do we find a church founded by the English—no matter to what saint dedicated—honoured by the people after its suppression, by the observances of the Patron feast. Obscure sites have been remembered; while the ruins of many a splendid edifice have been shunned as dark, cold, and undevotional. This general disregard, this aversion, was not the outcome of mere racial preference or prejudice—it was the effect of the distrust, the different sympathies and different interests which had always separated the clergy and people of the country from the clergy and people of the Pale. The clergy of the Pale were for the most part strangers, and of course devoted to the Anglo-Irish interest; the clergy of the country were as naturally devoted to the interests of the native septs and chiefs. Jerpoint, a large conventual establishment, though founded by an Irish prince, fell into the control of clergy of English extraction, and in consequence, closed its doors against the admission of the 'meer Irish' postulants. Patron festivals and Patron honours were the outward expression of national faith by a people who saw their counties,

their estates, their homes, and themselves rudely and forcibly handed over to a stranger, whom they might fear, but whom they certainly could not learn to love in a week or a month.

'The churches that were not honoured after their suppression with a Patron-day festival were either English in origin, in interests, in sympathies, or in rules.' Their histories had never been entwined with the sentimental lore of the native race; and consequently, after their suppression, they could not lay claim to the deep traditional feelings of the people. They might mourn over their ruins, but they could not 'adore at the places' where the feet of the stranger stood. The subdued grandeur of their ruins invests with a high degree of interest the ground on which they stand, yet never have the people assembled at their sites to honour their patron saints, or commemorate the day of their original dedication.

The residence of the Irish *urrie*, and afterwards of the Anglo-Irish baron, the territorial lord, constituted the ancient *bally* or township, which was peopled by his family and numerous retainers. Each such residence had its own church, its own patron saint and annual festival. Most of those antique social centres are now far removed from our modern highways, and are approached only by old byroads. Not unfrequently hidden in fields, we discover interesting localities with traces of ancient boundaries and primitive plantations, their rich green swards and leafy abundance at once indicating their fertility and venerable age. And where the progress of modern civilisation has not effaced the landmarks of bygone generations, the peculiar formalities and outlines of those places mark them out as scenes of former life and importance. Here we usually find an insignificant inclosure that has been revered for ages as 'holy ground;' here, on the appointed day, the Patron was held; in the old churchyard near, the graves were cleared of the rank weeds and were embellished with flowers; the funeral dirge was renewed, and the worthy qualities of the dead re-told. Here, too, we find a 'holy well,' still retaining the name of the ancient patron saint of the locality. Here are performed the *stations* held on the Patron Day. Yon scattered stones are now the only remains of the local church; yon naked stumps and withered trunks the only relics of the spreading beech, the stately ash, the gnarled oak, beneath whose dense foliage the village boys and the rosy-faced country girls, dressed in the quaint fashions of that remote period, blushing and smiling, and unburdened with life's cares, timed with light foot and lighter heart their favourite reel or jig or country-dance. Here, in the 'shade for talking age and whispering lovers made,' were formed friendships that developed into lifelong unions. Here, alas! too, profligacy and the strife of faction have left their sad memories.

In 1846, with the first great failure of the potato crop, may be said to have commenced a social revolution in the ways, the manners, and condition of the Irish peasantry. Under the pressure of famine and famine-fever, many of the Irish farmers and villagers fled to America. Many clung to their old homesteads until they were forced to seek a refuge in the nearest work-house. Many of the old proprietors, who were

strongly attached to social sports and customs, were forced to sell their farms and houses in the Encumbered Estates Court; and then new masters came in who had no claim on 'times that were,' no sympathies with the people or their traditional observances. Village outlines were deranged, landmarks were removed, festal anniversaries had no patrons and no votaries; 'holy wells' and traditions had none to pay the attention which a people even less imaginative than the Celtic race might bestow on ruined shrines and the memories of the past.

THE WATER SPIDER.

'WILL you come for a hunt after water spiders?' said a friend to me one day.

'With all my heart,' I replied. 'That is an invitation, to a lover of nature, not to be refused.'

So, when a bright sunny day appeared, a party of four naturalists set off for the moor, armed with bottles large and small, not forgetting the principal weapon of all, a huge alpenstock.

A few words as to the nature and habitats of the water spider (*Argyroneta aquatica*) will make the subject intelligible at the outset; as, although many of the inhabitants of our ponds and ditches are far more familiar now, owing to the number of aquaria kept, and the commoner use of the microscope, yet the water spider is one least known, especially in Scotland, as it is only within a few years that it has been discovered to be a native of its northern ditches and peat-mosses. The water spider is certainly one of the most interesting of the Arachnida. About the size of an ordinary house spider when full grown, though of a much more slight and elegant shape, it leads an active and wonderful existence; for although really a terrestrial creature, requiring to breathe atmospheric air, yet it passes its life in the water quite submerged below the surface, except when ascending to breathe. Like the pirate spider, the *Argyroneta* has its whole body covered with hairs, which serve to entangle a large amount of air; but it far surpasses the pirate in other ways, as it has the power of diving below the surface, carrying with it a large bubble of air, which is held in its place by the hind-legs; and in spite of this obstacle, it passes through the water with great speed. The question, then, comes to be, how does the spider secure enough of air to live comfortably below the water? At some little depth, the female spins a kind of dome-shaped cell, of the most delicate silken fibre, attaching it to the stem of some water-plant. The opening of this cell she leaves on the under side; and after it is completed, she ascends to the surface, and there charges her whole coat with air, arranging the hind-legs in such a manner that her large bubble of air cannot escape. She then dives into the water, proceeds to her home, and discharges the bubble of air into it. A quantity of water is thus displaced, and the top of the dome filled with air instead; and this she repeats till the cell is completely filled; and in this beautiful and delicate mansion the spider lives, surrounded with the atmosphere she requires, and carrying on

all her domestic duties diligently, for in this dome she spins a silken cocoon in which to lay her hundred eggs, so that the young spiders never know that they are near water, or in a floating habitation, till they emerge from the nest. When hatched, they are pure white, and they begin at once to live and build as their mother does.

Our day on the moor was very successful. I need not say how many dozens of spiders, as well as their nests, we secured; and the excitement of the chase, added to the beautiful scenery by which we were surrounded, made it a very pleasant excursion. Lying deep and silent in the peat and heather were some very large pools, the surfaces of which were almost covered with water-weeds, the well-known sphagnum moss being the most apparent. At the sunny side of these pools we camped, and our work began. The alpenstock was plunged into the sphagnum—a thick bunch of it adroitly brought to land and laid upon the heather, when we immediately searched it; and not in vain, for here were the spiders trying to escape in all directions, besides a number of their silken domes containing either the eggs or the young. So thick were the nests in the pool, that we could see them lying like so many cradles near the surface. Our bottles were soon filled with the spiders' nests and weed.

Now I have a bell-glass well stocked with them, and can watch the wonderful habits and feats of the inmates with perfect ease. Two of my nests hatched their young. They entered their aquatic existence on a Sunday morning, much to the amusement of the household, as a hundred snowy-looking mites emerged from their cradle. I had immediately to wage war with a couple of water beetles that were in the glass, as they hovered round these unfortunate and inexperienced infants with the evident intention of devouring them. The beetles were ejected; and after some time the hundred little spiders made domes for themselves in the sphagnum weed. It is almost necessary to have some water weed, such as valesneria or anacharis in the glass; on the anacharis especially the spiders find multitudes of infusoria, which serve as food; but a plentiful supply of flies can be put on the water, which the spiders at once seize, and carry down to their dome by means of a delicate thread spun in the water, and there in their house they suck the juices of the prey. My bell-glass is sometimes very lively, as the spiders rush up and down on slender threads, which shine in the water like silk; and in every conceivable corner of the sphagnum weed a dome can be discovered with its inmate.

When going through the water, the spider has the appearance of quicksilver, owing to the bubble of air around the lower part of the body; and I notice that when they come to the surface for more air, it is that part of the body that is turned to the top for a new supply, so that the spider's head is literally turned downwards when a fresh amount of air is secured. The coat of the spider is never wet, owing to the mass of little air-bells that envelop it; so that it skims through the water as dry as if on land. It is thought that *Argyroneta* hibernates during winter. There are three stations in Scotland where they have been taken: one in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen; a second in a deep cut and silent pool in Luffness Common, Haddingtonshire; and the third in the peat-mosses

of the Pentland Hills near Edinburgh. They are commoner in England, especially in the neighbourhood of Oxford, where the ditches used to be well stocked with them; but there was such a demand for them in the London market as inhabitants of the aquarium, that in many places they are now almost extinct. They are interesting and hardy subjects for study; and a glass filled with them and their native weeds is quite an ornament in any window, where they can be studied with perfect ease.

ASBESTOS AND ITS USES.

ASBESTOS is remarkable as an example of a substance, long regarded as economically valueless, suddenly taking its place amongst minerals of commercial importance, and rapidly coming into use, until its production ranks as a staple branch in the industries of this country.

Asbestos is a fibrous variety of the mineral actinolite, and consists essentially of oxide of iron, alumina, magnesia, silica, and water; and in appearance has a silky, vitreous lustre; whilst its indestructibility by fire forms the leading characteristic on which is based the commercial and utilitarian value of the substance under consideration. The mineral is widely distributed, the two principal sources of commercial importance being Italy and Canada; that derived from the former country being the most valuable, and being distinguished from other varieties by its brownish tint, a fact that should be borne in mind by intending purchasers, when manufacturers are quoting, at considerably reduced rates, goods similar in design to those more highly priced, but composed of an inferior quality of asbestos. Italian asbestos, both in length and strength of fibre, also in chemical purity, surpasses all other varieties.

The process in vogue for the manufacture of raw asbestos into the various articles for which it is now employed may be briefly summarised. Arrived in bags weighing from one to two hundredweight, the lumps of crude asbestos are put through an ingenious crushing machine, whose rollers have a parallel motion, in addition to their rolling action over each other. This action effectually opens out the fibres, which are then boiled in large tanks. The shorter fibres having been ground down and reduced to a pulp, are converted into asbestos millboard by manipulation on gauze netting—a process familiar to all persons who have visited paper-mills and witnessed the manufacture of ordinary paper. Asbestos millboard forms a valuable 'packing' for engines, whilst its non-conducting properties render it serviceable in electrical work. The longer fibres on leaving the crushing machine are woven into yarn and cloth in looms, similar in action and principle, though necessarily differing somewhat in detail for adaptation to the material under treatment, to the well-known cloth looms.

The valuable property of asbestos—its resistance to fire—has been utilised in the preparation of paint. A striking proof of the protection thus afforded was witnessed in the recent Health Exhibition held in London, when woodwork thus coated escaped uninjured in an outbreak of fire.

A bare enumeration of the many purposes to which asbestos is now devoted would form a formidable list. 'Packing' for all classes of machinery, ropes, fire-escapes, and firemen's clothing, furnacemen's gloves, fireproof putty, sheeting, boiler and steam-pipe covering, millboard for every purpose, cloth for filtering acids and other similar uses; for covering rollers in printworks where aniline dyes are employed, and it is necessary to resist heat and the action of the acids; for flooring and wall-felt, more especially in timber-built houses; as a lubricant for every class of engine, portable fireproof safes, lamp-shades, and a variety of other articles, in which the fire and heat resisting properties of the substance under consideration render it of especial value.

The asbestos trade may be said to be yet in its infancy; every day some new development, some new adaptation, presents itself; and viewing the advance that has been made in the short time that has elapsed since its introduction as an article of commerce, there can be little doubt that asbestos will form a still more important branch of our home industries at no very distant date.

IN VANITY FAIR.

Through Vanity Fair, in days of old,
There passed a maiden with locks of gold,
And a pedlar opened his tempting pack,
Crying: 'O my pretty lass! what d'ye lack?
Here's many a ware
Costly and rare.
Come, buy—oh, come, buy!
In Vanity Fair.'

'Silks and satins are not for me;
Lace is for damsels of high degree;
The lads would laugh in our country town
If I came clad in a brodered gown;
But yet there's a ware,
Precious and rare,
I fain would buy me
In Vanity Fair.'

'Pray, sell me, sir, from your motley store,
A heart that will love me for evermore,
That, whether the world shall praise or blame,
Through sorrow or joy will be still the same.
'Tis the only ware
For which I care,
Mid all the treasures
In Vanity Fair.'

'Much it grieves me, O lassie dear,
The pedlar said; 'but I greatly fear
The hearts that loved in the old sweet way
Have been out of fashion this many a day;
And gilded care
Is all the ware
You will get for your money
In Vanity Fair.'

FLORENCE TYLEE

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BY THE SOUND OF MULL.

ABOUT an hour and a half's sail from Oban is the little village of Lochaline, in the district of Morven, by the Sound of Mull. During the summer months, Lochaline is honoured every week-day by the calls of sundry steamers, and an occasional commercial traveller finds himself benighted there on his way to more important localities; but Lochaline is as unvisited of the ordinary tourist as St Kilda itself. Yet, in the matter of scenery, one might certainly travel much farther and fare much worse. Moreover, with the exception of Iona, there is no district in the west of Scotland about which history and legend have more to say than the coasts of Morven. Authorities will have it that this is not the genuine 'woody Morven' of Ossian. The district, at all events, is lucky in its name; and the reader of Ossian need look for no fitter scenes than the shores of the Sound of Mull to associate with Fingal and his heroes. Finally, these shores have had the supreme good fortune of stirring the enthusiasm of two of Scotland's greatest men of letters—Sir Walter Scott and Professor Wilson. It is perhaps to be regretted that Dr Johnson in his visit to the Hebrides did not set foot in Morven, since his visit to any spot in these regions seems always to lend it its crowning interest. And, in truth, his apparition in the Western Islands is one of the most singular events in their checkered enough history. The whole enterprise was so strangely at odds with all his known habits and prepossessions, that it strikes us rather as the imaginary voyages of Gulliver and Astolpho than even the most romantic adventures of the ordinary traveller.

Lochaline is the most important place in Morven; but how much this means will be understood when it is said that in the whole of Morven there are but four schools, with an average attendance of some fifteen pupils. Nowhere can be more distinctly marked than in Morven the complete change that has taken place in the social condition of the Highlands

during the present century. Twenty years ago, the coasts of Morven and Mull were thickly sown with crofts; at present, hardly one is to be seen on either shore. The result is that the present population of Morven is not a third of what it was at the beginning of the century. It is curious to hear the different opinions of the various classes of the country as to this changed state of things. To listen to the older representatives of the crofters, you would fancy that half a century ago Morven was a land flowing with milk and honey, where men lived as easily as the grass by the roadside. On the other hand, their younger descendants are equally positive that a man with his eighteen shillings a week is in an infinitely better way than the average crofter could possibly have been.

The strife of tongues in Morven is at its deadliest. But the Gaelic is dying fast; and there are few even of the oldest inhabitants who 'have not the English,' though with some intricacy of idiom. 'Dr M'Leod,' said an old crofter to us one day—'Dr M'Leod was speaking many languages, and he was saying from the pulpit that there was no language in which they praised the Lord so sweet as in the Gaelic.' The strife of interest and sentiment in the breast of the Highlander with regard to his native language is sometimes oddly enough illustrated when he is taken off his guard. If he be the father of a family of sons, he may be convinced in the abstract that Gaelic is the finest and oldest language in the world, and should therefore be the language of the British empire. But in his own practice he meekly yields to the stress of circumstance, and ignores his mother-tongue in his own household.

When Wordsworth visited these parts, he seems to have been much shocked by the sinister suggestions of many of the local names. But Lochaline is a happy exception. According to some authorities, it means 'the loch of the sun;' according to others, 'the beautiful or charming loch.' And, indeed, a more delightful sheet of water than Lochaline at full tide one need never

wish to see. Its great charm is in its happy union of the attractions of the fresh and the salt water loch. By its contracted opening and its well-fringed shores, it has something of the snugness and peace of the former; and the sparkling life and depth of colour of its waters tell unmistakably its kinship with the ocean. And to crown its graces, it abounds with fish.

The interior of Morven is simply a wilderness of heather-clad hills, not one of which has any pretensions to dignity or impressiveness. For the ordinary visitor, therefore, the interest of the country is strictly limited to the coast. The most impressive sight to be seen from Lochaline and its neighbourhood is the island of Mull. Just at this point, Mull presents a broad ridge, extending for several miles parallel with its seaboard. The height of this ridge is not great, yet quite sufficiently so to make it a somewhat dubious neighbour to the inhabitants of Morven; for if, on the one hand, with its kindred hills, it forms a mighty bulwark against the violence of the Atlantic; on the other, it seems as if all the clouds of heaven were as irresistibly attracted to this particular ridge as moths to a candle. In the brightest summer days, a tiny fleck will suddenly float in the most innocent manner over one particular corner, which the visitor is not long in identifying as the most hateful point in his horizon. In a few minutes, this innocent-looking fleck will have become the shroud of the entire Mull coast; and in ten minutes more, the rain will be falling in torrents on 'streamy' Morven.

Nevertheless, not even the memory of numberless unexpected duckings, and the collapse of the best-laid plans, can close the eyes to the extreme beauty of this sinister ridge. To the casual voyager through the Sound of Mull, these hills are apt to seem noteworthy neither by their contour nor elevation. To the loungers on the opposite shore, however, these hills of Mull present a veritable *tableau vivant*. Their aspect is never the same for two hours together. In cloudless moments—rare, indeed, at all times of the year—the shadows of their own inequalities are seen with curious distinctness against the general glossy brown of their surface, and in this phase, the blue sky above and the sparkling waters of the Sound below gloriously contrast with the dark centre-piece of the picture. But it is on a bright, breezy day, when clouds are moving freely about the heaven, that these hills wear their best looks. They are then only to be compared to the screen in a magic-lantern illustration; for the play of lights and shadows along their slopes is then fairly endless in its life and variety. Seen from the Morven coast, these sombre hills of Mull then take on a positively cheerful expression, which goes far to reconcile us even with their malign interferences with the weather. But if at times they are capable of an amiable expression, they will also on occasion put on a frown that is truly diabolic. This frown is at its fiercest on summer evenings just before sunset, when, amid the general brightness of all the world besides, a legion of clouds will suddenly muster without the faintest warning of their intention. These clouds will then steal slowly down the slopes, gathering an intenser frown as they descend, till about

half-way to the sea. At this moment, cloud and hill together form one concentrated scowl, which cannot fail to suggest the curious fancy in the Ossianic poems, that the clouds are the homes of ghosts, who give expression to their various moods by the changing forms and hues of these easy vestures.

The Sound of Mull itself is seldom without some object that may serve to interest an idle man. From the point of view of which we are speaking, it might itself pass very well in quiet weather for an inland loch; but when the wind is up, you can have little doubt of its true character, as the very straitness and length of its passage would seem to intensify the disturbance of its waters. During our stay, we found an object of lively interest in the doings of a whale that took up his abode in the Sound for several weeks. It is not often, we believe, that one of such a size finds its way to these waters, as was sufficiently proved, indeed, by the general interest taken in his movements. He must have been between thirty and forty feet long; and his blowing was heard quite distinctly when he was close by the opposite shore—at a distance, that is to say, of about three miles. He made his appearance invariably between twelve and one o'clock; and during his period of activity, the Sound was in such a lively state of commotion, that one could see he was the cause of universal excitement. His appearance was always heralded by a shoal of mackerel, desperately floundering on the surface of the water. But these unfortunate fish found themselves literally between the devil and the deep sea. For if one chance gull happened to be at hand when they appeared, in a moment, from every point of the compass, a legion of gulls would muster; and then a butchery would ensue amid a yelling and screeching that made day hideous. In a few moments after the disappearance of the mackerel, the whale would emerge with a blast that silenced every sound beside. After a quick succession of reappearances, each attended by the same tremendous shout, though with diminished volume at each emergence, there would be silence for the space of half an hour; and then, in another part of the Sound, the same drama would be enacted. For a full month, these doings went on daily before our eyes. As the shores of the Sound of Mull are very steep, he could, in spite of his vast bulk, come quite close to the land with perfect safety. On one occasion, indeed, he came within less than ten yards of us. As a rule, the gulls took exceeding care to give their benefactor a wide berth; but once, while they were in their usual frenzy over a shoal of mackerel, we saw him bob up fairly in the midst of them, and then such a screaming arose as must have given him some curious ideas as to the inhabitants of this upper world.

While on the subject of natural history, it may be worth while to mention an instance we saw of the voracity of the seagull. Walking on Lochaline pier one day, one of us saw a large gull suddenly swoop on the railing of the pier, and then make off with some object in his maw. It was a large rat, which the piermaster had placed there that morning! But the story should be capped by what the piermaster told us of the rat itself. He had found it that morning

in his henhouse, evidently killed by a weasel, which had come upon him there, probably on a similar errand with himself. Upon examination, the rat was found to be in a condition that put him at sad odds with his formidable enemy. Of his natural four legs, he had but the off hind one remaining; and round his neck he carried a piece of netting, clearly the memorial of another and distinct adventure. Truly, as the piermaster remarked, this rat might have told a strange story. But he had evidently been doomed to an unusual fate. It was not enough that in his lifetime he should lose three legs and run the risk of hanging. In his death, he had to be borne to mid-heaven in the maw of a seagull.

Still on the same subject, I may mention an interview I myself had, which is but seldom enjoyed. I had one day lain down on the rocks for about half an hour, and, as the sun was hot, I had put up my umbrella. Suddenly looking from under it, I saw two eyes gazing at me with the serious intentness of a man of science examining a new specimen. The eyes were not four yards from me; and it would be difficult to say which of us eyed the other with the greater bewilderment. To tell the very truth, the eyes fixed on me had such an expression of mild intelligence, that for some moments I was in doubt whether we might not pass some civilities. After a full minute's mutual scrutiny, an unlucky movement of my umbrella put a sudden end to our interview, for the head abruptly bobbed, and I saw it no more. I then knew who had been making these approaches. It was a seal, which, from the distance, had doubtless mistaken my umbrella for a companion sunning himself on the rocks.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XX.—THE FLOWERING OF FORGIVENESS.

JOSEPHINE was still before the fire in the cottage, when Richard Cable returned. He came in quietly. Though a solidly built man, he walked lightly, and his step as he entered the kitchen was so little audible that Josephine did not hear it. She was busied in her own thoughts.

But Mrs Cable saw and heard her son, and at once perceived that something had happened. 'What is it?' she asked; but Richard, instead of answering her, went to the fireplace, took Josephine by the hand, and raised her.

'Look at me, miss,' he said. 'You have given me a right to exercise some sort of authority over you, for you have thrown yourself on my protection and chosen me as your adviser. I give you my opinion now, and tell you what I wish you to do, what I am sure you ought to do.'

She looked steadily into his face. He was very grave, even pale. She also saw that something had happened.

'There has been an accident at the Hall. You must return to it at once.'

Her lips began to move in protest, and a flicker came into her eyes of reviving opposition.

'Listen to me, Miss Josephine. I would not advise this unless I were sure it was right. It is right all round—right for yourself, right for your father, right for your poor cousin, right for me.'

'My cousin?'

'There has been an accident. When I came to the garden gate, I found it unhasped, and'—

'Yes; I came out that way, and may not have fastened it behind me.'

'And as I heard your father's voice close by, I opened the gate and went in. I did not wish to see him in the house; I preferred meeting him in the garden.'

'I can understand that,' said Josephine.—'Was he alone?'

'No; he was on that raised place at the bottom of the garden, once used, they say, for winnowing corn.'

'Yes, the Platt.'

'He was there with Mr Gotham.'

Mrs Cable drew near, a great fear rising in her heart.

'I came up the steps. I do not quite know what happened. It seemed to me there was an altercation going on; but I cannot say. I came in quickly through the gate and up the steps, and did not listen to what they were saying, nor see them till I was right on them. Mr Cornellis was leaning forward with his hand toward Mr Gotham, who stood inwards, so to speak, with his back to the garden, where there is no wall; and I cannot say how it came about, whether he was surprised at my sudden appearance, or whether he lost his balance stepping back from Mr Cornellis. I say, I cannot tell how it came about, but he fell backwards off the Platt, headlong into the garden.'

Bessie Cable uttered a cry, and stood with her eyes distended with terror, looking at her son, her hands clenched, her arms stiff, stretched out at her sides.

'Mr Cornellis and I ran down to his aid at once. I raised him in my arms. He was not conscious. I sent your father to the house, and when help came, he was removed to his bedroom, and the doctor sent for.'

'Cousin Gabriel!' exclaimed Josephine, the tears rising in her eyes. 'O poor Cousin Gabriel!—What did the doctor say?'

'I did not wait to hear.'

'Is he—very seriously hurt?'

'I fear so. He did not speak. The gardener has pots and other things in the corner where he fell, and I am afraid he struck his head on some hard substance. He was not conscious. He did not know that he was being moved, and I suspect his spine is also injured.'

'You think he will die!' cried Josephine in terror. She had not realised at first the seriousness of the accident.

'I do not doubt it.'

Josephine stood in hesitation. She put her knuckles to her lips. 'What am I to do? What ought I to do?'

'I have told you,' said Richard Cable. 'You must go to the Hall.'

Then Mrs Cable closed her strong hand about Josephine's wrist; she did not speak, but she drew her with her. She did not wait to put anything over her head; she went forth as she

was, and Josephine unresistingly went with her.

The house was in commotion. Aunt Judith was useless. She had retired to her own room and rang for sherry, as she felt faint. The servants had lost their heads, and were ordering each other about to do impossible or useless things. No one attended to Miss Judith's bell, which rang violently every few minutes.

Mrs Cable and Josephine entered unnoticed, and proceeded at once to the room where the unfortunate man lay. As they entered, Mr Cornellis who was there, started. He had been overhauling Gotham's *secrétaire*. He knew the will was there; but he wished to satisfy himself that it had not been destroyed. It was there, with the date on the envelope when it was made.

Gabriel Gotham had not been undressed; he lay on the bed just as he had been placed there, and his condition remained unaltered. His eyes were dull, like those of a man drunk with sleep, and his breathing was stertorous. There was certainly pressure on the brain. The pillow was stained with blood that flowed from a wound in the back of his head.

Mr Cornellis took no notice of his daughter. He had not the smallest suspicion that she had attempted her life, and been saved by Cable. He looked hard at her dress—she was in a gown of Mrs Cable's, that did not fit her—but he asked no question. He supposed his daughter had been playing some new vagary, which did not greatly concern him, and about which he need not inquire. He said to Bessie Cable: 'Your son startled Mr Gotham. He came in on him unexpectedly. Why Mr Gotham should have been so surprised by seeing him, I cannot tell; he sprang back as if he had seen a ghost, and though I put out my hand to save him, I was too late: he fell off the windstrew, and I fear has met with a fatal injury.—What do you want?' This was addressed to a servant-girl who hovered at the bedroom door with a frightened face.

'Please, sir,' said the girl, 'do you know where the key of the cellarette is? Miss Cornellis seed the master being took up-stairs, and it has upset her so bad that she wants some sherry, and we don't know where the key is.'

'It is in your master's pocket,' said Mr Cornellis. 'She must wait till it can be taken from him—till he is undressed.'

Steps were heard on the stairs. The surgeon had come.

'I have not ventured to have him touched till you could see him,' said Mr Cornellis to the medical man. 'Poor fellow! poor fellow!' He was agitated; his voice shook, he turned his face away that his emotion might not be seen. 'The whole thing was done so suddenly. It is a fearful shock to us all.' Then he repeated the account of how Gabriel fell, as he had given it to Bessie, only adding, whilst his eye was fixed on her: 'Why he started was no doubt this—he was astonished at the intrusion. My cousin was very tenacious of his privacy. How the man got in, I do not know.'

'By the gate,' said Josephine. 'I left it open.'
'Or what he wanted, I cannot conjecture,' added Mr Cornellis.

'I cannot examine him till he is undressed,' said the surgeon. 'We must have a nurse.'

'I am here,' said Bessie. 'Let Mr and Miss Cornellis leave the room.'

The ex-missionary hesitated a moment, and then complied. As he went through the door, he saw the maid again, who asked: 'Please, sir, have you got the key?'

'Key. What key?'

'Please, sir, Miss Cornellis has the hysterics for want of sherry. There goes her bell again.'

'Bother her sherry!—Stand out of the way.'

Half an hour later, Mr Cornellis was summoned.

The surgeon was a plain blunt man. 'I've overhauled him,' he said. 'It is of no use giving you false hopes. He can live only a few hours.'

Mr Cornellis nodded; he was sure of this before the doctor came.

'Can you stay?' he asked.

'I will call again later. I can do no good. If I could, I would stay.—Let Mrs Cable remain with him; he must not be left alone.' Then he gave a few perfunctory directions and departed.

Cornellis looked at Bessie Cable with a sarcastic smile: 'Too late, my good woman.'

'Too late for what?' she asked, turning slowly, haughtily towards him. Poor and ignorant woman though she was, she had a certain stateliness in all her actions, a dignity in all she did.

'Merely, dear Mrs Cable, that you are too late to get anything from him. He will not recover consciousness.'

'Too late to get?' she asked gravely, raising her tall form and looking coldly at the ex-missionary. 'To get what? I want nothing of him.'

'O no, my good woman; of course not. I know your story. You might, had you been in time, have secured something; but—you are too late. He will never move hand or tongue again.'

'I—I take anything of him? I ask anything of him?' She shook her head. 'You may know my story, but you do not know me. I came, not to get, but to give.'

'To give what?'

'What you would neither understand nor value. Leave me alone with him.'

He did not care to remain. He went over to the *secrétaire*, locked it, and took away the key.

'You will call me if he is worse, if there is any change,' he said in a tone of indifference. He did not care to keep up appearances before Bessie Cable, who could injure or benefit him in no way. She slightly bowed her head. Then, twirling the key on his forefinger, he went out.

'Please, sir,' said the maid, 'is that the key? Miss Cornellis has pulled down the bellrope; she do want her sherry—awful!'

When Bessie Cable was alone in the room with Gabriel Gotham, she took the lamp, and with steady hand carried it to the bedside and held it up, that the light might fall full on him. He lay before her a poor broken wretch, with a bandage round his head, the back of which was crushed in, and with an injured spine. Had

the skull alone been fractured, the surgeon would have operated; with the broken spine it was useless. His eyelids were half closed; the glitter of the white of the eyes could be seen beneath them. His breathing was noisy, showing pressure on the brain. The weak mouth was half open, showing the teeth. There was no beauty, no nobility in the face, nothing to attract love.

Bessie had not so steadily and for long looked at him since he had betrayed and left her. Now, as she studied him, in the bright circle of light cast by the lamp, she thought how wonderful it was that after their long separation, she should be with him again, that he should be without a loving hand to smooth his pillow, a tearful eye to watch for his last breath.

In that very room, many, many years ago, she had watched him when he was ill with scarlet fever. Then she had insisted on being his nurse, and she had attended him faithfully, till she herself took the fever. When she was ill, he did not come near her in the lodge.

She looked round the room. Old times came back. She tried to trace the features of the sick boy, laid on that same bed, in the face of the dying man. The face was much changed, and yet it was the same: the face is the hieroglyph of the soul, the picture that gives expression to the idea. Here, all through life had been a cowardly, selfish, ignoble mind; and it had written its characters in every line and curve of the commonplace face.

As Bessie looked at him, her eyes were dry, a sternness was in them, and her brows were set, as were her lips. When she knew he was injured and dying, she went to him. Who had such a right as she? In the time of his prosperity, she kept away; but when he was cast down and broken, she came to him, as was natural.

As she stood, considering his face, her mind ranged over the time they were together, their childhood, the protection she had extended to the feeble lad, and the love and pity, the love that had sprung out of the pity wherewith she had regarded him. She had loved him. She had loved none but him, and it seemed strange to herself now that this could have been.

Then she thought of the short happiness of their married life, and then the agony of her disenchantment. Now the hand that held the lamp began to tremble, and the lights and shadows about the sick man's face to dance; her hand trembled with wrath at the recollection of the injustice done her—done her by this man, lying before her.

The hand of God had sought and found him, and punished him. She believed Cornelli's story. What more probable than that the sudden apparition of his son should make Gabriel Gotham spring back, oblivious of the gap behind him? Could he have seen him appear and remain seated, unmoved? Her heart was filled with conflicting emotions—wrath at her wrong, pity for his condition.

'That is true which I said to him,' she muttered; 'the plant Forgiveness is hard to strike, and difficult to get to flower.'

He had imbibed, he had ruined her whole life. She who had been so strong and confident, had lost her hope in life after her betrayal. Without any fault of her own, her character

had been blasted; and a stain rested on her son. She had scarce mentioned his father to Richard, and Richard had refrained from asking about him. He feared to know all. She was a dishonoured woman in the eyes of her son; this wretched man on the bed had put a barrier of suspicion between her son and her. Richard could not regard her with that holy reverence that a son should have for a mother whose name is without a spot.

She had had a hard battle to fight for some years to maintain herself and her child, too proud to accept assistance from the Gotham family. She, who might have been an honest man's wife, ruling her house, surrounded by her children, had been for long alone, poor, unhappy. Indeed, she had a great debt of wrong written up in her heart against this man she was now looking on.

In physics, all forces are correlated; heat and light are but different phases of the same force, which manifests itself now in one way, then in another; and heat translates itself into light, and light relapses into mere heat. It is the same in psychics. The various passions are correlated, various manifestations of the same energy. Love becomes momentarily hate, but then sometimes as momentarily reverts to love.

For nearly forty years Bessie Cable had nursed her wrongs, and had eaten out her heart with rage and gall; and now, as she looked at the cause of all her misery, the bitterness rose up and overflowed her soul; but at the same moment Gabriel opened his eyes; for one brief instant they seemed to gather consciousness, and he muttered, 'Bessie!'

In a minute, all the hate, the wrath, were gone. In a minute, love, pity, sweetness, gushed hot and strong through her heart. It is said that the Amazon is sometimes checked by belts of weed that form across the river, and weave into a vegetable felt, upwards, downwards, athwart, and in and out, making a dense impenetrable barrier; and the mighty stream, the main artery of a continent, is arrested, and thrown back to inundate vast tracts of land. Then, all at once it breaks its chain of green, and the mighty volume sweeps along its proper channel, carrying with it, in fragments rolled over and torn to shreds, the weedy belt. So is it with the human heart, so was it now with that of gray-haired Bessie Cable. Everything was forgotten—the wrongs, resentment, privations, heartaches, the woven and interlaced hedge of stubborn pride—all went down and went away in a moment, and the great natural artery of Love burst and poured forth and suffused the poor wretch on his deathbed—a creature as unconscious now of what he received as he had ever been incapable of valuing that precious flood.

Wondrous is the generosity, the power of forgiveness in the human heart! Mercy, says Shakespeare, droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the earth beneath; but forgiveness wells up from the deeps of the heart itself. It may be stamped down, and choked and overpaved, till it seems that it is no more there; and yet at last, at an unconsidered moment, it breaks forth, it dissolves the hardest crust, and flows in newness, all-embracingness, purifying and refreshing.

Bessie was on her knees by the bed, and the tears rolled down her aged cheeks. She held the hand that had been given her once, and been withdrawn from her. She looked longingly at the dull eyes that had recognised her for a moment, listened to hear again her name coupled with a word of love from the lips that had spoken.

The house was still that night. The servants had gone to bed. Mr Cornellis was in his own room; he was satisfied. In an hour or two, the inheritance would be his, and his embarrassments at an end. Miss Judith was quiet; she had got her sherry.

Bessie was glad that she was undisturbed, that she was left alone with Gabriel that night when he passed away—but did not pass till the plant Forgiveness had flowered, and been laid on his dead heart.

OXFORD PASS SCHOOLS.

'MODS.'

WHEN the freshman has emerged in safety from his first great plunge, and has leisure to draw breath again and contemplate the new prospect opening before him, he feels as though an illimitable tract of time lay between himself and the next trial through which he has to pass—'Mods.' This is on the supposition that he has dared to confront the terrors of 'smalls' in his first term; and that, having so ventured, he has issued in triumph from the arduous conflict. Indeed, in these later days it has been rendered possible to encounter smalls on the very threshold of 'varsity life, and, by taking 'the examination in lieu of responsions'—which is now held before term commences—to come into residence with nothing to intervene, with no yawning chasm to cross, before mods itself. Many manifest advantages and valuable opportunities attend this course; but, on the other hand, drawbacks and ugly possibilities are connected therewith. In the first place, it is a huge mistake to look upon Oxford merely as a temple of learning, and upon Oxford life simply as a means to that end. Not the training of mind, but the moulding of character, is the true educational function of a modern university career; and this moulding is effected by the tone of the society, by the spirit of the associates, in which and amongst whom a man's lot is cast.

Innumerable are the factions, countless the cliques, to which it is possible for the young Oxonian to attach himself. 'The world is all before him where to choose,' and he generally chooses wrong. Usually, the larger the college, the more numerous are the 'sets' into which it is divided. Thus, for example, there will be the rowing set, the reading set, the cricketing set, the 'society' set, and also the fast or rowdy set, whose prime glory is to make night and the quad hideous by blowing horns, howling songs, smashing furniture, and otherwise disturbing the repose of their more peaceful contemporaries. Other sets there are of which it would be wearisome to speak, but into one or other of them the freshman will inevitably be absorbed, and

from that day forward it will be his ambition to shine in the manner which his friends' ideas dictate. That these ideas and those of his people at home often differ considerably, need hardly be said; but the undergraduate must be taken for what he is—a mortal and fallible being, infirm of purpose, and easily swayed from one pursuit to another. If this be the case, it is important that he should have an immediate object, the necessary work for which may tend to keep him straight. Smalls made just such a goal as was required, and the 'grind' it entailed was frequently of no slight profit to him in the critical opening weeks of his course. Viewed in this light, it will be seen that even a 'plough' may have its uses; although the youth so favoured is seldom grateful for the benefit thereby conferred.

But mods cannot be attempted until the end of one year from matriculation, and need not be tackled until the expiration of two; while it is pretty safe to assume that the typical passman—unless much stirred by external influences—will elect the latter alternative. Hence it becomes altogether too distant an affair to furnish the desired stimulus, even if the work it requires were sufficient—which it is not—to occupy so many months. Thus, then, our representative friend, when he has fulfilled his destiny as regards smalls, finds himself launched into the Oxford world with practically nothing on earth to do except amuse himself to the best of his ability. Not that the existence of the passman is entirely consumed in social festivity; on the contrary, when the efforts of his scout and the chapel bell have succeeded in extracting him from his balmy couch, he will be expected to spend two or three weary hours out of his morning in a draughty lecture-room, stumbling himself, and hearing others stumble, through various passages of Greek and Roman authors, which neither he nor they have thought it worth while to prepare beforehand. Although it is true that the good derived from these matutinal studies is infinitesimal, and that the same man will often get up in a couple of days' earnest effort the work which he has been inefficiently bungling over for a term, still, they have at least the merit of preventing passmen from quite forgetting their classics in the interval between smalls and mods.

The afternoon is the time when young Oxford is to be seen at its best, disporting itself with infinite gusto at the various pastimes in which it rejoices. Rowing is perhaps the amusement most truly characteristic of the place; for cricket, popular though it undoubtedly is, can only be enjoyed during the summer term, while the river can be frequented all the year round. In their appropriate seasons, football, lawn-tennis, and every species of athletics, are patronised by passmen, in common with their more intellectual brethren, with an ardour and energy very different from the manner in which they seek to fulfil the ostensible objects of their sojourn at the university.

Many other means have likewise been judiciously provided wherewith to pass away the time. But without stopping to enumerate them, let us suppose our passman to have sipped the cup of every pleasure within his reach, and to

be at last approaching the end of his second year's residence.

And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears

the dreadful shadow of mods, once far off, and, as it were, veiled from his eyes by the 'time-mists' which lay between him and it, but now looming dreadfully close before his bewildered gaze. Parental anxieties begin to be aroused; exhortations to 'do something' flow in upon him thick and fast; his college tutor, when he submits to him his weekly or bi-weekly scrap of Latin prose, looks grave at the appearance of errors which would formerly only have awakened in him a gentle hilarity. Finally, some of his own familiar friends will have already been in for, but not passed through the dread ordeal; and failing therein, their places know them no more. For it should be clearly understood that there is a gulf beneath the feet of Oxford men, at the giddy verge of which they ever walk. A slight mistake, and they vanish from the scene, though their names may still linger on, always fresh and green—in the memories of the tradesmen in whose debt they are. 'Facilis descensus Avernī' is fearfully true as regards the modern undergraduate. Smooth and easy is the descent from college to hall, or to 'the unattached' ('non-collegiate' is their new title); whence, again, a transition is easily accomplished to regions where country air revives the jaded spirit. This last process is called 'rustication.'

Now, there are two terrific subjects included in pass mods, the thought of which, when he views them from afar, is enough to freeze the blood of the average passman. One of these gorgons is styled 'Unseen,' and the other 'Logic.' Let not the reader also take fright at the first of these tremendous words. No weird reference to the dim mysteries of another world is intended by the title, which merely indicates the task of translating, at sight, brief passages from classical authors not previously 'got up' by the aid of a crib and a dictionary. Obviously, it is too much to expect that a man who has not given up more than ten or twelve years of his existence to the almost exclusive study of two dead languages, should be able to read little bits from easy books in those tongues without being helped by a translation. At anyrate, if this is not obvious, it is nevertheless true. The pass modsman, at that stage of his history which we are now contemplating, is quite unable to construe even those books which he has in some sort read during the college lectures he has had to attend, much less will he be competent to make out the sense of extracts from works with which he is wholly unacquainted.

But what of that other obstacle, that spectre, labelled 'Logic,' which stands across his path, like a guard set to bar his way through mods? 'Logic! It is a word well calculated to pale the cheek of the nursery-maid, or make the bold heart of the passman falter. Of all that may be comprehended under this term, of the true nature of the science which it denotes, he is profoundly ignorant, until, at the call of fate, he daringly probes its mighty depths, and crammed with a manual and prompted by a coach, triumphantly replies to the questions set him. (N.B., He is equally ignorant afterwards.)

The real truth is that logic, appalling though it sounds, is taken up as a preferable alternative to mathematics, since, by common report, it is known to be so easy that the veriest 'duffer' can pass in it with a very slight amount of exertion. 'Wonder,' says Carlyle, 'is the basis of worship;' and considered as subtly invented to keep alive the feeling of amazement in the human breast, even pass mods logic may be allowed to have its uses; but not otherwise. Certainly it is not likely that any one will be found hardy enough to say that it sharpens the intelligence or strengthens the understanding of any of those who reach the requisite standard of proficiency. Even when the astonished passman has learnt how to construct 'a syllogism in Barbara,' and, in the exhibition of such wit as his soul loves, to produce a 'collocation of three propositions' like the following—All men are fallible. Examiners are men. Therefore—examiners are fallible—it is doubtful whether the knowledge he has acquired affects his usual fashion of thinking and arguing, any more than the English grammar taught in a National School influences the mode of speech habitual to the scholars.

More, however, than 'unseen,' and far more than logic, 'Books' are usually regarded by the wary as constituting the great difficulty in the way of gaining a mods testimonium. No less than three books must be selected out of a lengthy list which is published, and varied from time to time, by the Board of Studies. The real choice of the passman is practically considerably more limited in extent, for the average candidate shuns as he would the plague such authors as Thucydides, Plato, Aristotle, and Æschylus. Perhaps Xenophon's *Memorabilia* has been a choice most commonly made, and this is very frequently prepared for the schools by the aid of a certain well-known little word-for-word crib, in which into every Greek sentence is interpolated its English equivalent. In these convenient little volumes, it is quite possible to read through the three given books of the *Memorabilia* in as many days, or even in less time; but candour compels us to admit that fatal disasters have been known to befall those who, relying solely on such preparation, find themselves, when in the actual examination, deprived of their beloved translation. There is indeed an easy way of evading this danger; namely, to take the indispensable resource with you in your pocket, and have recourse thereto in those moments in which the eyes of the examiner are not turned in your direction. That this is a method not unattended with danger, is evident, but all the same it is one more than occasionally resorted to.

'If I sit there,' said a gentleman whose vast experience entitled him to speak with authority—'if I sit *there*'—showing by his action that he meant the front of a room—'I am ploughed; but if I sit *here*'—indicating the back—'I am through.'

Oxford moral sentiment draws a wide distinction between cribbing in a pass and in an honour school. The same man who meets with no disapproval when he unblushingly boasts of the effectual use he has made of his surreptitious aids in the first case, would find himself universally banned if he were known to have acted in a similar way in the second.

The whole amount of classics which must be read for pass mods is certainly not great. Suppose that some typical candidate elects Xenophon for his Greek author, and Cicero and Terence for his two Latin ones—by five or six weeks' steady application, at the rate of about as many hours a day, he could unquestionably prepare the given books in a style which would—to speak paradoxically—win him honours in his pass school. But this assumes that our typical being is capable of steady continuous effort. Now, if he were to go in for mods in the term after he passed smalls, while he was still under the influence of the (comparatively) good habits formed during his school-life, and fresh from the grind implied in his last achievement, it is very probable that he might be found equal to the necessary exertion. But as, on the contrary, he is only beginning to face his difficulties after an interval of nearly two years spent in dissipation and idleness, he is about as much disinclined and unfit for any sustained mental labours as anybody can be. What he does do is something like this: towards the end of the last term before that in which he is compelled, by the rules of his college, to present himself for the 'first public examination,' as it is designated officially, he gets frightened, as aforesaid, by the near approach of danger, and makes up what he is pleased to call his mind—not to work hard now, for that, he feels, is impossible; but that he will work hard during the vacation. Delusive resolve! His vacation is passed like all his other similar periods of absence from Oxford; and when he comes up again to reside, the fateful portion of time left him before the schools commence, he desperately determines that he will indeed 'simply grind'—next week.

So the days ebb away, each signalised by a futile vow of reformation on the morrow, until the season at length arrives, about ten days before the exam., when he must once more 'put his name down.' In the interim he will probably have gone to a coach for his logic, and perhaps also for his books; but too late, he discovers that the toil of the tutor is of no avail unless backed by that of the pupil. At this point he will perhaps derive a certain courage from the very desperation of his circumstances, and comfort himself by calling to mind a saying current at Oxford: 'A week for a pass in mods, and three weeks for a class in greats.' He badly off for time! Why, he has got ten days left—nearly a week and a half—without counting the hours of subsidiary work he can get in, while the schools are going on. Alas, poor passman! If once he lay that flattering unction to his soul, he will be more hopelessly sped than was even Yorick when Hamlet fingered his skull. All that is left of him, after he has been ploughed, will become a fit theme for the moralist.

And now, for these few remaining days, the passman *does* work. The agonies he endures are frightful, and it is to be hoped may be accepted as expiatory of his previous idleness—a sort of purgatorial cleansing for former sin. Fourteen, sixteen, nay, eighteen hours out of the twenty-four are consumed in such labour as mortality may scarce endure. Now, of a verity, the wet towel and midnight oil of traditional fame are called into use. His brow matted in wet band-

ages, the basin of cold water, to renew the moisture, by his side, the cup of green tea or strongest coffee before him—there, through the long hours of night, until the light of his lamp grows dim before that of the sun, the miserable sufferer from delay strives at once to 'redeem his misspent moments past,' and to resist the calls which nature makes to sleep. Yet even now, even under this dire stress of necessity, he cannot concentrate his attention. In vain he glances from the text of his book to the pages of his crib, from the pages of his crib to those of his book. The words which he reads at one moment are gone from his mind the next; in spite of his utmost endeavours, his thoughts still wander far afield. 'The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to scourge us;' and oftentimes, in the loneliness of his solitary despair, is he tempted to curse those festal hours of sloth which have robbed him of the power of honest work.

While the night is thus passed in desolate toil, the minutes of the day are spent in the company of his coach and of his 'reader.' The latter is a being who earns a lucrative and beneficent livelihood by acting as 'minister to a mind diseased.' What some celebrated physician, called in at the last moment when other advice fails, is to the sick man, that the 'reader' is to the unprepared undergraduate. His function is to read aloud English translations of those classical authors upon which his employer may chance to be engaged, whilst the latter holds the original in his hands. Nothing can be simpler than this process. It enables the student to get along quite as fast as he would if his subject-matter were really written in 'the vulgar tongue.' It is indeed unquestionably the speediest, and, it may be added, also the least efficacious method of 'getting-up one's books' that the ingenuity of man hath yet invented. By the aid, then, of this faithful—at eighteenpence per hour—retainer, the 'promising young man' whose career we are following manages to read, or to have read to him, about two-thirds, say, of his appointed work in the week or so to which he has confined himself. The rest he 'chances.' The Holy Gospels, 'in the original Greek,' are in like manner, it is to be feared, consigned to Fortune, a goddess who finds many devoted worshippers amongst Oxford passmen. And now, the very day before mods begins, that deity does indeed befriend him. A piece of most extraordinary good luck falls to his lot—he has the toothache. Regarded quite by itself, apart from surrounding circumstances, to have the toothache may not seem a very desirable thing; but, considered in relation to our hero's present position, it must be admitted that no greater boon could well be granted to him. For what avail the most strenuous labours, the most profound learning, the most varied and versatile intellectual powers, against this direful and insidious complaint? What could Cardinal Newman, or Professor Huxley, or Mr Herbert Spencer achieve, if examined in theology, or biology, or philosophy, while afflicted with this malady? Not a slight, common, every-day toothache, be it understood, but a real, raging, throbbing, maddening toothache, such as it would satisfy the hatred of the most malevolent individual to know that his

enemy were suffering. Obviously if, notwithstanding this dreadful drawback, the passman still succeeds in getting his testamur, he will have deserved the praise and admiration of mankind; he will have done something quite equal to a man *without* the toothache getting six university scholarships and a 'double first.' But if, in spite of his heroic struggles to 'conquer agony,' human nature proves too weak, and a 'plough' results, he will receive the sorrowful compassion, instead of the adverse criticism of his relatives and friends.

We must perforce pause here a moment to note the beautiful and instructive ways of Providence. During all that time when, far from being considered a blessing, it would have been looked upon as an unmitigated nuisance, the toothache held aloof, waiting, as it were, really, almost as if it were alive—until it was wanted, and at last, at the very moment when it can be of the greatest possible service—then it comes! It haunts, like a ghost, the threshold of the schools; nay, as we have seen, it sallies forth therefrom and assails those who intend to enter, before they have arrived. But the strongest proof of its discrimination, and that which most clearly shows it must be friendly to man, is the fact that it is hardly ever known to attack those who would resent its approach. It passes by the hard-reading honour-man and the well-prepared passman—when he exists—to greedily embrace the poor creature, who would otherwise be left without an excuse, hopelessly ploughed. The present writer takes credit to himself for being the first—so far as he knows—to draw attention to the peculiarities of this curious and interesting 'varsity disease, the strange prevalence of which, whenever the schools commence, no one who has been at Oxford will dare to deny.

Racked, therefore, with physical pain, haggard, bleary-eyed, and wan from lack of sleep, the wretch whose woes we chronicle undergoes his first day of mods. Here a long series of 'sells' awaits him. His good-fortune begins and ends with the toothache. He had calculated that 'books' must inevitably come first, and that he could not possibly have 'logic' until the second day, so that he would have plenty of time between whiles to get up all those notes he had put off reading over until now. Yet, lo and behold, 'logic' is the very paper which confronts him when he takes his seat! Those fiends the examiners have evidently done it on purpose. His paper in the afternoon he had naturally expected would be also 'books,' but it is actually divinity, a subject which he has not yet even touched, as it is well known that it never comes on until the last day of the exam, so that he ought to have had ample opportunity to cram himself in it during the hours of the intervening Sabbath.

As it was in the beginning, so it continues to be till the end of the exam. Every successive paper except the last constitutes a fresh 'sell,' so that before the paper-work is finished, he feels that he is already ploughed, to all intents and purposes, ten times over. Yet still he will not, he cannot, quite abandon hope. He goes on, and refrains from 'scratching,' in the belief that, by some extraordinary fluke, he may still pull through; and even the horrors of his *viva* do not

entirely destroy this fond delusion. At last—at last the stroke falls, and he learns that it has been all—all in vain that he has toiled and endured—the toothache has triumphed—not mods; but it has been too much for him. 'Somehow,' says Dickens, 'it always is the salmon' which thickens the speech and otherwise affects gentlemen who have been dining. Somehow, in the case of ploughed undergraduates, it always is the toothache which is to blame.

OLD STAIRS: A STORY OF LONG AGO.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—THE MESSENGER.

UP a narrow lane leading from Thames Street towards St Paul's stands an old tavern. It is evening—a dark, boisterous evening in March; and the dim lamp which hangs over the doorway of the tavern, with the words *Loyal Tar* written in black letters on each side, flickers and blinks as though in imminent danger of being put out; for the wind comes and goes in gusts from every quarter. No sooner has one gust entered the lane from the neighbouring river, than another meets it half-way, as if the dismal approach to this tavern were a favourite rendezvous of storms as well as 'tars.' With one of these gusts, a stalwart young sailor turns into the lane, walking with a firm step in spite of the weather, and arrives under the tavern lamp. Having pushed open the swing-door—at which the wind roughly assists—the sailor descends a foot below the roadway into a well-lighted taproom. Here a crowd of men—captains of barges and steam-tugs and such-like craft—men of a bold and briny aspect, if not freshly salted, are laughing and drinking and talking loudly. A cloud of tobacco-smoke floats about the low, blackened ceiling of the noisy bar. The young sailor, passing through this crowd, after a glance at the weather-beaten faces, steps into a snug little bar-parlour beyond.

A cheerful fire, burning in an old-fashioned, open chimney, lit up panelled walls of polished oak until they shone again. The room was almost deserted. Two or three men of a nautical bearing sat round the hearth, smoking long clay pipes and drinking grog. The sailor gave a cursory glance at the circle, as he had done at those in the bar, and then he sat down in the midst of these 'loyal tars,' as the frequenters of the tavern were called, and filled his pipe and ordered his glass, as if prepared to make himself at home. An awkward silence had fallen upon the company thus gathered together at the entrance of this seafaring youth. Every one puffed vigorously at his pipe, and stared with a vacant gaze at the fire.

'A gale!' said the sailor, as a strong gust of wind swept by, rattling the window as it passed—'a regular gale! If I'd not taken an oath—if I'd not solemnly promised, mates, to bear a message from the dead before making another voyage, I should have been at this moment in mid-ocean. It's like my luck! When the wind's blowing a hurricane at sea and the waves are running mountains high, and there's a chance of shipwreck, sure as fate you'll find me sitting, like a lord-mayor, before a blazing fire. Ain't it maddening? Why, bless me, when I spied these words, *Loyal Tar*,

written up on the tavern lamp outside, I felt almost ashamed to come in !'

All eyes were now turned with some curiosity towards the young man. His bright, honest eyes, his sunburnt cheeks, awakened interest. His manly voice and irresistible frankness raised a smile on every upturned face.

'Why, mate,' remarked a handsome, dark-bearded man, a man with a kind expression and a keen eye, 'is it worth while to court danger, when it comes to us often enough without being courted? At anyrate,' he concluded, 'there is surely nothing to be ashamed of, nothing whatever, in being free from shipwreck, and'—

'Ain't there?—Perhaps,' said the sailor—'perhaps you don't know what it is, mate, to have all your friends in one boat—do you?'

The dark-bearded man shook his head. 'You'd better put all your eggs into one basket,' said he, 'than all your friends into one boat.'

'They're on board the brig *Leander*, every one of them, out in the storm. Yes, mate, every one.'

'Lor, man,' said a young fellow, looking up and winking at the company, 'haven't you even got a sweetheart ashore?'

'No; not even that,' said the sailor. 'If I had'—

'What then?'

'Just this. I was thinking—though I've no experience whatever—that no sweetheart'd love a man the less for wishing to share every danger with his shipmates at sea. If all hands were lost,' said the sailor, 'and Mark Ringwood ashore, he never could look an honest man or woman in the face again.'

'Ringwood?' said the dark-bearded man. 'Is that your name?'

'Yes, that's me.'

'My name is Jarvis—John Jarvis.—You were saying,' he observed, 'that you had got a message to deliver—weren't you?'

'Yes. I was told,' said Ringwood, 'by him who is now dead, to look in at the *Loyal Tar*. It was here, he assured me, I should find the address of the man to whom I have promised to deliver this message. A man,' he added, 'of the name of Caleb Cobb.'

'Old Caleb Cobb?' asked Jarvis. 'I can give you his address, and welcome.'

'I'll thank you heartily for it.'

Jarvis wrote upon a slip of paper, 'Caleb Cobb, No. 1 Old Stairs, Thames Street,' and handed it to Ringwood.—'You know something about him, I suppose?'

'Nothing,' replied Ringwood, 'except that he must be—I am led to conclude—a very old man.'

'Yes, very old,' said Jarvis; 'and very poor. For many years he was a lamplighter; but he has had to give that up.'

'How so?'

'He has lost his sight.'

'What?' cried Ringwood with concern. 'A blind man?'

'Yes; in total darkness,' replied Jarvis. 'His grand-daughter—a most devoted girl—supports him by her needle. Otherwise'—

'Does she, though? A girl who can do that, mate, must be the right sort.'

'She's one in a thousand. And she's as pretty,' continued Jarvis, 'as she is good.—But talking of

old Caleb Cobb,' he added, 'it's a wonder to me that we haven't seen him here to-night. When the wind's high and the lamps give an unsteady light, he often wanders in the neighbourhood of Thames Street all alone. He thinks the lamps may be blown out, I fancy, and the streets left in darkness; and he sometimes gets as anxious as if he needed them himself to light him on his way.'

Jarvis had risen, and was knocking the ashes out of his pipe before taking his leave. 'Well, Mr Ringwood,' said he, 'I hope your message to Caleb Cobb, whatever it may be, will 'liven him a bit. He always has been, as long as I've known him, what you might call down-hearted; and he don't get more cheery, like some men, with old age.—Good-night.'

'Good-night,' said Ringwood; 'and I hope, Mr Jarvis, it ain't for the last time.'

'I hope so.'

Buttoning his coat closely about him, John Jarvis stepped out into the dark and gusty night. He walked briskly along the lane in the direction of Thames Street. Before he had gone many paces, a monotonous tapping noise upon the stone pavement, accompanied by a feeble, shuffling footstep, attracted his attention. He stopped instantly, and called out: 'Caleb Cobb, is that you?'

In those days the streets were lit with oil-lamps. It was a light which did little to assist in distinguishing features, or even forms, unless people happened to meet within the limited circle of radiation. Jarvis, waiting under one of these lamps, peered into the shadows.

'Ay, ay, John; it's Caleb Cobb, the old lamplighter.' Feeling his way adroitly by the aid of a thick stick, and keeping persistently near some iron railings, a little old man now appeared in sight. He was shaky and bent with age; and yet, when a gust of wind rushed by him and threatened to sweep him off his legs, he grasped his stick and bravely stood his ground.

'Why, Mr Cobb,' said Jarvis, stepping forward to take his hand, 'isn't it a little imprudent to trust yourself out alone on a blowy night like this?'

Caleb Cobb stopped and rested almost caressingly against the bar of an ancient gateway, over which there were a rusty iron skull and two crossbones. This gateway led into one of those old City churchyards which might be met with in this neighbourhood almost at every turning. 'Maybe, John,' said the old lamplighter in a tremulous voice—'maybe. But I'm restless on a blowy night; I can't stop indoors. It reminds me of the past.—Is the lamp above us, John, burning pretty brightly to-night?'

'As brightly, Mr Cobb, as can be expected.' Jarvis looked up smilingly at the dim light, which threw the ghost of a halo round them.

'Then I think,' said Caleb—'I think I'll sit down here on these steps till you come back.—You were on your way to Old Stairs; weren't you?'

'Yes; I was going to meet Pearl.'

'Bless her!' replied Caleb with tenderness.—'I say, John,' he added, 'is Pearl your sweetheart yet?'

'No, Mr Cobb. I wish'—

'So do I, John,' said the old man—'so do I! There's no man I know of that I'd like better

than you for a grandson. Not, you understand,' he continued, 'not that I'm really Pearl's grandfather. No, no. I'm an old bachelor, John—an old bachelor. But they nicknamed me, years ago, "Grandfather Cobb;" and Pearl has called me "grandad" ever since she could speak. She's a nephew's child. But he's been dead these seventeen years, come Easter, and little Pearl has no living relation except me.'

'I've heard that,' said Jarvis, in a thoughtful tone—'I've heard that. But it's the first time I've heard, Mr Cobb, that you were a bachelor.'

'That's likely enough. I've mentioned it, John, to no one—not a soul—for fifty years.—Look yonder!' Caleb added, pointing between the bars into the old churchyard, and with his face turned so eagerly in the same direction, that a passing thought crossed John's mind that the old lamplighter had recovered his sight—'look yonder! Does the lamplight fall beyond this gateway?'

'Yes; a foot or two.'

'Does it fall, John, upon a broken column?'

'No. But I can just distinguish something,' said Jarvis—'something answering to the description, among the shadows.'

'Ah! Then, that's it. She was buried there.'

'Who?'

'My sweetheart,' said the old man.

His voice was subdued; and there was so much reverence in his tone, that Jarvis regarded him with a newly awakened sense of curiosity and affection. His sweetheart? The man who could keep green the memory of his passion, and for so many years, must indeed have loved!

'A sad, sad story, doubtless,' said Jarvis sympathetically.

Caleb Cobb, who was kneeling upon the worn steps with his face still directed towards the tomb, now rose slowly with the aid of his stick, and turning round, lifted his blind eyes towards the light. There were tears upon his wrinkled cheeks. 'John,' said he, 'it's more than sad. It's a story of treachery and crime.—I'm not superstitious,' he added, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, 'not very; but I've always had the fancy, ever since her death, when the day comes round, that something strange is about to happen. It's fifty years, John, since she died—fifty years to-day.'

These words somewhat startled Jarvis. His odd meeting and conversation with the young sailor, Mark Ringwood, at the *Loyal Tar* recurred to him. He had spoken of a message from the dead, and he had expressed an eagerness to obtain Caleb Cobb's address. Ought he to relate the incident on the spot to the old lamplighter?

No. This was neither the time nor place. At the fireside, in Caleb Cobb's own home, the subject, though painful, might be touched upon with advantage as a forewarning of worse to come. But not here—not out in this gusty night. The old man was in no frame of mind to listen, as Jarvis conjectured, to what must be the prelude to a distressful revelation. How could he tell? The shock, even if he mentioned the name, might prove fatal. Was not this message which Mark Ringwood had been commissioned to deliver from the dead, a complete mystery to Jarvis?

'You will tell me some day, I hope, your sad

story,' said he, placing his hand kindly upon Caleb's shoulder.

'Yes—some day, John,' he answered—'some day you shall hear my story. But not to-night.—Go, now, and meet my Pearl. I'll rest here, as I was saying, until you come back. It's not cold; and you won't be very long?'

Caleb Cobb sank down once more upon the steps, grasped his stick, and rested his forehead on his hands. In this attitude he sat, waiting, at the old gateway.

CHAP. II.—CALEB'S HOME.

Upon the Thames, where large barges lay under the black shadows of a lofty warehouse, the wind met with no resistance except the current. The tide was ebbing fast; and the gale, blowing luckily in the opposite direction, created a rough surface on the dark water. At this point of the river, at the edge of a jetty or landing-place, stood a tall girl. She was clinging for safety to a wooden post with one hand, and in the other she held a lantern. The reflection of this lantern, thrown to the bottom of some stone steps, brought into relief a small boat; and in this boat was the shadowy form of a young sailor, bending forward to fasten a rope through an iron ring.

'Is this Old Stairs?'

'Yes,' said the girl—'Old Stairs, Queenhithe.'

'Ah! Then I've steered, at last,' said the sailor, 'into port.—Can you tell me, he added, 'which is Number One?'

'Number One Old Stairs?' asked the girl, with some surprise in her manner.

'Yes; old Caleb's house,' he replied—'old Caleb Cobb, the lamplighter.' He had secured the boat; and, mounting the steps, now reached the girl's side. She turned the lantern, with sudden curiosity, upon the sailor's face. It was the handsome, jovial Mark Ringwood.

'Why,' said the girl, lowering the light with the swiftness of a bashful woman dropping her eyelids—'why, I live at Number One. And I'm'—she added hesitatingly—'I'm Caleb Cobb's grand-daughter.'

'His grand-daughter? Well,' said Ringwood, 'if that ain't odd!—Now, what—excuse me asking—what might be your name?'

'Pearl.'

'And now,' continued Ringwood, 'tell me, Miss Pearl, is your grandfather at home?'

'No, not yet.—I think he has gone to a tavern, out of Thames Street, called the *Loyal Tar*. He sometimes goes there.'

'Why, I've just come—not half an hour ago—from that very tavern. I've missed him.'

'Perhaps, if the business is not pressing, you would call to-morrow.'

'It is pressing. I've a message—as I was telling John Jarvis—'

'Do you know Mr Jarvis?'

'Yes. That is, I met him to-night at the *Loyal Tar*.—I've a message,' repeated the young sailor, 'from the dead. And I'd like—if it is possible—to deliver it to-night. It would set my mind more at rest.'

'Will you come back, then, in an hour?'

'Yes.—But suppose,' added Ringwood, tapping mysteriously the breast-pocket of his pea-jacket—'suppose I leave a parcel with you? It's about

this business ; and it's rather valuable. I've just fetched it from my lodging over the water. I don't like carrying it about after dark, and'—

'I'll take care of it, if you wish.' She looked towards a row of houses which stood upon the jetty, facing the river. They were very small houses, two stories high, with one window on each story. Pearl crossed the road, and placing her hand upon the latch of the door of the house nearest the water-side, opened it and stepped in. She stepped at once into a little room—for these houses did not waste any space in passages—a room of the neatest and cosiest description. Ringwood followed, and closed the door behind him ; for the wind, rushing in without ceremony, made the little log-fire roar again, and threatened to blow out the lamp, which stood upon the table under the window like a beacon.

'Ah !' exclaimed Ringwood, 'that's the light I saw when I got entangled among the barges. It gave me the notion to cry out.'

'I'm glad—very glad indeed—it was so useful,' said Pearl. 'Grandfather, although he is quite blind, trims this lamp and lights it without my help, and leaves it in the window all night. It is all the lamplighting that he does, or can do, now. This corner house is called the "Little Lighthouse" by the boatmen and bargemen about here. They give grandfather, for his trouble, among them, three or four shillings a week. It is all he earns ; but it almost pays the rent.'

She was standing upon the hearthrug at the fireside, glancing up timidly while she spoke into Mark Ringwood's face. He remained near the door, respectful in attitude, but with a look in his eyes of unfeigned admiration.

Pearl's beauty was singularly attractive. Every feature showed some sign of animation. Her bright hazel eyes, her dark quivering eyelashes, and the curved lines about her dimpling mouth, reflected endless lights and shades of expression ; and as she now hastened to remove her bonnet and throw aside her cloak, displaying her wavy golden hair, tied up in a simple knot, Ringwood thought that he had never seen such a lovely girl.

He was dazzled ; but he dared not—being a modest young sailor—gaze very long at Pearl. Taking from his breast-pocket the parcel which he had declared gave him some anxiety, he held it out to the girl and said : 'See ! It's addressed "Caleb Cobb, London." It don't look of any particular value, does it ? But it is, Miss Pearl ; so, please, don't let the packet get lost.'

It was an oblong packet, like a large letter, and sealed in four places with black sealing-wax. Pearl took it and turned it over with fingers expressive of curiosity.

'And now,' continued Ringwood, 'I'll go. In an hour's time—weather permitting—I'll be back again.' As he spoke he placed his hand upon the latch.

Pearl stepped forward to detain him. 'Stay ! Will you tell me your name ?'

'I beg your pardon. My name is Mark Ringwood.'

'Well, then, Mr Ringwood, don't you think you should walk down Thames Street towards the *Loyal Tar* ? You might meet my grandfather, or find him at the tavern.'

'I will do so. I've a message for him, Miss Pearl.'

'Ah !' said Pearl, looking with renewed interest into Ringwood's face—'now, I understand.'

'It's a message,' continued Ringwood, 'which, like the packet I've just given you, will leave me no rest until I've delivered it. In an hour's time, then, I'll be back again.' Once more the little fire roared as Ringwood, with a parting glance at Pearl, raised the latch and went out into the night.

Pearl sank down into her grandfather's arm-chair with her eyes still turned towards the door through which Mark Ringwood had passed, and it seemed as though she were following him in thought through the dark streets of the old city. Who was this young sailor that so chanced to cross her path ? Yet something seemed to whisper to her : 'It would have been better had you two never met.'

Pearl could easily account for such disquieting reflections. She knew that a mystery—though ignorant of what it was—surrounded her grandfather's life. The strange words he had often let fall, and his still stranger manner, assured her that he had, years ago, met with some misfortune—a misfortune the recollection of which time had not effaced. She was unable to explain to herself, except in the way which pointed to this misfortune, an awakening disquietude concerning Mark Ringwood's appearance. She began as soon as he was gone to connect him seriously with the mystery. She regretted having let him go in search of her blind old grandfather without questioning him closely about his errand. This message of which he was the bearer might be of a distressful nature ; perhaps too painful, even though referred to with delicacy and tact, to be borne by an aged and afflicted man.

She rose with a sudden impulse to her feet ; and the sealed packet which Ringwood had confided to her care fell from her lap. She picked it up and examined the cover with an increased curiosity which seemed to confirm her fear. She was seized with a sudden resolution : she would go herself and meet her grandfather. The moment might be at hand when he would need her presence. She knew that the mere sound of her voice would give him confidence and strength, where another's voice would serve no purpose.

Pearl had resumed her cloak and bonnet and was standing with the packet in her hand, when she was surprised by a knock at the door. Thrusting the packet into a drawer in an old desk of her grandfather's, she stepped forward to admit the visitor. It was Jarvis.

'Where is grandfather ?'

'I left him,' said Jarvis, 'seated on his favourite steps, not long ago.'

'At the old gateway ?'

'Yes. He promised,' said Jarvis, 'that he would wait there for us.'

'Come,' said Pearl ; 'let us go to grandfather. I want to see him at once.'

'What is the matter ?'

Without answering, Pearl hurried out. Jarvis followed. In spite of the wind, the girl went quickly along. But at the corner of a street a strong gust met her full in the face. She would have fallen, had not Jarvis been at her side to save her.

'Won't you take my arm ?' Jarvis ventured to suggest.

She accepted hesitatingly.

'Pearl! what have I done to offend you?'

'Nothing.—Come, quicker!' said she. 'I am thinking of grandfather. I wish he would not go out alone. I'm anxious about him to-night.—Come, quicker!'

She hastened on; and Jarvis, unable to get any satisfactory answer, after questioning her once or twice on their way concerning her anxiety, lapsed into silence.

It was growing late, and the streets were comparatively deserted. Those who were still out in the storm were hurrying home as fast as the weather would permit. The gale was not abating; it seemed, on the contrary, to be increasing in violence as the night advanced. They reached the corner of the churchyard. A prostrate form was lying motionless upon the step under the lamp. Pearl clutched her companion's hand and pointed towards it.

Jarvis sprang forward; and the girl, sick at heart, and half fainting with apprehension, crept after him, holding to the railings of the old churchyard for support.

THE ROYAL MINT GUARD.

At present, when there is the near prospect of the introduction of a new coinage, a glimpse at the doings of the little military party 'on guard' within the precincts of the Royal Mint may interest some readers. The situation of the Mint is perhaps too well known to require notice in this place; it may therefore suffice to say that the buildings—dating from 1810—stand on Tower Hill, and are in close proximity to the moat that encircles the Tower itself. In front is a sloping esplanade of considerable extent, which serves at once as a parade ground for the ceremony of 'mounting,' and as a sort of 'lung' for the neighbouring densely populated district. The constant presence of two sentinels on the upper portion of this open space may assure strangers that the adjacent group of buildings is of public importance.

The Royal Mint Guard, though it has a momentous charge, is but a kind of satellite of the Main Guard within the historical stronghold on the other margin of the ditch. It usually consists of sixteen men, together with a corporal and a sergeant, the latter of whom is in command. Of course, both these non-commissioned officers are 'men' as well as their subordinates; but the designation 'man' in the army is strictly confined in its application to a private soldier. There is one other member of the guard who is neither a non-commissioned officer nor a man: this personage is the inevitable drummer-boy, a great part of whose duty consists in carrying his instrument to the Mint and bearing it back to the Tower on the following morning. In addition to his drum or bugle, he generally takes on guard with him a few yards of cord and a fish-hook fashioned in a primitive manner, and with these articles finds occupation in a method to be hereafter alluded to.

Though the sergeant 'on Mint' is virtually invested with supreme authority, the captain of the Main Guard visits the extra-mural party shortly after mid-day—just when the results of the cooks' labours are being placed on the tables.

One of the sentries having apprised the sergeant of his approach, the guard is drawn up on the esplanade, and salutes the officer, to whom the stereotyped report, 'All correct, sir,' is made. Then the captain glances in a passing way at the men, or perhaps, if a youthful guardsman, carefully inspects them, and says to the sergeant: 'Turn them in.' Having re-entered the guardroom, the soldiers place their rifles in the rack, and begin to assail the viands on the plates, each of the latter being rudely marked R. M. G.—Royal Mint Guard. We have used the expression 'rudely marked,' because guardroom delf is easily engraved upon with the assistance of a doorkey and a little water. Before much impression has been made on the ration beef by anybody except the drummer—who takes a keen interest in this part of his tour of duty—the officer steps two or three paces into the apartment, calling out: 'Any complaints?' The men, springing to their feet, and laying down knives and forks as though by word of command, with one accord cry: 'None, sir.' Thereupon the captain responds with the words: 'Aw; sit down;' he makes his exit, and is no more seen by the members of the Mint Guard.

The guardroom probably dates from the period when the rest of the Mint buildings were erected, and is a smaller apartment than would now be provided for the number of its occupants. But it is fitted with a large fireplace, in which a true 'soldiers' fire' can be kept blazing. At one extremity of the room, which is long and narrow, stands a small table for the exclusive convenience of the sergeant. Here he partakes of his meals in a species of solitary state; while close at hand is a portion of the guard-bed, which, on 'mounting,' he appropriates by spreading upon it his greatcoat. If a pay-sergeant, his batman (or servant) soon arrives, bearing the pay-book, an 'expense' ink-bottle, and other writing materials, contained in a case which once did duty as a knapsack of the pattern discarded some years ago. On the larger tables used by the private soldiers are to be seen a couple of copies of the *Standard*, together with an array of highly burnished knives and forks. And on the mantel-shelf stands, not a timepiece, but a small box bearing the inscription, 'Salt.' Not far off is the 'Cook-house,' rather behind the day with regard to its appliances, and evidently built at a time when, to quote Mr Archibald Forbes, 'jam and marmalade were undreamt of' as constituents of army diet. Two cooks preside here. The senior man is responsible, and does most of the culinary work; the junior has the task of 'shining' the knives and of 'washing-up.'

In front of the guardroom door extends a large water-tank, reputed to be of great depth, and surrounded by a high iron railing. It probably exists for some purpose connected with the works in the Mint, and at any rate provides a never-failing source of diversion for the men, and particularly for the drummer on guard, being inhabited by a colony of fish. A zest is given to the piscatorial proclivities of the boy by the exceeding shyness of the denizens of the tank; for, however eager to claim a morsel of bread thrown into the water, there is scarcely a case on record of their doing so when it was presented on the drummer's improvised fish-hook. It is

questionable, nevertheless, if there is anywhere to be found a better 'fished' piece of water of its size. The tank and its aborigines being well known in the vicinity, there is a tendency among the gamin class to emulate the love of sport as exemplified in the youthful drummer; for one side of the water is only separated from the esplanade by the aforementioned railing. The sentries, if immersed in their own reflections, sometimes wink at the presence of these would-be poachers. But this is seldom the case with the representative of the City police, who quickly drives them off. So the tank may be regarded as 'strictly preserved.'

Stretching almost quite around the Mint is a path—wide enough to be called a road—which is named the Military Way. This is patrolled day and night by sentries, whose task is monotonous, for, like the tank, the Military Way is 'preserved.' On one side of the path in its whole extent are the lofty buildings of the Mint; on the other is a high wall, similar to those round some of the metropolitan prisons. As the sentries here can see little but the road and walls from their posts, they naturally cast their glances chiefly towards the firmament. By night, this variety of astronomical observation is frequently enlivened by the movements of numerous cats, which perform daring gymnastic feats on the top of the wall, and whose extraordinary vocal exercises, if not exactly musical, are effectual aids to wakefulness. There are three sentinels at wide intervals apart in the Military Way; and they are cut off from the outer world not only by the walls, but by locked gates at either extremity of the path. Their 'orders' chiefly relate, of course, to the protection of the buildings. They are instructed to apprehend and confine in their sentry-boxes any unauthorised intruders. While there is no one to notice what they are about, the men are reminded to 'walk on their posts in a brisk and soldierlike manner'—a regulation pretty often disregarded 'on Mint.' As the gates at either end of the Way are locked, and the commandant only makes his visit once in two hours, the sentries have a good deal of latitude allowed them; and when looked in upon unexpectedly, their marching is not always found to be brisk, nor their attitudes soldier-like. In times of supposed danger, however, they are kept well on the alert, especially during the night. Each quarter of the hour they have to call out, beginning with number one, who cries, 'Number one, and all's well.' Then number two follows suit, and so on to number five.

As is customary on guard-duty, the men are divided into three 'reliefs.' When the relief next for sentry has fallen-in outside the guardhouse, the sergeant often takes measures to ascertain that the men actually have their ammunition; for the weight of the cartridges occasionally leads to attempts to conceal them within the valises, which are not worn on sentry. If any inexperienced soldiers are present, the commandant exhorts them to maintain a 'sharp lookout,' and directs the corporal to post these recruits in the positions of least responsibility. When night approaches—unless in midsummer—he issues the mandate, 'Coats on the guard!' And as the men put on their great-coats, one may be heard saying to another, 'Give me a pull round.' Two guardsmen are necessary to dispose a coat 'smartly.'

In the morning, the men off duty in the guard-room are roused at seven o'clock by the sergeant shouting for 'Two men for patrols;' and when the patrols return, he gives the order, 'Coats off the guard!' The soldiers now begin to arrange their equipments with a view to dismounting. While they are thus actively engaged, the cooks, as well as a canteen-man, arrive, the latter conveying in a basket such delicacies as butter cut into pennyworths, eggs, and 'rashers' of bacon. Soon afterwards comes the sergeant's mess waiter, bearing a pewter cylinder in shape somewhat resembling a silk hat of the conventional pattern. Internally, this vessel contains two compartments, one for tea or coffee, and the other for the solid constituents of the non-commissioned officer's breakfast.

When the morning meal has been discussed, the corporal, referring to his 'roster' of the guard, details two men to act as 'swabs,' who subject the floor of the room to a cleansing operation, in which buckets of water play so prominent a part that the place is rendered temporarily uninhabitable. The members of the guard therefore betake themselves to the outside of the building, where they watch the drummer while he takes a farewell 'cast.' About this time the sergeant often wears a very preoccupied appearance: he is thinking of his 'guard report'—a recapitulation of the doings of his 'command' which requires to be carefully put together. When completed, he intrusts the report to the boy, who fixes it in an ingenious manner amid the ropes of his side-drum.

Before long, the fanfaronade which accompanies the mounting of the Main Guard in the Tower is heard. After an interval, the sentry on the esplanade describes the 'new' Mint Guard approaching; and he intimates the circumstance to his comrades by shouting, 'Guard, turn out!' The 'old' guard is soon relieved, the men stepping out with alacrity on their homeward journey. When they have arrived under the shadow of the White Tower, the drummer extricates the report from the grasp of the ropes and hands it to the sergeant. That functionary seeing the adjutant at a little distance gesticulating before a squad of recruits, proceeds to inform him of the arrival of the Mint Guard. But the officer, observing his approach, calls out, 'Dismiss your guard.' As the men struggle off to their quarters, they may be heard remarking that they have 'done one more Mint for the Queen.'

UNEXPECTED ANSWERS.

NOTHING takes a questioner so much aback as an entirely unexpected reply, especially if, as is generally the case, there be some degree of truth in it. He must have all his wits about him to answer offhand; but in nine cases out of ten he is unable to do so. No class of men seem to be so liable in this respect as school inspectors. It might be concluded that constant experience would teach them to be ready for such answers, and to profit by them; but whether this is so, is not chronicled. We think not.

In a Sixth Standard examination, a vacuum was described as 'an empty space without anything in it;' and a compass, according to another genius, was 'a tripod with a round or circular box surmounting it, which always points due north.'

This reminds us of the very sensible answer returned by a candidate in a Civil Service examination to the question, 'How far is the sun from the earth?' but which, we fear, did not increase his chances of passing. 'I don't know,' he wrote; 'but it's so far, that it will never interfere with my performing my duties if I am appointed.'

The girls are not a whit behind, or before, the boys in these malapropos answers. For example, when a little girl was asked the reason why the Israelites made a golden calf, she replied: 'Cause they hadna as muckle siller as would mak' a coo.' Another Scotch girl, at an examination, gave a pretty definition when asked, 'What does patience mean?'—'Wait a wee an' dinna weary.' During a School Board examination in the west of Scotland, the examiner asked a little girl, 'What is meant by, He was amply rewarded?'—'Paid for't.'—'No, no. You are quite wrong. Suppose you were to go into a baker's shop and buy a half-quarter loaf, and lay down fourpence, would you say you had amply rewarded the baker?' Unhesitatingly the girl replied in the affirmative. 'Why?'—'Because the loaf's only twopence-three-farthings,' was the unlooked-for answer. The inspector let that girl off easily during the remainder of the lesson.

A little fellow was sent a message by his mother to a lady. When he had delivered it, he did not seem in a hurry to go; and the lady, noticing this, asked him if there was anything else his mother had bidden him say. She was not prepared for his reply: 'She said I wasna to seek onything for coming, but if ye gave me onything, I was to tak' it.'

Sunday-school stories are sometimes equal to others in their irresistible fun. Sacred things have an influence over the mind of youth; but occasionally, as in the two following anecdotes, the influence or temptation is too strong for the mischief-loving boys, and eventually overcomes their religious feelings for the time. A Sunday-school teacher asked her scholars to learn an appropriate text to say as they gave in their pennies to the next collection. The first was, 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord'; and all were right until it came to the last boy, who, reluctantly dropping his penny into the box, said, to the great amazement of teachers and scholars, 'The fool and his money are soon parted!'

As an example of the error of talking figuratively to those who do not appreciate, and who are apt to take everything literally, this story is worth reading. The respected superintendent of a Sunday school had told his boys that they should endeavour to bring their neighbours to the school, saying that they should be like a train—the scholar being the engine, and his converts the carriages. Judge of his surprise when, next Sunday, the door opened during lessons, and a little boy, making a noise like an engine, ran in, followed by half-a-dozen others in single file at his back! He came to a halt before the superintendent, who asked the meaning of it all. The naive answer was: 'Please, sir, I'm the engine, and them's the carriages.'

From America come the following, which no doubt are as authentic as such stories usually are. A teacher in Virginia, during a geography

lesson, asked a boy the name of the State he lived in. He was pretty right when he replied: 'A state of sin and misery.' Somewhat astonished was another when he heard, in answer to the question, 'Who killed Abel?' that it was General Jackson. It must have been one of these boys who, when asked, 'In what state was mankind after the fall?' answered: 'In the State of Vermont.'

A father said: 'Bill, if you had your due, you'd get a good whipping.'—'I know, daddy; but bills are not always paid when due.' Equally clever was a boy hearing of the wonders of astronomy. 'Men have learned the distances of the stars,' his father said; 'and, with their spectroscopes, found out what they are made of.'—'Yes,' was the reply; 'and isn't it strange, pa, how they found out their names also?'

Leaving juvenile answers, and turning to those of grown-up persons, we find that they are naturally more clever and sharp. Perhaps the best is that told at the expense of the Irish Chief-justice Caulfield, who was very greedy. Only on one occasion did he have a dinner-party, and among the guests was the rector of the parish. This gentleman, being asked to return thanks at the conclusion of the dinner, referred in the following manner to the well-known parsimony of the host:

We thank the Lord, for this is nothing less
Than the fall of manna in the wilderness;
In the house of famine we have found relief,
And known the comforts of a round of beef;
Chimneys have smoked that never smoked before,
And we have dined where we shall dine no more.

The Chief-justice stifled his feelings, and laughed with the rest; but he thought he had his revenge in asking the clergyman to dinner on a subsequent day. He came; but, when the covers were taken off, the dishes were empty! Caulfield maliciously asked the rector to say grace; and he, dumfounded only for a moment, rose and said:

May He who blessed the loaves and fishes
Look down upon these empty dishes;
For if they do our stomachs fill,
'Twill surely be a miracle.

Another legal luminary was as severely dealt with at the hands of a young lady noted for her sharp wit. The judge, whose personal appearance was as unprepossessing as his intellect was keen and his judgment fair, asked this female what she meant by the term 'humbugged.'—'Well, my lord,' replied the lady, angry at the interruption, 'I hardly know how to explain it; but if a young lady called your lordship a handsome man, she would be humbugging you.'

Even sharper was the epigrammatic reply of a young lady to an old admirer, who, having found her glove, returned it to her with the following distich:

If from your glove you take the letter G,
Your glove is love, which I devote to thee.

The old gentleman's name was Page; and he received the following unexpected answer, which chagrined him so much that he left the place:

If from your Page you take the letter P,
Your Page is age, and that won't do for me.

An old cavalier was asked, when Cromwell

coined his first money, what he thought of it. On one side was the inscription, 'God with us;' and on the other, 'The Commonwealth of England.' 'I see,' he said, 'that God and the Commonwealth are on different sides.'

Two candidates, named Adam and Low, had to preach probation sermons for a lectureship in the gift of a certain congregation. Mr Low preached in the morning, taking for his text the words, 'Adam, where art thou?' and giving an excellent sermon. Mr Adam took for his text, to the surprise of the congregation and his rival, the passage, 'Lo, here am I.' From this he preached such a splendid impromptu sermon that he gained the lectureship.

To conclude, we give the story of an amateur artist who had decided to send the productions of a quarter of a century to some charitable institution for the benefit of the inmates. Before doing so, however, he invited an old, plain-spoken Scotch artist to see his works, informing him at the same time of his philanthropic intention, and asking his advice as to the institution on which he should confer so much honour. 'Well,' was the grim reply, 'if ye will compliment them, the best place I ken o' is the Blind Asylum.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LIME-JUICE FROM TRINIDAD.

ALTHOUGH the lime-tree is a wild shrub in Trinidad, it is only within the past three years that any attempt has been made to turn its fruit to commercial advantage. At that time, the American consul recommended the shipping of a few barrels of the fruit to America as an experiment; but the fruit decayed in transit, and the attempt was a failure. Another plan was resorted to—the neutralisation of the acid juice with chalk; but this plan also has had to be abandoned; and the expressed juice itself is now exported, either in the simple state as obtained by pressure, or after evaporation to about one-tenth its volume. The simple juice finds a market in America, and the condensed juice in England. There are even now only two farmers who cultivate the lime for exportation, and one of these has supplied the American consul with much useful information.

Lime-trees grow and bear in any soil, but the better the soil the larger the fruit. They are planted from twelve to sixteen feet apart, and when young, are pruned and trained to the shape of an umbrella. When about to form a lime plantation, it is best to form a nursery a year beforehand, and then transplant the young trees, pulling them up from the soil, cutting off the end of the pivot root, and then placing them in the ground where they are to grow. A lime-tree yields on an average ten gallons of juice. The fruit is allowed to drop off, and is then collected and conveyed to the works, where the limes are passed first through the cutter, which rips them open, and then through rollers and the press to separate the juice. These cutters, rollers, and press are constructed in a very simple and primitive way, and admit of very great improvement. The juice is then exported, either in this condition, or it is condensed by boiling. So far as the cost of lime-juice is concerned, it

is said that a barrel of limes (worth eightpence) will give seven gallons of juice. Including packages, the entire cost of the juice is about sixpence per gallon; and as it is sold at prices ranging from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings and sixpence per gallon, the cultivation is profitable. The essential oil of limes is extracted from the rind before the fruit is crushed by grating on rasps with the hands. The oil thus extracted is called the hand-made oil, and is superior to that obtained from the crushed limes and by distillation. A hundred gallons of juice will yield by distillation about three quarts of the essential oil. It is believed that this branch of industry is capable of great expansion, and that, with capital and intelligence, it might become a leading and important manufacture on the island, the soil being so suitable for the growth of the fruit.

WHY DOES PAPER TURN YELLOW?

Professor Wiesner, a well-known German savant, has been making a series of very interesting and useful experiments on this subject, with the result that he now contends that the yellowing of paper is due to an oxidation determined by light, and especially by the more refrangible rays. This discoloration is more striking in wood-papers than in rag-papers. He also found that dry air is another most important condition for the preservation of paper. One of his conclusions is very interesting, this being, that in libraries, the electric light is inferior to gas, on account of the large proportion of the more refrangible rays present in the former. This is an important matter, and one that deserves further inquiry.

THE END OF THE STORY.

You were standing alone in the silence,
When I passed down the stair that night,
Alone with your thoughts in the shadow,
Away from the fire's soft light,
And never a greeting you gave me,
Not a word your lips let fall,
As I came from the light to your side, dear,
That night, in the old oak hall!

But I knew, ah, so well, the secret
You fancied you kept unseen,
And I hated the pride that was standing
Like a shadow our hearts between.
So I told you, that night, a story,
And you listened as in a spell,
Till I saw that you guessed the meaning
Of the story I tried to tell!

You fain would have silenced me then, dear;
To leave it untold were best—
Too late, for I learned, as you drew me
To your heart, that you knew the rest!
And the shadow passed by from between us,
For ever, beyond recall,
As you whispered the end of the story
That night, in the old oak hall!

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

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A SHETLAND PONY.

THE long and hilly drive of thirty miles from Lerwick to Sumburgh possesses little attraction for the lover of nature in her softer moods. The South Mainland of Shetland, wildly romantic as is its rocky coast-line with its numberless coves or estuaries, and picturesque as are its fishing-hamlets, its purling hill-streams, and groups of crofters' cottages, lacks in great measure the essential element of colouring. The hills are bare, bleak, and gray; even in autumn there is no heather-bloom, as in Orkney, to adorn with its rich purple the monochrome of broken peat-moss. In fact, if it were not for one endlessly varying feature peculiar to this region, the landscape would be wholly in neutral tints. The solitary relief to the sombre surroundings is the bright colouring of the ubiquitous Shetland pony. Notwithstanding reports of their recently diminished numbers, these little animals seem to be everywhere—grazing contentedly on the grim, peaty moorlands, wandering over the bare hillsides, or peering like elves over the stone dikes at the passing vehicle. There are little ponies and big; ponies black and brown, cream-coloured, russet, fawn, and gray; every shade and size of the smallest known, as well as the hardiest and most useful breed of ponies in the world. During our last trip through the district, we attempted to count those within sight of the road as we passed; but we gave up the task long before reaching our destination. The journey occupied the whole day, the hills being nearly as steep as those of Skye; and there were hundreds of ponies visible in every direction feeding, contentedly enough to all appearance, where, probably, no other animal could find subsistence, in all the brilliancy of their summer coats, and rejoicing for the most part in wholly untrimmed manes and tails. The appearance of some of the smaller ponies is grotesque in the extreme; their fiery eyes, glancing under bushy forelocks, and their shaggy manes, giving them something of the look of miniature bisons. When

grazing together, the younger, and especially the smaller animals will frequently be observed to fight fiercely with each other; in fact, this breed of ponies, from their hardiness and courage, form no mean antagonists to horses of much larger size. Instances are known of ordinary horses, pastured with ponies in islands, or 'holms,' as they are locally termed, having been actually killed by the repeated attacks of their tiny but determined foes.

In treating of Shetland ponies, one is apt, without perhaps being aware of it, to tread upon somewhat ticklish ground. Of course it will not be denied by any one acquainted with the subject, that the Shetland variety of ponies as a whole is, with some minor defects, by far the best of all. The difficulty alluded to does not lie in this direction. The fashion of Iceland ponies is, we believe, fast dying out. It would never have obtained to any extent, considering the marked inferiority of the breed in every respect, had it not been for the efforts of those interested in their wholesale importation. And there has been, in connection with the subject, a popular misconception which has told in their favour. Born in a much colder climate, one might imagine, at first sight, that the ponies reared in the far north would necessarily be of a hardier nature, and be much more inured to exposure than their Shetland brethren. But this conclusion would rest upon a mistaken premise. Iceland has, of course, by far the more rigorous climate; but it is one so much more severe than that of Shetland, that the ponies cannot be left out in winter, but are regularly sheltered and housed during the inclement season. This the Shetland ponies never are. By day and night, in winter and summer alike, they live on the hillside. Any indulgence they may get by way of extra food in hard seasons is afforded them solely in the way of 'outdoor relief.' Let the north wind drift the snow-flakes ever so thickly, let the cold be ever so intense, the true 'Sheltie,' clothed in a triple and impenetrable fell of matted hair, has no 'bield' but such as the

dikeside may afford, and, with true philosophy, turns its ample tail towards that doubtful shelter. Hence in great measure their unmatched hardiness.

But although the supremacy of the Shetland ponies will not be seriously questioned, yet it must be remembered—and here lies the rub—that there are ponies *and* ponies even in Shetland. There are droves of ponies, owned by breeders, in the various districts of the Mainland and islands of the group, as well as the solitary pony of the individual crofts. These rival breeders keenly contend with each other for the palm of superior merit. Well, we are wise enough not to pretend to award it. We may perhaps venture the remark that about Sumburgh an infusion of Norwegian blood was attempted some years ago with favourable results, though adding considerably to the size of the animals; but we state this without prejudice to the merits of other noted strains.

The size of the full-grown Shetland pony varies very much more than is commonly believed. They are not all pigmies, by any means. That they are commonly thought to be so without exception is perhaps owing to the fact that so many of the smaller animals are exported. Fancy-ponies of this description, measuring perhaps only nine hands or thirty-six inches* at the shoulder, and even less—thirty-two inches has been known—are in demand for the *ménage*, or as children's pets, being practically useless for other purposes; and the correspondingly fancy-prices paid for these Lilliputians are extraordinary, especially should they be matched pairs, and cream-coloured or piebald. These will fetch as much as thirty guineas a head, or even more. Small-sized horse-ponies—anything under forty-four inches, or thereby—are also in great demand for employment in the coal-mines of the south, are exported in large numbers, and fetch a high price. These hapless animals are to be commiserated, not on account of their possible ill-usage, for they are both well fed and tended, but for their life-long imprisonment in the underground stables of the mines. But a larger size, anything above forty-four inches or thereby—and many pure-bred ponies are bigger—can generally be purchased on the spot, rising three or four years old, for from seven to ten or twelve pounds for horse-ponies, mares usually fetching from thirty shillings to two pounds less. But the price even in the same district is variable, and depends upon a variety of circumstances. It is not improbable that in process of time these bigger-sized and cheaper ponies may become scarcer, the larger breeders contenting themselves with producing the fancy qualities; and the crofters, again, endeavouring by crossing to increase the size of the animals raised by them to fifty-four inches

or so, in order to use them for ploughing and farmwork. These causes will probably raise the prices of intermediate heights in the near future. Such, at all events, are our latest advices from the spot. Freight to south ports must, of course, be added to the above quotations, and also the dealer's commission, usually ten shillings, which generally includes shipment free on board steamer at Lerwick. Even with these additions, it will be seen that the profits of middle-men in the southern markets must be large, a broken Shetland pony, three or four years old, quiet and tractable to ride or drive, frequently fetching, without any specially valuable characteristic, some fifteen or sixteen guineas at horse bazaars. We would advise intending purchasers to seek an agent in Shetland, and to protect themselves against risk of loss on the passage by means of a transit insurance policy, readily and cheaply obtainable.

Many cross-bred ponies are also reared in Shetland. A strain of the larger horse makes a shapely animal. The Highland pony cross is also a fair one; but—there is 'always a something,' even in horse-breeding—the tendency of these infusions is generally to perpetuate the bad qualities of both parents, without preserving the good ones. Cross-bred Shetlanders are peculiarly given to stumbling—an ineradicable fault, from which the true breed is singularly exempt.

On these points we do not speak without experience, having on one occasion, while resident in the Orkney Islands, imported a veritable Shetland pony direct from the land of its birth. Its expected arrival at Kirkwall gave us no little anxiety, for although the voyage thither from Lerwick is not a long one, ponies are very apt, even on a short passage, to suffer from want of water, if not properly supplied *en route*. We have seen many of them landed in Orkney, to be attended, for lock-jaw, by a veterinary surgeon, before proceeding farther south, their illness arising from neglect of attention in this respect. Our consignment was, however, received without mishap. It could not be called on arrival, even by the most ardent admirer of the breed, a beautiful animal. It was the winter season, and a treble fold of thick and curly hair clothed our pony from head to foot. The mane was nearly two feet in length; and a preposterously lengthy tail, which otherwise would have trailed upon the ground, had been thoughtfully tied—most probably by the shipper—in a double knot. It was of a cream-fawn colour, however—surely the prettiest of all—and though a good deal out of condition, for the Shetland moor in winter does not afford succulent pasture, there was a gentleness about our pony which did much to win our favour from the first.

Shetland ponies, except when very young, have an aspect of pensive melancholy about them, suggestive of relationship to that other quadruped which boasts of longer ears. Perhaps it is the labour to which many of them are set at an early age, for most of the crofters' ponies bring home peats from the hills in miniature carts, and carry loads in panniers as well; perhaps it is the climate in which they are reared; perhaps a

* The 'hand' of horse-measurement is four inches; but the height of ponies is always given in inches in Shetland.

constitutional symptom; but every true-born 'Shalt' gives one the impression that he thinks a great deal more than is good for him, and that his view of life in general is that of the pessimist. Our pony was no exception, being singularly meditative, if not despondent. Even a change to better pasture than that of his former home failed to rouse him. But with all his brooding—perhaps it was home-sickness—he was manifestly busily engaged, for some weeks after arrival, in taking an accurate stock of his new surroundings after a stealthy fashion, somewhat as a cat will do when introduced to a new dwelling. This inquisitiveness roused our suspicions at first, thinking that he meditated flight at an early opportunity; but we were mistaken; he was only reaping the 'harvest of a quiet eye.' When we knew our pony better, we gave up mistrusting and tethering him. Left to wander at will, he never strayed beyond the unfenced boundary of an Orkney hill-farm. On closer acquaintance, we found him to be a psychological study, being a curious mixture of apparently opposite and contradictory qualities. Gentle and amiable towards ourselves, he keenly resented the interference of strangers; and though docile enough, there was at times a lingering reluctance about his obedience which some might have taken for obstinacy. Perhaps we are wronging him, but he often seemed to give in to his master's wishes with a gentle, a very gentle protest. There were some simple things which no persuasion would induce him to do; for example, to accept a turnip instead of his beloved potato for dessert; and there was a slumbering ferocity underlying all the seeming gentleness and misanthropic pensiveness of our pony, evidencing itself in a tendency to bite and kick at other ponies, and to assault smaller and inoffensive animals, such as dogs, straying in his path—weaknesses which only his solitary upbringing by the lonely shores of a Shetland loch could either palliate or excuse. We called him 'Spiggie,' after the famous trout-water hard by his birthplace.

But other fault or defect he had none, being a trusty and faithful servant, and an affectionate friend. A single glance at his 'mild and magnificent eye' assured the most timid rider of perfect safety in the saddle; while the square compact frame, and strong sturdy limbs, with pasterns well back, gave evidence of endurance and surefootedness. From this latter quality, this particular breed makes the best of all possible hill-ponies. A 'Sheltie' will pick his way deliberately, yet certainly, over broken ground and among loose stones, where any other animal, except perhaps a goat, would assuredly stumble. And in comparative darkness, or through driving mist or blinding snowstorm, when the wayfarer on foot would almost certainly wander on the trackless hills, these animals will travel with unerring instinct to their home. Their tenacious memory for tracks, and their conservative tendencies generally, are very strongly marked, and in this respect most invaluable on the moors.

The best way to treat an imported riding 'Sheltie' is to keep it as nearly as possible as it has been accustomed to be kept in its native wilds. High feeding and constant stabling are positively injurious to them. They should, if practicable, have their heads loose, and be assigned

rough pasture. They are the hardiest of the hardy, and thrive best on Spartan fare. Though they will stand the immediate consequence of an over-feed better than an ordinary horse—a surfeit of wet clover which might be fatal to the one, not more than temporarily inconveniencing the other—yet the rich fare in time tends to enfeeble the smaller race, more especially as, from early scarcity, they are, as a rule, of an unbounded stomach. They should have unfailing access to water at all times—no animal suffers sooner or more seriously from the consequences of thirst. And once more, if your pony be kept outside—as he always should be, save perhaps in the severest weather, when an open shed will do for cover—do not take from him, by undue trimming and reckless clipping, the abundant hair with which nature has provided him as a covering and defence. The coat will of itself become thinner and finer on better diet. The poorer the fare, the closer and thicker the coat. An ill-fed pony runs all to hair and hoof. Clip your pony's tail as little as possible; it is enough if it keep clear of the ground. A flowing mane and tail are the Shetland pony's chief adornments, and the latter its most effectual means of warding off the attacks of summer insects, as well as its warmest covering from the wintry blast.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE PILOT.

THE funeral of Mr Gabriel Gotham, J.P.—he never gained the distinction of D.L.—was fairly well attended. The coffin was preceded by a detachment of police, walking two and two, wearing white gloves; and was followed by the Cornellis family and by several of the gentry of the neighbourhood. The coffin was of polished oak, with brass mountings. The church bell tolled; and the pulpit and altar and the family pew were in mourning.

After the funeral, a few came back to the Hall to partake of refreshments whilst their carriages were being got ready. The rector speedily took off his surplice and scarf and curled up his black kid gloves, and came. The lawyer of the deceased was also there, a local man, who lived in Hanford, who made out the leases for Mr Gotham.

When the guests from a distance were gone, and only the rector and the solicitor remained, Justin Cornellis said with a sad smile: 'It is, I suppose, usual on these melancholy occasions to produce and read the will; but Mr Coxie no doubt is aware of the arrangement made by my poor cousin. I have the key of his bureau. The will is in it, I believe. I will run up-stairs and bring it down, if Mr Coxie would like to see it. There is, however, no necessity; I will have it proved forthwith at Somerset House.'

'I have it, sir,' said the lawyer.

'You have it!' exclaimed Mr Cornellis, stopping short on his way to the door.

'Mr Gotham made his will at my office the day he met with his fatal accident; in fact, only a few hours before—perhaps not more than an hour and a half previous.'

'I beg your pardon! Is this possible? With what object?' Mr Cornellis looked very blank.

'Well, sir, I suppose he changed his mind. I have the will here. It is short and to the point. The rector and my clerk witnessed it.'

'I came down to the beach,' said the rector, 'when poor Gotham was there with Miss Josephine inspecting a new vessel just built by Grimes; and he, poor fellow, asked me to do him the favour of stepping with him to the office of his solicitor. It turned out that he wanted to make his will, and get me to attest it. I suppose he felt unwell that day; had some premonition of what would happen. I suspect the true explanation of his fall is that he had a stroke, and that is what made him lose his balance. It was an odd coincidence his making a will the same day he lost his faculties.'

'Let me look at it,' said Cornellis huskily.

'Nothing can be simpler,' said the lawyer Cox. 'He has left everything to your daughter, Miss Josephine—that is, to the rector, myself, and Mr Cable, in trust for her, till she is of age, and not under coverture.—I must ask that Miss Cornellis may be present whilst I read the will, as it concerns her more than any one else.'

'And—myself?' stammered the ex-missionary.

'There is a hundred pounds a piece left to me, sir, to the rector, and Cable, as executors; to the servants, a small remembrance. That is all. You are not mentioned.'

Mr Cornellis said no more. He rang the bell for his daughter, and remained silent whilst the will was being read.

The rector and the solicitor left, and then he was alone with Josephine. The calmness he had assumed during the presence of the two gentlemen deserted him. He became limp in body and haggard in face. His usual assurance and self-confidence were gone, knocked down by this unexpected blow, and he did not know what line to take. He felt that his position was critical. The object of the wretched old Squire was clear to him. Mr Gotham had made Josephine his heiress because he believed she would marry Richard Cable; and he had so entangled her with Cable, that it would not be easy for her to break away without a slur remaining on her character. This was why he had advanced the money for the purchase of the boat, why he had had it called the *Josephine*, and made the girl give it to Cable. This also was why he had made him trustee with the rector and Cox.

He was no hero to his daughter; he had contemptuously flung away his natural opportunities of gaining her respect and securing her love; and now he regretted this mistake, because he was disappointed of his ambition and made dependent on her. He had wasted all the money his wife had brought; nothing of it remained, except what he could secure from the Insurance Company, in compensation for his house and goods consumed by fire.

'Well, Josephine,' he said, not looking her in the face, 'luck smiles on you, and turns her back on me. Look at poor Gotham's old will. By it, everything fell to me; and now, at the last moment, when he was half-crazed, he went and made a fresh disposition of the property. I might contest the new will; indeed, I have a mind to serve a *caveat* against its being proved,

till I have considered the matter. The new will is so preposterous that it cannot stand. Poor fellow! He was off his head when he made it. But it will not do to have quarrels in families. It would be a scandal if you and I were ranged against one another in court; and I propose a compromise.'

'I think, papa, you had better settle that with the trustees—Mr Sellwood and Mr Cox and Richard Cable.'

He frowned. 'I can have nothing to do with Mr Sellwood, nor you either, since you have refused his son! No, Josephine; I speak as a father to a child. I want no law; I want a fair arrangement between us. If you satisfy me, I will withdraw my opposition to the will.'

'I do not know what the property of poor Cousin Gabriel is worth,' said Josephine.

'About two thousand five hundred, gross; but nett, nothing like that sum.'

'Papa, I will talk the matter over with Richard.'

'Richard!' he exclaimed. 'What do you mean?'

'Richard Cable,' answered Josephine. 'I have put myself in his hands. I did so when I thought myself a poor girl; now I am rich, I cannot twist myself out of his hands.'

'Oh, as to that,' said her father, 'give yourself no concern; I'll manage it. What was absurd yesterday, is impossible now.'

'I did not mean that I could not extricate myself, papa, but that I would not.'

'Then you are a fool,' said he bluntly—'a greater fool than I conceived you to be. The man is a vulgar sailor, and talks broad Essex.'

'I beg your pardon, papa. He is a man of honour and integrity—a gentleman at heart.'

'I do not profess to know his heart. If his gentility is within, turn him inside out, please, before presenting him to me and the world.' He laughed contemptuously. 'I suppose your mother-in-law will char for you—ninepence a day with six meals and her beer.'

Josephine coloured.

'As for the snivelling babies,' he said scornfully—'insist on a free application of soap, and the use of a tooth-comb before introducing them into this house.' Then, impatiently: 'Pshaw! The thing is too absurd. I cannot believe in such a climax of folly as that my own daughter should voluntarily set herself up to be the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood. I'll offer the lout a hundred pounds to marry Betty the scullery-maid, and get rid of him that way.'

'Papa,' said Josephine, with troubled face, 'you cannot alter matters by talking in that way. You drove me mad the other day, and I tried to drown myself; then Richard saved me for the second time from death. I had no one to whom to look for succour, advice, comfort, and I turned to him.'

'There—there!' said Mr Cornellis. 'Like a Newfoundland dog, I suppose, he went into the water after you. It does not follow that because a dog draws you out of the water, you are to worship and obey Ponto ever after; a pat and a bone will suffice for him. My dear Josephine, it is only in the fairy tale that Beauty, when she marries the Beast, finds him transform himself into a glittering Prince. In real life, when

Beauty thus descends, she finds the Beast become infinitely and degradingly more beastly.' Then, unable to keep his temper any longer under semblance of control, he left the room, took up his hat, and walked through the garden, out at the gate, and along the seawall to the Cables' cottage. He walked in with his hat on, after having rapped at the door, and asked Mrs Cable for her son. She told him he was in the garden, and he went through the house to him.

'Good-evening,' he said, a little roughly, for his temper was nettled. 'I've come for a word or two with you.—What is this Miss Josephine tells me about her trying to drown herself, and throwing herself on your protection?'

Richard stood up, and looked Mr Cornellis in the face gravely out of his clear steady eyes. 'Has she told you ought about it, sir?' he asked.

'Yes, she has—some rodomontade. I beg your pardon; you probably do not understand the word, and would be at a loss to spell it. Some nonsense, I mean. She tumbled into the mud, and you picked her out.'

'Sir, it happened as Miss Josephine said.'

'She entered into no particulars. She was in one of her tall moods, giving herself tiptoe airs. I do not care for the particulars. How she got into the mud is nought to me; how she got out is more my concern. Did she scramble out, or did you pull her out?'

'I brought her here, sir. She was in the water, not in the mud.'

'You brought her here! Why not to her home?'

'Because she refused to be taken home.'

'And then she threw herself on you for advice and protection—advice as to nothing, protection against nobody. Not a soul desired to hurt her, and it is a matter of no importance what and who advised her, for she is so headstrong that she will go only her own way.'

'What she asked me, sir,' said the sailor, 'and what was said, are between herself and me.'

'You refuse to tell me what passed?'

'Miss Josephine spoke to me in confidence!'

There was something so offensive and irritating in the tone of Mr Cornellis, that Richard began to see how it was possible for the poor girl to be worked into a condition of exasperation by her father, such that she should try to destroy herself.

The ex-missionary looked hard at the sailor, who met his eye frankly.

'I do not know what tomfoolery my daughter has been playing with you; but you will please to understand that whatever she said, she said in joke.'

'Miss Josephine knows that best, sir. If she spoke in joke—so; if in earnest—so.' He was not to be brow-beaten; he was calm, grave, and earnest.

'I do not know how she expressed herself; words are various in their meanings, and a simple word lightly said may be taken seriously, and have grave consequences. You must distinctly understand, my man, that Miss Cornellis has acted contrary to my wishes in coming here to play with your brats—children. There are children to be played with on her own level of life, without stooping to yours.—I mean no

offence. Your children may be very nice and dear and all that sort of thing, but they are as apart from the sphere in which my daughter moves as if they belonged to the Dog-star.'

'The stars are above,' said Cable coolly.

Mr Cornellis was beating about the bush. He did not want to admit that his daughter had spoken seriously to him about an engagement with Cable; he desired to hear Cable's version of the interview, and then to take his course. But Richard was reserved. Mr Justin Cornellis could get nothing out of him, and was himself losing his temper.

'Now, look here,' said he. 'My daughter has made you a present of a boat. I advanced the money. She gave it to you. I thought it would seem to come more gracefully from her; but don't you build any ambitions on that transaction. She owed you a debt, and has paid it; and she is now quit. I daresay she has said some nonsense to you since. Girls have no control over their fancies and tongues.—Mind you, my good fellow, I object to her coming here. If she returns, she will incur my severe displeasure; and I warn you that no serious intention lurks behind her words.'

'What words, sir?'

'Any words she may have said.'

Cable considered a moment, then he said with self-restraint: 'Sir, I have listened to what you have said; but I can't make much out of it. You don't wish the young lady to come here to see my young folks; very well, sir. She shall not come if I can help it. I would not have one of my little girls disobey me; and if I led your daughter into disobedience, I should expect to be punished in like manner in my own children.—But, sir, Miss Josephine spoke to me when she was much in earnest and was very unhappy. I know well we be of different build. She's a clipper yacht, and I a coal-barge; but that is neither here nor there. She appealed to me, and I answered her. If she meant nought by it, I am content. I will go with you to the Hall, sir, and see her in your presence, and she shall tell me what she means. Whichever way she decides, I am content.'

As the two men turned to leave the garden by the way of the bridge, Josephine herself appeared from under the willows, crossed the plank, opened the wicket, and came towards them.

'I knew papa had come here,' she said; 'so I have followed.'

'I am glad you are on the spot,' said Mr Cornellis—but his looks belied his words—'that you may hear what I have been saying to Mr Cable. I have told him that you have used random words to him, the purport of which I know, though I do not know the exact expressions used. You were excited at the time, possibly light-headed. Your words are not to be taken at the foot of the letter. What you said in heat you regret when cool. A lady is always allowed to change her mind; and circumstances having altered, you have altered your purpose.—You will understand, Mr Cable, that the girl is not of age.'

'Papa,' said Josephine, turning to him, and then to Cable, 'Richard—I can now say to both what must be said. I am not a weathercock. When I give my word, I stick to it. I placed myself in the hands of Richard Cable, and asked

him to direct the course of my life, when I felt that I had lost confidence in you, papa—in every one; when I believed myself to be a poor girl without a penny. Mr Cable does not know what has happened to alter my circumstances; that, however, does not alter my purpose, but intensifies my resolution. If before, when I was poor and without responsibilities, I wanted a help, now that I am well off, and am likely to have many responsibilities, I shall need assistance much more. He is the only man to whom I can look with perfect trust, and to him I still turn. I do not wish to reproach you, papa; but as you have mismanaged my little fortune left me by my mother, I do not wish you to play ducks and drakes with that bequeathed to me by my cousin. Besides, he did not appoint you executor and trustee, but he appointed Richard Cable. There is no one—no one to whom I can look up as I look up to him. I daresay my choice will shock the neighbourhood; but I do not care; I must seek my own happiness and welfare above everything else. When a poor creature is drowning, she clings to the spar that is floating near her, and which she knows will sustain her, and does not apologise to the hencoops and empty barrels drifting around that she does not lay hold of them instead of the spar.'

Mr Cornellis turned livid. 'Take care, Josephine; you almost persuade me that a lunatic asylum is your proper home.'

'I ask Richard Cable to protect me. He will see that I am not spirited away to a madhouse.—I am sorry,' she continued, 'very sorry, not at all glad, that Cousin Gotham has made me his heiress. I had ten thousand times rather have been a poor man's wife, in such a position that the road of duty was straight and clear before me. Now I fear my way will be less obvious; but I shall have one to steer me who is the best of pilots.' She extended her hand to Richard.

SUBMARINE BOATS.

THE nations of the earth are preaching peace with an apparent earnestness of purpose which seems strangely at variance with the preparations for war to be met with on every hand, and with the keen interest evinced in the discovery of any reliable method of killing and maiming. The New World and the Old, shrewd Yankee and stolid Celestial, perfervid Gaul and phlegmatic Briton, are alike girding up their loins and perfecting their armaments. The Reserves are called out; and the construction of ironclads of colossal proportions is being rapidly pushed forward at an almost incredible outlay of the public money. Every ship of the Admiral class in our own navy, such as the *Benbow*, costs seven hundred and ninety thousand pounds; while the *Nile* and the *Trafalgar* have had not less than nine hundred and twenty thousand pounds spent upon each of them. Speaking in round numbers, the typical man-of-war of the present day represents the embodiment of an expenditure of one million pounds sterling, or sufficient to have provided a goodly fleet of war-ships of the same dimensions

as those with which Nelson swept the seas. Yet so swift is the onward, inexorable march of scientific discovery, that these mastless monstrosities are sometimes obsolete ere they have left the hands of the constructors. Nor is this all that is urged against the employment of such leviathans.

The ram projecting far under the surface renders them an ever fertile source of danger in narrow waters. The British *Vanguard*, the German *Grosser Kurfurst*, each sank in consequence of damage received when colliding with their consorts, notwithstanding the vaunted efficacy of their water-tight compartments. The *Inflexible* is divided into one hundred and thirty-three self-contained parts; and is able to rid herself of five thousand three hundred tons of water an hour with her various pumps. In the Mediterranean, a steamship laden with a costly freight attempted to cross the bows of one of our ironclads, became impaled on the ram, and finally sank in deep water. A few days ago, a French steamship, bound to America with emigrants, fouled the spur of the Italian man-of-war *Italia* which lay at anchor. A rent thirty feet from top to bottom, and four feet in width, was the result; and the steamship had to be beached forthwith, to prevent loss of life and property.

Moreover, these huge ships cannot be rendered absolutely invulnerable, and practical men are quick to devise means whereby the ship of an enemy may be placed *hors de combat*. Electricity and the new explosives have greatly contributed to render all things possible to the modern investigator; and a lurking uneasiness exists that despite all precautions, the battle may be to the swift rather than to the strong—to the easily manageable sling and stone of the stripling, rather than to the cumbrous arms and armour of the giant. An ironclad will be compelled to surround herself with a cordon of boats, if she is to be protected from night-attacks. This was clearly demonstrated by Captain Boyton at New York. He swam off in his life-saving suit to a man-of-war anchored in the harbour, and affixed a dummy torpedo to her side, which was not perceived till the sun was well above the horizon.

In the last American war, twenty-five ships were destroyed by the electric torpedoes of the Confederates. The 'infernal machines' used by the Russians during the Crimean war were simply small watertight canisters, containing gunpowder, an intimate mixture of chlorate of potash and sugar, and a glass bulb filled with sulphuric acid. The acid escaped immediately this bulb was fractured by a ship striking against the canister, trickled on to the prepared mixture, and an explosion ensued. They were dangerous both to friend and foe, and were of very feeble intensity. To-day, electricity is pressed into the dread service as the igniting agent, and gun-cotton or dynamite takes the place of the gunpowder, inasmuch as they explode with four or five times its violence.

The Whitehead torpedoes cost five hundred

pounds each, are cigar-shaped, and propelled through the water by the application of compressed air. The torpedo is composed of three parts: the head, which contains the explosive; the reservoir, in which air is compressed till it exerts a pressure of six hundred pounds on the square inch; and the tail, containing the machinery of propulsion. This torpedo will travel a mile, or a mile and a half, at a depth of eight feet under water; the first thousand yards being moved over at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It is liable to be deflected by currents from its otherwise perfectly straight course; but quite recently it has been stated that this manifest defect can be allowed for. The torpedo rises to the surface, if, owing to some mishap, the explosion does not take place at the moment of striking the object aimed at; and an automatic arrangement renders it harmless, so as to admit of recapture without risk. Two French papers, the *République Française* and the *Temps*, have lately challenged the utility of the Whitehead; but from internal evidence furnished by the articles themselves, it would appear that the writers were unacquainted with the method of construction of these torpedoes, and the French admiral, Aube, is altogether in their favour. The latest addition to the fish-torpedo class is fourteen feet long, with a diameter of fourteen inches, and can travel eighteen hundred yards with a speed of thirty-five miles an hour. A reservoir, coated with a non-conducting material, runs along the centre, which is charged with hot water at a pressure of four hundred pounds per square inch; and it is believed that the steam given off from the hot water will drive her engines for an hour. The weight of the torpedo remains unaltered during the run, as the steam, when it has done its work, is condensed inside. Ships finding themselves in the vicinity of these terrors, rig out strong nets, so as to entangle the torpedoes within the meshes, and employ other means to avert the danger.

Gun-cotton and dynamite are peculiarly sensitive to vibration, and their detonation is due to this very cause; so that, by exploding countermines, any torpedoes lying about may be harmlessly exploded, if only they contain nitro-glycerine compounds. One of our men-of-war has a steam pinnace which is used for dropping and exploding countermines, in order to destroy the mines of an enemy and clear the harbour for the fleet. Her engine is worked and all its movements controlled solely by electricity, the cable which supplies the motive-power being unwound from winches as the boat moves along. Wonderful as it may seem, she does her work in this way without any person on board of her! A commander may perceive and provide for the torpedo launched against him or sunk at the bottom of the harbour. There is, however, nothing to betray the presence of a submarine vessel approaching some doomed ship under the control of a daring seaman; except, perhaps, the bead on the water, as in an otter hunt. We propose to lay before our readers a short sketch of the history of submarine boats, which, aided by torpedoes, are destined to be employed principally in the destruction of ironclads.

Divers were employed in the middle ages, and even in times of remote antiquity, to recover

valuables from the depths of the sea, and also to carry despatches into besieged places. Aristotle refers to the bagpipes and diving-bell as common in his day. Diving-machines were certainly in use in the thirteenth century, and writers of that period assert that Alexander the Great was once a passenger in some sort of submarine boat. Van Drebbel, a Dutchman, built a submarine boat at London, in 1644, which could contain twelve rowers as well as some passengers; and on one occasion James I. descended beneath the waters of the Thames in this vessel. The inventor is said to have discovered a liquid possessing the important property of rendering the air in the confined space under hatches suitable for repeated inhalation, and thus to prolong the time which could be spent under water. At Amsterdam, in 1653, a Frenchman exhibited a submarine vessel seventy-two feet in length, but refused to divulge the secret of its construction. A learned Father of the Romish Church wrote a work, in 1664, which suggested the possibility of destroying hostile fleets by means of boats moving under the surface of the sea.

During the War of Independence, in 1776, Bushnell, a native of Connecticut, built the first submarine boat, properly so called. She was immersed by admitting water into tanks constructed for the purpose; and rose to the surface again by letting fall leaden weights which were suspended to her keel, and at the same time pumping out the ballast-tanks. She was propelled under water by an oar placed horizontally beneath her, constructed after the fashion of an Archimedean screw. A second oar, placed vertically on the upper part of the boat, regulated the depth of immersion independently of the quantity of water in the tanks. This primitive project scarcely advanced beyond the theoretical stage, for the guns of the British frigates blew the boat to pieces almost at the first practical application. Fulton took up the idea in 1801, and having experimented at Havre and Brest with somewhat favourable results, he published a pamphlet bearing on the whole subject of submarine navigation. His boat was propelled by a screw; but we are ignorant as to what agency was brought into play in order to cause the propeller to revolve. The *Nautilus*, as she was called, carried four men, and was rigged with masts and sails, which were lowered previously to immersion. Compressed air stored up in a copper globe served to renew the vitiated atmosphere at the will of the commander. Fulton was engaged on a new ship, the *Mute*, when death put an end to the workings of his restless brain. This vessel, perfected by the light of experience, was to be immersed only beneath the immediate surface of the water; and her course was to be directed by a helmsman, whose head rose just above the deck.

The brothers Coessin entered the lists at Havre in 1809 with a submarine vessel propelled by oars, which communicated a speed of two miles an hour to her when submerged. The method which they adopted to procure a continuous supply of fresh air was, however, vicious and unworkable. Long leather tubes terminating in floats led from the body of the vessel to the sea-surface, like the tentacles of some strange sea-serpent. The resistance to the passage of the boat

caused by these tubes as they trailed through the superincumbent water must have been very great; and the chances of fouling, or being dragged under water, were far from infinitesimal. Nevertheless, the Commissioners appointed by the National Institute of France reported 'that there is no longer any doubt of the possibility of establishing submarine navigation and at a trifling expense.'

A noted smuggler named Johnson designed the largest of all submarine boats, in which he proposed to carry off Napoleon from the island of St Helena. His vessel was one hundred feet in length, and her spars and rigging could be lowered and made fast to the deck. He determined to make the land at nightfall, sink beneath the sea-surface, and approach sufficiently close to enable him to land one of the conspirators, who should arrange with the illustrious captive a plan for evading the vigilance of the guards. Johnson was promised a fabulous sum if success should crown his efforts; and he was to receive four thousand pounds directly his vessel was ready for sea. Too late! The report of the great leader's death was received on the day that the rescue-ship was coppered. This smuggler was a man of iron nerve, and had repeated the experiments of Bushnell and Fulton at the instance of the British government. Once his boat got jammed below water, and it seemed to him an impossibility to regain the surface before the explosion took place, in which event he would inevitably have been hurled headlong into eternity. His assistant, quite unmanned at the near prospect of an awful death, fell on his knees, sobbing forth the name of his wife, to whom he had been married but a few days. Johnson got the boat clear by herculean efforts, and rose to the surface just in time to avoid the area of explosion. Subsequently, he navigated under the surface of the Thames in a boat capable of remaining under water with her crew for eight hours without any necessity for introducing fresh air.

Coming down to more recent times, we find that, in 1882, a Roumanian invented a submarine ship, which, according to his specifications, could be guided for twelve hours when completely immersed. The depth of immersion could be varied from one hundred to three hundred feet at the will of the operator, and enough light was supplied to enable those on board to see a distance of one hundred and thirty feet ahead. The air supplied to this boat was sufficient to last for fourteen hours; and the air reservoir could be filled again if necessary, even though under water, by means of telescopic tubes sent to the surface. Her progress through the water was to be absolutely noiseless, and great results were hoped for from this death-dealing apparatus. Nothing further can be ascertained with respect to this boat.

The American boat *Peacemaker* has, however, created the greatest sensation in the nautical world. Like most of her kind, she is cigar-shaped, with thinned ends, and when seen floating on the surface of the ocean, somewhat resembles a capsized yacht. She is thirty feet long, eight feet beam, and seven feet six inches depth of hold; and has a shell-plating seven-eighths of an inch thick, well stiffened, so as to withstand the greatest probable pressure of water. Her crew

consists of a helmsman and an engineer, who obtain admission into the hold by a small man-hole, which is then closed with a closely fitting lid. A dome projecting from the upper surface of the hull is fitted with glass windows, to enable the helmsman, who stands with his head in this raised space, to made good the course when the vessel is not submerged. These feeble parts are protected from injury by a kind of crest, which runs fore and aft, thus giving her the peculiar appearance to which we have previously referred. Some sleeves, fashioned from impermeable material, are fixed behind and on each side of the dome, so that the helmsman may readily apply the torpedoes at the most opportune moment by inserting his hands into the sleeves. Compressed air is stored up in tubes fixed to her sides; and it is proposed to absorb the carbonic acid and all other deleterious products of combustion by chemical means. She is lit up by electricity, and propelled by a steam-engine of fourteen horse-power, having its boiler surrounded by an iron jacket, like one iron pot inside of another, inclosing between it and the boiler a saturated solution of caustic soda, which possesses great heating power when water-vapour is passed into it. The funicular railways of America avail themselves of the same method, and thus avoid smoke and dirt. Instead of permitting the steam to escape into the atmosphere, it is condensed inside the jacket containing the caustic soda. The latent heat of the steam is set free by condensation, and adds itself to the heat of the dissolution of caustic soda in water. This system may be compared to a boiler in which the caustic soda replaces the combustible, and the vapour performs the part of the oxygen of the air which feeds the furnaces. When it is wished to get under way, the boiler is first filled with water heated to the boiling-point, and the soda solution is put inside the jacket at a temperature of about two hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit. The result of a recent trial trip was very satisfactory, for she is said to have attained a velocity of eight miles an hour when well submerged, and to be capable of retaining this rate of travel for several hours. Her submersion is effected by filling her ballast-tanks with water; and she is raised by working a rudder which is movable about a horizontal axis. A pressure-gauge indicates the depth to which the boat has descended, and, owing to the position of the centre of gravity, there is no tendency to 'turn turtle.' The torpedoes are fastened to her sides, tied each to the other with a cord. An external covering of cork renders them buoyant; and they are furnished with electro-magnets, so that they may adhere to the bottom of the vessel destined for destruction. The arrangement is such that, when let go from the *Peacemaker*, by the helmsman inserting his arms into the before-mentioned impermeable sleeves, a continuous current circulates.

The results leave little to be desired so far as they go; but it would be premature to follow the Americans in their extravagant praise until further trials have been made under varying conditions. Admiral Porter, of the United States navy, is firmly of opinion that with six such submarine boats he could either drive off or sink any hostile fleet bent on attacking New York. Professor Tuck, the designer of this sarcastically

named boat, says that he can construct a full-sized, powerful submarine steamship which shall navigate the waters between Dover and Calais without causing any of that *mal de mer* which renders the passage of the 'silver streak' so objectionable to landsmen. Probably, pleasure-seekers or Cook's tourists would prefer to suffer, than to risk evils which they know not of.

The *Porpoise*, in 1886, at Liverpool was the first vessel propelled by electric power. She was thirty-seven feet long, six feet wide amidships, tapered to a point at each end, and had a 'conning' tower and water-tight manhole similar to those of the *Peacemaker*. She is sunk by the introduction of water-ballast, aided by the adjustment of inclinable side-planes, and has a self-acting horizontal rudder placed right aft, to keep her horizontal. She is fitted to carry compressed air; but four people have been shut up in her hold for three hours without experiencing any ill effects. The inventor imagines that she can be used as a submarine torpedo boat, and it is suggested that a diver wearing a Fleuss dress and apparatus should leave the boat when in proximity to any vessel that it is intended to blow up, affix a torpedo to her, and return through a water-tight compartment. How this manœuvre is going to turn out in practice is far from understandable.

The *Nautilus*, last, though not least, of the evil brood lately experimented with in the West India Docks at London, is built of five-sixteenths-of-an inch steel, which it is calculated will resist the pressure of the water at a depth of four hundred and twenty feet. Her form is the usual cigar affected by vessels built for submarine purposes. She is sixty feet in length, and of eight feet diameter at her widest section. In order that the boat may descend below the surface of the sea, it is only necessary to reduce by half a ton her total displacement of fifty tons. To this end, she is fitted with eight hydraulic cylinders, which can be run in or out either by hand or with the engines. As these cylinders are drawn within the hull, the displacement decreases; she becomes heavier than the water she displaces, and consequently sinks. Reversely, when the hollow cylinders are run out, the upward pressure of the external water increases, and she rises. There are also horizontal and vertical rudders to assist her to regain the surface. She is propelled by twin screws worked by electricity, and is fitted with the electric light.

The Russian government has organised a fleet of fast cruisers; and our Admiralty has recently taken up the *Umbria*, a crack-ship of the Cunard Line, in order to convert her into an armed cruiser. The *Etruria*, a sister-ship, recently made the passage from the Fastnet to Sandy Hook, a distance of two thousand one hundred and ten miles, in a little less than six days five hours, at an average hourly speed of nineteen knots. This is a feat unprecedented in the annals of steam-navigation. It is not improbable that the historian of future naval warfare will have much to tell of the doings of these greyhounds of the ocean, which can either show a clean pair of heels to a heavy-armoured war-ship, or pounce upon and harass the unarmed merchant-ships of an enemy. This, at least, seems certain—that the record of the insidious attacks made by the sub-

marine vessels, the description of which we now bring to a close, will not be pleasant reading for people of weak nerves, for many a costly ship with her gallant crew will be brought to grief by these sea-monsters.

OLD STAIRS: A STORY OF LONG AGO.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAP. III.—THE HAUNTING SCENE.

THE old lamplighter's thoughts, as he sat alone at the gateway, had strayed into the past of fifty years ago. Caleb Cobb, going even half a century back, does not see in himself a very young man: he sees a middle-aged clerk, busy at a desk, poring over huge ledgers—a cashier in Rudstone, Marling, and Company's, with expectations of a junior partnership on the point of being realised. Rudstone is dead—has been dead time out of mind; and Solomon Marling, the merchant-prince, is the sole representative of the great house in Crutched Friars.

Looking up from his work one afternoon, Caleb perceives Mr Marling standing over him.

'Balancing the cash?'

'Yes, Mr Marling.'

The merchant nods approvingly, and takes up a position on the hearthrug with his back to a fireless grate.

The office is small and gloomy. A cupboard with iron-bound doors occupies the whole of one wall. It is the strong-room, and Caleb Cobb is the guardian. The place has the appearance of a prisoner's cell; for the window under which Caleb sits is crossed with iron bars.

'You will not be long?'

'I have almost finished.'

Mr Marling, stately in appearance, holds himself erect, and strokes a white whisker thoughtfully. 'When you have completed the balance, show me your memorandum.'

The tone in which he speaks, without any well-defined reason, jars upon Caleb's ear. Perhaps it is less courteous than usual. This is the cashier's impression, without a pause in his work; for he afterwards recalls every detail of this scene as one recalls a dream, when events bring it back vividly before him.

The memorandum is soon ready. Caleb hands it to the merchant.

'Ah! This is the amount in hand?'

'Yes, Mr Marling.'

'Compare this memorandum with the cash.'

The amount stated in the memorandum is considerable—some thousands of pounds. Caleb opens the safe and extracts piles of bank-notes and bags of gold. As he places these one after the other upon his desk, he records their value upon a sheet of paper. The total should agree—if the balance is correct—with the amount stated in the memorandum.

Can Caleb Cobb, the clear-headed cashier, have made a mistake in his calculations? There is an

error: the cash on paper does not correspond with the apparent cash in hand. He goes over his additions a second, even a third time.

Mr Marling, watching him keenly, says at last: 'Anything wrong?'

'Yes, Mr Marling. One thousand pounds.'

'A thousand pounds? A curious coincidence. —Have the kindness to touch your bell.'

Caleb promptly complies, and a clerk makes his appearance.

'Send Mr Ringwood here,' says the merchant.

Ringwood, one of the head-clerks, steps in and casts an inquiring glance at the merchant. He is a little man, of twenty-eight or thirty, with small sharp features and reddish hair.

'Just cast your eye,' Mr Marling instructs him, 'over the cash account. It would appear—at least so I understand from Mr Cobb—that there is some discrepancy.'

Caleb gives up his place at the desk to Ringwood, and stands beside him to explain each item. At length the auditing is completed, and Ringwood looks up and says: 'The discrepancy is in the third column.—Mr Cobb, it appears to me, is one thousand pounds short in his account.' He expresses this opinion with a malicious glitter in his small gray eyes. The look does not escape Caleb.

'Ah!—Be good enough, Ringwood,' says the merchant, 'to pay this cash into the bank as it stands.—Meanwhile, Mr Cobb will examine his cash-book, and account for this error, I trust, before leaving his office.'

As soon as the door is closed, Mr Marling, still stationed upon the hearthrug, turns to Caleb. 'Mr Cobb—the merchant's voice is unusually stern—this is a very serious affair. Unless the matter is cleared up to my complete satisfaction before nine o'clock to-morrow morning, I shall ask you to resign your position in our house.'

'Is it possible,' exclaims Caleb in despair, 'that you suspect me?'

'Caleb Cobb, it is not a mere question of suspicion. You are responsible to the firm, as head cashier, for the expenditure of capital. Explain this discrepancy in your books. What has become of the thousand pounds? Your character, I need scarcely add, depends upon your answer.' With these words, Mr Marling leaves Caleb to his meditations.

For hours, Caleb toils over the cash columns. But no light is thrown upon the affair. He unlocks every drawer in the strong-room, turns over every document, and looks into every recess. No sign of the thousand pounds. The money, in some unaccountable way, has disappeared. Has the strong-room been robbed? That would seem impossible. The keys—the large bunch which he holds in his hand—have never left his possession. Haunting thoughts of disgrace and ruin crowd his brain. His sweetheart, the woman to whom he has lately become engaged, will believe him innocent. But the world, unless he can prove the contrary before the morning, will regard him as a common defaulter. The shadow of prison chains rises up in his mind. The horror of his situation leaves him powerless for the moment to think or act. The question which

he begins to repeat to himself, over and over again with intension, becomes a mere mechanical utterance: 'What can it mean?'

All the clerks are gone. The place is silent and dark. Caleb sits motionless, with his head thrown down on his outstretched arms upon the desk. He is still repeating to himself mechanically, 'What can it mean?' Suddenly he starts up. The answer has flashed across his mind: Ringwood has done it!

He lights his shaded lamp, and sits down staring at it, with his elbows on his desk, holding his temples between his hands; and each moment it becomes clearer to him that Ringwood, bent upon his downfall, has concocted a plot to work his destruction.

Caleb is still seated in this attitude, when the door of the strong-room opens, and Mr Marling comes in, followed by the head-clerk. 'Well, Mr Cobb,' inquires the merchant, 'can you clear up this mystery?'

'Yes!' cries Caleb, looking fiercely at Ringwood. 'This man has robbed you, not me!'

Ringwood, whether through natural or feigned surprise, gasps as though Caleb had seized him by the throat.

'Mr Ringwood,' the merchant demands, 'what have you to say to this?'

'It is false!'

'Can you look me in the face,' exclaims Caleb, 'and say that?—Ringwood dined with me, Mr Marling, last evening. Over our wine I became unaccountably drowsy. The wine must have been drugged. I fell asleep, and slept nearly two hours. During that time, Ringwood—I am now convinced—went out with my keys and robbed the strong-room, to bring ruin upon me.'

'You are raving,' says Ringwood, trembling violently.

The merchant looks first at one clerk and then at the other. 'This is a strange story. Have you any proof—any witness to bring forward to support your accusation?'

After a moment's reflection, Caleb replies: 'I have none. Judge between us, Mr Marling.—My housekeeper, the only person in the house besides ourselves, had gone to bed.'

After a short silence, the merchant speaks. 'Let us go, all three of us, over to your house, and have a look round the room in which you dined together last evening. It's really very mysterious—very.—Will you have the kindness,' he adds, holding out his hand, 'to give me that bunch of keys?'

Caleb's house is in the Minorities—a good-sized house, neatly furnished, in anticipation of his impending marriage with Helen Haythorpe. The dining-room is panelled with dark oak; and there are two or three massive pieces of furniture against the wall. It has the appearance of a study, with its writing-desk and bookshelves and closed bureau. The housekeeper lighting the candles upon the mantel-piece, at the moment the three men enter, these prominent objects meet their sight.

Mr Marling, detaining the woman, puts these questions: 'Who dined here last night?'

'Mr Cobb, sir, and this gentleman.'

'Were they quite alone?'

'Quite alone.'

'Did you hear any one leave the house last night, after you went to bed?'

'Not a soul. I never slept more soundly, sir, than I did last night.'

'That will do,' says Mr Marling; and the woman goes out.

He glances round the room with a look of curiosity. 'You will raise no objection, I presume, to a search being made. Whether this mystery is solved or not, it must never be spoken of, after to-night, by any one of us three here assembled. The world must never know that I had reason to doubt the integrity of one of my clerks, especially the one in whom I had always placed implicit confidence. It affects my honour—nay, the credit of the house.' With this solemn prelude, Mr Marling gives Caleb the keys, and says, with a comprehensive wave of the hand: 'Open every drawer.'

So deeply is each incident impressed upon Caleb's mind, that although fifty years have passed, he feels as if he were still playing an active part in a scene—the closing scene—destined to be played upon that eventful day.

Caleb instinctively directs his eyes towards the bureau occupying the deep recess between the mantel-shelf and window; it is a bureau which contains the most important among his unofficial documents. Without a moment's hesitation, he selects a key out of the bunch, and, unfastening the lock, throws open the upper part, and displays a row of pigeon-holes and a number of drawers. Mr Marling stands on one side watching with keen eyes—so Caleb observes—as he takes out and turns over one bundle after another of his private papers for inspection; and on the other side Ringwood holds up a candle—Caleb also observes—and shades it with his hand, throwing the reflection of his trembling fingers on his own hateful face.

While Caleb is untying one of these packets, bound with a piece of red tape, a bundle of Bank of England notes slips out and falls upon the desk.

'What's this?' Mr Marling exclaims, placing his hand upon the bundle.

Caleb starts back amazed, and looks inquiringly at Ringwood's face. The shadow of his trembling fingers has vanished; his lips are tightly compressed, and his eyes glitter with greater enmity than before.

The merchant-prince, without the least sign of perturbation, seats himself at the table with the bundle of notes before him and begins to count. There are ten notes—and all their eyes are turned upon them—Bank of England notes, each of the value of one hundred pounds. 'The exact amount,' says Mr Marling. He folds up the notes and hands them to Ringwood. Then he turns, with a gathering cloud upon his face, towards Caleb: 'You are no longer a clerk of mine.'

'Mr Marling?'

The merchant holds up his hand to enforce silence. 'Listen to me,' he continues, rising from his seat. 'The matter is now quite clear. I had my suspicions, as you may have seen. You were—and still are—about one thousand pounds in debt. Can you deny this?'

'No.'

'Ah! now, Caleb Cobb,' says the merchant, 'why did you refrain from mentioning this debt

to me? Do you suppose that I should have refused, if needed for a legitimate object, to lend you such an amount?'

'Indeed,' says Caleb, 'I believe you would have lent me more. Hear me, I implore you. I never robbed you of one penny!'

'If needed for any legitimate object,' repeats Mr Marling, disregarding Caleb's words, 'such as, for example, the furnishing of this house, I would have made you any reasonable advance. I was on the point of asking you, as you might have surmised, to accept a junior partnership in the house; and on the day of your marriage with Miss Haythorpe, I had intended to make you a handsome present.—But it is useless,' adds the merchant, 'to mention that now. You have chosen another path in life. We have reached the cross-roads at which we must part.—Come, Mr Ringwood.—I have nothing more to say, except this: there will be no prosecution—no mention made of this to any one. It must, as I said just now, remain a secret among us three. If you have any defence to offer, Caleb Cobb, that will alter the case. I give you a week to settle your affairs. But under no circumstances, can you resume your duties in our firm.'

Caleb Cobb sees himself an outcast now—a wanderer, often without work, in the streets of London. One strong purpose sustains him: the thought of being revenged. It is a thought which in his lamplighting ways and byways haunts him like his own shadow; and, when a darker shadow falls over his eyes—one that can never more be lifted—the purpose grows even stronger, until at last—

What voice was that? Some one with a young voice and a firm footstep was passing the gateway where Caleb sat. The old lamplighter seemed to awake at the sound out of his brooding, for he started and cried out feebly, 'Ringwood! and grasping his stick, staggered to his feet. But no notice was taken of his cry: the voice, singing merrily, died out with a gust of wind at the door of the *Loyal Tar*; and Caleb Cobb, shaking from head to foot, fell helpless to the ground.

CHAP. IV.—WHY THE LAMP BURNS.

A strong, friendly arm supporting him, and a soft hand holding his own, partly recalled Caleb to himself. But the young voice and the firm footstep still haunted his ear. He surely had been dreaming—dreaming of fifty years ago. How could Ringwood's voice—the voice of his old enemy—sound so young and cheerful now? He should be eighty—at least eighty—if still living. But the old lamplighter had for a long time past believed that his fellow-clerk was dead. He had listened for so long—so very long—that a sense of mysterious terror had seized upon him. It was like a voice from the dead: the very thought was a hideous unreality: it appalled him. Was it possible that they could ever meet on this side of the grave?

'Why, grandfather!—it was Pearl's voice now—what has happened? Your hand is trembling, dear. Did you fall?'

'Ay, ay,' Caleb answered, stretching out his arm gropingly. 'I'm a bit overset, I think. This is the old gateway, ain't it?'

'Why, Mr Cobb,' said Jarvis, 'don't you

remember? I promised to come back with Pearl; and here we are.'

'Yes, yes,' said the old man, as Jarvis helped him to regain his feet—'I remember. It's the churchyard where she lies.—Dear me, dear me! Can it be fifty years ago? It seemed, while I sat here, only yesterday. I thought— Did you hear any one singing, Pearl, as you came along?'

'No, grandfather.—Shall we go home?' asked the girl anxiously. 'You are tired. You should not have come out alone, dear, on a night like this.'

'Not to be near her resting-place?—Ah, well! Perhaps you're right.—Come, Pearl,' said Caleb; 'come, John. Let us go home. I'll visit the old gateway no more until I'm laid beside her.'

He walked very feebly, and leaned heavily upon Jarvis as they made their way towards Old Stairs. But then the wind was as rough as ever, and grew rougher still as they approached the river-bank: it was scarcely surprising that the blind old lamplighter was sometimes stumbling in his pace. Pearl, struggling along bravely at his side, spoke laughingly to cheer him.

'Look, John!' said she, as they approached the jetty and came in sight of Caleb's home—'look how brightly our lamp is burning! No wonder Number One is called the "Little Lighthouse." There's no one can trim a lamp like grandfather.'

The fire was burning brightly, too, as they entered and shut out the wind. Caleb, still leaning upon John's arm, slowly crossed the room and sank down wearily in his armchair beside the hearth. He was still strangely agitated; and the trembling of his hand to-night was due, as Pearl observed, to something more than old age. She noticed, as she leaned over him caressingly, and took from him his hat and stick, that he was paler and more wrinkled than she remembered to have seen him during all those days that she had watched his anxious face.

She exchanged a quick, inquiring glance with Jarvis, and then began to lay the table for supper with a light step, accompanied by snatches of songs. She feared that her grandfather would read her thoughts, and she feigned merriment, in order to conceal her increasing distress; for Pearl dreaded that at any moment Mark Ringwood might return.

'Are you going?' said she, with surprise, as Jarvis put out his hand.—'Won't you stop and take a bit of something with us? The supper is almost ready.'

'No, thank you, Pearl—not to-night. Another evening.—Good-bye, Mr Cobb.'

'Good-bye, John,' said Caleb, holding out both his hands. 'You're a kind lad. I don't know what we should do without you. Eh, Pearl? I don't know what we should do without a friend like John.'

'No, indeed,' answered Pearl with a grateful expression in her eyes. 'He is the best of friends.' Then she added: 'You will come to-morrow, won't you?'

Jarvis promised; and with a lingering look at the girl's face, as though he would read her thoughts, went out into the night.

Pearl knew that Jarvis loved her, though he had never spoken. She loved him too, as a sister

loves, with true devotion. His many acts of kindness to her—his untiring attention to her grandfather—had awakened a painful sense of regret that she could never feel as he would wish towards him. He had seemed to her in her childhood to take a brother's place in her heart. He was her brother still. Was it in the nature of things that she should change?

It was with such thoughts as these—thoughts which daily recurred to her busy brain—that Pearl moved about the little room, and still sang snatches of songs while engaged in her household duties. And she frequently cast a loving glance towards her grandfather, as if he must know, though he could not see her bright, dimpling face, that he was not forgotten.

Caleb was unusually silent to-night; and Pearl began to notice an expression on his face which she had observed before, though never without concern. He appeared to her to be listening, and listening with a most intense expression of purpose and suspense. What could have happened? The wind whistled and groaned and fled up the river with a shuddering sound. Could he be listening to that? In his present humour she dreaded to speak to him of Mark Ringwood; and yet she knew that if she delayed, Ringwood would return and it would be too late.

'Come, grandfather,' said the girl, placing her hand in his, 'the supper is ready now. You must be hungry, after such a breezy walk. Are you not?'

He allowed her to lead him to the table, docile as a child. But when he was seated in his place, he leaned back, as though he had forgotten, if indeed he had comprehended, the reason for leaving his armchair.

Pearl had often seen him bowed down by fits of depression, and often absent-minded for hours together, but never so strange as he appeared now. 'Dear grandfather,' said she coaxingly, 'you are eating nothing; and I've cooked such a nice little supper—sausages and mashed potatoes. It's your favourite dish, you know.'

At the sound of her voice, he sat up and turned his poor blind look smilingly towards her. The expression brought tears to the young girl's eyes. He ate without appetite, as though forcing himself to exhibit some heartiness simply to please her. Returning presently to his armchair, when he no longer heard Pearl's knife and fork, he said in a thoughtful tone: 'Pearl, my dear?'

'Yes, grandfather.'

'The lamp in the window is burning—burning brightly still, is it not?'

'It is indeed.'

After pondering a moment, and tugging nervously at a coat button, Caleb resumed: 'When I'm gone—when I'm dead, and buried beside her in the old churchyard, that lamp will go out. It won't be worth any one's while, I should reckon, to keep it trimmed.—I never told you,' he added, 'what first put the idea of trimming that lamp into my head; did I?'

'Wasn't it, grandfather, to light the boatmen on rough dark nights like this?'

'Partly, my dear. But there was another reason. I had a strange fancy, when my eyesight went, and I had to give up the street lamps—I had a strange fancy that some one—some one who once did me a great wrong—might be

attracted, just as a moth is attracted by a flame, towards this house. I wanted to get him—as I have wanted for fifty years past—wanted badly to get him into my clutches. While I had the use of my eyes—and I made the street lamps as bright as possible, so that they might aid me after dark—I could look out for the man at every turning; and I did.—It was a strange fancy, wasn't it?"

"Yes—very strange." And Pearl, with the young sailor and the sealed packet ever present in her thoughts, added, after a moment's reflection: "Is it so long as fifty years ago?"

"Yes; rather more than fifty. It's fifty years to-night, my dear, since my old sweetheart, Helen Haythorpe, died of a broken heart."

Pearl kneeled down beside Caleb and took his hand between her own. "Poor grandfather! How you must have loved her."

"I loved her," said Caleb, in a faltering voice.—"I loved her as much as I hated him—as I hate him still!"

"But, grandfather—after all these years—he must be dead."

"Ah! why do you say that?" cried Caleb. "Pearl, my dear, I have a sort of presentiment—it's always stronger upon me when this day comes round—that if my old enemy, Ringwood, was dead, I should hear of it to-night."

The girl involuntarily pressed the old man's hand and looked nervously towards the door. "Ringwood?"

"Yes.—Listen to me, Pearl," said Caleb with strange energy in his tone. "On the night she died, I cursed him. I curse him now and all that belongs to him, and I call upon heaven!"

"Grandfather! Will you let me speak?" She had placed an agitated hand upon his lips.

He caught the hand in his fingers with a tight grip. "What do you mean?" said the old man. "Hide nothing from me!"

Still kneeling beside him, with the light of the fire upon her uplifted face, the girl answered in a trembling voice: "This evening, grandfather, while you were waiting at the old gateway, a small boat came alongside the jetty. Your lamp, burning in the window, had acted as a beacon. The boat would otherwise have been capsized among the barges. I had just returned home, and hearing a cry, ran out with the lantern. There was a sailor in the boat. He asked me, as soon as he had landed, to direct him to Number One Old Stairs. He said that he had been told that Caleb Cobb lived there, and added that he wished particularly to see him."

"He asked for me?" said Caleb in a breathless voice.

"I told him that you were not at home, but that you would return in an hour or so."

"What was he like?" Caleb eagerly inquired. "Was he young or old?"

"A young sailor. A sailor," continued Pearl in a faltering tone, "with fair curling hair and handsome eyes. He had a very honest face, grandfather—he had indeed."

"Ah! His name, Pearl—what was that?"

"His name?" repeated the girl, with feigned indifference. "Oh, I'm coming to that.—He followed me to our door; and as I was on the point of stepping in—with my finger on the latch—he touched his breast-pocket and said:

"Will you take charge of a packet for me? It's valuable. If I intrust it to you, it will be so much off my mind."

"You refused?"

"Dear grandfather, how could I refuse? He followed me into this room, and took out the packet—and a good-sized one it is too—and gave it to me. It's like a large letter, sealed with four black seals, and it's addressed "Caleb Cobb, London."—Shall I—shall I open it?"

Caleb made no answer. His thoughts were wandering—as it soon became clear to Pearl—wandering into the past; for when she added, "The packet contains, I believe, a message from the dead," still the old lamplighter was silent.

At last he spoke. "It was he who robbed the house of Rudstone and Company. The sum was one thousand pounds.—Shall I never meet the man—never have justice?" and Caleb covered his face with his hands. "I told her all—everything, and she never doubted me. That was my consolation: it has been my only one for all these years." He paused a moment, with his head still bent. "But it broke her heart—it broke her poor young heart. How could I marry her? How could I face her honest friends? They were proud, and wealthy too. Poor Helen! She would have shared a garret with me. But I was an outcast; I was branded as a thief! It killed her; and her death is at his door.—Have I not had good cause to hate him?" Once more he was silent for a while, but never raised his face. "At first—for I was strong enough—I worked at the docks—I worked there like a horse. If I hadn't tired myself out with bodily exertion, I should have assuredly gone raving mad. One day, as I was lifting a bale of goods upon a truck, I overheard the superintendent relating to an old sea-captain how a man named Ringwood—head cashier in the house of Rudstone, Marling, & Company—had been taken into the firm as a junior partner. It stunned me as much as though I had been struck down."

The pause was longer this time; and Pearl, stealing quietly to the old bureau, brought out the sealed packet, and had regained her place at his side before he resumed.

"I was queer in the head for months after that; and when I left the hospital, I was still weak and ill. I never got all my strength back again. It was then that I took to lamplighting; and although it came to my ears that Ringwood had gone abroad, and was representing the great house in the East Indies, I never lost all hope that the day would come when we should meet again face to face. I never lost all hope that the day would come."

Suddenly, Caleb stopped. A loud knocking shook the street door; and a voice, which sounded distinctly above the noisy storm, called out: "Is Caleb Cobb at home?"

The girl had risen to her feet; and Caleb, with his face eagerly upturned, had also risen, and with a threatening gesture was stepping forward, when Pearl stopped him. "Grandfather, it's the messenger," she whispered soothingly in his ear—"the messenger who left this packet."

"What messenger? I tell you it's his voice.—Let me pass! I'm old, I know, and blind; but—"

The visitor, as though blown in by a gust of

wind, stood before them. Shutting the door quickly, he folded his arms, and leaning his back against the panelling, looked down with compassion at the old lamplighter.

CAN IMAGINATION KILL?

MEDICAL doctors and persons experienced in human ailments are acquainted with the important part which imagination plays in respect to the origin and cure of diseases. Medical aid is sometimes sought by persons who *really* believe themselves suffering from some bodily affliction, but who, when examined, are found to be quite free from every possible ailment. It is also well known that sick persons recover quickly or slowly according as they have or have not faith in their medical adviser or in his nostrums. This introduces the much wider subject of faith-healing, on which a great deal has recently been said, and by means of which much benefit appears to have been derived.

Cases in which illnesses are originated or aggravated by the imagination are numerous; but those which have terminated fatally are comparatively rare. At first, it is difficult to lead one's self to believe that imagination can really kill; but a brief consideration of the slight effects produced in less serious cases prepares the way for further belief. One or two instances of non-fatal cases will suffice.

Some time ago, a girl about sixteen years of age had a prescription made up at a chemist's. The prescription was a double one—part being for internal use, and part for external application only. The usual red 'Poison' label was affixed to the bottle containing the lotion, and a verbal caution was also given. The girl, having been under medical treatment for some time previous, was permitted to take and apply the medicines herself; and so careful was she, that her precautions to avoid mistakes were the subject of frequent comment and occasional banter. One day, a male cousin, having unfortunately resolved to play her a practical joke, transposed the labels on the bottles—which in other respects were not very much unlike—soon after the girl had taken her first dose. In an apparently careless way, her attention was directed to the bottles, and, to her horror, she discovered that she must have drunk some of the lotion. Within half an hour she had frightened herself into the belief that she was poisoned. She complained of a burning sensation in the throat and stomach, of colic, and other symptoms of poisoning. A little later, she was seized with an overpowering tendency to sleep. The doctor was summoned in haste. He heard the girl's story, and applied such remedies as he thought proper. But the girl grew worse. She was sinking so rapidly, that at last the frightened and hitherto silent culprit confessed what he had done. At first, the girl did not believe him; and it was not until the doctor had taken a large dose from the red labelled

bottle that she was convinced. Then she began to recover, and in a few hours the immediate effects of the practical joke had left her.

A well-authenticated case is told of a young lady who for seven years or more has been under the impression that she is paralysed. She looks strong and healthy, but lies all day on a couch, and has to be carried about in an invalid chair. She shrieks with pain whenever a limb is moved. Her parents have taken her to at least a dozen physicians—some of the most eminent men in London—and all agree that she is in perfect health. One of them plainly told her, after a most exhaustive examination, that she was simply wasting her parents' money, and added, that he would gladly give a hundred pounds in exchange for such a constitution as hers.

And now as to the fatal cases. Some time last summer, an inquest was held in London on the body of a young woman who, it was supposed, had poisoned herself. The usual examination of the contents of the stomach was made by the government analyst, Dr Tidy; but no traces of poison could be detected. The examination showed, however, that the stomach contained a powder which in appearance and general character corresponded with a certain insect powder. Now, the manufacturer claims that this powder is absolutely non-poisonous, and chemists do not regard as a poison the vegetable from which this powder is prepared. Dr Tidy at the time tried its effects upon a rabbit and a dog, and although experiments on so limited a scale are by no means conclusive, still neither animal was affected by it. In the absence of evidence of other causes to account for death, the only assumption that could therefore be made was, that the woman had taken the insect powder, believing it to be poisonous, and through her own imagination caused her death.

Some years ago, Napoleon III., while Emperor of France, permitted a French physician to experiment on a convict who was sentenced to death. The condemned man was delivered to the physician, who had him strapped to a table and blindfolded, ostensibly for the purpose of being bled to death. Near the drooping head was placed a vessel of water, which, by means of a siphon arrangement, trickled audibly into a basin below, at the same moment that a superficial scratch with a needle was made right across the culprit's neck. Perfect silence was maintained, and in six minutes the man was dead.

General Johnston, leader of the Confederate armies, tells of a case that came under his own observation. He, when a lieutenant, learned that some acquaintances had concocted a plan for testing the power of imagination on the human system. The plan was that half a dozen of them should, apparently by accident, meet some particular individual and comment on his appearance of extreme illness. A healthy young man was selected for experiment; and the result of this joke was that he sickened and died.

Another case is said to have occurred in a university town in Scotland. A college porter having made himself particularly obnoxious to the students, they resolved to be revenged upon him. For this purpose, they decoyed him into a room one night, held a mock inquiry into his bad

behaviour, and, with a great outward show of solemnity, sentenced him to be decapitated—the execution to take place at once. The terrified porter was led to a quiet corner where stood a huge block and a keen axe; he was then blindfolded, and compelled to kneel and lay his head on the block. The executioner struck him on the neck with a wet towel, and the porter was lifted up—dead.

STORIES OF SEVEN BOYS.

BY ONE OF THEM.

It is sometimes said of families, as of nations, that the happiest are those that have no history. But every family, and especially every large family, has one history at anyrate that is very dear and very real to all its members, for the heroes of this history are the members of the family, its scene is the nursery floor, and its rulers and lawgivers are 'father' and 'mother.' Happy, indeed, is the family where this history is a full one, and unhappy is the family that has no such history. Looking back on our own nursery days, I cannot say that we were precocious children—I do not think we were even clever children—but judging from the stories that are told of us and *at* us, we must have been to some extent amusing children. Whether there would have been more or fewer stories to tell, if, instead of being seven boys, we had been seven girls, or even seven boys *and* girls, is an open question. Seven boys we were, and as such, the stories that form our history are told of us.

We were always town boys. Who but a town boy could have been the hero of such a tale as this? One of us, then only three or four years old, was on a visit to the country. To him, many of the commonest objects of country life were novel, so much so, that even a horse quietly grazing in a roadside field was accounted worthy of special attention, and was accordingly pointed out to the young townsman. 'See, Arthur; there's a horse.' The reply was as prompt as it was unexpected: '*That's* not a horse; it's a cow!'—'No, no; that one over there;' and the horse was pointed out again. Remonstrance, however, was vain, for the youngster still held to his theory. 'It isn't a horse,' he declared with an air of conviction based on experience—'*it isn't* a horse. It's a cow! Horses has cabs to 'em!' And no amount of argument could induce the young townsman to entertain the bare idea of a horse without a cab.

At one time we had a little sister. Her immediate predecessor had among his toys an india-rubber doll that squeaked on being hammered in the stomach. One day the nurse left the baby-girl quietly sleeping in her cradle, with her youngest brother playing contentedly in the room. Before long, the nurse was brought back by loud cries from the baby; and on hurrying to find a reason for this disturbance, soon discovered it.

Not understanding that there was any material difference between the doll and his baby-sister, it had occurred to the young gentleman, who had *probably* heard the baby cry, that the cries were produced in the same manner in both instances. Fired with a mistaken ambition to make the 'new dolly' cry for himself, he had promptly seized the opportunity afforded by the nurse's absence, and was vigorously pounding his sister's stomach, accompanying each thrust by the command, 'Queak, dolly! queak!' and delightedly increasing the power of his tattoo as the unfortunate baby's cries grew louder.

Another brother, staying at the time with his grandmother, was very restless one afternoon, and not content with admiring the view from the window himself, must needs draw his grandmother's attention again and again to passing objects. At last he espied a policeman, and asked: 'What's he looking for, gam'ma?' Here was an opening for well-merited reproof, and the reply was no doubt intended to crush the juvenile questioner: 'Oh, I should think he's looking for naughty little boys!' But the watch at the window was resumed, and before long another policeman came in sight, to be greeted by a delighted exclamation, that called forth from the grandmother the pointed inquiry: 'Well, what's he looking for?' This time it was the youngster's turn, and it was with an air of steady conviction that he announced: 'I should think he's looking for naughty gam'mas!'

The same young gentleman early displayed a marked partiality for the fair sex, and returning one evening from a children's party, was heard to complain, in a very injured tone: 'I wis' little girls' mammas wouldn't put so many pins in 'em. I just put my arm round one of der necks, and I pricked myself ever so!'

A youngster under four years old was going from home for a while. His governess was to be left behind; and feigning deep sorrow at his abandonment of her, she asked what she was to do while he was away. 'Oh, sit on a mossy 'tone and weep,' was the quick and apt reply, worthy of a proverbial philosopher himself.

The confusing tendency of the multiplicity of drawers affected by chemists as a background to their counters, and of their habit of using the drawers for other articles than the drugs whose formidable and high-sounding names they bear, is well shown in the following anecdote. One of us was sent to the chemist's on some little errand. Thirsting for knowledge, the youth carefully followed every movement of the man of bottles, and returned to pose his father with a curious question: 'Papa, what is *Jalap Rad.*?' As best he could, the father explained the uses of the potent root, to the bewilderment of his son, whose rapidly formed conclusion was being as rapidly undermined. At last his disappointment found words: 'Hm! I thought it meant corks! I saw him take corks out of that drawer, anyway.' He fancied he had discovered the medical name for corks!

Not only were we town boys; we were inland boys also, and the common objects of the countryside were not less familiar to us than those of

the beach. Shrimps were to us unknown—not so crickets. One of us craning himself up to the level of the table edge, which he could then hardly reach, caught sight of some shrimps on the tea-table one day. Now, on the nursery tea-table there had been no shrimps, and this division of the spoils struck young hopeful as not quite fair, so he asked at once: 'Aren't I to have no crickets to my tea?'

Editors of books of quotations likely to fall into the hands of children, please note the next incident, which occurred to the youth who was the hero of the 'Jalap Rad.' mistake. He picked up a book of quotations, and again and again he came across the word 'Ibid.' at the close of quotations. At last he jumped at its meaning, and recognising in conversation a passage so terminated in the book, avowed that he knew who wrote that—'It was Ibid.' One of his brothers made a very similar mistake when he inquired, 'Who was "Old Ballad" who wrote *Babes in the Wood*?'

Such are some of the stories that are told of us. We are still seven, but whether we should all approve of being dubbed 'boys' is a matter of grave doubt. Each year the new stories grow fewer, but the old ones become more and more interesting as their heroes grow in years.

DISCOVERY OF FRESCOS IN DUBLIN.

Those who have wandered much through the principal Italian towns with the laudable desire of seeing all that is to be seen, must, like Nathaniel Hawthorne, have often felt rather overdone with frescoes, especially the modern highly coloured specimens which floridly greet the eye of the spectator on entering the churches, and gaudily hold their own in rivalry with the altar-pieces in oils or mosaics. But to the archaeologist, frescoes must ever be interesting, being the most ancient mode of painting at present in use, the fresh durable colours requiring no particular standpoint from which to be viewed, and looking as clear to-day as when fresh from the painter's brush hundreds of years ago. The subjects are mainly scriptural, as being suitable to churches; the inimitable quaintness of those adorning the walls of the crypt of St Peter's, Rome, and the mixture of weirdness and grotesqueness of those in the Campo Santo at Pisa, most forcibly appeal to all those for whom originality and quaintness of conception possess a charm.

The recent discoveries of interesting antiquities in the ancient church of St Audoen's, Dublin, has been a great find for archaeologists, comprising as they do frescoes of the thirteenth century, remarkable monuments dedicated to a family named Malone, as well as other monuments of extreme antiquity. On the wall over the Malone monument are a number of stucco figures representing a priest in the act of celebrating mass, while around are a number of acolytes assisting. Other noteworthy finds are three of those architectural curiosities called 'squints' or hagioscopes. These latter are neither more nor less than peepholes used for observing divine service by those who did not wish to mix with the congregation, or to be seen by them.

It is not surprising that the capital city of the 'Isle of Saints' should be rich in objects of

antiquarian interest, which are stored chiefly in her churches. The recent unearthing of the old chapter-house of Christ's Church Cathedral, and the perhaps still more interesting archaeological discoveries at St Mary's Abbey, prove to what an extent the excavations of the Board of Works have been and may yet be rewarded by researches in the ancient quarters of that city.

Two churches almost adjoining—one belonging to the Protestant, the other to the Roman Catholic Church—are, curiously enough, dedicated to the same saint, St Audoen. It is in the Protestant church that the interesting discoveries are being made; these centre chiefly in St Anne's Chapel (leading from the main entrance), in an altar recess of which are the frescoes. They are in the early Italian style and are in a fair state of preservation. They represent the Trinity; and, after a careful study, there is discernible the head of the Father, beneath which is the Dove descending from His lips in the direction of the Redeemer on the cross; and around are angels in attitudes of adoration. The colouring is chaste and simple—a deep cream ground, on which the figures are outlined in red; and the whole forms a fair-sized altar-piece. The upper part is well defined, and the colouring distinct, especially the head of the Father; but the lower part is a good deal defaced, notwithstanding the greatest precautions being used during the excavation. These are the only frescoes that have as yet been discovered in Ireland. The ruins of this interesting old church will repay a visit. The discovery of a narrow winding passage, leading from the church to the adjacent street, through solid blocks of masonry, adds still further to the interest of the excavations.

ABSIT OMEN.

THERE never was anything like to-day!
You and your eyes, and the breath of May:
A hint of Summer, to make us glad;
A tinge of Winter, to keep us sad;
Brown boughs clothed in a mist of green—
Green, with the pink of the buds between.
But the naked hollows here and there,
The light wind wandering everywhere,
Fills with the grace of the tossing leaves.
It is Spring at last, for who sees believes;
And I have not a grief that I know of—none.
—There's only a cloud come over the sun!

What have you done to embitter the day?
One little word, and the blue turned gray.
The rain-clouds gather, and more behind;
The wind that was gentle has grown unkind.
As you sit there silent, it seems like years
Since last you spoke, yet my heart still hears.
Nay, never look up! No blue in the sky!
The sad spring blossoms go drifting by;
They had only just had the time to blow,
When you changed your mind, and they had to go.
Winter's not over, nor Spring begun;
What have you done, Sweet, what have you done?

VIOLET HUNT.

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THE MAKERS OF SUMMER.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES.

THE leaves are starting here and there from green buds on the hedge; but within doors, a warm fire is still necessary, when one day there is a slight sound in the room, so peculiar, and yet so long forgotten, that though we know what it is, we have to look at the object before we can name it. It is a house-fly, woke up from his winter sleep, on his way across to the window-pane, where he will buzz feebly for a little while in the sunshine, flourishing best like a hothouse plant under glass. By-and-by he takes a turn or two under the centre-piece, and finally settles on the ceiling. Then, one or two other little flies of a different species may be seen on the sash; and in a little while the spiders begin to work, and their round silky cocoons are discovered in warm corners of the woodwork. Spiders run about the floors and spin threads by the landing-windows; where there are webs, it is certain the prey is about, though not perhaps noticed. Next, some one finds a moth. Poor moth! he has to suffer for being found out.

As it grows dusk, the bats flitter to and fro by the house; there are moths then abroad for them. Upon the cucumber frame in the sunshine, perhaps there may be seen an ant or two, almost the first out of the nest; the frame is warm. There are flowers open, despite the cold wind and sunless sky; and as these are fertilised by insects, it follows that there must be more winged creatures about than we are conscious of. How strange it seems, on a bleak spring day, to see the beautiful pink blossom of the apricot or peach covering the gray wall with colour! snow-flakes in the air at the time. Bright petals are so associated with bright sunshine, that this seems backward and inexplicable, till it is remembered that the flower probably opens at the time nearest to that which in its own country brings forth the insects that frequent it. Now and again, humble-bees go by with a burr; and it is curious

to see the largest of them all, the big bombus, hanging to the little green gooseberry blossom. Hive-bees, too, are abroad with every stray gleam of sun; and perhaps now and then a drone-fly—last seen on the blossoms of the ivy in November. A yellow butterfly, a white one, afterwards a tortoise-shell—then a sudden pause, and no more butterflies for some time. The rain comes down, and the gay world is blotted out. The wind shifts to the south, and in a few days the first swallows are seen and welcomed, but, as the old proverb says, they do not make a summer. Nor do the long-drawn notes of the nightingale, nor even the jolly cuckoo, nor the tree-pipit, no, nor even the soft coo of the turtle-dove, and the smell of the May-flower. It is too silent even now; there are the leading notes; but the undertone—the vibration of the organ—is but just beginning. It is the hum of insects and their ceaseless flitting that make the summer more than the birds or the sunshine. The coming of summer is commonly marked in the dates we note by the cuckoo and the swallow and the oak-leaves; but till the butterfly and the bee—one with its colour, and one with its hum—fill out the fields, the picture is but an outline sketch. The insects are the details that make the groundwork of a summer day. Till the humble-bees are working at the clover, it is too silent; so I think we may begin our almanac with the house-fly and the moth and the spider and the ant on the cucumber frame, and so on, till, finally, the catalogue culminates with the great yellow wasp. He is the final sign of summer; one swallow does not make it; one wasp does. He is a connoisseur of the good things of the earth, and comes not till their season.

On the top of an old wall covered with broad masses of lichen, the patches of which grew out at their edges as if a plate had taken to spreading at its rim, the tits were much occupied in picking out minute insects; the wagtails came too, sparrows, robins, hedge-sparrows, and occasionally a lark; a bare blank wall, to all appearance, and the bare lichen as devoid of life to our eyes.

Yet, there must have been something there for all these eager bills—eggs or pupæ. A jackdaw, with iron-gray patch on the back of his broad poll, dropped in my garden one morning, to the great alarm of the small birds, and made off with some large dark object in his beak—some beetle or shell, probably—I could not distinguish which, and should most likely have passed the spot without seeing it. The sea-kale, which had been covered up carefully with seaweed, to blanch and to protect it from the frost, was attacked in the cold dry weather in a most furious manner by blackbirds, thrushes, and starlings. They tore away the seaweed with their strong bills, pitching it right and left behind them in as workman-like style as any miner, and so boring deep notches into the edge of the bed. When a blackbird had made a good hole, he came back to visit it at various times of the day, and kept a strict watch. If he found any other blackbird or thrush infringing on his diggings, he drove him away ferociously. Never were such works carried on as at the edge of that seaweed; they moved a bushel of it. To the eye, there seemed nothing in it but here and there a small white worm; but they found plenty, and the weather being so bitter, I let them do much as they liked; I would rather feed than starve them.

Down at the seashore in the sunny hours, out from the woodwork of the groynes or bulwarks, there came a white spotted spider, which must in some way have known the height to which the tide came at that season, because he was far below high-water mark. The moles in an upland field had made in the summer a perfect network of runs. Out of curiosity, we opened some, and found in them large brown pupæ. In the summer-house, under the wooden eaves, if you look, you will find the chrysalis of a butterfly, curiously slung aslant, and waiting for the time to 'burst as a seraph on the blaze of day.' Coming down Galley Hill, near Hastings, one day, a party was almost stopped by finding they could only walk on thousands of caterpillars, dark with bright yellow bands, which had sprung out of the grass. The great nettles—now, nothing is so common as a nettle—are sometimes festooned with a dark caterpillar, hundreds upon each plant, hanging like bunches of currants. Could you find a spot the size of your watch-seal without an insect or the germ of one?

The agriculturists in some southern counties give the boys in spring threepence a dozen for the heads of young birds killed in the nest. The heads are torn off, to be produced, like the wolves' of old times, as evidence of extinction. This—apart from the cruelty of the practice—is, I think, a mistake, for, besides the insects that injure crops, there are some which may be suspected of being inimical to human life, if not directly, indirectly; and if it were not for birds, we should run a very good chance of being literally eaten up. The difficulty is that people cannot believe what they cannot immediately see, and there are very few who have the patience or who feel sufficient interest to study minute things.

I have taken these instances haphazard; they are large instances, as it were, of big and visible

things. They only give the rudest idea of the immensity and complexity of insect life in our own country. My friend the sparrow is, I believe, a friend likewise to man generally. He does a little damage, I admit; but if he were to resort to living on damage solely in his enormous numbers, we should not have a single flower or a single ear of wheat. He does not live by doing mischief alone evidently. He is the best scavenger the Londoners have got, and I counsel them to prize their sparrows, unless they would be overrun with uncomfortable creatures; and possibly he plays his part indirectly in keeping down disease. They say in some places he attacks the crocus. He does not attack mine, so I suspect there must be something wrong with the destroyed crocuses. Some tried to entice him from the flower with crumbs; they would perhaps have succeeded better if they had bought a pint of wheat at the seedsman's and scattered it. In spring, sparrows are not over-fond of crumbs; they are inordinately fond of wheat. During the months of continued dry, cold, easterly winds, which we have had to endure this season, all insect-eating birds have been almost as much starved as they are in winter when there is a deep snow. Nothing comes forth from the ground, nothing from the deep crannies which they cannot peck open; the larva remains quiescent in the solid timber. Not a speck can they find. The sparrow at such a time may therefore be driven to opening flower-buds. Looked at in a broad way, I am convinced he is a friend. I have always let them build about the house, and shall not drive them away.

If you do not know anything of insects, the fields are somewhat barren to you. The buttercups are beautiful, still they are buttercups every day. The thrush's song is lovely, still one cannot always listen to the thrush. The fields are but large open spaces after a time to many, unless they know a little of insects, when at once they become populous, and there is a link found between the birds and the flowers. It is like opening another book of endless pages and coloured illustrations on every page.

Blessings on the man, said Sancho Panza, who first invented sleep. Blessings on the man who first invented the scarlet geranium, and thereby brought the humming-bird moth to the window-sill; for, though seen ever so often, I can always watch it again hovering over the petals, and taking the honey, and away again into the bright sunlight. Sometimes, when walking along, and thinking of everything else but it, the beautiful peacock butterfly suddenly floats by the face like a visitor from another world, so highly coloured, and so original, and unlike and unexpected. In bright painters' work like the wings of butterflies, which often have distinct hues side by side, I think nature puts very little green; the bouquet is not backed with maiden-hair fern, the red and the blue and so on have no grass or leaves as a ground-colour; nor do they commonly alight on green. The bright colours are left to themselves unrelieved. None of the butterflies, I think, have green on the upper side of the wing; the Green Hairstreak has green under-wings, but green is not put forward.

Something the same may be noticed in flowers themselves; the broad surface, for instance, of the

peach and apricot, pink without a green leaf; the pear-tree white, but the leaves come quickly; the apple, an acre of pink and white, with the merest texture of foliage. Nor are there many conspicuous green insects—the grasshopper; some green flies; the lace-fly, a green body and delicate white wings. With the wild-flowers, on the contrary, there seems to come a great deal of green. There is scarcely a colour that cannot be matched in the gay world of wings. Red, blue, and yellow, and brown and purple—shaded and toned, relieved with dots and curious markings; in the butterflies, night tints in the pattern of the under-wings, as if these were shaded with the dusk of the evening, being in shadow under the vane. Gold and orange, red, bright scarlet, and ruby and bronze in the flies. Dark velvet, brown velvet, grays, amber, and gold edgings like military coats in the wild-bees. If fifteen or twenty delicate plates of the thinnest possible material, each tinted differently, were placed one over the other, and all translucent, perhaps they might produce something of that singular shadow-painting seen on the wings of moths. They are the shadows of the colours, and yet they are equally distinct. The thin edges of the flies' wings catch the sunbeams, and throw them aside. Look, too, at the bees' limbs, which are sometimes yellow, and sometimes orange-red with pollen. The eyes, too, of many insects are coloured. They know your shadow from that of a cloud. If a cloud comes over, the instant the edge of the shadow reaches the grass-moths, they stop, so do some of the butterflies and other insects, as the wild-bees, remain quiescent. As the edge of your shadow falls on them, they rise and fly, so that to observe them closely it must not be allowed to overlap them.

Sometimes, I think insects smell the approaching observer as the deer wind the stalker. The gatekeeper-butterfly is common; its marking is very ingenious, may I say? regular, and yet irregular. The pattern is complete, and yet it is incomplete; it is finished, and yet it suggests to the mind that the lines ought to go on farther. They go out into space beyond the wing. If a carpet were copied from it, and laid down in a room, the design would want to run through the walls. Imagine the flower-bird's wing detached from some immense unseen carpet and set floating—it is a piece of something not ended in itself, and yet floating about complete. Some of their wings are neatly cut to an edge and bordered; of some, the edge is lost in colour, because no line is drawn along it. Some seem to have ragged edges naturally, and look as if they had been battered. Towards the end of their lives, little bits of the wing drop out, as if punched. The markings on the under-wings have a tendency to run into arches, one arch above the other. The tendency to curve may be traced everywhere in things as wide apart as a flower-bird's wing, and the lines on a scallop shell.

I own to a boyish pleasure in seeing the clouds of brown chafers in early summer clustering on the maple hedges and keeping up a continual burring. They stick to the fingers like the bud of a horse-chestnut. Now the fern-owl pitches himself over the oaks in the evening as a boy might throw a ball careless whither it goes; the next moment he comes up out of the earth under

your feet. The night-cuckoo might make another of his many names; his colour, ways, and food are all cuckoo-like; so, too, his immense gape—a cave in which endless moths end their lives; the eggs are laid on the ground, for there is no night-feeding bird into whose nest they could be put, else, perhaps, they would be. There is no night-feeding bird to feed the fern-owl's young. Does any one think the cuckoo could herself feed two young cuckoos? How many birds would it take to feed three young cuckoos? Supposing there were *five* young cuckoos in the nest, would it not take almost all the birds in a hedge to feed them? For the incredible voracity of the young cuckoo—swallow, swallow, swallow, and gape, gape, gape—cannot be computed. The two robins or the pair of hedge-sparrows in whose nest the young cuckoo is bred, work the day through, and cannot satisfy him; and the mother-cuckoo is said to come and assist in feeding him at times. How, then, could the cuckoo feed two or three of its offspring and itself at the same time? Several other birds do not build nests—the plover, the fern-owl. That is no evidence of lack of intelligence. The cuckoo's difficulty, or one of its difficulties, seems to be in the providing sufficient food for its ravenous young. A half-fledged cuckoo is already a large bird, and needs a bulk of soft food for its support. Three of them would wear out their mother completely, especially, if—as may possibly be the case—the male cuckoo will not help in feeding. This is the simplest explanation, I think; yet, as I have often said before, we must not always judge the ways of birds or animals or insects either by strict utility, or by crediting them with semi-supernatural intelligence. They have their fancies, likes and dislikes, and caprices. There are circumstances—perhaps far back in the life-history of their race—of which we know nothing, but which may influence their conduct unconsciously still, just as the crusades have transmitted a mark to our minds to-day. Even though an explanation may satisfy us, it is by no means certain that it is the true one, for they may look at matters in an entirely different manner from what we do. The effect of the cuckoo's course is to cause an immense destruction of insects, and it is really one of the most valuable as well as the most welcome of all our birds.

The thin pipe of the gnat heard at night is often alluded to, half in jest, by our older novelists. It is now, I think, dying out a good deal, and local where it stays. It occurred to me, on seeing some such allusion the other day, that it was six years since I had heard a gnat in a bedroom—never since we left a neighbourhood where there had once been marshy ground. Gnats are, however, less common generally, exclusive, of course, of those places where there is much water. All things are local, insects particularly so. On clay-soils, the flies in summer are most trying; black flies swarm on the eyes and lips; and in the deep lanes, cannot be kept off without a green bough. It requires the utmost patience to stay there to observe anything. In a place where the soil was sand, with much heath, on elevated ground, there was no annoyance from flies. There were crowds of them, but they did not attack human beings. You might sit on a bank in the fields with endless insects passing without

being irritated; but everywhere out of doors you must listen for the peculiar low whir of the stoat-fly, who will fill his long gray body with your blood in a very few minutes. This is the tsetse or cleg of our woods.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXII.—HOME!

As Josephine had made up her mind, and neither her father nor her aunt could move her to alter it, and the rector, from motives of delicacy, forbore giving his advice, the marriage was hurried on, and took place within three months of the funeral of Gabriel Gotham. As it must be, argued Mr Cornellis, the sooner it was over the better. To the great astonishment of the neighbourhood, Josephine was married almost as soon as gossip got wind that she purposed marriage. No sooner was she married, than she departed with her husband in the new boat, the *Josephine*, for a cruise to Holland and Heligoland and the Danish coast.

The neighbourhood was in some commotion, and consulted what was to be done. Such a case had not occurred before. Miss Cornellis was a lady; Richard Cable, a common man. It was true that not much was known of the antecedents of Mr and Miss Cornellis; but they were related to Squire Gotham, and she had inherited the Hanford estate. What was to be done? Were Mr and Mrs Cable to be called upon? How could the acquaintance with Mr Cornellis be maintained, if the neighbourhood agreed to ignore the Cables? Metaphorically, every one looked at every one else to know what every one else would do; and what every one else did, that every one else was prepared to indorse. What a pack of moral cowards makes up Society! It is a herd of timorous sheep, bleating to one another to know whether the gap in the hedge is to be passed or not; and when the general consensus is arrived at—Heaven knows how—where none will take the initiative, all run at the hedge-gap together, and wedge each other, in their eagerness to be not the last to push through. Sometimes a whole flock will hover about a gap, turning their stupid heads about to see whether they are surrounded by their fellow-sheep, and baaing queries to them, What is to be done? backing a little now, when the sheep in front are bumped back by others; then pushing forward, because the sheep in front ease away a little nearer the gap. Then an old ewe comes up and runs through, and in a moment all follow. The old ewe in the society round Hanford was Lady Brentwood, whom formerly Gabriel Gotham had admired.

'Bless me!' said Lady Brentwood, 'she's not committed a sin. She's a right to please herself; some like apples, others like onions. I shall call.'

Then all Hanford society said: 'We will call.' And Hanford society having decided to call, went headlong to do so, before the return of the bride and bridegroom. Society said that it was its duty to call at the Hall after the death of Mr Gotham; and Society was mightily inquisitive to know what Mr Cornellis thought of his daughter's marriage, or rather, what sort of a face he put on it.

Mr Cornellis had a hold on that section of society which esteemed itself pious, for he was perfectly familiar with all the tricks whereby well-intentioned, simple, easily persuaded persons can be taken by the nose and led to the grindstone. He knew also how to make them hold their own noses to the grindstone, and smile sickly smiles, and give the signal to him to turn the handle. But he was not without influence with quite another section. He could tell a good story, was interested in horses, did not object to a bet, played billiards well, and was esteemed as a good fellow, without an atom of cant or humbug in him. Now the sporting men argued that Cornellis would be sure to influence his daughter, and it would be extremely awkward if she did not pay to the hunt as liberal a subscription as the old Squire. Then, again, these Cables had a yacht, and it would be agreeable to be invited for a cruise; so they would call, and see to it that their womankind did likewise.

In early summer, there is an insect with eyes out of all proportion to its body, of a sickly colour, that attacks carnations, pinks, and other soft-wooded garden plants. It is provided with a proboscis, which it drives into the heart of the stalk on which it alights, and through this proboscis it taps the plant of its sap. The creature works itself up and down on its long hind-legs like a pump, and it succeeds in pumping the vital juices out of the plant, and throwing them in a mass of froth, like spittle, around itself. As this so-called Cuckoo-spittle insect acts on garden flowers so do our neighbours act on us, and we in turn act on them. When anything interesting and gossip-producing happens in our families, they come to us, attach themselves, drive their little tubes down some weak, soft joint, and suck out all the information they desire, and throw out what they have abstracted from us in a world of frothy chatter around them. If we are very shrewd and on our guard, it is interesting to watch these aphides trying us with their pipes—tap, tap here, and tap, tap there; and if we wince by ever so much, in they go, up they kick their hind-legs, and work the pump as if they were extracting for themselves the elixir of life. But if we present to them an impenetrable skin, it by no means follows that they do not make froth-bubbles about us, only, instead of bleeding us, they extract all the requisite liquor from their own imaginations. It is almost incredible how very little liquor will spread into a very large bubble. An aphid will in a few minutes surround itself with a globe of foam many times its own diameter, and our social cuckoo-spittle insects are not behind the insect in their powers of making mountains out of nothing.

A good many of these aphides of society came about the Hall during the time that the Cables were away, to condole with Mr and Miss Cornellis on the death of Gabriel Gotham, and to

congratulate them on the marriage of Josephine. How they drove their taps! How they worked at the pumps, how they explored all the joints of the brother and sister! What froth-bubbles of gossip they exuded! Mr Cornellis was not easily sucked; but Aunt Judith was less impenetrable.

Mr Cornellis met all with a *bonhomie* and assumed frankness which turned every proboscis up. 'Girls are romantic creatures. Unfortunately, Gotham left her everything. That upset completely a head already disturbed by her nautical adventure. She had a foolish but generous idea that as she owed her life to the worthy fellow who had saved her in the great storm, she must devote that life to him. I will say this for him: he seemed overwhelmed with the gift, and half disposed to run away when it was proffered. The bequest of Gotham emancipated her from my control. Alas! girls—children generally, in this declining nineteenth century, are not obedient to their parents, but self-willed and self-determining. It was in vain for me to remonstrate. The girl had her high-soaring ideas, and they carried her away. We must make the best of a bad job; and I shall ask my dear friends and neighbours to assist me in lightening to Josephine the humiliation and disappointment which await her, and to exercise toward her and Cable that forbearance which I feel will be necessary.'

There was something grotesque in the way in which the visitors inquired after the Cables. They put their questions, made their remarks in a tentative manner, as if they did not know how to approach the subject with delicacy. It was as though Mr or Miss Cornellis were troubled with a boil, and the public mind was uncertain where the boil was situated, and whether it was consistent with strict propriety to inquire as to the condition of the boil; whether it were not most judicious to ignore it, and observe the movements of the party suspected of suffering from it, what sort of faces he drew when sitting or standing or leaning, and to speak cheerfully on ordinary subjects, and not seem to observe the anguish and pallor and twinges of the patient; but to be dogmatic upon the situation and condition of the boil to all the neighbourhood, when out of the house.

What a pitiful world we live in! How infinitely helpful we are to one another in the burying of family skeletons. We call on each other and take afternoon tea with each other, and know all the while that our hostess is covering with her skirts the unearthed bones, which she has been sorting and shivering over till she heard our carriage-wheels, when she dropped them all on the floor and kicked them under the chair. We know they are there, and we give the table-cover a little pull, to make it conceal a ghastly hand that is thrust out, and which our hostess does not see to be exposed. And we chirp about the weather, and laugh over some little local gossip, and go into admiration of the exquisite flowers on the table, so sweetly fragrant; while the smell of mouldering bones rises up and overwhelms the otto-like scent of the Jules le Fèvre in the vase. How daintily we tread in our conversation among the dead men's bones that strew the ground of our neighbour; and how, if we

happen to touch one, we stoop and scrape the earth together over it, laughing and chattering about matters indifferent, pretending that we are picking daisies. How persistently, when we are dining with our friend, we turn our back to the cupboard in which we know the skeleton is, and put up our eye-glasses to admire the picture opposite, and the china on the cabinet on this side and on that side of the one cupboard, and do not observe the existence of that one cupboard. How quickly, if some other incautious guest approaches it with inquisitive eye, we set our backs against it, and use every ingenious effort to divert his attention to other objects. What a fit of sneezing takes us, and makes us turn away our eyes, when our friend, incautiously pulling out his handkerchief, lets fall a bone; and whilst we turn our eyes and noses away into our own pocket-handkerchiefs, we know he is picking up and reconcealing that bone inadvertently exposed. Is it said that every man has a skeleton in his closet? That proverb but half expresses the truth; every man has the bones all about him—in his breast-pocket, in his fob, in his purse, in the lining of his hat, in the tails of his coat, in the toes of his boots, like the Pilgrim in *Sintram*. It were well for him if he could confine his skeleton to the cupboard. But skeletons refuse to be so confined; they come to pieces, however well wired together the joints may be, and disperse their fragments everywhere, playing us grim practical jokes, turning up from under our pillow, dropping on us from the ceiling, tripping us up as we are stepping downstairs, lying beside our plates when we expect to take hold of a knife or fork handle. That is why we are so dependent on the good-will and courtesy of others, and have to ask them to put their feet on our bones, or turn their heads aside a moment, when they turn up inadvertently.

Pitiful and considerate though we may be when in the presence of our friend, our pity and consideration fall off us the moment we have left him. Then we run to our other neighbours and call them together, and peep and whisper, and point where the bones are hidden, and tell their nature and condition; and put out rakes, and scrape them out of the earth, or rap at the walls and knock holes, through which we may peep at the grinning skulls behind. How the nature of these bones changes according as we look at them in the presence of the owner or of others! In his society, we scarce see them, and hide our eyes; but when we draw them out and turn them over in social talk with others, what merry-thoughts and funny-bones they prove to us! How we titter over them! What figures we build up out of them, how we dress them with grotesqueness! How we treasure them! If we happen to carry off a neighbour's skeleton bone, we are not like selfish dogs that run and bury their bones lest others should bite them also; but we go generously about with the bone to every kennel within our run, and show the bone to every dog, and invite him to snuff at it, and take a nibble and play with it, rolling it over, pawing it, licking it, tossing it about. Then snap! we have caught our bone, and away we go with it to the next kennel to repeat the same generous sport.

Mr Cornellis was far too well versed in the

ways of the world to attempt to conceal his skeleton, to affect ignorance of its existence. He brought it out; he dressed it up; he exposed it to the full view of every visitor; he said as much as: 'Don't content yourselves with a bone of it. Carry the whole ghastly thing away with you in your carriages, beside you; or perch it on your saddle, if you are riding; and sit behind and hold it up, and show it to every one, clickering and nodding its hideous head, as you go through the streets. Or, if you are walking, unhitch all the joints, and stow it away about you. Fill your coat-tail pockets; stuff your hat with it; cram it into your waistcoat; open your mouth and choke your cheeks with it; extend your hands, and grab all you can of it; leave none behind; take all with you, and be welcome.' Dom Pedro of Portugal, when he ascended the throne, dug up Inez de Castro, to whom he had been secretly married, and had her skeleton arrayed in royal robes, and crowned and enthroned in the cathedral choir; then summoned all the nobility and clergy and courtiers to do homage to and kiss the withered hand of the corpse. And Mr. Cornellis brought forth his skeleton, and invited every one to see it, and commiserate him openly on being encumbered with it, and even to join with him in a dismal joke over its existence.

His conduct in the matter took the sting and spice out of it, put the neighbourhood in good-humour, and prepared it to accept Josephine as one who had made a blunder, and must be helped to repent it. Cable would be quietly snubbed and thrust aside; his wife made much of, and pardoned, if she consented to keep her husband in the background; or, what would be better still—at sea.

Mr. Cornellis had considered well what was best to be done, and by the time the young couple returned, all the country round was ripe to receive them on the terms he proposed.

The *Josephine* arrived at Hanford a day or two before she was expected. A sailing yacht does not come into port to the day like a steamer, nor can the best of vessels be punctual to a minute, as a train is supposed to be. The bride had written to her aunt to say in what week she would be home; but instead of arriving at the end of the week, as Miss Judith expected, the boat came in at the beginning. None of the servants of the Hall were on the beach to receive her; her father and aunt were away that day making purchases at Walton, and did not know that the vessel had been sighted by the coast-guard. Though her own relations and servants were not awaiting her, Josephine found that Richard had his friends on the shore, ready to shake hands with him, pat him on the back, and ask with a 'Halloo! old chap!' how he got along.

There was Joe Marriage, in wading-boots up to his thighs, and a dirty jersey of faded blue darned with black and brown, and a sou'-wester hat. His hands were fishy; he had been handling oysters. 'Well, Dick! Brought your missus home. Look alive, and introduce us to the lady.' Then, extending a very dirty flat hand, he grasped and shook that of Josephine: 'Glad to see ye, ma'am. Going to make a gentleman of Dick, are ye? 'Tain't possible, say I.'

Then up came Sam Bucket, curious like the rest of them. 'So, missus! you're back right with your chap. Not made him look much thinner. Which is it to be? Are you agoing to haul Dick Cable up to your level, or be you a-coming down to ourn?'

A gawky young fisherman, Tom Dowse, came staggering up with a pail of shrimps and set it down at Josephine's feet. 'There, my dear,' he said. 'You may take it home and sup on it, and be heartily welcome.'

'Come, missus,' said Jonas Flinders, who was half-tipsy, 'you're one of us now, you know, and so shake a flapper. None of your airs;' and then he made a broad joke which brought the colour to Josephine's cheek. The rest laughed. Richard did not hear it; he was shaking hands and receiving congratulations from one of the coastguard, a few paces off. Jonas meant no offence; he would have used the same coarse expression before his own wife and daughters unrebuked. It was customary in his class of life for men and women and lasses to be outspoken, and not mealy-mouthed and nice about what was said or heard.

Josephine drew back. She was offended, and one or two of the others saw she could not stomach such talk; so they explained that Jonas was fresh, and when fresh, a loose-tongued chap, but good-hearted, and a fine sailor.

'If some of you will carry my traps to the Hall,' said Josephine stiffly, 'you shall be paid for it.'

'O hang it,' said one, 'we'll carry your parcels without payment; but we'll make so free as to ask you to give us a glass of grog in your kitchen to drink your health and success to your voyage through life with Dick for your captain.'

Josephine again looked round for her husband; but as he did not come to her, she moved away towards her home. One of the men had her bundle of rugs; another hoisted a portmanteau on his shoulder; a third carried a roll of umbrellas, waterproofs, and a yellow railway novel; and a fourth tucked a tin bonnet-box under his arm. The tiresome, tipsy Jonas would keep near her and talk in a familiar manner, and diffuse about him an odour of stale tobacco and beer. Escorted by these men, sensible that she cut a ridiculous figure, annoyed by the well-intentioned importunities of Jonas, vexed that none of her own servants were at the landing-place to receive her parcels, Josephine approached her home not in the best of tempers. As she entered the grounds, her father and aunt arrived in an open carriage. He was driving; and he drew up and waited, with an amused expression, till she came near, when Jonas, tripping on the stone in the entrance gates that received the bolt of the double doors, sprawled in her way at her feet, and upset the pail of shrimps he carried, so that the creatures were scattered in all directions over the drive. His accident elicited a general roar. Josephine turned a deeper colour than the shrimps.

'Where is Mr Cable?' she asked impatiently.

'Lor, missus!' shouted Jonas, trying in vain to recover his upright position, 'he's gone after his kids, o' course, like a loving father to his poor orphans.'

'Come along, my men,' said Mr Cornellis with

a laugh which cut Josephine like a knife. 'Round to the back-door, please, and I will order you all out some ale. The front-door is only for Mr Cable, by permission of his wife.'

(To be continued.)

PIKE LORE.

No British fish possesses so marked an individuality as the pike. Without the beauty and the spirit which distinguish the salmon and the trout, it affords, notwithstanding, excellent sport to the angler on account of its large size and the eagerness with which it seizes the bait. The English name, pike, is supposed to have reference to the pointed shape of the head; the French term *brochet*, or spit, denoting a similar origin. The Latin name, *lucius*, derived from the Greek *lykos*, or wolf, aptly designates 'the fresh-water shark or wolf,' as he has been justly termed. Various points have been discussed for ages with regard to this fish, without any apparent unanimity of opinion being arrived at. The age, size, and weight to which individual fish have attained have formed material for conjecture since the time of Pliny. A story is extant, that in 1497 a pike was taken from the Kaiserweg Lake, in Germany, with a brass ring encircling its neck, bearing the inscription: 'I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake by the hands of the governor of the universe, Frederick II., the 5th October 1230.' It is also on record that in 1610 a pike was taken in the Meuse bearing a copper ring, on which was engraved the name of the city of Stavern, and the date 1448. Naturally, the authenticity of such accounts is extremely doubtful, though Mr Pfenell in his admirable monograph on the Pike considers a portion of the former legend as resting on some foundation. There seems every reason for believing that the pike will attain the age of seventy or eighty years under favourable conditions. The subject of weight is equally disputed. A pike of thirty or forty pounds may be considered as exceptionally large for ordinary waters; but at times fish of a much greater weight have been captured. A pike taken in Loch Ken, in Galloway, weighed seventy-two pounds; and fish of ninety pounds are said to have been captured in the Irish lakes. In Southern Germany, larger specimens are occasionally exposed for sale in the markets.

Owing to the rapidity with which it digests its food, the large size of its mouth, and the number and sharpness of its teeth, the pike is well qualified to play the rôle of an exterminator of smaller fish. It is supposed that at times he will consume his own weight of food in a day. Nor are smaller fish his only prey; waterfowl, rats, frogs, worms, and even weeds will in turn form portion of his diet. Like the larger trout, the pike feeds frequently on his own species; and there is no better bait for a very large pike than a three-pound fish of the same kind. The late Mr Foster, in his *Scientific Angler*, gives an interesting account of the capture of a large pike by this means: 'We were fishing in preserved water in a neighbouring western county, and had

hooked a pickerel a few pounds-weight, which we were about to land, when the gleaming broadside of some larger relation of the family shone in the background an instant, and then a heavy tug demonstrated the fact that our possession of the prey was disputed. We were in sole possession of a light punt upon an extensive sheet of water, and thus having plenty of searoom, we were rather confident of the result. At the first gentle touch of the rod, the fish ran out fully half a hundred yards of line at one impetuous rush, despite the heavy strain placed upon the rod. To reserve the remainder of our line would tend to aggravate the danger; to let it run meant disaster. Whilst we hesitated, we unconsciously stopped further supply of line, of which fact we were reminded by the rapid motion of the punt through the water. As we resolved to break away from him, he suddenly doubled, making straight for the punt; the next instant, he dashed off with renewed vigour at right angles, and we again strained heavily upon every foot he stole, despite which, our whole stock was all but spent before he again turned. For more than an hour was this operation of hauling in and paying out the line repeated without ceasing, at the end of which time the tragic end seemed as remote as ever. By this time, several stable functionaries from the mansion arrived upon the scene, among whom a learned controversy ensued as to the probable weight and breed of a fish capable of towing a man and boat with impunity. As the fish swerved along shore in their immediate proximity, all dispute suddenly dropped, and we observed a large stable-fork in possession of a bandy-legged individual who had stepped forward, fork in hand, ready for action. Before we could interfere, a wild thrust was made, which fell short of the mark, but, nevertheless, well-nigh ended the fight, the terrified fish making for less dangerous quarters at a speed that eclipsed all previous exploits, the pressure upon the line availing little beyond keeping the snout of the fish above the water's surface. After this rush, a reaction set in, the fish showing signs of fatigue for the first time, which speedily developed into complete exhaustion. To consummate the capture by gaffing was now a very easy matter, and was soon accomplished. The weight of the fish proved to be thirty-seven pounds and three-quarters. It was preserved and encased by the owner of the water, with the tail of the pickerel protruding from its extended jaw.'

Nor have human beings been always free from the attacks of large pike. A surgeon of our acquaintance had on one occasion to dress no less than seven wounds upon the hands of a boy who had been severely bitten by a pike whilst bathing in Inglemere Pond, Ascot. It was only after a severe blow upon the head that the fish desisted from its attack. This pike, which was found dying the next day from the effects of the blow, and which was probably half-starved at the time when it made its murderous onslaught, measured more than forty inches. An equally curious account of a pike pressed by the pangs of hunger is given by Mr Henderson in his *Life of an Angler*. A gentleman well known to him had obtained permission to fish in a private lake in which it was supposed that pike existed. The angler after having trolled round the lake

for a considerable time without getting a 'run,' had almost arrived at an opposite conclusion, and was on the point of quitting the spot, when he noticed a pike of some eight pounds-weight, evidently on the lookout for food. He threw his bait towards the fish, which eagerly accepted it, and was dragged to the shore. It then occurred to the angler, that as few other fish seemed to inhabit the lake, he would have no more sport, should he destroy that which he had captured. Accordingly, he threw the fish back into the water; and on its again taking up its station close to the bank, as if on the lookout for food, once more threw in his bait and captured it. The same process was repeated five or six times, though on each occasion the fish seemed to become less desirous of seizing the bait. Finally, the pike was killed. Mr Henderson gives full credence to this story, on the grounds, that his friend was incapable of falsehood, and that a somewhat similar instance of pike-voracity had come under his own observation.

Probably, as Mr Henderson observes, the fish was on the point of starvation, and could not resist seizing the bait, even though previously pricked by the hook. An instance is on record of a fox being seized by a pike and carried beneath the water; while in Sweden, an eagle and pike have been found dead together, the eagle doubtless having buried its talons in the back of the pike whilst basking on the surface of the water, and having thus been carried below and drowned. In the Avon, on one occasion, a gentleman who had set a night-line, found a heavy pike one morning apparently fast to the hook. On opening the mouth of the fish, he found another pike within the first, and within the second fish a third weighing about three-quarters of a pound. The last fish had been swallowed by another pike, which in turn had been swallowed by a still larger fish!

Lord Walsingham recently, in presiding at the dinner of a Norfolk Angling Society, mentioned having shot a partridge, which on falling into his lake was seized by a pike. The following day he proceeded to the spot, and whilst fishing, succeeded in taking the pike, which contained the bird. Only last year a pike was captured, which, on being opened, was found to contain a snipe and a small pike, the latter in turn containing a small trout.

As may be supposed, few fish are exempt from the attacks of this scourge of the waters. The perch probably escapes oftener than others, owing to the spines of its dorsal fin, which render it an unpleasant article of diet to the pike; while, from some unexplained cause, the tench, unlike its congener the carp, seems to be untouched by carnivorous fish. A singular fact in connection with the pike is its habit of suddenly appearing in ponds in which it did not previously exist. Experiments which have been made would seem to point to the inference that this fish, like the eel, will travel overland for a short distance through wet grass, to reach water. An instance of this kind once happened at the Zoological Gardens. During the night, a tank in which a pike was confined burst, and the pike being left dry, was found in the morning by the keeper making its way along the path towards a pond at some distance. When picked up, it had

already gone some twenty yards, and seemed to have sufficient strength left to accomplish the remainder of the journey.

As an article of diet, the pike seems to have varied in estimation at different times. At one period it seems to have been preferred to the salmon as a dish for princes; at another, to have been considered fit only for the lowest in the land. The edibility of this fish depends much upon the locality in which it has been reared. Thames, Medway, and Staffordshire pike have all been noted for their superior beauty and delicacy; while those of the Scotch lochs, and of lakes in general, are of an inferior description. Properly cooked, a pike, if well fed, is by no means to be despised.

OLD STAIRS: A STORY OF LONG AGO.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAP. V.—RINGWOOD'S GOLD.

THE young sailor—for it was Mark Ringwood who had come into Caleb's house with the rush of wind—was the first to speak. 'Is this gentleman your grandfather, Miss Pearl?' said he, with an inquiring look at the young girl. 'Is this Mr Caleb Cobb?'

The girl blushing bowed her head.

'Mr Cobb,' resumed Mark, turning to the old lamplighter, 'I was fully prepared for your anger. My voice reminds you—and you are not the first it has reminded—of Mr Ringwood, late of the firm of Rudstone and Company. I'm his grandson, Mark Ringwood; and knowing what I know of his dastardly conduct—there is no other word for it—I am almost ashamed to own the relationship. But he is dead now, and his last words to me were: "Do not rest until you have found Caleb Cobb and delivered my message." He felt confident, he assured me, that you were still living, and somewhere in this neighbourhood.—Will you listen,' added the young sailor, 'to what I have to say? I'm a man of few words, so I shan't tire you.'

Caleb sank submissively into his armchair. 'Dead?' he muttered.—'What did I tell you, Pearl? Dead!—I'm not superstitious,' added the old man, 'not about most things; but I knew that I should hear of this to-night. I heard his footstep—his voice—as I sat thinking at the old gateway.—Well, what's the message?' and a change came into his tone. 'I'm listening. Get it over, and quit my house. I want none of his kith and kin hanging about me or mine. I'm listening.'

Is it possible that Caleb Cobb, thinking of Pearl, imputed a hidden motive in this visit on the part of the young sailor? He was keen to hear and quick to interpret every movement or sound which reached his ear. Pearl had described this messenger to him in a hesitating voice—described him as young and handsome. That was enough to rouse suspicion, and fill the old man's brain with fresh forebodings. He

called the girl to his side. She came at once, and rested her hand in her caressing way upon his shoulder, but with her face turned towards the visitor.

Mark Ringwood, receiving no invitation to draw near the hearth, still stood with folded arms, leaning his back against the door. His face clouded slightly at Caleb's irritable tone; and he answered, after a moment's pause, with some degree of resentment: 'I'll not trouble you with my presence a second longer than I can possibly help. I've delivered the sealed packet already. Your grand-daughter is holding it in her hand, I see, and the seals are still unbroken. It contains a few words from Mr Ringwood, and the sum of one thousand pounds.'

'What! Has he confessed his treachery at last?' cried Caleb.

'Yes—at last,' replied the sailor. 'He has confessed to having supplanted you in the house of Rudstone, Marling, and Company. He has confessed that, but for his wicked plot—a plot which so completely succeeded—you would have been a man of wealth and position. With his dying words, he implored your forgiveness.'

'Ah! Did he think to gain that?' and Caleb's voice was full of bitterness and sarcasm.

'In his last will and testament,' Mark Ringwood resumed, in a more formal manner—'in a document which is now in the hands of his executors in London—he has bequeathed one half of his property to you, Mr Cobb, or your heirs and assigns, as the lawyers tell me, in perpetuity. The other half he has left to me, his only surviving relative. Or rather, I am, I think, what they call residuary legatee. At anyrate, a specified sum has been left to you—a sum of fifty thousand pounds—and I'm to have the rest.—And all I can say is,' added the sailor, 'that if you had inherited every penny of the property, Mr Cobb, it would not have been, from what I understand, more than you'd a right to.'

Caleb Cobb, listening intently, but with a gathering cloud on his wrinkled brow, rose to his feet, trembling with passion. 'What mockery is this?' cried he with clenched hands. 'What do I want with his ill-gotten gold?'

With a restraining hand upon his arm, Pearl appealed to him in a soft, persuasive tone. 'Dear grandfather, is this young man to blame? It is his misfortune, not his fault, that he is related to the man who has ruined your life. Do not speak so harshly to him. Nothing could be more noble, more gracious, than his attitude. No sacrifice would be great enough.'

'Silence! I'll not hear another word,' interrupted Caleb, by no means soothed by Pearl's defence.—'Do you suppose that anything can compensate me for the dreadful suffering that I've endured for fifty years? Can money—do you suppose—can money do it?—No! I'm an old man—nearly fourscore and ten—and as poor, Heaven knows, as a church mouse. But I'd rather starve—and I'd rather see you starve too—than be indebted to Ringwood, or his relations, for a crust of bread!—Where is the sealed letter, Pearl? Give it back to the young man, and let him leave the house. He may be honest enough;

I know nothing about him. But his presence drives me mad: his offer of money is an insult.—Give it back to him at once.'

'I cannot,' said Mark—'I cannot take it back. It's yours.'

'Mine!—Do you wish to see it burnt?' said Caleb. 'It shall be, if left in this house.—Do you hear me, Pearl?'

'Grandfather!—Burn a thousand pounds?'

Caleb stood silent for a while, with his head bent and his hands pressed against his brow. At last he muttered in a changed voice: 'I'll talk to John about this. Ay, ay, I'll talk it over with him to-morrow. I'm not in my right senses to-night—no, no; not in my right senses. John shall say what shall be done—John Jarvis shall decide.'

'Will you,' cried the young sailor, with ill-concealed delight, 'will you let him see the lawyers and settle this affair?'

'Ay, ay; he shall decide,' repeated Caleb.—'Now, go!' he added with an angry gesture.—'Don't speak—don't let me hear your voice: it haunts me like a voice from the dead!'

When Mark Ringwood was gone and the door was bolted behind him, as though he were a dangerous character, Pearl took her place near the hearth beside her grandfather. He handed her, with an air of resignation, the sealed packet. 'Break the seals,' said he. 'Let this dead man, Ringwood, justify his conduct, if justification is possible, and then I will ask forgiveness!—Well?'

Pearl spread out the envelope upon the table. 'The packet contains ten bank-notes. The notes are each for one hundred pounds.—Ah! And here is a document,' the girl added, 'written in such a queer hand!—Shall I try to read it, grandfather?'

'Ay, ay; read it, Pearl.—Ten bank-notes, eh? Well, well.'

The girl then read as follows: 'I, William Ringwood, do hereby solemnly declare that Caleb Cobb is innocent of the theft imputed to him on the night of the thirtieth of March seventeen hundred and eighty-nine. The robbery was committed by me, the aforesaid William Ringwood, with the sole object of injuring Caleb Cobb, whose position in the house of Rudstone, Marling, and Company'—

The old lamplighter suddenly raised his hand. 'Stay! I have heard enough. He has confessed!—But what good, now, is all this to me? It only makes regret and the thought of all my misery the more galling. This avowal has come too late—fifty years too late! It cannot bring my old sweetheart back to life—it cannot give me youth and hope. Too late!' repeated Caleb—'too late!' There was a long silence; at length the old man said: 'Put away this packet, Pearl.—Put it in my old desk,' he added. 'It is the desk into which he slipped the thousand pounds upon that dreadful night. It was there that Mr Marling found the money, in that house in the Minorities which I once pointed out to you. I repurchased that desk, years ago, at a sale. It helped to keep alive—if that were needed!—my undying hatred for William Ringwood.—Ah, well,' he continued, suppressing a sigh, 'we'll talk no more about that to-night.'

A fatigued expression had come over his face;

and Pearl, seating herself at the table over her needlework, was only too glad to let this painful subject drop.

The mystery of her grandfather's life had now been made clear to her; and as she pondered in her mind all that had happened since she had returned to their poor home this very evening, Pearl could scarcely realise the great change which might come over their lives within the next few days. A large fortune—if her grandfather could be persuaded to look rationally at the matter of which Mark Ringwood had spoken—would now fall into their possession—a fortune such as Pearl in her most romantic mood had never thought about before. Fifty thousand pounds! What scenes of happiness the mere mention of such a sum raises up in one's imagination! Could any one in their dependent position refuse such absolute independence? The poor girl had worked since she was very young, and worked hard too, in order to keep her grandfather and herself in this little home in Old Stairs; so no one knew better than Pearl did what poverty meant. It was but natural, under existing circumstances, that she should fervently wish to be released from this struggle for life, in which it had been her lot to take an active part from her earliest childhood. Nor was this the only romantic incident—this chance of fortune—which had occurred to-day. The meeting with Mark Ringwood upon the jetty in the storm, and her timely assistance in rescuing him from his dangerous position among the barges, had excited her interest in the young sailor. The subsequent discovery that he was related to the man who had wronged her grandfather had not prejudiced her against him; on the contrary, she regarded it as an unlucky accident. Did he not on that account merit her warmest sympathy? In her true, womanly heart, she could not withhold it from him. Mark Ringwood was not to blame.

CHAP. VI.—DREAMING AND WAKING.

Is it night? Caleb Cobb is listening intently—as it seems to him—but he hears no sound—no sound of the traffic in Thames Street hard by, no sound of the wind without. He gropes his way towards the window. It is night—silent, mysterious, and pitch-dark. Have the lamps been blown out by the gale? Standing there with this consciousness of the silence and darkness without, Caleb Cobb becomes accustomed to a strange, dim light within the little room—the room in which he has lived so long, and has not seen since Pearl first crept into his heart and home, seventeen years ago—a dim light from the flickering fire, for the lamp in the window is no longer burning. His first thought is to look for Pearl. But she is not here. He is alone; and yet there are tokens of her sweet presence on all sides. Where has she gone?

How warm and snug the room appears! There are signs of poverty, but none of discomfort or neglect. On the clean dresser stand the old plates and dishes as Caleb remembers them years ago. How they shine as the reflection from the fire falls upon their brightly polished surface! Then the light from the fire flickers upon the old oaken desk. Ringwood! He starts and listens once more, and then hastening to the door looks out

into the night. He looks out upon a darkness so intense that he has a passing sensation of blindness. Every lamp in the old city streets has gone out!

Closing the door, with a sense of despair, Caleb is directed by a faint gleam along the floor towards his old ladder, lying against the wainscot; and over it, suspended by a nail, is his hand-lamp—the lamp with which he had dotted jets of light along the way, night after night, down Thames Street and the adjacent lanes and alleys. With an eager hand he reaches down this lamp, and begins to trim it as he has trimmed it a thousand times before. This done, and the wick well kindled, Caleb puts on a tight-fitting fur cap and a pea-jacket, which he takes from a cupboard in the wall; he then shoulders his ladder and steps out resolutely into the darkness. As he goes along, he stops at every lamp-post, adjusts his ladder, runs up nimbly, and ignites the flame. And so, step by step, Caleb advances, and the shadows fall back like phantoms—phantoms that compel him to follow them along the deserted thoroughfare; and on each side the old houses—every brick of which he knows so well—with their gabled roofs and their overhanging stories, appear to frown down upon him as he hurries on as though urged by some fixed purpose—a purpose that must be accomplished in the dead of night.

Out of a shadowy courtyard, by which Caleb presently passes with hand-lamp and ladder, comes a tall shadow like a restless spirit, and touches the old lamplighter on the shoulder.

'John Jarvis? Is that you?'

'Yes. Give me your ladder,' is the answer, 'and your hand-lamp. There is light enough now.'

'Ay, ay; so there is.—Do you guess why I've done this?'

'Yes. You are searching for Pearl.'

He places the ladder against the wall in a corner of the gloomy yard, and blowing out the hand-lamp, drops it into his pocket. He then leads the way back through the lonely lighted thoroughfare. Caleb follows. They glide along, glancing up one street and down another, until they reach a dark doorway with an oaken, shell-shaped canopy overhead. The tall shadow stops, and beckons to Caleb to step into this doorway out of the lamplight. The row of houses opposite, as it seems to Caleb, takes the shape of Old Stairs; and up and down the jetty, with the river beyond, two figures are walking arm in arm. Their whisperings find an echo under the oaken shell.

'Is it wrong, then, to love you?'

'Grandfather thinks it is.' The voice is Pearl's.

'But you?'

The answer being very subdued, finds no echo.

'It matters little to me'—the voice is Ringwood's now—'what others think, so long as you care for me. I do not fear his anger, except for your sake. Are we not both young? I am willing to wait—until'—The sentence is broken and unfinished in the echo; but Caleb understands, for he makes a movement as though to step out into the lamplight. But the shadow at his side places a hand upon his shoulder and whispers in his ear: 'Not yet!'

The two figures continue to walk up and down before the old houses, still arm in arm; but their voices are only audible, under the oaken shell,

like a low murmur. Caleb, however, has heard enough—Ringwood's grandson is Pearl's chosen lover!

Outside Caleb's house, at last, they take leave of one another. Pearl has disappeared, and the door is closed behind her.

'Follow me!' and the shadow moves along under the lamps, leading the way towards the river below Old Stairs. They reach the edge of the jetty in time to see the young sailor step into a boat and begin to unfasten the cord attached to the iron ring. Unobserved, they take their places in the stern; and scarcely are they seated, when the boat, impelled by an oar, darts into mid-stream. The young sailor plies the sculls vigorously, and the boat soon makes headway against the tide. So intense is the gloom, that Caleb touches the shadow at his side, to convince himself that his ghostly companion has not vanished. There is no sound, except the splash of the sculls and their grating noise, and the gurgling of the water at the sides.

Caleb whispers: 'John Jarvis? Where are you leading me now?'

'Listen!' is the reply in a whisper like his own. 'I love Pearl, and I cannot live without her. This man, Mark Ringwood, has come between us. I have vowed—and I will keep my vow—to send him back to sea. He shall start on his voyage to-night.'

Caleb grasps his companion's arm. 'No, no. Spare his life!'

'What! You do not wish him drowned?'

'It's too horrible,' Caleb answers with a shudder, and a glance towards the dark figure working at the sculls.

'Pearl will be his wife.'

'His wife! I would rather she were dead.'

'So would I! She will be his wife, unless we do this deed. It is the hour!'

The droning sound of a great bell floats tremulously over the dark river.

'Midnight!'

At the same moment, the shadow at Caleb's side springs forward; there is a struggle, a discord of angry voices, a rocking of the boat, and a loud splash; and then something shapeless floats away with the tide.

Caleb, stretching out his arms, falls heavily forward.

Had he fallen into the bottom of Ringwood's boat? or had he dropped out of his armchair upon the hearthrug before the fire at Number One Old Stairs? Caleb, groping in darkness, cried out: 'John, John! he will be drowned.'

'Why, grandfather, what are you dreaming about?'

When Pearl had helped him into his chair—for Caleb Cobb had slipped out of it in his sleep—the old man rubbed his poor blind eyes and said: 'Dreaming? Ay, ay; I must have been dreaming badly. I never had such a nightmare in all my life.—What o'clock might it be?'

'St Paul's has just struck twelve.'

'Midnight? Why, that was in my dream.'

He began to ponder deeply, passing his hand across his brow. 'Pearl,' said he presently, 'is my old ladder in its place?'

'Yes; it is lying upon the floor, where you have always kept it as long as I can remember.'

'And the hand-lamp? Is that hanging up?'

'On the nail above the ladder.'

Once more Caleb became thoughtful. But after a short pause he again questioned Pearl. 'Look,' said he—'look out into the night. Are the lamps still burning?'

The girl went to the window and looked out. The night was dark, and the gale had not abated. 'Yes; the lamps are still burning.'

Caleb questioned the girl no more. And Pearl noticed, as the days went by, that a marked change had come over her grandfather. The restless wanderings about Thames Street and the neighbourhood, when the lamps were lighted, were never repeated. The old lamplighter seldom quitted his chair except to walk feebly up and down the room, and sometimes take down his hand-lamp from the wall and caress it, as a child might caress an old toy.

The light which he had trimmed and placed every evening in the window was forgotten. His memory, indeed, was no longer reliable. Sometimes, when John Jarvis spoke to him of Ringwood's will, and of the wealth which had been left him by his prosperous enemy, he would listen to all that he had to say with an expression of keen comprehension. At other times, his face grew perplexed, and his understanding was strangely confused.

'John,' said he, when alone one morning with Jarvis, 'who brought me that news about Ringwood's death?'

'His grandson, you know, the young sailor.'

'Ay, ay;' and then he added in an anxious whisper: 'Does Pearl know that he was drowned?'

'Drowned, Mr Cobb?'

'He went out, John,' Caleb answered, 'with the tide.'

Jarvis, puzzled by this apparent hallucination, questioned the old lamplighter. It then became evident that his dream upon the night of the storm had made so strong an impression upon Caleb's mind, that he could not separate it, except at lucid moments, from the events which had actually happened.

Some months elapsed; and Pearl, quick to observe the slightest change in her grandfather, could not hide from herself that he became more feeble every day.

'The lamp is going out,' Caleb said one summer evening, 'and I've not strength enough to trim it any more.'

That very night, however, he surprised Pearl by expressing himself with a clearness of comprehension such as he had not exhibited for many a day. He spoke to her of Mark. He had fancied, he told her, that on the night upon which the young sailor brought the message—that message from Ringwood—that he loved Pearl. With this new trouble tormenting him—a trouble which, if possible, increased his hatred of the name of Ringwood—he had fallen asleep. His dream had been very strange. It had seemed to him that his eyesight was restored, and that he was a lamplighter once more, and that as he went along lighting the lamps in Thames Street, he had met the ghost of Jarvis, or what seemed like his shadow. Hidden within a doorway, they had observed her and Mark Ringwood walking up and down Old Stairs arm in arm. The moment the sailor quitted her,

they had followed him to his boat; and out in mid-stream, under cover of night, they had drowned him. This dream, he assured her, had preyed upon his mind. He had even imagined, when his head grew queer with thinking, that he had actually done the deed. 'My dear,' he concluded, 'that dream has been a lesson to me. Mark Ringwood is not accountable for the sins his grandfather committed. He bears the name of Ringwood; but that is no fault of his. Let that be forgotten; and if he should ever ask you to marry him—as I suspect he will, some day—and you should be willing to become his wife, do not let the recollection of my wrongs ever mar your happiness.'

Just before dawn, when the lamps in the old city were going out, Caleb Cobb expired. His love for Pearl, as his last words had shown, predominated over all the hatred which had rankled in his heart for more than fifty years.

Mark Ringwood had gone to sea in search of his ship the *Leander*, for a report had reached London that she had been wrecked off the east coast on the night of the storm.

One Saturday night, however, John Jarvis was seated in the bar-parlour of the *Loyal Tar*, when a ringing cheer in the lane outside startled him and his companions.

'Hoorah!' cried the ancient mariner with the wooden leg, jumping up and waving his long clay pipe in the air—'hoorah!—Don't you know who that is, Jarvis? Why, it's Mark Ringwood come back, safe and sound, with the shipwrecked crew!'

Before Jarvis could reach the door, to give Mark a hearty welcome, the young sailor had burst into the room followed by his brave ship-mates.

There was a good deal of laughter and song and clinking of glasses at the old tavern that night. In the midst of all this jollity, Mark Ringwood turned to Jarvis and said: 'What news, mate, of the old lamplighter?'

'The armchair is empty.'

Mark looked grave, and asked with an anxious face about Pearl.

Jarvis told him that she was still living at the little house in Old Stairs.

'How is that?'

'Nothing,' replied Jarvis, 'would induce Caleb Cobb to touch a penny of your grandfather's money. Pearl is not less scrupulous on this subject.'

'That's odd,' said the young sailor. 'I've not touched a penny of the money either! And I don't mean to,' he added, 'until Pearl sets me the example.'

'Ah!' said Jarvis, 'you'll have the Ringwood estate getting into Chancery one day, unless you and Pearl come to some sort of a compromise.'

Mark was quite of this opinion. So, upon the following morning, he paid a visit to Pearl; and before many weeks, they came to the best compromise, concerning Ringwood's gold, that can be made between a young and loving couple—they agreed to become man and wife.

Mark Ringwood retired from his seafaring life when he married Pearl. But their house was within sight and sound of the sea; and when the night was stormy, and the waves broke loudly

along the shore, they spoke together of that boisterous night on which they had met for the first time upon the wooden jetty at Old Stairs.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE science of astronomy will presently mark an important epoch in its wonderful history. The conference of astronomers from all parts of the world which has recently met at Paris was formed to discuss a proposition which had been mooted some months back. This was the bold proposal to chart the whole of the heavens by means of photography—to produce a map of the stellar universe which, besides being a guide for the explorer of to-day, would be a most valuable record for the use of posterity, and an infallible means of discerning whether any of the stars can truthfully be described as 'fixed.' Charts of the stars have before been made by hand, which must ever remain marvels of human ingenuity and perseverance; but no handiwork can equal in accuracy the tiny dots marked upon the sensitive chemical surface by the light from the stars themselves. Each star marks its own place and its relative degree of brightness upon these wonderful charts; and more than this, stars which the human eye has never seen, and which it never can see, even when aided by the most skilled optician, are recorded by the photographic method. This last circumstance is one to marvel over, but it is a fact which cannot be gainsaid.

The question has often been asked, 'What is the radius of the circle of protection afforded by a good lightning-conductor?' A well-known German architect, Herr Schiller, has lately thrown some light upon the matter by the publication of facts which came under his observation last June. A pear-tree thirty-three feet high was struck by lightning, no protection being afforded it by a conductor which stood on a schoolhouse forty yards away, or by another one, one hundred and ten yards distant, which was carried to the steeple of a church more than fifty yards high. Both these conductors when tested showed that they were in excellent condition. From these data, the conclusion is drawn, that the area of protection round a lightning-rod is a space equal to twice its height.

By a patented American process, large types used by printers for placards and posters, and which were formerly cut out of wood, are now made from paper pulp by the help of suitable moulds. The pulp is dried, powdered, and mixed with an oily incorporating fluid, after which it is again dried and pulverised. The powder is pressed into the moulds, when heat is applied to make its particles cohere. The incorporating fluid is a compound of paraffin and drying linseed oil; and to prevent shrinkage or alteration of shape, the types are not removed from the moulds until they are perfectly cold.

The Central Station of the Birmingham Compressed-air Power Company is now rapidly approaching completion, and if all goes well, it will be soon delivering this new form of power to its customers to the aggregate extent of six thousand indicated horse-power. This amount

will be increased later on. The air will be carried in mains through the principal streets of Birmingham, and from these mains, service-pipes will be carried to the various workshops and houses supplied. Each consumer will possess a meter, so that the amount of power which he uses may be checked. It is obvious that this new method of supplying power from a central station will be a matter of very great importance to workers of all kinds. One great advantage alone is the possibility of driving a small steam-engine without steam, and therefore without the risks attaching to a boiler and its attendant furnace.

A French paper lately described the manufacture of artificial whetstones, which seems to have some points of novelty about it. The materials required are gelatine, fine emery, bichromate of potash, and water. Gelatine when charged with the potash salt becomes insoluble after exposure to light; the required operations have therefore to be conducted in a dark room such as a photographer might use. The gelatine, which must be of good quality, is mixed with its own weight of water and dissolved by heat. To this the bichromate—previously made into solution by means of water—is added, the correct quantity being one and a half per cent. Finally, emery amounting to nine times the weight of the gelatine employed is added to the mixture, which is subsequently moulded to any form found most convenient. The whetstones thus made are exposed to sunlight for several hours, when they become insoluble, and ready for use.

The various explosives which, like dynamite, owe their parentage to nitro-glycerine, have the great disadvantage of leaving behind them after explosion unpleasant and dangerous fumes, which produce headache and nausea in those exposed to their influence. In much-confined situations, such as the interior of caissons in bridge-making, much valuable time is often sacrificed in the endeavour to clear the limited working-space of this noxious vapour. For this reason, dynamite is now giving place to another explosive called Rackarock, which is free from the fault indicated. It has, too, some other advantages which are worth noting. It consists of two ingredients, a solid and a liquid. Neither of these is explosive in itself, and they need not be mixed until required for use. The solid is made up in the usual cartridge form, and is saturated with the liquid when it is required to assume its explosive properties. Rackarock is as powerful as dynamite, but far more safe to handle.

It has often been stated that scorpions and other venomous creatures have been known under circumstances of great irritation to kill themselves by inoculation with their own virus. From experiments which have been made by Professor Bourne, and published in the Proceedings of the Royal Society, it would seem that this notion is one of the numerous myths which have always clung about natural history, and which increased knowledge is gradually eliminating from that interesting branch of science. According to Professor Bourne, poisonous creatures can poison other creatures, but not themselves or each other. But non-venomous snakes, frogs, lizards, fish, and other low forms of life, quickly succumb to the deadly poison of their venomous kindred.

The cheap production of oxygen gas is a problem that has taxed the brains of many experimenters, and the solution of which will be welcomed in many arts and manufactures where intense light or intense heat is required. M. Brin has taken out several patents relating to a method which he has elaborated of obtaining oxygen direct from the atmosphere, of which it forms about one-fifth, the rest being inert nitrogen. The process is as follows: Retorts charged with anhydrous oxide of barium are brought to a certain temperature, when air is admitted to them. The oxygen is absorbed by the barium oxide, while the nitrogen escapes. The barium is then made to give up the oxygen absorbed, and is ready to receive a fresh charge. A Company, called Brin's Oxygen Company, has been formed in London to supply the gas, compressed in steel bottles, to manufacturers and others.

If we have to look to America for the production of ingenious machinery, we still find that elegant and beautiful things come to us from our French neighbours. We are reminded of this by seeing the description of a new form of clock which has recently been patented in France. The novelty of it is in the dial, which is made of parchment, and painted with garlands of flowers. Among these flowers are seen two bees, which literally flit from flower to flower; but while one gets round the dial in an hour, the other takes twelve hours to run its course. The parchment has no opening in it; and it puzzles many to understand how the busy bees can be made to move without any connection with the interior works of the clock. Here is the explanation: Just underneath the parchment face are the ordinary hands of the clock, each forming a magnet. The bees, being made of light steel, readily follow the paths of the unseen magnets below the parchment dial.

The coke-dust at gas factories is usually regarded as being almost a waste product, but the Lyons Gas Company are utilising it in a remunerative manner. The dust is washed, and afterwards mixed with tar and pitch in such proportions that, when moulded, it will retain a solid form. These *briquettes* are then sold at about thirteen shillings per ton for fuel. Coal-dust has for years been utilised in this way, but coke *briquettes* are new.

At a recent meeting of the Association of Public Sanitary Inspectors, Dr Alfred Carpenter made some remarks on the Theory and Practice of Disinfection, which, we trust, will serve to dispel many erroneous notions concerning that important operation. He said that the breath of a smallpox patient contains the germs of living protoplasm, which would take root if immediately transplanted to the membrane of a susceptible person; but if floated about in the air for a hundred yards, such germs will lose their vitality. Here we recognise the importance of isolation of the patient in such cases. He advocates the use of steam for disinfecting houses, in preference to carbolic acid, which tends to preserve the dormant germ from decay. The same remark holds good for alcohol; so that those who think that they render suspected water innocuous by mixing with it something stronger, are under a delusion. The best of all

disinfectants is bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate); and, according to Dr Carpenter, a solution of one part in five thousand parts of water will in a quarter of an hour destroy every living germ, dormant or otherwise, with which it comes into contact. One ounce of the corrosive sublimate would afford a solution of this strength when mixed with thirty-one gallons of water, the cost being about sixpence. It should be mentioned that the greatest caution must be exercised in dealing with this salt of mercury, for it is one of the most virulent poisons known to chemists.

Dr Stallard has brought before the notice of the San Francisco Microscopical Society the results of some researches which he has made relative to the presence of *Bacillus tuberculosis* in fowls. He asserts that he has found the liver, spleen, lungs, and other parts of a chicken infested with true tubercle bacilli, and expresses the belief that five per cent. of all the fowls offered for sale in San Francisco were affected in like manner. Nervous persons will note with satisfaction that the bacilli are destroyed by as low a temperature as a hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit; but a far greater degree of heat is necessary to kill the spores. The moral of the matter is, that food should be well cooked before being eaten.

Few people are aware of the unhealthiness of inhabiting a room where there is a small escape of coal-gas. When the escape is of any great amount, it is usually seen to, too often, with a lighted candle. But small escapes are only recognisable by their faint nasty smell, and are generally unheeded. Professor Corfield has lately related to the Society of Medical Officers of Health some of the cases which have come under his own notice, and where injury to health has occurred through sleeping in gas-contaminated rooms. Relaxed and ulcerated sore throat—generally ascribed to bad drainage—are among the symptoms recorded. Other subjects are afflicted with continually recurring headache. But such symptoms are present when people sleep in a room to which fresh air is almost a stranger. Those who sleep with open windows know no such ailments; and those who do not, may obtain immunity from them by adopting other methods of ventilation.

The steamship *Charles Howard*, owned by Messrs Alfred Stuart & Co., has been fitted with the necessary apparatus for burning residual oils in the furnaces, instead of coal (Tarbutt's system). But two improvements have been introduced, which cannot fail to be recognised as such by those who have studied the gradual advance of liquid fuels. As ordinarily burnt, these fuels were thrown into the furnaces by means of steam-jets, entailing a considerable loss of fresh water from the boilers. In the above-named vessel, highly heated air is employed in lieu of steam, and is found to answer the purpose in a most satisfactory manner. Another improvement is the employment of the water-ballast tanks as receptacles for the liquid fuel. The owners of this steamship are so pleased with the results of these improvements, that they intend fitting up the remainder of their fleet in the same way.

Our contemporary *Engineering* devotes an article to the description of a new method of extracting aluminium from its ores, which has

been invented and carried out by Dr Kleiner of Zurich. The apparatus is simple, and the entire operation occupies from two to three hours only. The operations required cannot be here described in full; but we may mention that the process is an electro-chemical one, and quite different from methods which have been previously adopted. As aluminium in its combined state is one of the most common things in nature, and as it possesses many valuable properties in its metallic form, it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when it can be placed cheaply on the market. Hitherto, the expense of its reduction has been so great, that it was regarded as one of the rare metals, and was valued accordingly.

It is said that a cheap and ready means of waterproofing felt, cloth, leather, and other fabrics, is represented by the following simple process: Paraffin wax is heated, mixed with linseed oil, and cast into a block. This, when cold, is rubbed into the fabric to be waterproofed, which is afterwards ironed with a very hot iron, so that the particles of waxing material are distributed and urged into the pores of the fabric. By limiting the amount of waterproof mixture, the fabric may be rendered impervious to water, but porous enough to allow circulation of air. The process should be valuable to fishermen and others who are much exposed to the weather.

Baron Nordenskiöld is making preparations for a voyage of exploration in antarctic waters, which will be ready to start in the autumn. The king of Sweden and Baron Dickson—whose name is so well known as a munificent encourager of such enterprises—are said to take very great interest in the expedition. The explorers expect that the voyage will occupy about eighteen months.

Messrs Kellar & Allen of Cardiff have patented a piece of apparatus called the Invincible Coupling-bolt Extractor. For the information of those who are not engineers, let us endeavour to describe this contrivance by relating what it can do. The screw-shaft of a steamship forms a connecting link between the propeller and the engine, and is formed of several bars of metal, which by means of flanges at their ends are bolted together. Should any accident happen to the shaft—and such accidents are, by no means uncommon—the removal of the coupling-bolts is a matter of necessity, and of very great difficulty. They stick so fast in their places, that often they have to be drilled out, an operation entailing much loss of valuable time. The Invincible Extractor consists of a pair of jaws which grip the flanges, and which, by a simple arrangement of wedges, cause the bolt to fly out like the shot from a gun. It is obvious that such a contrivance must have many other applications where heavy machinery has to be dealt with.

The new French explosive, *Melinite*, of which such wonderful things were anticipated only a few months ago, does not, after all, seem to be a desirable addition to the munitions of war. The terrible explosion of a melinite shell at Belfort, which caused the death of several workmen, is attributed to chemical decomposition, in consequence of the shell not having been thoroughly dried. The French government have now given orders that this dangerous explosive

is not to be used, and that all shells already charged with it are to be forthwith destroyed.

A paper read before the Physical Society by Mr C. V. Boys, M.A., on the Production, Preparation, and Properties of the Finest Fibres, afforded some interesting particulars concerning a new method of producing such fibres. Most people have seen the operation of glass-spinning, where the melted mineral matter is drawn off in a fine hair, and gradually formed into a silky skein upon a rapidly revolving wheel. But Mr Boys gets a far finer product by using a much higher temperature than is usual, coupled with a far higher rate of velocity. The oxyhydrogen flame he employs as the source of heat; and instead of using a wheel upon which to wind the glass, he attaches the end of the fibre to an arrow which is rapidly shot from a crossbow. By such means he has produced threads of glass measuring in diameter one-ten-thousandth part of an inch. In certain physical experiments, the possibility of obtaining a thread so delicate is of great importance.

According to an American medical journal, a number of the tonics and bitters which are sold as non-intoxicating drinks, and are as such brought under the notice of total abstainers, contain a quantity of alcohol ranging from six to forty-seven per cent. It is not inferred that the alcohol is purposely introduced; but that it is naturally generated in the bottles from certain ingredients, there is no doubt whatever. Home-made ginger beer, which is generally regarded as being as free from spirit as pure water, often contains a very perceptible proportion of alcohol.

'A rapid method of dry-mounting' was lately the subject of an exposition before the members of the Western Microscopical Club, by their secretary, Mr A. W. Stokes. Those who work with the microscope will know how difficult it is to mount specimens dry, as some must be mounted, and yet protect them from moisture, fungus, &c. The plan advocated by Mr Stokes is a simple one, by which such difficulties can be avoided. Upon a slip of glass or of metal, a small piece of wax—paraffin wax and beeswax equal parts—is placed, and melted by heat. To the warm liquid, the ring of paper, vulcanite, or other material which is to form the cell, is placed—first one side, and then the other, so that both receive a coating of the wax. The waxed ring is then placed upon the slip of glass which is to form its permanent resting-place, and heat is applied beneath. After the object is inserted, a warm cover glass is attached to the upper side of the ring, and a coat of varnish completes the operation.

For the past few years, there has been an outcry among artists to the effect that the Royal Academy requires reform, and that the falling-off in the quality of the pictures sent in for annual exhibition results partly from the circumstance that many of the best men do not care to send their works there under present conditions. It is perhaps possible that good-humoured ridicule may accomplish what serious protest has failed to achieve, and for that reason we regard with something more than amusement the 'Artistic Joke' of Mr Harry Furniss. In Bond Street, London, Mr Furniss has established

a 'Royal Academy' of his own, in which the shortcomings of the real Academy are set forth in the most humorous light. The pictures very cleverly take off the mannerisms of different well-known exhibitors, as well as caricature the portraits of nobodies which are of no interest whatever to anybody else. These are all drawn with their backs towards the spectator.

STRANGE DUELS.

In the old days of duelling, nearly every one was affected by the mania—soldiers, sailors, statesmen, actors, and even members of the learned professions were ready at all times, and in fact in all places, with sword or pistol to settle a difference or to wipe out an insult. Drs Woodward and Mead fought under the very gates of Gresham College. Dr Woodward's foot slipped, and he fell. 'Take your life,' said Mead, loftily putting up his sword.—'Anything but your physic,' retorted Woodward; and thus the desire of these two disciples of Æsculapius to let blood terminated.

All duels, unfortunately, were not so bloodless as the last. Dr Millingen, in his *History of Duelling*, states that during the reign of George III. no fewer than one hundred and twenty-two duels were fought, sixty-nine combatants were killed, and ninety-six wounded, forty-eight of the latter dangerously. The list of fatal duels is capable of almost indefinite extension; but there is perhaps as much material in the more agreeable enumeration of disputes that have had a comic termination. Madaillan sent a challenge to the Marquis de Rivard, who had lost a leg at the siege of Puy Cerda. The marquis accepted, but sent with his answer a case of surgical instruments, insisting that Madaillan should first lose his leg, so as to place them on an equal footing. The joke stopped the duel.

Many duels have been prevented by the difficulty of arranging 'the how and when' of the business. In the instance of Dr Brocklesby, the number of paces could not be agreed upon; and in the affair between Dr Akenside and Mr Ballow, one had determined never to fight in the morning, and the other that he would never fight in the afternoon. John Wilkes, however, was one who did not stand upon ceremony in these little affairs of honour, for when Lord Talbot inquired how many times they were to fire, he replied: 'Just as often as your lordship pleases. I have brought a bag of bullets and a full flask of powder.'

One of the funniest duels was that in which Sainte-Beuve was engaged. It began to rain slightly, after he had taken up his position, whereupon he called for his umbrella, and opening it, held it over his head with his left hand, while with the right he held his pistol. The expostulations of the seconds had no effect upon him. 'It is all very well to be killed,' said the famous essayist; 'but I object to catching cold in my head.'

There is a story told of Perpignan, a literary bohemian, having an encounter with Charles Maurice at five paces. The former fired and missed. The other, taking deliberate aim, said to his antagonist: 'Well, now, before I send you into the other world, tell me what you are think-

ing of?'—'I am thinking that if I were in your place, I would not fire,' said Perpignan; and to this cool rejoinder he owed his life.

There is an anecdote related of an encounter between a French dramatic author and his critic, the latter of whom was a first-rate shot. After the author had fired and missed, the journalist accurately aimed at his adversary's hat, and pierced it with the utmost precision; whereupon the dramatist flew into a violent rage, protested that it was unfair, and exclaimed: 'If you had told me what you were going to do, I would have put on an old hat.'

That a man should lose his life through mispronunciation of a vowel seems hard; but such really was the fact. In the year 1718, Williams—a Welsh actor—and Quin were playing together at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre in the tragedy of *Cato*, Williams playing Decius to Quin's Cato. The former entered with, 'Cæsar sends health to Cato;' but he mincingly pronounced the name of Cato, *Keeto*. Quin, who gave a broad classical enunciation to the letter *a* in the word, was offended, and instead of replying, 'Could he send it to Cato's slaughtered friends, it would be welcome,' he exclaimed, 'Would he had sent a better messenger.' The Welshman was boiling with rage, and when Cato resumed with, 'Are not your orders to address the Senate?' he could hardly help replying, 'My business is with *Keeto*.'—In the short scene, he had to repeat the name ten times, and each time it would come *Keeto*. Quin had to repeat it as often, but delivered it with a broad sound and significant look, which nearly took the Welshman off his feet, and brought laughter from all sides of the house. When they met in the greenroom, Williams assailed Quin for rendering him ridiculous in the eyes of the audience. Quin said it was in the ears, and would have laughed off the matter; but the spirit of the Welshman was aroused, and would not brook such treatment, and so he lay in wait for Cato beneath the piazza of Covent Garden. Quin laughed as Williams drew his sword and bade him defend himself, and would have sustained his defence with his cane; but the Welshman thrust so fiercely, that the other was obliged to draw his sword, which, without intention on the part of the wielder, passed through the body of Decius, and stretched him dead upon the pavement.

Coming within our own day is the strange duel related to have been fought by the celebrated tragedian Signor Rossi. The latter, during a farewell performance of *Hamlet* at Casale, was considerably interrupted by the talking of the court society present. In the middle of a sentence, the tragedian stopped, and turning towards a front box from which the greatest noise proceeded, he bowed, and quietly said: 'I shall not proceed so long as you do not hush.' The public applauded; the interruption ceased, and the play went on. But afterwards, Rossi was met at the stage-door by a young gentleman, who felt called upon to ask for satisfaction. The tragedian made rather a long face, for he was expected on the morrow at Milan; so he explained his position to his adversary, and suggested that, in order that the little affair might be settled as speedily as possible, they should go to his (Rossi's) rooms at the hotel and quietly

shoot at one another there. This proposition having been accepted, they went to Rossi's rooms, and had just placed themselves at either end of the *salon*, to exchange three shots, when the inn-keeper, over-anxious as to his guest's health and hours, knocked at the door, which, finding locked, he anxiously inquired if the signor was ill, as his light burned unusually late.

'No,' replied Rossi. 'I am going to bed.—Thanks. Good-night.'

'You are deceiving me,' persisted the inn-keeper, perhaps enlightened as to the scene at the theatre. 'You are certainly ill.'

'Go to bed,' returned Rossi; 'I am putting out the light;' and in a lower tone he added to his antagonist: 'This is the only way out of it—blow out the candles.'

'What! Are we to fight with pistols in the dark?'

'Not quite. We will each smoke a cigarette, and that will serve to guide our aim.'

'All right!'

And so the duel was fought; and Rossi wounded his adversary slightly.

UNDREAMT DREAMS.

Midst shadows I have entered through thy door,
And trod thy corridors, O place of sleep!
How heavy is thy silence, and how deep!
How noiseless fall the footsteps on thy floor!
Thy form is mystic—changing evermore;
Thy steps are sometimes shallow, sometimes steep,
And often lead to chambers where dreams keep
Some sweet surprise, held quietly in store
To soothe the soul that enters bowed with care
And life-realities. Yet often there
We find not what we sought, although we call
The name with soundless voice; no answer makes
The wished-for dream—no echo wakes;
Only the silence deepens—that is all.

ROSE HOWARD.

* * In the article 'L. S. D.' in our number for April 9, it was stated that the French centime was not a real coinage, but merely a kind of counter for reckoning small differences in trading. We have since had the coin itself sent us by a correspondent, who says that 'centimes are not only coined largely, but are extensively used by bakers for the purpose of adjusting the price of bread, and may readily be obtained at bakers' shops in Paris.'

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WINGED WAR-MESSENGERS.

WITH the exception of the frigid zones, birds of the dove kind, or, as ornithologists prefer to call them, members of the family *Columbidae*, are indigenous to every quarter of the globe; and they would appear to have been domesticated at an early date, with the result that their marvellous power of finding their homes from almost incredible distances was soon noticed by the ancients, who saw in them a means of quickly communicating between one district and another, an idea which was speedily put into practice. In all birds the muscles are extremely vigorous; and from the rapidity of the circulation, the high oxygenation of the blood, and the extent to which the lungs are developed, they are capable of sustaining long-continued exertion; and this coupled with the length of wing possessed by pigeons, renders the latter peculiarly adapted for swiftly accomplishing long-distance flights. As instances of their velocity, it may be mentioned that on the 22d of November 1819, thirty-two pigeons, which 'homed' at Antwerp, were liberated from London at seven o'clock in the morning; and the first of these performed the journey—a distance of about two hundred and ten miles—by noon; or, allowing for difference of time, in four hours forty-five minutes—the second bird being a quarter of an hour later; thus giving the speed of travelling at about forty-four and a half miles per hour. In July 1872, a pigeon race from Spalding to London took place, when the distance was covered at the rate of a mile in ninety seconds.

Though pigeons were used as carriers by the ancients, and were by far the swiftest messengers they possessed, advantage does not appear, except in comparatively rare instances, to have been taken of their services for communicating between one district and another during time of war, though that is a period when the speedy transmission of correspondence between one commander and another is of the utmost importance, and when the delay of a message, even for a brief

space, may be the cause of disaster to an entire army. The pigeon was Julius Cæsar's field telegraph; and it was by means of this bird that Hirtius and Brutus corresponded with each other at the siege of Mutina or Modena, 43 B.C. In this capacity, however, it has been but seldom employed, though for what reason it is somewhat difficult to conceive; and consequently, the mounted messenger, the swift-footed courier, and the heliograph and other methods of signalling, were, prior to the invention of railways, balloons, and the telegraph, the only agents made use of for purposes of communication during military operations. Among modern nations, the second of these has been dispensed with, and trust is now chiefly placed in mounted messengers, the railway, and the telegraph as the means of conveying despatches from one point to another during time of war. But these are all liable to break down or to fall into the enemy's hands, and added to which drawback, there is the fact, that during a siege it is impossible to construct a telegraph; and in combined operations between a moving fleet and a coast fortress all three agents become useless. In such cases the heliograph and other modes of signalling are generally resorted to, and in several instances they have been found to be of immense service. But there are certain conditions which sometimes render the establishing of signal-stations a matter of great difficulty, if not impossibility, as, for instance, the presence of the enemy, topographical peculiarities of the country, and atmospheric causes; besides which, there is always the risk that in a war between civilised nations, the communication may be interpreted by the enemy, and so the purpose it was intended to serve be frustrated. The alternative to signalling is the balloon; but though this has in some instances afforded a valuable means of communication, and notably during the late Franco-German war, when it was more extensively used than ever before, its success depends upon such a variety of conditions, atmospheric and other, that its application is confined to very narrow limits.

Notwithstanding the drawbacks named, however, it was not until the siege of Paris in 1870-71 that another method of communicating between an enemy-encircled town and the outer world was practised; for, though pigeon-flying had for long been indulged in as a pastime by certain classes among most nations, no one appears to have conceived the idea of utilising these birds as a means of carrying on correspondence in time of war until the sanguinary struggle which took place sixteen years ago between two of the foremost nations in Europe; and even then it was not until every other method of communication had been cut off save that of balloons, that pigeons were employed as messengers. Balloons could leave Paris daily, if necessary, to carry despatches beyond the Prussian lines, but they could not effect a return; so that, had it not been for pigeons, the inhabitants of the French capital would during the whole of that memorable siege have been utterly ignorant of events transpiring outside their own limited circle. To effect communication, the birds were conveyed from the city in balloons and were forwarded to Tours, at the prefecture of which a large room was converted into a pigeon-loft. The birds selected for the return journey were taken by train from Tours in the early morning to the farthest point north that could be safely reached, and, with missives attached, were then liberated. From November 18, 1870, until January 28, 1871, a pigeon post existed between London and Tours; and during that period, forty-eight day mails and eleven hundred and eighty-six night mails were thus sent. Communications arriving from the first-named city, and the destination of which it was intended should be Paris, were despatched from Tours by winged messengers in the manner described; and thus between the dates named was communication effected between the English and French capitals.

The method of attaching the messages to the birds, a matter which is of great importance, had not been studied before the siege, and consequently at first several pigeons reached their destination without the expected missive attached. As, at the beginning of this system of communication, the paper message was simply rolled up tight, waxed over, and attached to a feather of the bird's tail, its loss was due to various causes—to being pecked by the bearer, to being cut by the thin twine which kept it in its place, and to becoming saturated with wet in consequence of insufficient waxing. To obviate these difficulties, the despatch was subsequently inserted in a small goose-quill, about two inches long, which was then pierced close to its ends with a red-hot bodkin, so as not to split it, and in the holes thus made, waxed silken threads were inserted, to fix it to the strongest feather of the tail.

By the aid of micro-photography, the original messages were copied, greatly reduced in size, upon thin films of collodion, each of which con-

tained on an average two thousand five hundred communications; and as one bird could easily carry a dozen of these films, it was therefore possible to forward thirty thousand communications by one pigeon. Sometimes this number was exceeded, as, for instance, when on one occasion a single bird bore eighteen of these minute pellicles, equal to forty thousand messages. In order to insure arrival, each missive was copied many times, and was sent by several pigeons, some of the despatches being forwarded as many as thirty-nine times, and others as few as three, the average being about twenty. By adopting this plan, though all the birds which were 'tossed' did not reach the capital, a copy of every message sent was received. In this manner one hundred and fifty thousand official and one million private communications were carried into Paris during the four months that the city was in a state of siege. Upon each pigeon-loft from which birds had been furnished for government use, the administration of posts placed a sentry, and when one of the winged messengers arrived, the owner was conducted under escort with his bird to M. Chassinat, Postmaster-general, who detached the missives, which were in due course delivered at their various destinations.

The immense services thus rendered by pigeons to a beleaguered city during the greatest and most memorable siege of modern times did not escape the notice of military authorities of other nations, and soon after the war, almost every continental country commenced the organisation of regular 'Military Pigeon Systems,' all of which are based upon the same guiding considerations. The fortresses on the frontiers of the various countries, and especially those which during the time of war would be most liable to attack by an enemy, together with a large number of both open and fortified inland towns, are provided with pigeon-lofts. Between the fortresses there is often direct communication; but some important point in the interior of the country—generally the capital—is selected as a central station with which all others are to communicate. In instances where the distance separating outlying stations from the central one is considered too great for the pigeons to accomplish with any degree of certainty, connection is insured by means of intermediate ones.

The number of birds at each station varies according to its position, the distances that have to be flown, and the number of directions in which the pigeons have to be trained. At a station where they are only intended to be used in one direction, about two hundred birds are kept; and at those stations which communicate in more than one quarter, something like one hundred and fifty pigeons are maintained for each section or direction after the first. For instance, at a station where birds are trained to fly in three directions, there are five hundred pigeons, which, in case of siege, will be sufficient to insure communication with the outer world for six months, the calculation being arrived at in the following manner. Suppose that correspondence is on an average to take place twice a week, then in six months fifty-two liberations of birds would be necessary, and as the number despatched on each occasion may be taken to average three, the total number of pigeons used

would be one hundred and fifty-six for each direction.

In Germany, which was one of the first nations to establish these military pigeon-lofts, the commandant of the place is held responsible for the birds being properly cared for and trained. A non-commissioned officer is in charge, and under him are two private soldiers and a keeper, the latter of whom receives a salary of four pounds ten shillings per month. A list of the birds is kept in a register, which records their sex, colour, age, distinguishing marks, and other particulars; and another register gives the different places from which the pigeons have accomplished journeys, together with notes on the rapidity and reliability of their flight, and complete information on the capabilities of every bird. So cognisant are the Germans of the important services that can be rendered by pigeons in time of war, that they have gradually established pigeon-station after pigeon-station, until the military pigeon system possessed by them has become by far the most complete and extensive of any in existence. The fortresses of Königsberg, Thorn, and Posen, near the eastern frontier, are all in communication with the capital; and the whole of the northern coast is studded with pigeon-stations, which are under the supervision of the Minister of Marine, and the principal of which are at Danzig, Stettin, Kiel, Tönning, and Wilhelmshafen; whilst the western fortresses of Metz, Strassburg, and Cologne each contain about four hundred trained pigeons, a number which it is proposed to increase to six hundred. A good stock of birds is also kept at Würzburg and Mayence. Cologne, which is in direct communication with Berlin—a fly of three hundred miles—is a transmitting station for Metz, and probably also for Mayence; whilst Strassburg and Metz can both correspond with the capital through Würzburg. It will thus be seen that by means of this network of pigeon-stations all parts of Germany could, in the event of an enemy seizing her telegraphs and railways, still communicate with the capital, and the chief towns on the frontiers could still correspond with each other.

In France, a like system of pigeon-stations has been established, and the military budget annually assigns a credit of one hundred thousand francs (four thousand pounds) for the cost of signalling and maintaining the pigeon-lofts.

But although this system of communication has found such great favour on the continent, our own military authorities have not hitherto entertained the idea, doubtless regarding our seagirt position as being a sufficient protection against an invasion, and there being no necessity, therefore, to give attention to means of communication beyond those we already possess. Such reasoning may to a great extent be correct; but as regards some of our foreign possessions, it certainly does seem as though the establishing of pigeon-stations on the frontiers and coasts would be most useful adjuncts to the means at present available for purposes of correspondence, in case war should at any time unfortunately break out in these regions. It cannot be that the cost of maintaining military pigeon-stations has been the reason why we have not followed the example set by other great continental nations, for that would

be only a mere fraction in a country's annual expenditure; the probable reason is, that the authorities have not hitherto given the subject that amount of attention which it deserves. But that they are at length beginning to see the importance of such a system being established may be inferred from the fact, that in the latter portion of January 1886, Captain H. P. Allatt, of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, read a paper in London, before a number of military and naval men, in which he advocated the carrying out of a system of pigeon-stations like that which prevails in most great European countries; and the opinion of the majority of those present was in favour of the formation of some government department whose function it should be to train pigeons in the service of England and her possessions. It was also thought that it would be quite possible to train these birds to maintain communication between ship and shore, so that, in case of a combined attack by land and sea forces, those in command could correspond with each other.

Whether or not Captain Allatt's paper is likely to bring about the object sought by its author, it is entirely outside the province of this article to predict; but it is a notable fact that at last year's Easter Volunteer manoeuvres at Portsmouth and Dover, pigeons were employed as messengers, and that within the cognisance of the commander-in-chief (the Duke of Cambridge). The idea upon which the operations at both the places named were based was, that invading forces had landed on the southern coast of England, and, being in possession of the country in the vicinity of Portsmouth and Dover, had proceeded to invest these towns; that the telegraph had fallen into the enemy's hands, and that the garrisons were therefore unable to communicate by ordinary means with any other part of the country. A number of pigeons which had been trained by Captain Allatt for the purpose were consequently employed to maintain communication with the supposed besieged seaports. Upon the receipt of the news that the 'invaders' had landed at Whitstable Bay, pigeons were despatched from Dover to Portsmouth, to London, and to Canterbury; and upon the enemy reaching and occupying the latter place in force, a winged messenger was sent to Dover, which was reached in an hour, bearing a communication to the Deputy-assistant Adjutant-general. An hour later, another missive was received, stating that the enemy was advancing on Lydden with a strong force; and the whole of the distant communications it was necessary to make during the 'Battle of Lydden' were conveyed by pigeons. The troops at Dover were thus notified of the approach of the 'invaders,' notwithstanding that telegraphic communication had been cut off, and were able to prepare for the expected attack.

It has been said that it will be a bad day for Old England when she is driven to rely on pigeons to bring her news in time of war; but probably the success which attended the experiments alluded to may have some weight with our military authorities in considering the advisableness of establishing pigeon-stations in Great Britain or her dependencies; for it is beyond doubt that should the day unfortunately come when our present modes of communication, either

in this country or in our possessions across the seas, fall into the hands of an enemy, much valuable service might be rendered by an organised military pigeon system.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,'
'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—HOME ?

'We dine at half-past seven. The rector and Mrs Sellwood are coming. They have that French Countess staying with them.'

'Very well, papa.—Are those dreadful men gone?'

'Hark! They are giving you three cheers. They will have to carry Jonas Flinders away in a wheelbarrow. He was tipsy when he came. He's a relation of Richard's, is he not?'

'No, papa,' said Josephine, colouring. 'Richard has no relations here.'

'I am glad of that. I made a mistake. He is a kinsman of the first Mrs Cable—brother, if I am not misinformed, of the deceased Polly.—I am glad the tie is no more than that. It would have been awkward to have a drunken brother-in-law, or something of that sort, demanding his entrée. Even as it is, I foresee some awkwardness—he will come to visit Richard, if he does not force his presence on you. It will be as well to let him understand always to go round to the back when he calls.'

An hour passed before Richard Cable came to the Hall. He hesitated about entering by the front and without ringing. He suddenly felt that he was in an awkward position. His wife was Squireess of Hanford, lady of the manor; the mansion belonged to her, and he—he would not be master in the house, and in that great house would probably feel uncomfortable. Home to him was a cottage with a big back garden, and a vine running over the low roof, a kitchen in which the meals were not only cooked but also consumed, and a little bedroom with the stairs opening into it; and a lean-to roof where all the rafters showed. He stood in the porch, put his hand before his mouth, and coughed. The glass window was open, and he looked into the hall; it had a polished oak floor inlaid in patterns. There was a billiard table in it. There were carved cabinets, with yellow and blue Japanese vases on them, and crimson cloth curtains before the staircase which opened out of the hall. Mr Cable ventured a little way within and coughed again. Then, frightened at his own voice, he retreated into the porch, and examined the white jessamine that trailed up it. If he were to go in—he would not know his way about the house. It seemed too absurd to ring the bell, and hardly proper for him to go round to the kitchen.

Richard Cable was a shy man when out of his proper element and among those he did not know intimately. Brave at sea and in any peril, he was timid on land when placed in situations with which he was unacquainted. He was a humble man, with much self-diffidence, and only strong when he thought he was doing his duty.

As he stood in the door, duty was neither before him nor behind him, on this side, nor on that; and he was perplexed. He put his nose to the jessamine, and thrust his hands into his pockets. He knitted his brows and considered. Now he wished he had come along with Josephine directly after landing; then he could have entered the house at her side and taken his proper place; but the strong hunger in his heart to see and clasp the dear golden heads had carried him away, and he had missed his proper opportunity.

Something must be done, he said, and drew his nose away from the jessamine. He pulled his right hand out of his pocket, took off his glazed hat, and walked boldly into the hall, where he began to hum a tune, as he hung up his hat on the peg near the door. He snuffed up a pleasant odour. It is a remarkable phenomenon that the smell of dinner invariably goes where it is not wanted, and where it ought not to be. It is not smelt in the kitchen, where it is cooked; but it travels into the bedrooms; it pervades the staircases; it penetrates to the drawing-room; and it meets those who are about to partake of the dinner, at the entrance of the house. Architects rack their brains, engineers scheme, to circumvent the smell of dinner—all in vain. It will not be circumvented. It has been known to come out of the house by the kitchen chimney, scramble down the roof, and take up a position, from which nothing can drive it away, a quarter of a mile off at the lodge-gates. Now, if it were only the vanilla flavouring of the blanc-mange, or the cinnamon for the stewed pears, or the ratafia for the trifle, that thus announced itself, no one would object; but these delicate essences are elbowed away and down-trodden by the coarser savours of boiled cabbage and cauliflower. Woe betide the householder if he keeps pigs, and his factotum induces him to boil potatoes for the sty. The smell of those potatoes becomes a thick reek in every portion of his house; and by that perversity which orders the events of life, the pig potatoes are certain to be boiling when distinguished, even titled, visitors call on us, and sends them away after a curtailed call, impressed with the belief that our sewers are out of order.

Richard Cable was hungry; and the smell that saluted his nose was grateful. He thought at once, with a softening of the heart, that Josephine had considered him, and was doing a chop or a rasher for him. His mother had desired to detain him, and had promised him supper; but he would not stay with her, because he thought his duty called him to the side of Josephine. As he was venturing hesitatingly across the hall, he heard a door slam, heard a step, and at once retreated to the porch, but not before the butler had caught sight of him, and came after him, with a: 'Now, then! What are you doing here? Trying to carry off a greatcoat, eh? One of them drunken rascals as have been in the kitchen, I'll be bound.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Richard, standing still, and becoming red as fire; 'I'm—I'm the husband of Miss Josephine, sir. That is—sir, I'm Mr Richard Cable.'

'I'm very sorry, sir, very sorry,' said the butler, his face altering immediately. 'I did not see

at first; I thought it was an intruder, and I wasn't sure what he might be up to.—O sir, here come the rector and the ladies.'

The door was darkened by the arrival of the guests.

'There's dinner, sir, immediate, if you'd run up-stairs and dress. I'll tell cook to put back for ten minutes.'

'Dress!' exclaimed Richard, startled, and casting a hasty glance about himself to see if by accident any portion of his garments had not been put on.

'Up-stairs, right-hand side of passage, first door, is your dressing-room, sir,' said the butler, covering him from the visitors.

'But I don't want a dressing-room, sir!' remonstrated Richard. 'I'm in my togs.'

'What! Cable!' called the rector, coming forward. 'Did not expect you here. Did not know that you had returned; wish you joy and happiness. But—I see, just off the water, and I am detaining you from dressing.'

Richard ascended the stairs in a puzzled state of mind, and walked on the side, not in the middle, lest he should dirty the pretty red carpet that ran down the stairs. When he came to the top, he looked about him. 'First door on right hand,' he said, and went to one, but was doubtful whether it were the right door, for the butler had said something about a passage. He saw no passage. He stood hesitatingly at the door and coughed. Then he put his hand on the handle, but doubted whether he ought to open, fearing this might be the wrong room, so he coughed again and tapped faintly at the door. Instantly it flew open, and Josephine appeared in white satin with lace and orange flowers, and a few pearl-gray silk bows, as a compliment to the memory of Cousin Gabriel, as an acknowledgment that she was in mourning. She looked very lovely in her evening dress; it was her bridal dress made into one for the evening.

'Good gracious, Richard! you're not dressed!' she exclaimed, and stepped back.

'Not dressed!' he said with a stupid stare. 'You're the third person who has said this, and yet—I—I can't believe it. I know I am in my togs.'

'O Richard! how late you are. Be quick—you will keep every one waiting. Do dress.'

'Dress!' he exclaimed, becoming desperate. 'What more will you have? Shall I put on my greatcoat?'

'Good gracious!' said Josephine, putting her hand to her chin, 'I don't believe you have got any clothes!'

'Feel me,' said Richard, 'if you cannot believe your eyes. I've got my suit on.'

'But not your dress suit. Goodness! what is to be done! I never thought about a set of evening clothes for you. I really supposed you might have provided all that for yourself.'

'I've got the frockcoat in which I was married,' said Cable, 'and the lavender thing-um-jigs, and a yellow nankeen waistcoat. What more do you want?'

'Get into that,' said Josephine hastily; 'there is no help for it. I really must go down. The rector and Mrs Sellwood have come.'

About ten minutes later, Richard Cable was heard coughing outside the drawing-room door.

He was shy of entering, and stuck there hesitating, hearing the voices within, till the butler came to his aid and precipitated him into the room. Then he stood bewildered, looking vacantly about him, till the rector came to his aid and conveyed him into the middle of the apartment.

Josephine looked keenly at him, and almost wished he had come in his dark-blue sailor suit, which became him, instead of cutting the preposterous figure he did. In his nautical dress, he looked so handsome, such a frank, manly fellow, so every inch one of nature's gentlemen; but now—in the black frockcoat and lavender trousers, uncomfortable, shy, ungainly—and—O horror of horrors! without having changed his shirt, with the old coarse linen collars and front, clean but crumpled—and—and— Josephine was in the midst of a conversation in French with the Countess de Marluche, whom the Sellwoods had brought with them, when she lost the thread, forgot what she was saying, forgot the subject about which she was conversing, in her consternation at the figure her husband cut among well-dressed ladies and gentlemen.

'Dinner is served,' said the butler.

She recovered herself at once, and said to the countess: 'We are just off the water. Our yacht only arrived a few hours ago, and we have to ask your indulgence if we appear in picnic guise.'

Then she saw Aunt Judith looking at her, and the rector came over towards her. She was startled. She had forgotten that she, not her aunt, was the lady of the house. Her father turned to Richard Cable, and said: 'It is your place, Mr Cable, to take in the Countess—will you lead the way?'

Josephine cast an appealing look at her father; but he took no notice of it.

Richard was obliged to give his arm to the French lady and lead the way. He was followed by Mr Cornellis with Mrs Sellwood; then came Captain Sellwood and Aunt Judith; lastly, the rector and the bride.

Captain Sellwood maintained an imperturbable face. He would not have come, had he known that Josephine had returned. Mr Cornellis had begged him to make one of the quiet dinner that evening, quite a family party, no strangers. In the little society of Hanford, scarce a week passed without a small dinner of this sort, cosy little repasts, where old friends met again and again at each other's houses. As the Cornellis family were in mourning, recent mourning, of course they gave no parties; but these small unceremonious dinners did not count.

When Richard, with the French lady on his arm, arrived in the hall, he stood still, put his hand to his mouth and coughed. 'I declare,' he said, 'I don't know the bearings.'

'This way, sir,' explained the obsequious butler, bowing at the dining-room door. Then: 'Excuse me, sir; you're at the wrong end of the table—up the room, sir.'

'We shall get right at last, ma'am,' said Richard to his companion. 'I hope you're as ready as I am to play a good knife and fork.'

'Mais! malheureusement! monsieur, je ne parle que fort peu l'Anglais.'

A roast goose was in front of Richard. He

stood up to carve it, and turned back his cuffs. 'I daresay the old lady is hungry,' he said to himself in his kindly thoughts. 'I'm sure in her foreign country she don't get such solid food as in England. We didn't, I know;' so he helped her to the leg of the goose.

'Mais, monsieur, je vous prie!—c'est un peu trop!'

'Too much?' So he sliced the leg in half, and served her the drumstick.

'There's stuffing, sir,' said the butler confidentially in his ear.

'Is there, sir?' answered Richard. 'And how am I to get at it? It is not often we've had a chance of carving a goose, I can tell you.'

Josephine looked on in terror, lest he should splash the gravy about the table, possibly over the Countess; but Richard had a hand at once too firm and gentle for that. Though he had no great experience in carving, he managed fairly well, only that he gave enormous helpings to every one, generous helpings, because he wished all to have enough, and he measured all appetites by his own.

He made a few attempts at conversation with the countess, but could not succeed; her knowledge of English was rudimentary, his knowledge of French was *nil*.

Josephine was fortunately saved the effort of making conversation at her end of the table, because she sat by the rector, who could and did talk whenever he had a chance. She was at leisure, whilst half listening to his voice, to watch her husband's face. It wore its usual kind and honest expression, but it was troubled. He was uncomfortable, willing to do his best, desirous to do his duty, but ignorant as to what he ought to do, and bewildered by the strangeness of the situation in which he found himself.

Even whilst speaking to the rector, Josephine's eyes became dim with a mixed emotion—vexation that Richard should cut such an absurd figure, and pity for him, because she knew he was suffering. Then she felt her brow become warm, for the great solemn eyes of the captain—after having rested on Richard for a moment whilst he finished his gravy with his knife, putting it into his mouth—turned and looked at Josephine, and at once dropped.

'Dick will need some taking in hand,' thought Josephine; 'he is better at sea than on land.'

If Richard Cable had been a bumptious man, one with much self-assurance, he would have talked and joked and drunk his wine and felt quite at his ease, and gone to bed believing that he had made a good impression on the company; but Richard was a modest man, always mistrustful of himself where he did not see his way, very sensitive, and somewhat alive to the ridiculous. He was, though he did not know it, so thoroughly a gentleman at heart, that he shrank from intruding where he was unqualified to take his place. Now, in society, into which he was cast headlong, at a dinner, of a sort with which he was quite unfamiliar, dressed differently from the other gentlemen, and knowing that he did not look well in his clothes, he was troubled and frightened, and only partly recovered himself when the ladies had left the room, and the rector took his glass and came over to the

end by Cable, as he did not attempt to come to the rector's end. The rector was a man of the world, and could get on with any one. He at once began to speak about the cruise in the yacht, and having got Richard on a familiar subject, with great forbearance encouraged Cable to talk, instead of doing all the talking himself.

When Cable spoke of anything that he understood he spoke well, straightforwardly and intelligently. The rector kept him in the dining-room a long time. He was interested in the cruise of the *Josephine*. Perhaps he saw that it was a kindness to keep his host there, conversing on what he could talk about, instead of bringing him into the drawing-room and the society of the ladies.

'Shall we rejoin the ladies?' asked Mr Cornellis.

'No hurry, Cornellis,' answered the rector.—'What capital port this is; I'll have another glass. Mrs Sellwood must be allowed her nap.'

When, about eleven o'clock, the guests were gone, and Mr Cornellis and Aunt Judith had retired, then, for the first time since they had landed, Josephine and Richard were alone together. She closed the piano and blew out some of the candles and turned down the lamp. Richard was standing at the chimney-piece with one hand on the marble mantel-shelf, looking at the French ormolu clock. His head was slightly bent; he was immersed in thought, just as many a time he had stood at night resting his hand on the bulwarks of his lightship in a dream.

'What is it, Richard?' asked Josephine, going up to him.

'I was thinking—it is half-past eleven—of the little bedroom at home where mother and all my children are now asleep, and the angels watch them.'

'Home,' said Josephine reproachfully. 'This now is your home. Is it not beautiful?'

'This—home!' He looked round with dazed eyes. 'Home?'

'Of course, Richard.'

'Home?' He shook his head. 'If I was dead and gone to another world, I reckon at first I should feel a bit muddled. In time, maybe, it will come—not all at once.' And as he went up-stairs, he wondered in his heart whether he could ever come to feel there—in that grand house, among those strange people—at home.

THE CATTLEMAN OF THE ATLANTIC.

THE eye of the landsman sees little in the personal appearance of the seaman giving indication of the taste for cleanliness which is habitual to him. His attire is often of a composite and inharmonious character, and his tarry hands and weather-beaten face are little amenable to the beautifying influences of soap and water. But let the fastidious landsman change places with Jack for a week or so on board ship, and it will be seen which of the two has the more practical reverence for the sanctity of cleanliness. It is rarely the privilege of a passenger on an ocean-going steamer to obtain a glimpse of the sailor's domestic arrangements in the fore-castle; but if he does succeed in enjoying even a momentary inspection of that compartment—where Jack

sleeps, dresses, eats, mends—he cannot fail of being struck by its cleanliness. Very different is the fore-castle of the firemen, and still more different that of the half-nautical class about to be described; and it is cleanliness for its own sake, too, for the sailor resents in the strongest manner any curious observation of his 'fo'c'sle' by other eyes than his own. The ship's officers never look in there, knowing and respecting Jack's objections; and the landsman on board who feels moved by a curiosity to see how the sailor lives in his privacy, had better keep away from the fore-castle, unless responsibly introduced.

The mariner's partiality for cleanliness in regard to his immediate personal surroundings extends to his ship as well, and he likes to see well-cleaned decks as much as the passenger likes to walk upon them. Of course, Jack is—more often than not—under the necessity of signing articles on a cargo-ship, where the cleanliness and 'ship-shapedness' of things generally are not considerations. He has less trouble, as a consequence, but he serves under silent protest. Atlantic steamers do not carry coals, to be sure; but many of them carry cattle and sheep, a description of cargo which the sailor detests in a degree only less than that in which he detests the men who go in charge of the animals. The 'stowaway' is to Jack an unmitigated nuisance, although he will share his own rations with the hiding wretch as long as is necessary, rather than see him hungry; but the cattleman is his abomination, and that of every one on board from the captain downward. Perhaps a little information regarding this particular product of the Atlantic trade—the 'bull-pusher,' as the sailor terms him—will have some interest for the general reader.

The ocean traffic in livestock is quite a recent development of trade, and is carried on most actively during the months of summer and autumn from the Canadian and United States ports. The cattle shipped to England are of two classes—'distillery' or house-fed cattle, and those fed on grass; the one being easily distinguishable from the other by certain indications of the eye chiefly. Cattle landing in British ports from the United States are, under the Privy-council Regulations, compulsorily slaughtered on the spot; those coming from Canada are exempted from this ordinance, and are taken to the public market for sale. The shipping of cattle to a great extent is a speculative business, carried on with varying luck; and perhaps in the end the only balance of profit arising from it is that of the steamship owners. It is claimed for it that it cheapens beef and mutton to the British consumer; and so it obviously ought to do, considering the low price at which Canadian and American meat can be landed in England. But the consumer himself, when the theory is propounded for his gratification, is prone to regard it as a delusion; seeing that, as a matter of fact, it has not reduced the price of butcher-meat at home. Into the political economy of this question, however, we are not called upon to enter.

The shipping of livestock is, during the summer and autumn months—almost as long as the navigation of the St Lawrence is open—the principal

trade of Montreal. As many as ten and twelve steamers laden to their full capacity with cattle and sheep may sometimes be seen leaving that port in one week. Some steamers load three decks, the sheep being always carried in pens on the upper deck. It is a remarkable fact that large numbers of the sheep become blind during the ten or twelve days' voyage, a malady which is attributed to the condensed water supplied to them for drinking, and the heat from the engine-room and funnel. There is also more mortality among sheep than among cattle, the latter as a rule suffering little except in rough weather. An interesting fact noticeable on cattle-boats is that, from one to two days before sighting land, the poor animals, by some mysterious instinct, seem to know that the sad ocean voyage is near its close, and that green fields and fresh streams are not far away. They low almost incessantly day and night. For a day or so before landing them, the men give the cattle hardly any water, so that on being turned ashore the parched beasts may be suffering from a raging thirst, the greedy gratification of which at the troughs will swell them to respectable proportions for the eye of the market.

Point St Charles, in the outskirts of the city of Montreal, not far from the Victoria Tubular Bridge which carries the Grand Trunk Railway across the wide St Lawrence, is the great entrepot of the Canadian cattle-trade. Blinding with road-dust, coal-dust, and factory smoke, a more uncomfortable spot on a hot summer day could hardly be found in the British empire. Here are situated the cattle-yards, where the cattle are unshipped from the railway cars and collected for transfer to the steamships down at the city wharfs. And here the curious observer can behold at any time of day during the shipping season a crowd of cattlemen waiting the chance of a job. When a shipper has his consignment ready for shipment, he has at his hand at the 'yards' any number of candidates for the duty of attending to the cattle on the voyage. Some of these are emigrants sick of that side of the world, and glad to obtain the chance of working their passage back to England without other remuneration. On these terms, they have no difficulty in obtaining what they want; and this class of men are more odious to the professional cattleman than the lazy and awkward stowaway is to the sailor—for a stronger reason. The cheap competition of the greenhorn tends to lower the rate of pay, for the shipper will naturally give the preference to the man who costs him nothing—it being part of the steamship's contract to carry over and back again the men required to look after the cattle—and a batch of greenhorns with the leavening of one or two experienced hands serves the purpose as well as (generally better than) a force of all 'old hands'; for these 'old hands,' whom you may see hanging about the cattle-yards at Point St Charles, easily identifiable by patent evidences of rascality in gait, feature, language, and attire, are, to the least experienced eye, undoubted specimens of that genus of mankind significantly termed in America 'hard' characters. The 'old hands' will not work without wages; but, as has been said, the competition of cheap labour has beaten down their trade, and now

they have to be content with the average remuneration of two or three pounds for the trip, instead of three times the amount, formerly paid. This payment completes the contract on the part of the shipper; and the steamship Companies are bound to provide the men with return passages to the port from which the cattle are shipped. The cattlemen—who are engaged in the proportion of about one man to forty beasts—are accommodated on board in a separate fore-castle, which successive gangs of them render unspeakably dirty. They are allowed the same food as the seamen and stokers. From the first day of going on board, the cattlemen are a public nuisance to the ship. The steward and cook are the objects of their special hostility. Those men, who never worked when ashore, have probably had a prolonged course of starvation before embarking; and the first gluttonous cravings of hunger partially appeased, the food, which at first was grateful to their famished appetites, is reviled in the choicest terms of a copious and forcible vocabulary. What is good enough for the sailors is not nearly good enough for them. Their work affords them a good deal of leisure, and this they mainly devote to begging and thieving in the neighbourhood of the galley. The cattlemen are not, unfortunately, amenable to discipline, as the crew are, and they do not fail to stretch this impunity to the farthest limit. They do their work, because they must; they are supervised by a foreman, whose unfavourable report of any man to the agent at Liverpool, Glasgow, Bristol, or London, as the case may be, would have the unfailing effect of reducing or altogether confiscating the delinquent's pay. But the foreman has no interest in the men's conduct beyond the due feeding and watering of the cattle. The rest of his time, the average cattleman, who is an 'old hand,' and familiar with all practicable rascalities on board ship, devotes to the work of making himself a nuisance. It is an hour of relief to the ship's company when at last the cattle are put ashore and the cattlemen along with them; and Jack, observing the 'bull-pusher's' exit from the fore-castle with a thoughtful grin, amuses his fancy with the familiar picture of the despicable mendicancy which the same rowdy individual will by-and-by present when once more landed at Montreal after his trip.

Those men who have contracted for payment immediately accompany the foreman to the office of the agent to whom the cattle have been consigned. The shipper has sent by mail a letter of instructions specifying the amount payable to each man. There are some shippers who defraud the wretches of their hardly earned money by sending no authority to the agent to pay them; and the scoundrel who consigns the men to a week or ten days of starvation and open-air lodging while they are waiting the return sailing of the steamer, is constituted of no finer moral fibre than the victims of his petty knavery. The great majority of shippers, however, fulfil their contracts honourably, and as soon as the men present themselves to the agent, they are paid. Then forthwith is commenced a great 'drunk.' The cattleman never for one moment dreams of extending his acquaintance beyond the congenial purlieus of the docks

in Liverpool or of the public-houses around the cattle-market at Islington. In both places, his money is spent in one or two days. Then want succeeds with enforced and miserable sobriety. If he has not paid in advance for his bed and board—which he seldom thinks of doing—he sleeps where he can by night, and sponges on whom he can by day; and at last, on the day of sailing, presents himself once more on the steamer hungry and sullen, without so much as the luxury of a pipe of tobacco to soothe his wretchedness until he has an opportunity of begging or stealing it.

Nothing cheers the cattleman on his return trip so much as to see emigrants on board. To these simple and confiding people he immediately devotes himself with his best manners and most interesting information concerning the new country to which they are adventuring; and the easily moved good-nature of the emigrant becomes as convenient to the insinuating cattleman as his trustfulness is profitable. If the fellow could only restrain his instincts within bounds of prudence, he might live well among his friends the passengers, enjoying their society and their hospitality all the way across; but when the inevitable thieving commences, the authorities of the ship interfere, and he is driven forward to the fore-castle, and prohibited from trespassing aft beyond a certain sharply marked line, which the boatswain keeps his eye upon. Thus the cattleman undoes himself; and mostly in bed, or lying about the deck in moody idleness, he whiles away his time between meals until he is once more 'dumped' ashore at Montreal as impecunious as when he started.

He has, generally speaking, not one penny when he lands, unless he has pilfered something on the voyage; but Montreal is 'freer' than London or Liverpool, and he can sleep about at night without fear of interference from the police. Then, besides, there is a peculiar and popular hostelry on the wharf known as Joe Beef's Canteen, where, for a nominal sum—or, in the case of a particularly 'hard'-looking rogue, for no sum at all—the spirited proprietor dispenses solid and liquid refreshment to the indigent. For the sum of five cents (twopence-halfpenny) a very fair 'feed' can be purchased, or a 'square drink' of any spirituous liquor measured out with free liberality. Joe Beef's Canteen, from one point of view, is worth going to Montreal to see and study. For dirt, stench, drunkenness, vileness unspeakable, human wretchedness and human rascality, it is a sight and a rendezvous not to be matched, or indeed approached, in any other town or city in the civilised world. To the police it is invaluable as a medium for the detection of criminals, and hence to some extent its *raison d'être*; to the penniless cattleman or sailor or tramp, and to every approved specimen of broken-down rogue and vagabond, it opens a refuge which is deeply appreciated and extensively used.

The winter is a long and severe one across the Atlantic, and the question will naturally arise: How does the cattleman get through it? As nearly as we can estimate, from a tolerably intimate knowledge, seventy per cent. are natural rogues and vagabonds, the other thirty of a somewhat higher social instinct. The latter will

probably obtain employment of some kind to carry them on until the next shipping season; the former will almost certainly spend the interval in prison, issuing forth refreshed in good time for the summer trade.

BLOOD-MONEY.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—THE TEMPTATION.

NED ALTCARR sat late at night in the scantily furnished room of his cottage. The fire burned low, for coals were precious. A candle glimmered feebly in the gloom, and sputtered as the high wind whistled through the worn framework of the window. Signs of poverty appeared in everything, and he, with hands clasping his brow, was face to face with absolute want. A clerk out of work for two months, with a sick mother and a young sister to support. He had done his best, and now the last crust had been eaten. Even that crust had been supplied by charity. The workhouse was the next step in the downward career—the workhouse or—

He started to his feet—there was some one cautiously tapping at the window, and calling in a shrill whisper: 'Ned, Ned—open, and let me in.'

He went to the door; and a man, with the collar of a heavy overcoat drawn up over the lower part of his face, and a cap worn low over his brows, pushed his way in, closing the door quickly behind him.

'What's up, Jack? Is anybody chasing you?'

Jack was excited and out of breath; but presently he answered huskily: 'I don't know; I am not sure. But I want to stay here until to-morrow night.'

'Here! Why, man, this is the first place the police searched for you. They have learned that we are old friends, and they have set a watch upon me.'

'If they came here first, they are less likely to come again soon. Anyhow, I am too tired to go farther. You must hide me for a few hours, for old times' sake.'

'What madness tempted you to come back?'

'I doubled on the hounds, and hope they are thrown off the scent.—Give me something to drink.'

Ned pointed to a broken jug containing water, and the visitor took a thirsty draught.

'Have you nothing stronger?—anything eatable?' he queried in his hurried way; and when his friend, with a gloomy shake of the head, signified no, he added: 'Is it so bad as that, lad?—And the mother ill too.—Here, take this: you can go out and get something—get some brandy. I want a fillip and a bite, for I have not dared to venture into a house since yesterday.' He placed a handful of silver and copper on the table.

Ned hesitated, and at that moment he heard his sister calling him. Fearing that the girl might come and discover the fugitive, he hastened to his mother's bedroom.

'Mother is worse, Ned; she can scarcely breathe,' said his sister, crying.

Ned looked for an instant at the invalid, raised her in his arms so that she might cough more freely, and gently laid her down again. 'Don't leave her for an instant, Kitty; I'll be back soon.' He returned to his own room, and snatched up the money which was on the table. 'Bolt the door after me, Jack; I won't be long.'

During his absence, Jack Wolton tried to rest. He threw back his cap, opened the heavy overcoat, and lay down on the little bed in the corner. But he could not lie still. Springing up with a muttered oath, which was in truth a groan of anguish, he moved restlessly about the confined space, his hands clenched, and his lips tightly closed, whilst his bloodshot eyes glared fiercely at the shadows which the flickering candle revealed around him.

He was a tall, stalwart fellow, and had been handsome; but the face was now pale and haggard. He had been fond of athletic sports; and even when he rose to the position of assistant-manager in the great cloth manufacturing firm of Arnold & Co., Leeds, he continued to be a leading spirit amongst cricketers and football players, so that his muscular powers were unimpaired by his close confinement to a desk. He was regarded as one of Fortune's favourites: frank and sociable; steady in business, and enjoying the entire confidence of the house he served. It was understood that he was to marry a pretty girl, Lizzie Holroyd, the daughter of Arnold & Co's. cashier; and there seemed to be every prospect of happiness and prosperity for the couple.

Suddenly, there was a change in Jack Wolton's manner and conduct, which astounded everybody. He became morose, abstracted, and forgetful to such an extent, that the firm, under the advice of an experienced physician, insisted that he should take a three months' holiday, as it was evident that he had, in his eagerness to 'get on,' overworked himself to the verge of a total breakdown.

He submitted; but instead of going abroad, as he had been advised, his time was spent at Blackpool, Harrogate, and Scarborough—flying from one place to the other without finding satisfaction, and constantly appearing in Leeds at the most unexpected times. On returning to his post, he was subdued in manner, pertinacious in his attention to duty, but the old blithe spirit was gone. Meanwhile, it became known that his engagement with Lizzie Holroyd was at an end. Why and how, could only have been explained by the lovers, and they were silent.

Towards the end of a year, Jack appeared to be regaining a degree of his former healthy good-humour. Then it was rumoured that Percy Arnold, the eldest son of the head of the firm, was about to marry the daughter of a Manchester merchant-prince. When Jack was told this, he said decisively to his informant: 'It's a lie.' But when he read a paragraph in a local newspaper referring to the forthcoming event, he walked into the private room of Mr Arnold, senior, with the paper in his hand. 'Is this true?' he asked, pointing to the paragraph.

'Of course it is,' was the answer; 'and a capital match too. Why do you ask?'

'If it is true, your son is the biggest black-guard that lives.'

Old Mr Arnold was dumb-stricken, and convinced

that the man was mad. At length he gasped: 'What do you mean, sir? How dare you!'

'Don't talk about daring to me, Mr Arnold. I am sorry for you; but for your son, I hope he and I may never meet. If we do, it will be bad for one of us. He is bound to Lizzie Holroyd.'

Jack left the place, and was not seen again by any one connected with the establishment, except Ned Altcar, who, for holding intercourse with him, was promptly dismissed—at the instigation, it was believed, of Percy Arnold. The latter was a gentleman who found little favour amongst the people connected with his father's business, and he was perfectly indifferent whether he did or not. But a thrill of horror and pity did pass through the breasts of every one when it was reported that the young man had been found dead near Kirkstall Abbey—evidently murdered. The words which Jack Wolton had spoken to the dead man's father clearly indicated the criminal, and the hue and cry was raised against him; but so far he had eluded all efforts to capture him, even when they were stimulated by a government offer of one hundred pounds reward.

When Ned went out to procure the refreshments of which the fugitive stood so much in need, he learned that Mr Arnold, senior, had added five hundred pounds to the reward already offered for the capture of his son's murderer. He was extremely nervous as he placed the things on the table; and Wolton, observing how his hands trembled, told him to follow his example and take a stiff glass of brandy-and-water.

'I'll take some in to mother, first, Jack. She's very weak, and maybe this will help her. The doctor said she ought to have a little.'

Wolton nodded, and helped himself again. Then he made an attempt to eat, but could not. He tried hard, knowing of how much importance it was to him to eat rather than to drink. But he could not swallow, and he drank again.

Ned having attended to the invalid, sat down, and he, too, found some difficulty in eating. A horrible idea had possession of him—a temptation of the evil one, which he tried to find strength to conquer by drinking. The brandy acting upon his empty stomach would have had a disastrous effect; but he was careful. Wolton was not.

'Why do you keep on shivering in that way?' said the latter.

'I am frightened,' was the dull answer.

'Frightened at what?' asked Wolton recklessly.

'Frightened at myself,' rejoined Ned gloomily, with elbows resting on his knees and chin on his knuckles, whilst he stared into the embers.

'You are frightened because I am here. Well, I am sorry to bother you. But mind, Ned, whatever happens to me, what I have done was a just act of retribution.'

'No doubt, no doubt it was so in your eyes. But—'

'Oh, stop your "buts." You know, if no one else does, how much I had to bear when the girl, who was on the point of becoming my wife, told me that she liked *him* better than me. You know how hard it was for me to say: "Very well, Lizzie; if you believe that you will be happier

with Percy Arnold than with me, I shall not stand in your way." But I did it. I spoke no word of the bitterness I felt at the notion that if my fortune had been equal to his, she would not have changed. I tried to think only of what was best for her—or, at anyrate, of what pleased her best, for I never believed that he would be true to her.'

'You did the right thing by her, Jack. Nobody will gainsay that, and she was a fool not to see'—

'Drop that, Ned. I can't bear a word against her. She has found out her mistake, and is suffering for it. If he had been faithful to her, I would have got over my loss in time. But when I learned that he had left her with her baby, and was going to marry another woman, my head went wrong. I believed that they had been married—they both said so, and she believed it—poor lass.'

'He was always equal to any lie that served his purpose,' muttered Ned abstractedly, for he was tortured by that horrible idea which was flickering like a fiery speck in his brain, and unable to follow the passionate self-defence of his companion.

'Even then I held myself in. I sent for him, and told him that he must do the right thing by the girl. He laughed at me, and said she knew what she was about, and that he would see to the kid.—Think of that, Ned—think of that! I struck him, and he fell. I did not mean to kill him; but he deserved it. Such a demon had no right to live further. And yet the law would hang me for ridding the earth of such a pest.'

'Hush! Don't talk so loud. I tell you the place is watched, and you may be heard.'

'All right, old fellow. I don't want to bring you into trouble; but I do want you to understand that my act was that of an honest man.—Ah, Ned, I cared more for that girl than for—well, for my own soul. That's true.' He rose, and again moved restlessly about the room.

Ned did not look at him or speak, but was conscious of his every movement.

Presently, Wolton flung himself on the bed. 'I'll try to get a nap,' he said hoarsely, 'and that will help me on my next journey. I'll get off safe enough. Turn me out, if you are afraid to let me rest here.'

'Rubbish.—Take a rest if you can get it. I'll keep watch, and waken you, should there be any signs of danger.'

'That's like you, Ned. Thank you. I think there is a chance of sleep to-night.' His eyes closed drowsily, and presently his heavy breathing indicated that he was asleep; but his nervous movements and occasional mutterings proved that the sleep was much disturbed.

Ned glanced now and again at the recumbent form, and then back to the smouldering fire, in which he saw the big words, 'SIX HUNDRED POUNDS!'

There was a sudden hush of the wind, which had been blowing in sharp gusts, making eerie noises through the crannies of the cottage and in the chimney. The stillness was broken only by the stertorous breathing of the fugitive, who, after days and nights of restless wandering, had at length found a haven in which he might resign himself to repose in the confidence that a friend was keeping watch over him.

Ned remained in his position, his eyes hungrily watching those potent words, whilst he shuddered at the suggestion they conveyed. The lull outside startled him, and his fingers twitched convulsively. He wished the wind would rise again, and help to drown the sounds which would not allow him for a moment to forget the presence of his friend. He dug his knuckles into his temples and tried to think of other things—tried to work out a plan by which Wolton might be enabled to escape—tried to look his own future in the face and to guess what the end was to be. But that was plain enough, was his bitter thought—the workhouse or starvation, or—the other thing. Yet, six hundred pounds were written in letters of fire on the white ashes in the grate. He shut his eyes, and still he saw them as if they were burning on his eyelids. He altered his position, and they took shape out of the shadows which the feeble candle cast around him. Then voices seemed to hum the words in his ears: 'Mother ill; you, a beggar, and six hundred pounds at your command! Six hundred pounds!—one from government; five from old Arnold.'

With such a sum, what might not a man do? There was comfort assured for the mother, relief for his starving sister, and a fortune in the future for them all. And to secure this what had he to do? Only to say: 'There is your man.' He shivered again, and felt sick. In wild horror, he seized the brandy bottle, and sought to deaden the torment of thought and speculation. Yes, he had only to speak these few words, and the misery of poverty would disappear. But what besides? He would be a traitor to his friend, who had trusted his life to him! At the same time, what could life be worth to a murderer? He could know no happiness in it. The memory of his victim must haunt and torture him till he committed suicide or gave himself up to the authorities. That was supposing he escaped; and what likelihood was there of that? Would there not be countless eyes eagerly on the lookout for the wretched man, whose capture meant six hundred pounds to the lucky one who was able to say: 'There is your man.'

The moral sense of the poor clerk was being rapidly poisoned. There could be no wrong in it. Was it not a duty to aid the ends of justice? Was it not a crime to help a murderer to escape the penalty of his crime? Why should others have the reward, which he might obtain and use with advantage for innocent sufferers? It would save the man a few days, maybe a few weeks of agony; for he could experience nothing but agony whilst he was being hunted from place to place like a beast of prey, weighed down to the earth by the sense of his guilt. He could not escape. Why, then, should Ned Altcar lose the opportunity which had been thrust upon him—ay, thrust upon him, he must remember that—of finding a way out of direst misery? And yet the thought was a horrible one. They were friends, and Jack, counting upon their friendship, had sought his protection in this hour of sore need. Jack had helped him at a pinch, and if things had gone right, would have insured his rapid promotion in the house of Arnold & Co. Ned felt his head throbbing as if the blood were surging through the brain with such violence that

it must burst some of the blood-vessels. His throat was parched, and he took more brandy.

Yes, he would do it! The words appeared to be spoken loudly in his ear by some invisible being, and yet the voice was like his own. He started to his feet, desperately resolved to escape the temptation which was overpowering him, by rousing the sleeper. 'Jack, Jack! Rouse up, lad, and go—there is danger here!' he said hoarsely.

'It's no use—no use,' muttered the fugitive, disturbed in his sleep, but not roused from it. 'That face haunts me everywhere, and it will not let me rest. There is no escape. I am weary of the struggle. Let them come and end it all quickly. I am worn out. Death is a welcome friend.—Poor Lizzie!'

Ned stood spellbound and awe-stricken. He had been right, then: the man was enduring mental torments which would render death welcome, notwithstanding his defiant justification of his deed. Was not this a plain intimation to Ned Altcar that the thing which had appeared to him as a prompting of the foul fiend would be a service to his friend? Muddled as his senses were, he made another effort to resist the sophistry which was seeking to reconcile his conscience to treachery.

'Rouse, Jack, rouse!—there is danger!' he cried hastily, afraid to delay, lest resolution should fail him.

He grasped Wolton by the shoulder; and at his touch, the man sprang up fiercely, prepared to grapple with a foe. Half awake, he did not recognise his friend, and seized him by the throat; but coming to himself, he exclaimed: 'Hillo, Ned, lad, what's up? I have been dreaming, and thought a constable had grabbed me.—What ails you, that you keep on shivering?'

'You have had a rest. I want you to slip out by the back of the cottage. You are not safe here.'

'Has anything happened? Have you heard anybody about?'

'No; but you are not safe here,' was the evasive but truthful reply. 'When I went out to get the things, I learned that old Arnold has added five hundred to the reward offered by the authorities for your apprehension.'

'That will make six hundred. Didn't think I was worth so much. Well, he'll be a lucky chap who gets it. But if there are no signs of immediate danger, I'll lie down again. Heaven only knows when there will be another chance for a sleep.'

'I wish you would go. The detectives may come at any minute. I tell you again that you are not safe here.' Ned spoke earnestly, almost pleadingly; for he was trying to save himself from himself. His necessities were so great, that he knew it would not be possible to resist much longer the temptation which was thrust upon him.

'Safer here than anywhere else, Ned, so long as you keep watch,' answered Wolton, stretching himself on the bed again. 'Let me remain for this night in peace. To-morrow night—ah, well, we had better not think of that.'

Ned was irritated by this stupid rejection of his warnings; and still more irritated when he perceived that Wolton was asleep again. He, Ned Altcar, who had committed no crime, could not

sleep; and yet here was this man, with blood upon his soul, sleeping soundly!

The candle started into a broad flame as the paper which was wrapped around the base, to make it fit the candlestick, caught fire; then it went out. This time, Wolton did not breathe heavily; he slept as peacefully as a child, as if no sorrow, no regret, no crime lay upon his conscience. The darkness and the silence were terrible to Ned Altcarr. He had done his best to warn his friend of the danger which beset him. He had done his duty as a friend; now, he must do his duty as a citizen of a law-abiding country, and as a man who had to find food at anyrate, and comfort if possible, for those dependent on him.

He went forth stealthily, opening and closing the door with the least possible noise. He proceeded to the police station, and had a brief interview with the superintendent on duty.

'There is a reward of six hundred pounds offered to any one who will give such information as will lead to the apprehension of the man who murdered Mr Percy Arnold?'

'Yes,' answered the superintendent, eyeing the speaker with an expression of curiosity and doubt. 'Have you got any information?'

'I can show you where to find the man.'

Every nerve in Altcarr's body quivered as he spoke the fatal words; but he appeared to be calm. He was insensible to pain of mind or body. Sullen resolution to do this thing sustained him. Six hundred pounds! There would be no more starving, when he possessed that fortune.

After some sharp questioning, the superintendent summoned two constables, who proceeded with Altcarr to his cottage. He told them to go in, directed them to the room where they would find the man who was wanted; but he remained outside, in the bleak light of the first flush of dawn on a cold misty morning.

SOME CURIOUS WAGERS.

So far as we can go back in the world's history, we find the rage for making wagers prevalent. The Romans had a great taste for wagers and bets; and they had a conventional form of ratifying these contracts, which consisted in taking from the finger the ring which the higher classes invariably wore, and giving it into the keeping of some third party or umpire. One of the wildest bets ever made was that of a physician of the ancient world named Asclepiades. He wagered against Fortune that he would never be ill during his life, under penalty of losing the reputation he had acquired of being the most famous physician of his time. Absurd and impious as was this presumption, he won his wager, although he could not enjoy it, for, at a very advanced period of life, he died from the effects of a fall down-stairs.

The Romans were forbidden by the *lex Titia* and the *lex Cornelia* to bet upon the success of any unlawful game, or indeed of any games whatever, unless they were trials of courage, bodily strength, or skill. In the later days of Rome, her citizens were prohibited from making wagers upon the death or exaltation of the popes and on

the promotion of cardinals. At Venice, no wager might be laid upon the election of persons to fill the public offices; at Genoa, on the revolution of states or kingdoms, the success of military expeditions, the arrival and departure of vessels, or proposed marriages. Somewhat similar to this last was an Act of Parliament passed in Paris in 1565 which rendered it illegal to make a woman the subject of a wager.

The parliament of Dôle, in France, was called upon to decide a very curious wager in the year 1634. It was between two citizens of Pasmes, one of whom had agreed, on consideration of his being paid the sum of twenty-four francs, to furnish the other with a quantity of grains of millet, in proportion to the number of children that should be born within a certain extent of country during one year. He was to hand over one grain for the first child, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, always doubling the number of grains for each successive birth. The number of children born within the specified time was sixty-six; and such an enormous quantity of grains of millet had to be supplied to meet the conditions of the agreement, that the contracting party demanded the cancelling of the bet, on the ground that it was founded upon an impossible condition. The court agreed at once that it was impossible for the contract to be carried out; and decided that the person who had received the twenty-four francs should repay them to his opponent, and should give him an additional sum of twenty-four francs. Surely this was anything but a just judgment, for it was impossible that the gainer could have lost. He had made his calculations, and was betting upon the ignorance of the loser. It was therefore a wager based upon bad faith, and should have been annulled altogether.

A wager was made early in the last century by a banker named Bulliot. He was a firm believer in the superstition that if rain falls on St Swithin's day (July 15), it will also fall, more or less, for forty days after. St Swithin's day in the year 1725 was very wet; and so Bulliot offered to bet any one who chose to put down his money, that the next forty days would be rainy. So many persons showed a desire to take up this wager, that its terms were reduced to writing as follows: 'If, dating from St Swithin's day, it rains more or little during forty days successively, Bulliot will be considered to have gained; but if it ceases to rain for only one day during that time, Bulliot has lost.' On these terms, Bulliot betted against all who presented themselves. He was so confident of success that he placed money against articles of value of every description. People brought gold-headed canes, snuff-boxes, jewels, even clothes; and Bulliot wagered as much money against them as he considered they were worth. When his stock of cash came to an end, he issued notes and bills of exchange to such an extent that it was said he had paper money out to the amount of a hundred thousand crowns. All this naturally excited a great deal of public curiosity, and the rash man found himself quite fashionable for the time being. Verses were made in his honour, a play was produced which had him for its hero, in a word he attracted as much attention as if he had been a monarch or a famous statesman. But,

unfortunately for Bulliot, St Swithin was not true to his character. For the first twenty-one days of the stipulated time, more or less rain fell. The twenty-second day, however, was bright and cloudless, and night came on without there being the slightest sign of rain. Bulliot was ruined, and ruined so completely that he was unable to meet the notes and bills that bore his name. The holders of these tried to enforce payment; but the ancient law did not recognise debts of this kind, any more than does the law of more modern days. They were accordingly non-suited, and their debts declared irrecoverable.

In the early part of the present century, sporting-men were fond of betting on the duration of the lives of celebrities. Napoleon I. was specially the subject of these wagers. It is related that at a dinner party in 1809, Sir Mark Sykes offered to pay any one who would give him a hundred guineas down, a guinea a day so long as Napoleon lived. The offer was taken by a clergyman present; and for three years Sir Mark paid him three hundred and sixty-five guineas per annum. He then thought that he had thrown away enough money, and disputed further payment. The recipient, who was not at all disposed to lose his comfortable annuity, brought an action, which, after lengthy litigation, was decided in favour of the baronet.

A foreign Prince staying in Paris made a heavy bet with a member of the Imperial Club that he—the Prince—would, in the course of the next two hours, be arrested by the police without committing any offence or provoking the authorities in any fashion. The way he won his wager was by dressing himself in a tattered old blouse, a pair of mouldy boots full of holes, and a disreputable burlesque of a hat. Thus attired, he walked up to one of the most aristocratic cafés in Paris, and, seating himself at a table, called for a cup of chocolate. The waiter, as was only natural, did not care about serving so suspicious-looking a customer before he was assured that payment would be forthcoming, so he told the Prince that he must pay in advance. Upon this, His Highness pulled a bundle of bank-notes out of his pocket, and picking out one of considerable value, told him to take the price of the coffee out of it and bring back the change. The man immediately went in search of the proprietor of the café, who, when he heard the facts of the case, ordered the coffee to be served, and at the same time sent to the nearest police station for a *sergent de ville*. The Prince was of course arrested, and taken before a commissary of police. He announced his rank, and told his reasons for assuming such an unprincely costume. The authorities were obdurate at first; but finally, they consented to send the Prince under escort to the Imperial Club, where the gentleman with whom the bet had been made proved his identity, and paid His Highness the money he had fairly won.

Vieuxtemps, the well-known violinist, used to tell a strange story of a wager which he averred he had really witnessed whilst on a visit to London. It was to the effect that one day as he was walking across London Bridge, a poor wretch jumped up on to the parapet and leapt down into the river. There was at once a rush of eager spectators, and a voice shouted: 'I'll bet he

drowns!'—'Two to one, he'll swim ashore!'—'Done!' Meanwhile, Vieuxtemps had hastened to get a boat, and was rowing with a waterman to the rescue of the unhappy creature, who was floundering about, and just managing to keep himself afloat. As they reached him, and were preparing to pull him into the boat, there was a roar from the bridge: 'Leave him alone—there is a bet on!' The waterman immediately lay on his oars, refusing to make any further attempt to save the drowning man; and Vieuxtemps saw him sink before his very eyes.

A wager was made in 1806 in the Castle-yard, York, between Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead as to which should succeed in assuming the most singular character. Umpires were selected, whose duty it was to decide upon the comparative absurdity of the costumes in which the two men appeared. On the appointed day, Hodgson came before the umpires decorated with bank notes of various value on his coat and waistcoat, a row of five-guinea notes and a long netted purse of gold round his hat, whilst a piece of paper bearing the words 'John Bull' was attached to his back. Whitehead was dressed like a woman on one side, one half of his face was painted, and he wore a silk stocking and slipper on one leg. The other half of his face was blacked, to resemble that of a negro; on the corresponding side of his body he wore a gaudy, long-tailed, linen coat; and his leg was cased in half a pair of leather breeches with a boot and spur. One would fancy that Whitehead must have presented by far the more singular appearance. The umpires thought differently, however, and awarded the stakes to Hodgson.

A somewhat similar bet was one made in relation to the Master of the Revels to George II., named Heidegger, whose ugliness it was declared impossible to surpass. One of the courtiers wagered that he would produce some one who should be pronounced uglier than Heidegger. He was allowed a few days in which to unearth his champion, and it is said that he employed them in personally ransacking the worst slums of London. Somewhere in St Giles' he found an old woman whom he thought sufficiently plain to confront with Heidegger. When the two were put face to face, the judges said that it was impossible to decide which of them was entitled to bear the proud title of 'ugliest being in London.' A courtier, however, suggested that Heidegger should put on the old woman's bonnet. This he did; and the additional ugliness it gave him was such that he was unanimously declared the winner.

A notorious gambler of the last century finally ruined himself by a very extraordinary bet. He had been playing with Lord Lorn; their stakes had been very high, and luck had gone steadily against him. Exasperated at his losses, he jumped up from the card-table, and seizing a large punch-bowl, said: 'For once I'll have a bet where I have an equal chance of winning! Odd or even, for fifteen thousand guineas?' 'Odd,' replied the peer calmly. The bowl was dashed against the wall, and on the pieces being counted, there proved to be an odd one. The rash gambler paid up his fifteen thousand guineas; but, if tradition be correct, it was only by selling the last of his estates that he was enabled to do so.

Some years ago, a gentleman made a heavy bet that he would stand for a day on London Bridge with a tray full of sovereigns fresh from the Mint, which he would be unable to dispose of at a penny apiece. A nursemaid bought one to quiet a crying child; but no more were disposed of.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN.

THEY call me 'the old doctor.' Of course, my long white beard and the scant thatch on my head bear witness to the veracity of the term; and I have but to look at my stalwart grandsons to be fully assured that the adjective applies to me; nevertheless, I fancy that a spice of irony is implied in it. The go-ahead men of the present generation consider me out of date entirely—my ideas antiquated and obsolete. Well, I should not wonder if they are; for I suppose no branch of science has made such rapid and wonderful strides as that connected with the profession to which I have the honour to belong. No doubt, I am of the old school. I am resting on my oars now. The strife and struggle of life are over for me; and as I sit at my ease in my old armchair, memory takes me back to the past. I think of my student days, and I see before me those grand men whose footsteps first beat into the track which has led to the present heights of research and of discovery. Abernethy was one of those splendid pioneers. I think I see him as he used to lecture at St Bartholomew's: small of stature, nose *retroussé*, eyes small, dark, and restless, gleaming alternately with wit and humour, or lit up with ineffable tenderness. A face comical and satirical, if you will, but full of expression; and crowned with a raised tuft of well-powdered hair, ending in a long queue. His was among the last of the pigtails. Then, to add to the quaintness of his *tout ensemble*, he had a knack of thrusting one hand into his breeches-pocket while he gesticulated with the other. No lecturer in London could rivet the attention of his pupils as he did, so lucid were his descriptions, so powerful his language, so dramatic his action. Abernethy was far from being the coarse man that some of the clumsy imitators of his naive brusqueries would lead one to imagine. True, he would launch his little winged darts of satire ruthlessly at the manifold affectations of self-indulgent invalids: he had small sympathy for such; and no regard for rank or wealth of themselves. But when his feelings were enlisted, when called on to witness real suffering, real distress, who so kind as he? And then, when poverty was superadded, the recording angel alone might tell of his benevolences.

Although a great admirer of Abernethy, the hero of my boyish worship was Sir Astley Cooper. The lives of these two great luminaries for long years ran parallel. With Sir Astley I came more into personal contact; and assuredly he was the first surgeon of his day and generation. He was President of the College of Surgeons when I went up for my examination for membership. I had just gone through the fiery ordeal, and was drawing my breath triumphantly, when Sir Astley, using his privilege as President, called my attention: 'Describe to me, sir, the origin and distribution of the fifth pair of nerves.' I quailed for

an instant, taking in, as one does at such moments, the whole beauty of his magnificent physique; then gathering up my somewhat scattered senses, I answered slowly, deliberately, and I trust also clearly, for I heard him say 'Capital!' No word of praise either before or since could have the electric effect of that trisyllable. It was positively intoxicating. My fortune seemed to be made from that moment.

There was a wonderful fascination about that man. We students treasured every little anecdote connected with him. One I especially remember. Sir Astley had a pupil boarding with him, a young man belonging to a wealthy and very honourable family. He was treated as a son, and shared the surgeon's confidence. He was somewhat extravagant; but as his allowance was ample, this fact scarcely attracted attention. One day, however, Sir Astley was startled to find, on examining his banking book, that a large sum had been drawn out, for which he could in no way account. He went straight to the banker for an explanation. 'There must be some mistake,' said the surgeon; 'I have certainly never drawn so large a sum.'

'It was drawn out on such a date,' returned the banker; 'and here is your cheque, duly signed.'

Sir Astley examined the cheque. He was a man of quick perception; he knew it to be a forgery; but not a muscle of his face betrayed that fact. 'Oh, indeed. Ah, yes; I see. You are quite right; the fact had escaped me. Yes—yes; you are right.' Sir Astley left the bank.

Not a single word was spoken during the whole of that day; he would do nothing hastily; he required time for thought.

The next morning, the young man was summoned into the library. The door was closed. Calmly, but stoutly, Sir Astley charged him with the forgery. It simply meant hanging in those days. Imagine, if you can, the blanched cheek, the stammering words of the unhappy culprit. He threw himself at his master's feet and cried piteously for mercy. His whole life had been wrong—one tissue of wrong-doing. Step after step he had sunk in the slough, and now, ruin, utter, irrevocable ruin was the result. He never attempted to exculpate himself; too well he knew that nothing but a full and open confession could avail with a man of such lucid discernment, such scrupulous honour, and high integrity as Sir Astley.

'Sir,' said the baronet, 'for the sake of your excellent parents—and for your own—I will consider the matter. You will meet me here to-morrow morning at this hour.'

Those twenty-four hours must have been agony for both master and pupil. The morrow came.

'Sir,' said Sir Astley sternly, 'I pity your case. Your talents, your position, and the kindness of your nature, all augured better things. Your utter weakness has been your ruin. You have disgraced yourself. You have sunk to the level of a felon. It would be death to my honoured friends, your parents, if they were to have the smallest suspicion of this. I have determined to give you one chance. I have been able to obtain for you the post of surgeon to one of His Majesty's colonies. That will be sufficient for your maintenance. If you prove yourself faithful to your duties and to your promises of amendment,

an opportunity will be afforded you of obtaining a private practice. You may do well. One condition I exact from you—you will not return without my consent, or you know the consequences. I will vouch for your ability, your thorough efficiency. Only be true to yourself and to your word, and you may retrieve your lost honour. You may with time prove yourself an honest man.—Now, go. You must sail within this week. Tell your father I am sorry that the leave-taking must be so brief; but it is a good post, and I desire that you should fill it.' This was a long speech for a man of few words, as Sir Astley was, and his voice—firm at first—almost broke down.

As for the delinquent, he only answered by tears, truly tears of repentance.

The youth's father, unconscious of the magnanimity of Sir Astley's conduct, was grateful to his friend for forwarding his boy's prospects.

'May I be allowed the honour, the happiness, of writing to you, sir, from time to time?' was the poor misguided lad's request as he bade his generous patron farewell before he sailed.

The permission was granted.

It is pleasant to record the fact that Sir Astley Cooper never had occasion to repent his noble conduct. The young fellow succeeded beyond all expectation. He was an ornament to his profession. His gratitude showed itself in every act of his life. Gratifying is it to be enabled to add that he paid back the purloined money with full interest; and when he returned to his native land with a well-earned fortune, his name was unsullied, the secret had been so generously, so tenderly kept.

I said that Sir Astley Cooper possessed wonderful discernment. An instance of it occurred whilst I was studying. A gentleman of high position had been foully murdered. The excitement thereby created was immense. Sir Astley Cooper was called in to examine the body. Before leaving the house, the surgeon said to a friend: 'Patch committed the murder.'

Patch was a servant. He had been giving evidence; and had shown himself assiduous, officious, and affectionately concerned. It was a bold speech, unhesitatingly uttered: 'Patch committed the murder. I would stake my life Patch did it.'

Patch was thereupon arrested. The matter was clearly gone into. Patch was hanged on the most undoubted evidence.

GIANT EARTHWORMS.

In any group of animals, there are always a number of huge forms at one end of the series, which gradually dwindle down to the tiniest creatures at the other extreme. In that group of animals to which we ourselves belong, we have the titanic whales on the one hand, and the minute shrews and fieldmice on the other. Consciously or unconsciously, we make use of the human body as a standard of size in all animals familiar to us; perhaps also in smaller creatures we adopt the mean as a standard, and speak of all those that exceed in size this selected standard as being large. A group of animals that is perhaps not very well known to the readers of this *Journal* exemplifies what has just

been said in a very striking fashion. Any person would at once say that an earthworm is a small creature, never exceeding a few inches in length; but as a matter of fact, there exist in many parts of the world colossal earthworms which are four, five, or even six feet in length. Some few years ago, a description came to this country of a mysterious creature which lived below the ground, and, as it burrowed its way through the earth, felled all the trees that stood in its path. This fabulous monster was reported from Brazil, where it has even received a name; the natives call it the *minhocao*, and it was believed from all accounts to be actually a representative of our British earthworm. But for the present the *minhocao* must be looked upon as a kind of terrestrial sea-serpent.

But just as the highly coloured descriptions of the sea-serpent rest upon a certain substratum of truth, in the shape of large seals, or even cuttle-fishes, so the existence of huge earthworms of six feet in length renders the fable of the *minhocao* more intelligible. These animals are mainly found in the tropics, where heat and abundant rainfall are conducive to their existence. In many parts of Natal, these huge earthworms are very abundant after heavy rains; and they have been stated by competent observers to appear on such occasions by hundreds, literally covering the ground. The huge bulk of the creatures is, however, too much for their feebly developed muscles, and they are often unable to reach their underground burrows again before the sun comes out and dries them up.

Large size is, except in some special cases, invariably a disadvantage, and leads to extinction. Among many orders of animals, the extinct forms, which are of course known to us by their fossil remains, are of huge size as compared with their living representatives; the remains of gigantic reptiles have been discovered which show that the animals when alive must have measured some sixty or seventy feet in length; and now we have only the comparatively small crocodiles and lizards. Instances of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely, but they all point to the conclusion that small size is, other things being equal, a direct advantage, and that, when a race of animals increases unduly in bulk, it is doomed to disappear. This may well be the case with the gigantic earthworms; they are not so abundant as are the smaller kinds, and they are not found so universally. We must look upon them, therefore, as a survival from a past age, that are gradually disappearing, and giving place to the smaller kinds, which are more active, and can, therefore, more readily escape their foes.

It is an interesting subject for speculation to try and imagine how earthworms first came to exist, because there seems to be a direct connection between the abundance of these creatures and the advance of civilisation in the way of agriculture. Anglers know well that they cannot get worms for bait except in cultivated ground; and where did the worms hide themselves when there was 'not a man to till the ground?' Whether they existed in the ages before the creation of man or not, cannot be said; but it is at anyrate certain that agriculture is responsible for their immense numbers,

REMINISCENCES OF A PHYSICIAN

1-11-40

Those twenty-four hours must have been agony for both master and pupil. The morrow came. 'Sir,' said Sir Astley sternly, 'I pity your case. Your talents, your position, and the kindness of your nature, all augured better things. Your utter weakness has been your ruin. You have disgraced yourself. You have sunk to the level of a felon. It would be death to my honoured friends, your parents, if they were to have the smallest suspicion of this. I have determined to give you one chance. I have been allied to obtain for you the post of a surgeon to one of His Majesty's colonies. That will be sufficient for your maintenance. If you prove yourself faithful to your duties and to your promises of amendment

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This just as the highly coloured description of the marmoset nest upon a certain ant-tower, which, in the shape of large scale, of which the existence of huge earthworks and deep in length renders the idea of the marmoset more intelligible. These animals are particularly common in the tropics, where hot and rainy weather are conducive to their existence. In many parts of Natal, these huge earthworks are very abundant after heavy rain, and they have been stated by competent observers to appear on such occasions by hundreds, like mounds, covering the ground. The huge bill of the marmoset is, however, too much for their tiny, marmoset-shaped muscles, and they are often obliged to dig their underground burrows again and again, and dig them up.

the larger ones, except in some special cases, and many orders of animals, the number of which are of course known to be small. These living representatives, the fossil remains have been discovered, and they show that the animals when alive had some sixty or seventy feet in length, and we have only the comparatively small remains, and horns. Instances of the kind are multiplied indefinitely, but the point is the statement that small size is also a great advantage, and that a power of animals increases unduly, and is almost impossible to disappear. This may well be said, and the organic pathway, they are abundant in the smaller kinds, and the larger ones are found on universally. We may say, therefore, that the small animals, as a survival, are the most numerous, and that the small animals, which are more numerous, and therefore, more really common.

It is an interesting subject for speculation, and I imagine how earthworms first came to be, because there seems to be a connection between the abundance of them in the soil, and the advance of civilisation in the progress of agriculture. Anglers know well that they cannot get worms for bait except in cultivated ground; and where did the worms first appear when there was 'not a man in the land'?

Whether they existed in the first place, the creation of man or not, cannot be decided, but it is at any rate certain that man is responsible for their immense numbers.

Some years ago, a gentleman made a heavy bet that he would stand for a day on London Bridge with a tray full of sovereigns fresh from the Mint, which he would be unable to dispose of at a penny apiece. A nursemaid bought one to quiet a crying child; but no more were disposed of.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN.

THEY call me 'the *old* doctor.' Of course, my long white beard and the scant thatch on my head bear witness to the veracity of the term; and I have but to look at my stalwart grandsons to be fully assured that the adjective applies to me; nevertheless, I fancy that a spice of irony is implied in it. The go-ahead men of the present generation consider me out of date entirely—my ideas antiquated and obsolete. Well, I should not wonder if they are; for I suppose no branch of science has made such rapid and wonderful strides as that connected with the profession to which I have the honour to belong. No doubt, I am of the old school. I am resting on my oars now. The strife and struggle of life are over for me; and as I sit at my ease in my old armchair, memory takes me back to the past. I think of my student days, and I see before me those grand men whose footsteps first beat into the track which has led to the present heights of research and of discovery. Abernethy was one of those splendid pioneers. I think I see him as he used to lecture at St Bartholomew's: small of stature, nose *retroussé*, eyes small, dark, and restless, gleaming alternately with wit and humour, or lit up with ineffable tenderness. A face comical and satirical, if you will, but full of expression; and crowned with a raised tuft of well-powdered hair, ending in a long queue. His was among the last of the pigtails. Then, to add to the quaintness of his *tout ensemble*, he had a knack of thrusting one hand into his breeches-pocket while he gesticulated with the other. No lecturer in London could rivet the attention of his pupils as he did, so lucid were his descriptions, so powerful his language, so dramatic his action. Abernethy was far from being the coarse man that some of the clumsy imitators of his naive brusqueries would lead one to imagine. True, he would launch his little winged darts of satire ruthlessly at the manifold affectations of self-indulgent invalids: he had small sympathy for such; and no regard for rank or wealth of themselves. But when his feelings were enlisted, when called on to witness real suffering, real distress, who so kind as he? And then, when poverty was superadded, the recording angel alone might tell of his benevolences.

Although a great admirer of Abernethy, the hero of my boyish worship was Sir Astley Cooper. The lives of these two great luminaries for long years ran parallel. With Sir Astley I came more into personal contact; and assuredly he was the first surgeon of his day and generation. He was President of the College of Surgeons when I went up for my examination for membership. I had just gone through the fiery ordeal, and was drawing my breath triumphantly, when Sir Astley, using his privilege as President, called my attention: 'Describe to me, sir, the origin and distribution of the fifth pair of nerves.' I quailed for

an instant, taking in, as one does at such moments, the whole beauty of his magnificent physique; then gathering up my somewhat scattered senses, I answered slowly, deliberately, and I trust also clearly, for I heard him say 'Capital!' No word of praise either before or since could have the electric effect of that trisyllable. It was positively intoxicating. My fortune seemed to be made from that moment.

There was a wonderful fascination about that man. We students treasured every little anecdote connected with him. One I especially remember. Sir Astley had a pupil boarding with him, a young man belonging to a wealthy and very honourable family. He was treated as a son, and shared the surgeon's confidence. He was somewhat extravagant; but as his allowance was ample, this fact scarcely attracted attention. One day, however, Sir Astley was startled to find, on examining his banking book, that a large sum had been drawn out, for which he could in no way account. He went straight to the banker for an explanation. 'There must be some mistake,' said the surgeon; 'I have certainly never drawn so large a sum.'

'It was drawn out on such a date,' returned the banker; 'and here is your cheque, duly signed.'

Sir Astley examined the cheque. He was a man of quick perception; he knew it to be a forgery; but not a muscle of his face betrayed that fact. 'Oh, indeed. Ah, yes; I see. You are quite right; the fact had escaped me. Yes—yes; you are right.' Sir Astley left the bank.

Not a single word was spoken during the whole of that day; he would do nothing hastily; he required time for thought.

The next morning, the young man was summoned into the library. The door was closed. Calmly, but stoutly, Sir Astley charged him with the forgery. It simply meant hanging in those days. Imagine, if you can, the blanched cheek, the stammering words of the unhappy culprit. He threw himself at his master's feet and cried piteously for mercy. His whole life had been wrong—one tissue of wrong-doing. Step after step he had sunk in the slough, and now, ruin, utter, irrevocable ruin was the result. He never attempted to exculpate himself; too well he knew that nothing but a full and open confession could avail with a man of such lucid discernment, such scrupulous honour, and high integrity as Sir Astley.

'Sir,' said the baronet, 'for the sake of your excellent parents—and for your own—I will consider the matter. You will meet me here to-morrow morning at this hour.'

Those twenty-four hours must have been agony for both master and pupil. The morrow came.

'Sir,' said Sir Astley sternly, 'I pity your case. Your talents, your position, and the kindness of your nature, all augured better things. Your utter weakness has been your ruin. You have disgraced yourself. You have sunk to the level of a felon. It would be death to my honoured friends, your parents, if they were to have the smallest suspicion of this. I have determined to give you one chance. I have been able to obtain for you the post of surgeon to one of His Majesty's colonies. That will be sufficient for your maintenance. If you prove yourself faithful to your duties and to your promises of amendment,

an opportunity will be afforded you of obtaining a private practice. You may do well. One condition I exact from you—you will not return without my consent, or you know the consequences. I will vouch for your ability, your thorough efficiency. Only be true to yourself and to your word, and you may retrieve your lost honour. You may with time prove yourself an honest man.—Now, go. You must sail within this week. Tell your father I am sorry that the leave-taking must be so brief; but it is a good post, and I desire that you should fill it.' This was a long speech for a man of few words, as Sir Astley was, and his voice—firm at first—almost broke down.

As for the delinquent, he only answered by tears, truly tears of repentance.

The youth's father, unconscious of the magnanimity of Sir Astley's conduct, was grateful to his friend for forwarding his boy's prospects.

'May I be allowed the honour, the happiness, of writing to you, sir, from time to time?' was the poor misguided lad's request as he bade his generous patron farewell before he sailed.

The permission was granted.

It is pleasant to record the fact that Sir Astley Cooper never had occasion to repent his noble conduct. The young fellow succeeded beyond all expectation. He was an ornament to his profession. His gratitude showed itself in every act of his life. Gratifying is it to be enabled to add that he paid back the purloined money with full interest; and when he returned to his native land with a well-earned fortune, his name was unsullied, the secret had been so generously, so tenderly kept.

I said that Sir Astley Cooper possessed wonderful discernment. An instance of it occurred whilst I was studying. A gentleman of high position had been foully murdered. The excitement thereby created was immense. Sir Astley Cooper was called in to examine the body. Before leaving the house, the surgeon said to a friend: 'Patch committed the murder.'

Patch was a servant. He had been giving evidence; and had shown himself assiduous, officious, and affectionately concerned. It was a bold speech, unhesitatingly uttered: 'Patch committed the murder. I would stake my life Patch did it.'

Patch was thereupon arrested. The matter was clearly gone into. Patch was hanged on the most undoubted evidence.

GIANT EARTHWORMS.

IN any group of animals, there are always a number of huge forms at one end of the series, which gradually dwindle down to the tiniest creatures at the other extreme. In that group of animals to which we ourselves belong, we have the titanic whales on the one hand, and the minute shrews and fieldmice on the other. Consciously or unconsciously, we make use of the human body as a standard of size in all animals familiar to us; perhaps also in smaller creatures we adopt the mean as a standard, and speak of all those that exceed in size this selected standard as being large. A group of animals that is perhaps not very well known to the readers of this *Journal* exemplifies what has just

been said in a very striking fashion. Any person would at once say that an earthworm is a small creature, never exceeding a few inches in length; but as a matter of fact, there exist in many parts of the world colossal earthworms which are four, five, or even six feet in length. Some few years ago, a description came to this country of a mysterious creature which lived below the ground, and, as it burrowed its way through the earth, felled all the trees that stood in its path. This fabulous monster was reported from Brazil, where it has even received a name; the natives call it the *minhocao*, and it was believed from all accounts to be actually a representative of our British earthworm. But for the present the *minhocao* must be looked upon as a kind of terrestrial sea-serpent.

But just as the highly coloured descriptions of the sea-serpent rest upon a certain substratum of truth, in the shape of large seals, or even cuttle-fishes, so the existence of huge earthworms of six feet in length renders the fable of the *minhocao* more intelligible. These animals are mainly found in the tropics, where heat and abundant rainfall are conducive to their existence. In many parts of Natal, these huge earthworms are very abundant after heavy rains; and they have been stated by competent observers to appear on such occasions by hundreds, literally covering the ground. The huge bulk of the creatures is, however, too much for their feebly developed muscles, and they are often unable to reach their underground burrows again before the sun comes out and dries them up.

Large size is, except in some special cases, invariably a disadvantage, and leads to extinction. Among many orders of animals, the extinct forms, which are of course known to us by their fossil remains, are of huge size as compared with their living representatives; the remains of gigantic reptiles have been discovered which show that the animals when alive must have measured some sixty or seventy feet in length; and now we have only the comparatively small crocodiles and lizards. Instances of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely, but they all point to the conclusion that small size is, other things being equal, a direct advantage, and that, when a race of animals increases unduly in bulk, it is doomed to disappear. This may well be the case with the gigantic earthworms; they are not so abundant as are the smaller kinds, and they are not found so universally. We must look upon them, therefore, as a survival from a past age, that are gradually disappearing, and giving place to the smaller kinds, which are more active, and can, therefore, more readily escape their foes.

It is an interesting subject for speculation to try and imagine how earthworms first came to exist, because there seems to be a direct connection between the abundance of these creatures and the advance of civilisation in the way of agriculture. Anglers know well that they cannot get worms for bait except in cultivated ground; and where did the worms hide themselves when there was 'not a man to till the ground?' Whether they existed in the ages before the creation of man or not, cannot be said; but it is at anyrate certain that agriculture is responsible for their immense numbers,

and perhaps also for the very great diversity of species. It may be a fact new to some readers that there are an immense number of different kinds of earthworms, which have been divided by naturalists into several families; and these differ from each other quite as much as (or even more than) do the different kinds of birds or reptiles; we find, for example, that the earthworms of India or New Zealand are entirely different in their structure from the species which are familiar to us here at home. And these differences are often marked in external characters. In Ceylon, there is a large kind which is of a bright blue colour, and almost every variety in tint is exhibited by the different species. Some earthworms are phosphorescent like the glowworm and the fire-fly (it is hardly necessary, perhaps, to say that these two last-mentioned creatures are insects, not worms in the true meaning of the word), and many other creatures, chiefly insects, which are nocturnal in their habits. In the island of Sumatra, there is a remarkable species of earthworm which is well known to the natives from the fact that it makes a sharp sound during the night. It is not understood how this sound is produced, but it is probably due to the minute bristles which are implanted in the body—and which can be readily felt by rubbing an earthworm between the fingers from tail to head—grating against the small stones as the animal moves along.

The last work which Mr Darwin published was on the subject of Earthworms (see *Chambers's Journal*, No. 936), and he showed how important was the agency of these creatures in levelling the soil. As a worm passes through the ground, it swallows the earth in front of it. On coming to the surface, this earth is voided in the form of little castings, which are so conspicuous on a lawn after rain. These castings are dried by the sun and blown about by the wind, and thus tend to level the ground and to bury objects lying upon its surface. If some of the colossal worms were to devote their energies to this kind of work, and were as abundant as the smaller species, they could almost bury cities and drain rivers.

EXORCISING A GHOST.

There is, in one of the midland counties, a fine old and rather celebrated historical mansion, with towers, turrets, and mullioned windows. But alas! for all its attractive beauty; it possessed that one terrible drawback with which so many of our grand old mansions are unluckily afflicted—it had its ghost and its haunted room, which no servant would enter alone, even in broad daylight, and in which no one ever—or very rarely—slept. With the usual provoking irregularity which belongs to the whole tribe of disembodied spirits, the ghost was known to 'walk' at the most inconvenient moments, always appearing when not wanted, and carefully disappointing every party of valiant ghost-hunters whenever they mustered up courage enough for the watch. This ghost always appeared in the attire of a medieval monk—brown habit and cowl, rope-girdle, sandals, and carried a parchment roll in one hand.

About two years ago it happened that the

mansion was full of visitors, and amongst the last to arrive was a very well-known canon of the Church, celebrated for his unflagging spirits and sparkling wit. But every room was occupied. He was far too great a favourite to be refused. What *was* to be done? Happy thought—the haunted chamber! The canon, as a good priest, would, of course, have no fear of ghosts; and besides, he would know nothing of the ghost, as this was his first visit. In this, however, the good host was mistaken, for the witty canon had often heard the story and knew all about it. Accordingly, he was committed to the haunted chamber.

Next morning at breakfast, no one appeared with a brighter or happier face, or seemed fuller of high spirits and exuberant fun. 'It is quite clear,' thought the host, greatly relieved, 'he has not been disturbed in any way.'

Next morning, and the next, and the next, he still came down amongst the early ones with the same light-hearted aspect, which only those who have enjoyed sound sleep or peaceful dreams can wear. The host's anxiety at length could stand it no longer, and he congratulated his visitor on the soundness of his rest and quietude of his nights. But the witty canon, seeing his opportunity, suddenly assuming a very grave face, informed his host that his first night at any rate had been neither quiet nor undisturbed! A sudden pause and a dead silence followed, as the canon proceeded to describe how, whilst he was lying wide awake, he was aware of the presence in the room of a tall dark figure, which came up to the bed. He observed that the figure was habited as a monk, and carried a parchment roll, with which it appeared to point. The canon ended by dwelling on its ghastly colour and its glaring, horrible eyes, as they shone forth beneath the dark cowl.

A dozen anxious questions at once poured in upon the speaker: 'What did you do?' 'Did you address it?' 'Did he speak to you?' 'How did you get rid of him?'

'How?' replied the witty canon. 'Why, very easily. I asked him to subscribe to my schools and school-treat, when he vanished immediately; and I need hardly add he has never honoured me with another visit.'

IN ARRAN.

THE scent of heather from the purple hills
Blends with the sweet, strong breathings of the sea.
The lark in heaven, the plover on the lea,
Stray into silence, as the star that stills
All labour, with her silvern lamp fulfils
Her kindly task, and men from toil are free.
Now gorgeous clouds like Tyrian tapestry
Engird the sun, whose light upon them thrills
Richer and fairer as he leaves their halls,
Till all the glory vanishes; and lo!
Swathed in a cloud, the little moon, new-born,
Steals timidly around the starry walls,
Until the first cool herald breeze shall blow
Upon the golden eyelids of the morn.

J. T. LEVENS.

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BY THE BLASTED HEATH.

THE barometer has fallen somewhat since last night, and there are ominous clouds looming here and there in the west; but the sky is clear blue overhead, the white road is dry and dazzling, and the sun is as hot as could be wished. Besides, is not this in the Highlands, and who cares there for rain? Never mind the wraps, then, but grasp a good hazel staff and take to the road with a light heart. Out to the eastward, the way turns along the top of the quaint fisher town with its narrow lanes and throng of low thatched roofs, till at a sudden dip the little bridge crosses the river. Sweet Nairn! The river has given its name to the town. A hundred and forty years have passed since these clear waters, wimpling now in the sun, brought down from the western moors the lifeblood of many a wounded Highlander flying from dark Culloden. The sunny waters keep a memory still of the flight of the last Prince Charles, and their flowing has not yet washed away the stain from the pursuing footsteps of the sanguinary Duke.

Like a crow-flight eastward the road runs straight, having on the left, beyond the rabbit warren, the silver-sand beach and the sea, and on the right the fertile farmlands and the farther woods. The white line glistening on the horizon yonder, far along the coast to the east, is a glimpse of the treacherous hillocks of the Culbin shifting sands. They are shining now like silver in the calm forenoon; but, as if restless under an eternal ban, they are for ever moving, and, when stirred by the strong sea-wind, they are wont yet to rise and rush and overwhelm, like the dust-storm of the Sahara. For two hundred years, a goodly manor and a broad estate have lain buried beneath those wastes, and what was once called the Garden of Moray is nothing now but a desolate sea of sand. They say that a few years ago an apple-tree of the ancient manor orchard was laid bare for some months by a drift, that it blossomed and bore fruit, and again mysteriously disappeared.

Curious visitors, too, in the open spaces where the black earth of the ancient fields is exposed, can still see the regular ridges and furrows as they were left by the flying farmers; and the ruts of cart-wheels two hundred years old are yet to be traced in the long-invisible soil. Flint arrow-heads, bronze pins and ornaments, iron fish-hooks and spear-points, as well as numerous nails, and sometimes an ancient coin, are to be picked up about the mouldered sites of long-buried villages; but the manor of Kinnaird, the only stone house on the estate, lies hidden yet beneath a mighty sand-hill, as it was by that awful storm which in three days overwhelmed nineteen farms, altered by five miles the course of a river, and blotted out a prosperous country-side. Pray heaven that yonder terrible white line by the sea may not rise again some night on its tempest wings to carry that ruin farther!

Over the sea, looking backward as the highway at last bends inland, the red cliffs of Cromarty show their long line in the sun, and, with the yellow harvest-fields above them, hardly fulfil sufficiently the ancient name of the Black Isle. Not a sail is to be seen on the open firth, and the far-stretching waters under the sunny sky bicker with the 'many-twinkling smile of ocean.' Here, though, two miles out of Nairn, where the many-ripped farmhouses lie snug among their new-shorn fields, the road rises into the trim village of Auldearn.

How neat the little gardens are before the cottages, bright yet with late autumn flowers. Yellow marigolds are glistening there within the low fences beside dark velvety calceolarias and creamy stocks, while the crimson flowers of tropeola cover the cottage walls up to the thatch, and some pale monthly roses still bloom about the windows. A peaceful place it is, and little suggestive of the carnage that it saw just a hundred years before Culloden. Yet here it was that in 1645 the great Montrose, fighting gallantly for the First Charles, drove back into utter rout the army of the covenanting parliament. Over there on the left, among sheepfolds

and dry-dike inclosures, lay his right wing with the royal standard; nearer, to the right, with their backs to the hill, stood the rest of his array with the cavalry; and here in the village street, between the two wings, his few guns deceived the enemy with a show of force. It was from the church tower up there in front that Montrose surveyed the position; and below, in the little churchyard and church itself, lie many of those who fell in the battle. They are all at peace now; the eastern Marquis and the western, Montrose and Argyll, long ago fought out their last great feud, and departed.

The country about has always been a famous place for witches, and doubtless the three who fired Macbeth with his fatal ambition belonged to Auldearn. Three miles beyond the village, the road runs across the Hardmuir, where the awful meeting took place. It is planted now with pines, and the railway runs at less than a mile's distance; but even when the road is flooded with sunshine, there is a gloom among the trees, and a strange feeling of eeriness comes upon the intruder on their solitude. Here on the left is the gate into the wood, and the witches' hillock lies at some distance out of sight. How silent the place is! Not a breath of air is moving, and the atmosphere has become close and sultry. There is no path, for few people follow their curiosity so far. Dry ditches and stumps of old trees make the walking difficult; withered branches of the pines crackle suddenly sometimes under tread; and here and there the fleshy finger of a fungus catches the eye at a tree root.

And here is the hillock. On its bald and blasted summit it is that in the lurid corpse-light,

The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;

when Macbeth, approaching the spot with Banquo on their return to King Duncan at Forres, after victory in the west over Macdonald of the Isles, exclaims:

So foul and fair a day I have not seen!

and the hags, suddenly confronting the general, greet him with the triple hail of Glamis, Cawdor, and King. The blasted hillock was indeed a fit spot for such a scene: not a blade of grass grows upon it; the withered needles and cones of the pines lie about, wan and lifeless and yellow; and there, where the witches emptied their horrid caldron, and the contents ran down the hill, the earth is bare and scorched and black. Even the trees themselves growing on the hillock are of a different sort from those on the heath around; and less than five miles from the spot, the moated keep of Cawdor, where the last awful prophecy was fulfilled by Macbeth's murder of King Duncan, frowns yet among its woods.

But what is this? The air has grown suddenly dark; the gloom is oppressive; and in the close heat it is almost possible to imagine there is a smell of sulphur. A flash of light-

ning, a rush of wind among the tree-tops, and a terrible crash of thunder just overhead! A moment's silence, a sound as if all the pines were shaking their branches together, a deluging downpour of rain, and the storm has burst. The spirits of the air are abroad, and the evil genius of the place is awake in demoniac fury. The tempest is terrific. The awful gloom among the trees is lit up by flash after flash of lightning, the cannon of thunder burst in all directions, and the rain pours in torrents. The ghastly hags might well revisit the scene of their orgies at such a moment. It is enough. The powers of the air have conquered. It is hardly safe, and by no means pleasant, to remain among the pines here in such a storm. So farewell to the deserted spot, and a bee-line for the open country. To make up for the wetting, it is consoling to think that few enthusiasts have beheld so realistic a representation of the third scene of Macbeth.

RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXIV.—A FISH OUT OF WATER.

'WARM, sir, or cold?' asked the boy who assisted the butler, cleaned the boots, and was generally useful about the house.

'Warm or cold *what*?' asked Richard in return.

'Please, sir, your bath. A can of warm water, or all cold, sir?'

'I don't want neither.—Bath!' exclaimed Richard.—'bath! I ain't a baby to be tubbed.—And who are you? Are you sent to tub me?'

'Please, sir, every gentleman has his bath every morning, sir. Mr Cornellis always do.'

'Every morning!' gasped Cable. 'Mercy on us—every morning! I'll have it neither hot nor cold. Take that flat pan away.'

Richard Cable's early hours surprised the household. In England, we are not early risers; we prefer the fag-end of the day to the prime of the morning. We neither rise with the sun nor set with him. The English day is like the calendar before the 'new style' was adopted, it is wrong with the sun. The scullery-maid was startled one morning to find the master laying and lighting the fire in the kitchen, to save her trouble; nor was the boy less astonished to find him blacking his own boots.

'My dear Richard,' said Josephine that same morning, 'what dirty hands you had at breakfast. What had you been doing?'

'Cleaning the boots—there are such a lot for that whipper-snapper of a boy.'

'You must not do that.—And, now I am on the subject, I have put a nail-brush in your washstand; would you mind using it?'

'Anything to please you,' answered Richard.

'And—by the way—you really must not call the butler, Sir; nor the housemaid, Miss.'

'Why not? They are as good as me.'

'It won't do; they only laugh at you behind your back. And don't address the boy as Young

Shaver; that also is not quite right.—Do not be angry with me, Richard.'

'I'm not angry,' he said. 'It's enough to make me swear.'

'Richard!'

'I only mean that it puts me in a fever to think what I ought to do and what I ought not to do. It's like what they do to lunatics—put 'em in strait-waistcoats. I seem to be in one now, and you a-lacing of me up as tight as ever you can. I'll get to like it in time maybe, but it ain't easy at first.'

'If you do not mind my speaking,' pursued Josephine, 'there is one little matter more. You managed to cut these ribs of mutton well enough last night; but you should not take the end of the chop in your hand and pick the bone with your teeth. You cut off all the meat with the knife, holding the bone with your fork.'

'But I couldn't get it all off.'

'Then send it out, cleared with the knife, as well as you can.'

'It's wicked waste.'

'I tell you it won't do. Then you wiped your fingers on your whiskers.'

'Where else would you have me wipe them? Not on the tablecloth, surely?'

'Of course not—on your napkin.'

'But that is so beautifully clean, it is a pity to dirty it.'

'It can be washed.—Richard, it won't do; the whiskers were not given to a man to clean his greasy fingers on. I saw my father laugh, and my aunt did not know which way to look. The butler ran out of the room and exploded in the hall.'

'Well,' said Cable cheerfully, 'I gave 'em a good laugh, and I'm glad of that. That butler chap seems solemn as a Methody parson. He don't seem to me like a proper human being, but to be a doll moved by clockwork. I'll try him some evening. He and I'll have a pipe and grog together, and I'll tell him some of my good stories, and see if I can't make him jolly.'

'You shall do nothing of the sort, Richard,' said Josephine sharply; 'I cannot have you demean yourself to the level of the servants.' Then seeing that he was hurt, she regretted the tone in which she had spoken, went to him, put a hand on each of his shoulders, and looking into his troubled face, said: 'Richard, I've been considering about the little ones. It won't do to have them living away in another house. It will make me jealous, for you will be always running away from me to be with them, and you will come to regard that cottage as your home, not this. Besides, if you are to break with the past mode of life, it will be best to do this altogether and at once.'

'Give up the cottage?' exclaimed Richard, and his face expressed distress.

'You will bring all the dear children here.'

'Yes,' said he, musing; 'they will like the garden; it is very pretty; but it won't quite be

like the old one, neither to them nor to me.' A look of pain was in his kind face. 'But, when the grapes are ripe, we'll go there and picnic whilst I cut the bunches.'

'There are better grapes in the houses here. The sweet-water and muscat'—

'Ain't equal to the home grapes, I'll swear,' said Cable. 'Bless me! it ain't the quality; it's the where they grows.'

'Where they grow, not grows. "They" is plural, not singular.'

'That's all,' he said in a tone of depression.

'I am afraid I interrupted you.'

'I was only thinking what larks it was—me up the ladder cutting the grapes and passing 'em down to the children; and I don't believe any other grape could taste as sweet and look as lovely as did those black Hamboros—not to the children. They growed'—

'Grew,' interjected Josephine.

'They growed,' Richard went on, disregarding the interruption, 'over the roof what all them little golden heads lay under; and I used to say that was how the bunches ripened on all sides alike. Above was the sun, and under were those six little sunny heads and hearts, warming the roof above. The black Hamboros couldn't do other than ripen under the circumstances, and be sweet as sugar-cane.'

'There is only one difficulty in the matter that occurs to me,' said Josephine, 'and that is about your mother. She would hardly like to come and live here with us. She would feel out of her element at our table and in the drawing-room; and yet, she will not like to leave the children. I have thought of engaging a nurse and a girl to attend to the children. But your mother—what is to be done with her? You see, she would be a difficulty if she associated with us; and we could not suffer her to associate with the servants. I am puzzled what to do.'

'Never think that she will come here,' said Richard. 'I don't believe she'd other than suffocate—not that she's asthmatical; but I fancy there's something here might take the breath away and kill her. I feel it; and I'm young. There ain't a room in the house where I can properly stretch my legs and arms, big though the rooms be, and I could do it in my little lean-to bedroom at the cottage.'

'What do you say, Richard, to her going into the lodge? She need not open the gate when carriages come; she can keep a girl to do that. There she will be near the children, and yet not in the house. I suggest this because I think it would suit all of us.'

'Don't ask my opinion,' said Richard sadly; 'it's a queer turnabout. When you came to me, you asked me to guide and pilot you; and now it is I, not you, am in unknown seas, and I know no more what to do and where to go than if I was in the desert of Sahara. It is you are pilot, not I. What you say is to be done—I must do; and where you say I am to turn my bows, there I steer.'

'Will your mother consent to come to the lodge?'

'I daresay, if you wish it. She's a proud woman, and would not like to intrude where she is not wanted. She's not been here yet, and will never come uninvited. She was born

and bred in that lodge, and there her father's body was brought when he was drowned, and there her mother died. It will be to her a home because of all the memories that cling about it. It is that which makes a home, miss.'

'You have forgotten—you must not call me miss.'

'Of course not. You're right, and I'm wrong. I'm in that state of muddle that I don't know anything. I was saying that it is the memories that make a home. It isn't the sticks of furniture, nor the carpets, nor the pictures. 'Tisn't even the live beings you put into the place; it is all the thoughts and experiences, the sorrows and the joys that take a long time a-growing, but which will grow everywhere, if you allow them the proper time. Everything here is strange to me. I don't know my way about the house yet, and the ways of life are stranger still. I reckon that even bringing the little ones here will not make a home of it all at once. But with time and patience, it will come. I remember how it was with that black Hamboro. It was a little bit of a plant given me by Jonas Flinders before ever I married Polly, struck off the vine he had. It was nothing, but it grewed'—

'It grew,' corrected Josephine.

'It grew,' said Richard, and touched his forehead. 'It grew beautifully, little by little, first the blade, then the leaf, and then the tendril and flower, and last of all the fruit; and it ran at a gallop when once it had got upon the roof, as if it could not grow fast enough, and cover enough of warm roof, and I had to pick off scores of bunches, or it would have made too many and exhausted itself. But, you understand, that was after a while, not all at once. So, perhaps, it is here. There are the cuttings put in, and we must wait for leaf and flower and fruit and the clinging tendrils—all that will come in due time, if it please the Lord. I'll bide in patience; I can't expect it all at once.'

Richard walked away, to talk the matter over with his mother. When he was out of the house and garden, by himself on the seawall, the cloud that had been hovering over his brow descended and darkened the expression of his face. Sometimes, whilst he was watching a glittering snow-wreathed Alpine peak, on which the sun is blazing, light clouds drift across the head and disappear; then others gather and cling, and by degrees the snows are enveloped in vapour, and what was fleecy becomes heavy, and what was white darkens to purple, and the whole sky is changed; the sun is no more seen, but thunder and rain riot about the mountain. It was not quite so with Richard Cable, but threatenings of a storm appeared. Whilst he was with Josephine, he had exerted great self-control. A man sensitive and diffident, he was hurt by her correction of his mistakes, at the time that he acknowledged that he was liable to make mistakes. He wished to do what was right; but in the position in which he found himself, it was not possible for him to discover within himself the rules by which to act.

The rules of social life are to some extent arbitrary, or they are founded on conditions which a man of the people does not understand. They do not spring out of the eternal principles of right and wrong, but out of social adjustments

and compromises arrived at by generations of culture. Consequently, Richard had as little knowledge of what to do, as a man who cannot swim knows how to save himself when out of his depth, with a current carrying him out to sea. He made mistakes, floundered about, was aware that he became ridiculous, and yet did not know how to avoid error, and where to find and how to put his feet on firm ground. To a man with self-respect, with strong sense of moral dignity, such a situation is eminently galling. Richard had avoided showing how he suffered, whilst he was with Josephine; but when he was by himself, the sense of humiliation, of irritation, and a brooding anger against no particular thing and no one in particular began to overshadow and darken his spirit. Several times during his conversation with Josephine a flash had passed through his mind; but it was like summer lightning unattended by muttering thunder. Now his step had lost its even swing; he walked hastily and irregularly, as his humour altered. At one moment he was hot, and a quiver of anger ran through him; then he cooled, and his breast rose as he drew a long breath. He put up his hand to his brow. 'I declare,' he said, 'I don't know whether I'm in an agony or what is on me. I never was like this afore. Well, 'tis disconcerting, when a tug that is signalled to, instead of tugging, is taken in tow.'

Josephine, after he had left, remained with her hands in her lap, looking out of the window at nothing, thinking about Richard. She was sorry that she had said so much to him about his mistakes; but really, she did not know where to begin with his schooling, there was so much to correct in his language and manners and habits. It was strange that she observed his want of refinement now, and that she had not noticed it before. Even on board the *Josephine*, it had not been observable; it was only conspicuous when he was out of his navy-blue sailor's jacket and loose trousers and flapping collar, and cap with the ribbons behind. What a fine fellow he was walking the deck! How was it that he cut such a grotesque figure in the drawing-room? She was provoked with him that he did not conform at once to more cultured life, and accommodate himself instinctively to the methods and modes of the class into which she had translated him. Then she beat down the feeling of vexation that rose in her heart, and reasoned with herself that she was demanding of him impossibilities. She was alive to his good qualities, but they were good qualities badly set. A diamond is nothing till it is cut and polished; the precious metals must be cleansed of their dross before they acquire their proper value. The roughness of surface, the inherent dross in Richard, were unpleasantly conspicuous, and the polishing, the purifying, could not be done all at once. She began to see that he would be useless to her as an adviser, and that she would be thrown back on her father, for lack of another. Her father had treated her with great forbearance, even kindness, since her final battle with him, since he saw that she was resolved to carry her point. He had not reproached her since; he had not taken advantage of the opportunities Richard had given him for letting her see that he was out of place. He did his best to thrust Richard

forward—to insist on his occupying the principal position in the house; he showed deference to him, and himself kept in the background. This was a little provoking occasionally, because Cable was incapable of taking the lead, and wanted support and direction, which Mr Cornellis, with apparent delicacy, refrained from tendering.

Richard Cable had but just returned from the cottage, and had rejoined Josephine in the garden, to tell her the result of his interview with his mother, when a handsome carriage and pair with liveried coachman and footman drove in at the gates and drew up at the porch.

'Good gracious!' said Josephine, 'there is Lady Brentwood.—Richard, do be on your *Ps* and *Qs*.'

'On my what?'

She had no time to explain, as Lady Brentwood had seen her and was waving her parasol to her.

Josephine ran to the carriage-door, and was followed by her husband. 'Richard, help Lady Brentwood down.—Let me introduce my husband, dear Lady Brentwood.'

Lady Brentwood was a tall fine woman, with almost white hair, and dark eyebrows, which she raised and depressed in a manner that made the person she was speaking with think she was being stared at and quizzed. Lady Brentwood was not above taking stock of the person she conversed with; but she was incapable of doing what was rude. The fact of her eyebrows being very marked and dark, and of the trick she had of throwing them up and then bringing them down again, and screwing up her eyes, gave her the appearance of being a quizz.

'Have you come a long way, ma'am?' asked Richard. 'Would you like some refreshment? I'm sure you look tired.'

'Thank you, Mr Cable,' said Lady Brentwood, her eyebrows very elevated, and this time with real amazement. 'I will ask your wife for a cup of tea.'

Josephine sighed. How she then wished she were cast with Richard on a desert island. They might be happy together there, but not in England. 'Shall I ever be able to get my cub licked into shape?' she asked herself, and sighed again. 'I believe my father was right; I have made a fatal mistake.'

'My dear,' said Lady Brentwood, 'you know me—you know what I am—the most obstinate creature in the world, only to be paralleled with the donkey, especially when set on wickedness. Now, I have set my heart on something tremendously naughty. I'm going to carry you and your husband off for a night, at once. I will take you away with me in my carriage. I've got Admiral Fitzgibbon, and Mr Jenkyns, who is one of the Lords of the Admiralty—and, *entre nous*, knows no more about ships than an opossum—coming to dine with me, and I want your husband to be with us. He knows all about nautical matters; he has them at his fingers' ends; and Mr Jenkyns will be thankful to meet him. Mr Cable will be a perfect treasure to the Lord of the Admiralty. Your husband is a specialist in his way. You see I am horribly selfish and savagely frank. I tell you everything. The fact is, I want to make an agreeable dinner-party, and I know that

your good dear husband will be the dish of dishes for Mr Jenkyns and Admiral Fitzgibbon.'

'Where is the wickedness, ma'am?' asked Richard, much surprised. 'If I can be of any use, or agreeable to any one, I'm heartily willing.'

'My dear Mr Cable—is it not cruel—barbarous, to drag you and Josephine away just after your arrival, before you have had time to turn about and shake down?—before you have unpacked all the treasures you have picked up on your wedding tour?—before you have arranged the pretty presents given you on your marriage? Upon my word, I am ashamed of myself; but there—I am the most selfish woman in the world.' Up went her eyebrows. 'I have told you my reasons; I play with my cards on the table.'

'Why, ma'am,' said Richard Cable, 'I don't see that this is cruel of you, not barbarous at all, but very kind. Some folks, when they do a pretty thing, make a deal of palaver about it. But you, ma'am, as I judge, do a kind thing, and try to make it seem as if it was you who were favoured, and not we.'

Lady Brentwood raised her eyebrows; she was touched with the simplicity of the man; but Josephine thought the raised brows meant that she was amused at his simplicity and was inwardly laughing at it; so she said hastily: 'You are indeed most kind—but you are always kind.' She cast a look at her husband, intended to bid him hold his tongue and leave the conduct of the affair to her. 'But'—

'I will take no *buts*,' said Lady Brentwood. 'I have Mr Cable on my side, I am sure.'

'Well, ma'am,' he began again; but Josephine cut him short.

'I shall be very happy, dear Lady Brentwood'—she looked at her husband indignantly as she emphasised the title of her visitor—'I shall be only too pleased to be with you; but, unfortunately, my husband cannot accompany me.'

'Why not?' asked Lady Brentwood with pursed lips and raised brows.

'You see, he has so much to attend to just at present—about the yacht. There are the men.' An idea flashed through her head. 'They are to have their supper to-night, and it would perhaps hurt their feelings if Richard did not attend.'

'Can you not postpone the supper?'

'Hardly. I suppose the goose is killed and stuffed. The men will be paid off and dismissed.'

'But, my dear, we have a lawn-tennis party to-morrow, and Mr Jenkyns leaves to-morrow morning. It is such an opportunity. I really have set my heart on introducing the Admiral and Mr Jenkyns to your husband. You know Admiral Fitzgibbon? His wife is a charming woman, the daughter of Lord Arthur St Clair.'

A dinner at Brentwood Hall! Her husband encircled by an exalted naval officer, a Lord of the Admiralty, gentlemen of county position, ladies of high degree and perfect polish, all quizzing and observing. The idea to Josephine was intolerable. She thought of him sitting on the edge of a chair with his knees wide apart, and his great red hands on each knee, his elbows stiff, his boots shapeless, his face brown. She thought of him cutting his bread, holding the knife at

the junction of the blade and the haft, and cutting the bread against his thumb. It would never do. If he were resolved to go, she would stay at home. The colour mounted to her cheeks.

'Impossible, I do assure you, dear Lady Brentwood. You must really excuse him. In a little while, it will be different. My husband will be more free; now, his hands are tied. There are'—she hesitated—'reasons which make it necessary for him to stay; but I will attend you, if you will put up with poor me.'

'My dear,' said Lady Brentwood, laughing, 'the lavender will flourish here.'

'Lavender! What do you mean?'

'Do you know, Mr Cable?' asked the visitor with a mischievous but good-humoured laugh.

'No, ma'am—I mean, my lady.' He caught his wife's eye. 'I don't see why lavender should not thrive here; it likes a sandy soil, and the sand comes out in the garden. I can't say I've observed any in the beds; but I'm partial myself to lavender, and I'll have some put in; leastways'—he corrected himself—'I have no doubt she will, and if she don't care to have it here, I can plant some in the cottage garden.'

'Oh,' said Lady Brentwood, laughing, and with elevated eyebrows—'oh, the lavender will grow here.'

Josephine winced, and was hot. What did her visitor mean? Was she poking fun at her?

'You do not know?' asked Lady Brentwood. 'I'll tell you all about it in the carriage.—Well, if it must be—I must swallow my disappointment. But what shall I do? These dear fox-hunters and sporting men will talk of nothing but runs and covers; and the Admiral and Mr Jenkyns will perish with ennui. You won't let Mr Cable come to the rescue. I am disposed to turn sulky; but there—I will not press you, though I feel sure, if I appealed to Mr Cable, I might carry my point. I can see it in his face. However, if the lavender is to grow, I will not interfere with its planting.'

Josephine's nerves were tingling; her finger-ends burnt as though she had touched nettles. On one side was Lady Brentwood torturing her; on the other her husband with infinite possibilities of *gaucherie* in him, and she did not know what he might say or do next moment. She started to her feet with a sense of relief when her father and Aunt Judith entered the room. 'Dear Lady Brentwood,' she said, and her voice, in spite of her efforts to control it, shook slightly, 'you must not try your powers of persuasion; you know that you are irresistible. It is hard of me to ask you to receive me alone; but indeed my husband cannot, must not come. It is hard for me to attempt to entertain Lords of the Admiralty; but I have had my experience of sandbanks on which one may be cast away—and I can talk of that.' Then, at once, her temples flushed, as she thought that Lady Brentwood might suspect in these words a covert reference to her unfortunate marriage.—'Here is Aunt Judith! Whilst I get together my few effects, she will entertain you.—Richard will come and help me. He is, what I am not, a neat packer. I bundle all my things into the box, and sugar them over with pins.—Come, Richard!—You will excuse us, Lady Brentwood, I am sure.' Then she whisked out of the room,

followed leisurely by Cable. She slid her hand up the banister, and clutched it tightly at every few steps with convulsive twinges. She was in a state of quivering nervous excitement.

TWO RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN LIGHTING.

BY AN ANALYTICAL CHEMIST.

I.—INDOOR LIGHTING.

CONSIDERABLE attention has recently been paid to the subject of domestic illumination, on account of the rivalry which has sprung up between gas and electricity since the latter began to make such headway in popular favour. If electric lighting had done no other good than that of rousing into activity the dormant gas Companies, it would still deserve a large amount of public gratitude. Those interested in gas have, ever since the electric light assumed a prominent and threatening position, made every endeavour to lower its price to the consumer, to improve its illuminating power, and, as if to prepare for the very worst, to find new applications for it, as in gas-engines, for cooking and for heating purposes. In the latter they have been singularly successful, for already the consumption of gas for cooking purposes alone is very great. The illuminating power of gas has also been increased, partly by more careful manufacture, and partly by improvements in the form of burner.

The luminosity of gas may be improved in three ways: Firstly, by the introduction of heavy gases or vapours of greater luminosity into the ordinary gas flame. These vapours burnt alone would smoke to an unpleasant extent; but when diluted with gas, they burn clear, and increase the power of the latter. The Albo-carbon Light is a successful application of this principle. Here the vapour of naphthaline is in small quantities automatically intermixed in the flame with a very brilliant result. Secondly, by increasing the temperature of the gas, or the gas and air, before combustion. The Wenham and the Bower regenerative burners are examples of this form of improvement. Thirdly, by the introduction of some incombustible substance which at a high temperature becomes itself luminous. No more familiar illustration of this principle can be given than the limelight. Here two gases—hydrogen and oxygen—are burnt in proper proportions; the flame produced is non-luminous, but intensely hot; it is allowed to impinge on a small cylinder of lime, which at this temperature becomes so highly incandescent that the light it emits is exceedingly dazzling and brilliant. It is the light most commonly used for magic-lantern purposes; but it is troublesome, costly, and dangerous.

Persons interested in gas illumination are familiar with a number of ways of applying the foregoing principles, on which improvements in the luminosity of gas flames are founded; but, with the exception of the systems above named, there are only a few which have proved a commercial success.

The improvement about to be recorded here belongs to the third principle stated above, and it may simply be regarded as an imitation of the limelight in a form suitable for domestic purposes. The limelight cannot be used ordinarily because

the temperature of coal-gas flames is too low to render the lime cylinder incandescent. Some substitute for lime must therefore be found which becomes incandescent at easily attainable temperatures. Such a substitute Clamond found, a few years ago, in threads of magnesia supported on platinum netting. The present improvements by Dr Auer Welsbach, of Vienna, and Mr James MacTear, lately of Glasgow, and of artificial diamond notoriety, were but steps in the same direction, and resulted in the employment of materials better suited to the purpose, but rarer than lime or magnesia. These two inventors have worked in lines very similar to each other, so similar, indeed, that we find Mr MacTear's name among the directorate of a Company about to be established for the sale of the Welsbach system of incandescent lighting, and it would not surprise us to hear that the two systems are incorporated.

Dr Welsbach uses a cowl of specially prepared cotton or wool about two and a half inches high, and of a diameter to suit the size of the burner. The cowl is supported by platinum wire held by iron rods or by other means. The cotton or wool is impregnated with a solution of certain salts of zirconium, and lanthanum or yttrium; and when heated, the cotton or wool burns away, and a network incrustation, consisting probably of the oxides of the metals used, remains, and becomes highly incandescent. The cowl cannot be placed on the ordinary yellow flame of gas, on account of its low temperature, and its tendency to deposit soot on any cold body brought in contact with it. The ordinary flame is therefore, by a simple arrangement for the admission of air into the gas previous to combustion, converted into the blue atmospheric flame, which is sufficiently hot to render the netted cowl incandescent. It is said that each cowl costs a farthing, and it burns with undiminished brilliancy for a thousand hours.

Mr MacTear's system differs from the preceding only in the shape of the burner and the salts used to produce incandescence. He winds the fibrous material round a thin platinum wire, and then twists this cotton-covered wire into a helical, a spiral, or a gridiron-like form. He saturates this wick with hydrate of strontium, then dries and ignites it, leaving oxide of the same metal. Or he may add to the same wick hydrate of zirconium in addition; or a soluble salt of barium or of thorium alone, or in combination with any of the preceding. As before, these salts when ignited leave an incrustation, which assumes the shape and position of the fibrous material which burns away.

It is certified for this system that the saving of gas is fifty per cent., and that each cubic foot of Glasgow gas consumed gives, with the Welsbach burner, on an average a light equal to about nine candles. It is also stated that the burner can be adapted to the ordinary gas fittings at a trifling expense.

Whatever may be the future of the light, it is certainly an inexpensive improvement on ordinary gas flames, and commends itself to us more particularly by the soundness of the principles upon which it is worked.

II.—OUTDOOR LIGHTING.

When large building or mining or kindred operations are carried on in the open air, there is

some difficulty in getting a sufficiently powerful light at a moderate expense. At the present time, the electric and the lime lights are the only ones suitable for this purpose. Both are satisfactory so far as illumination is concerned; but they are too costly, and, as a rule, too troublesome. No builder would dream of transporting the apparatus necessary for the production of the electric light to a job lasting a few hours or even a few days, on account of the heavy expenses such transportation would entail. The limelight, if it were not for its cost and the risk of explosion, commends itself particularly as an itinerant light. There is no heavy machinery belonging to it, in fact no machinery at all. Everything is ready to hand, and the light can be produced in less than five minutes. The oxygen and hydrogen contained in the bags may be comfortably carried on a boy's shoulder, and the lamp, which is simplicity itself, in his hand, so that the cost of transport is not worth taking into account. But the gases oxygen and hydrogen are very expensive, and, in places remote from large towns, almost impossible to obtain. This is the greatest drawback to the limelight.

That a want existed for a cheap and practical outdoor light is evident, and this want has been supplied by Mr J. B. Hannay's light, known commercially under the name of 'Lucigen.' It is not a little singular that the two Scotch chemists mentioned above—Messrs MacTear and Hannay—should have their names associated about the same time with two new systems of lighting; for it will be remembered that soon after Mr MacTear announced that he had discovered a method for manufacturing artificial diamonds, which did not turn out quite satisfactory after all, Mr Hannay also announced a similar discovery, with the result that his diamonds stood the tests of experts, but were declared of too small a size to be of any use commercially.

To enter into a full description of Mr Hannay's lamp would be out of place here. Suffice it to say that the construction is very complicated, and purposely designed to admit of the use of the very crudest oils—oils practically without commercial value. The ordinary lamp of two thousand candle-power holds thirty gallons of oil; but smaller sizes are made. The oil is burned in the form of spray, the spray being produced by the action of compressed air. An air-compressor is therefore required for the working of the lamp, and may be worked by hand or by steam. Steam-crane are now so commonly used in buildings, that no extra expense is incurred in compressing the air. A light of two thousand candle-power can be obtained at a cost of about threepence an hour, according to the statement of the inventors; but, according to the certificate of Dr Wallace of Glasgow, the cost must be even less, for he found that the thirty-gallon lamp consumed nearly two and a quarter gallons of oil (costing barely two-pence) per hour, and gave a light equal to two thousand seven hundred and ninety-six standard candles. The light has had a fair trial, and general satisfaction is expressed by those who use it. It is eminently suited for industrial purposes, as the lamp will burn almost any kind of oil. The cheapest oil that can be obtained is creosote oil, price about one penny a gallon, or even less, and

this is the kind generally used. It can be obtained at the gasworks; and as gasworks are so numerous and scattered, there is no difficulty in obtaining it.

One great advantage possessed by this light is that it does not require protection from aerial currents. Indeed, the storm produced within the lamp by the compressed air is so great that the flame defies any storm from without. The noise made by the flame is sufficient evidence of the violence of the storm which is going on within the lamp. The flame is also so long—about three feet in the two-thousand-candle lamp—that the light is well diffused, and the objectionable black shadows produced by the electric light are entirely absent. The flame can be bent into any position—horizontal, vertical, or at any angle with these positions. This is a great advantage for some purposes. Another advantage is, that the total original cost for plant is said to be only one-fourth that required for the electric light; and the machinery being of a much lighter description, can be more readily transported from place to place.

This light promises to have a successful future; and in conclusion, it is only fair to say that associated with Mr Hannay in the patent taken out for the lamp is the name of Mr Lyle, to whom, as engineer, probably belongs the credit of devising the mechanical arrangements of the lamp, which is of most ingenious construction.

BLOOD-MONEY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAP. II.—TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

RIVELING HALL was about two miles from Sheffield, and the Riveling water ran by the foot of the park. The grounds were extensive for a merely suburban residence; and the house was large, but less pretentious in its style of architecture than its title would have suggested. It was the property of Richard Edwards, Esq.

This gentleman had arrived in Sheffield about twenty years ago; and, having a small capital, had invested it in the business of a clever but impecunious man. Under the direction of Edwards, the trade of the firm rapidly developed. Year by year its reputation for thorough work extended, and the demand for the productions of Messrs Edwards and Clark increased. The little workshop in which Edwards had found Clark grew into a huge building, in which two hundred people were employed. The restless energy of Edwards carried everything before it; and, on the death of his partners, he, being now free to act as he pleased, added still further to the works. Some marvelled at the rapidity of his rise in the manufacturing world; some envied it; but although he obtained the homage which wealth can always command from the majority of mortals, there were few who sincerely called him friend. In his success he was generous. He built churches, subscribed munificently to local and general charities, and no real case of distress which was brought under his notice was ever

allowed to remain unrelieved. Whilst prosperous in the highest degree in business, his domestic life was one of profound gloom. He built Riveling Hall, and wedded a lady who possessed a considerable fortune. Children were born, and passed away one by one before the joys of paternity could be realised. Then his wife died, and Edwards was left with increased riches, but a cheerless home.

About this time he brought from a French boarding-school a girl about fifteen years old, who was understood to be his daughter by a former marriage. As Lizzie Edwards was a bright and beautiful creature, he doubtless supposed that she would bring some happiness to the desolate hearth. Whether she did so or not, no one could tell. The girl was supplied with all the luxury that heart could desire; but in her twentieth year, although more beautiful than when she first arrived at the Hall, she did not appear to be so light-hearted as she had been then. There was an old housekeeper who shook her head, and whispered in confidence to her cronies: 'There seems to be a curse on this house.'

On a bright day in June, there stood, under the shadow of a beech-tree at the foot of the park, a man, who was looking eagerly towards the Hall, and was evidently watching for the coming of somebody. He was young—about twenty-eight—and well favoured by nature in face and figure. He wore a dark tweed suit, and a low-crowned felt hat. Youth and strength were his, and yet, on this bright day, there was trouble in his heart. But the sunlight flashed in his eyes when he saw a girl, simply but prettily dressed, emerge from the house. She put up her sunshade, and walked—leisurely, as it seemed, like one who is merely taking an airing—across the park in the direction of the beech-tree.

'She is coming, then!' the man whispered joyfully to himself, as he drew back a little, so that the trunk of the tree stood between him and the house.

When the girl was near the tree, she gave a hasty and frightened look backwards, as if to assure herself that she was not followed. No one was visible, and she cautiously quickened her steps. This was Lizzie Edwards; and he who was waiting for her was George Corbet, a civil-engineer, in business in Sheffield.

'I am grateful to you, Lizzie, for this proof of your confidence in me,' he said fervently.

The girl's hand trembled in his. She seemed half afraid to look at him. 'Did you need any proof of that?' she asked simply, and raised her eyes.

'No, no; and I will try not to repeat that mad proposal of flight. But you told me to hope and wait.'

'And I repeat the words now—hope and wait.' The words were accompanied by a faint smile, intended to comfort him.

'Then what I have heard is not true—you have not consented to marry Sir Joshua Wigan?'

'My consent has not been asked. My father expects that, having told me, I must not think of you: time and separation from you will bring me round to his wishes, by enabling me to under-

stand and appreciate the great honour intended for me.'

'And but for me, you might accept that honour—ay, and be happy, perhaps, for Sir Joshua is known to be a good fellow,' commented Corbet gloomily. 'You are barred from a position most women would be proud of, by my selfish love.'

'And my own,' she added with gentle chiding in her voice.

'Ah!—that is my justification.' The glad light was in his eyes again. 'But if I thought that by going away and giving you time to forget me, as your father wishes—if, by doing this, I thought your happiness would be more assured than it can be by me, I think I could do it.'

'Hush, George! You know that I cannot forget you; and if you were capable of such cruelty, I should suffer, but could not forget.'

'I am sure of it, my darling; and that is why I do not mean to make such a useless sacrifice. But we must look our position square in the face. You are the daughter of a wealthy man; and I am comparatively a poor one, with only "prospects" to reckon in my favour. Your father refuses to wait until some of these prospects are realised. We cannot blame him for that—at least not much'—

'But I understand, Sir Joshua is not rich,' she interrupted.

'He has his title and his pedigree, and they are worth a great deal in the eyes of some people. Your father is one of them, and he thinks that the best he can do for you is to give you to this worthy man. We think differently, and can offer no other explanation for our audacity than that we love each other.'

'Is that not enough, George?'

'To us, yes; but to your father, no. We are fools, in his opinion, and blind ones too, for we cannot see that he is only saving us from an act of folly, which, if committed, we should bitterly repent. We don't believe that, and he asserts his authority. He forbids our engagement, and presents to you the man he has chosen to be your husband. He will use his authority still further, and insist upon your obedience. Do you think you are strong enough to hold out against his arguments, his persuasions, and his commands?'

It was difficult for the girl to answer this question. She believed that she would be strong enough to hold out against every influence brought to bear on her; but when thought with its instantaneous photographic power presented to her the picture of the rebellious attitude she would be compelled to assume towards her father, she hesitated, doubting herself, and afraid to pain her lover by any faltering answer. She knew that no arguments, persuasions, or commands could alter her affection; but what she might do to escape constant persecution, it was not easy for her to decide. Then she looked at Corbet, and meeting his eager, inquiring gaze, she answered impulsively: 'Yes, I am strong enough to resist them all; but my father will not insist when he sees that insistence is useless. He will not insist when he sees that if I did consent, I should be miserable.'

'I hope it may be as you believe; but—Lizzie, the day is already fixed for your marriage. Your father is not to wait until you have forgotten me;

he has decided to carry out his plans at once, in order to give us no chance of spoiling them.'

The girl stood dumbly gazing at her lover. Surprise and dismay were in her expression. She only said under her breath: 'There *must* be some mistake—it is not possible that my father would do this without one word to me.'

'I did not think he would; but he has—he himself told me yesterday. That was why I asked you to meet me here.'

'Oh, but he must have spoken when he was in anger, and in the hope that the statement would discourage you.' She was seeking vainly for any explanation which would tally with her own wishes. She could not bring herself to believe that her father would attempt to force her will by publicly announcing the marriage, so that, in dread of the scandal which her open rebellion would cause, she might yield.

'He was angry; but he meant what he said.—Now, my poor Lizzie, how are we to resist him?'

'I do not know. But they *cannot* force me. No, no; they will not try. My father is cold—sometimes harsh, maybe; but he does desire my happiness; I am sure of that. It is only because he is so proud of me that he wants to bring about this marriage.' She had been speaking excitedly, but suddenly checked herself, and said calmly: 'No matter what they may do, George, I am yours until *you* reject me.'

He clasped her hands in his: there was no need to speak; no need to repudiate an impossible contingency. His silence was a more solemn assurance of constancy than the loudest protestations in words could have been. She felt it so, and there was infinite trust in the tender blue eyes which gazed into his. Whatever evil fortune might betide him, he had one possession which Fate could not take from him—the love of a true woman. He knew it, and the knowledge made him strong.

The blissful silence was disturbed, and the confident smile faded from their faces, when Corbet, looking up, saw Mr Edwards advancing towards them. 'Here is your father,' he said quietly; 'I suppose there will be another rumpus; but do not fear; I shall keep my temper.'

Instead of trying to avoid the father, they advanced to meet him. Lizzie could not help a slight feeling of trepidation; but she, like her lover, was conscious of some new strength within her which would sustain her against any wrath or tyranny that might be exercised upon her.

Mr Edwards bent his head in recognition of Corbet as they halted. 'You can say good-bye to Mr Corbet, Lizzie, and go into the house; I want to speak to our friend.' There was no anger or irony in his voice; he spoke as if there were nothing strained or unusual in the position of affairs.

She obeyed him; and as she slowly made her way back to the house, the two men stood face to face—both calm and both resolute.

Mr Edwards was a short, square-shouldered man, verging on his fiftieth year; but although his clean-shaven face should have made him look younger, the deep furrows on his brow and under the eyes combined with the plentiful sprinkling of gray amongst his crisp black hair to add at least ten years to his apparent age. His features

were rugged, and suggested a hard indomitable nature; whilst his quick, pale brown eyes indicated restlessness of spirit rather than energy. In spite of this contradiction of his physiognomy, he gave the impression of being a man with whom one would not care to quarrel lightly.

'I am sorry, Corbet,' he began in a subdued voice, 'that I spoke so hastily at our last meeting—all the more sorry, as your presence here to-day proves that my words made no impression on you. For my haste and anything unpleasant I may have said, you must find excuse in my anxiety about the future of my daughter, and in the fact that you have so seriously interfered with my plans for her welfare.'

Corbet was as much confounded by the manner as the matter of this address. He had anticipated wrathful reproaches, and had prepared himself to meet them with a resolute refusal to abandon his hopes of yet convincing Mr Edwards that Lizzie's happiness could not be secured by trying to separate her from the man she loved. But he was completely taken off his guard by the mild tone and the apology of the father.

'Certainly, your reasons for feeling annoyed are ample,' he said frankly; 'and I trust that you will admit my reasons for declining to accept your decision as final are also good.'

'From your present point of view, yes. When you are older, if you ever think of my position, you will acknowledge that in acting as I am doing, my conduct is prompted by a natural desire that my daughter in beginning life should have the advantage of my experience.'

'Without waiting to be older, I acknowledge that you are actuated by the best of motives; but I can never acknowledge that you are right in taking Lizzie from me, unless you know something which justifies you in believing me unworthy of her.'

'Then your idea is, that a perfectly inexperienced girl may decide for herself on the most important step in her life, without regard to the wishes or judgment of her parent?'

'That is rather a hard and fast way of putting it, Mr Edwards. I certainly do not mean that your wishes or judgment should be disregarded; but on your side, I think you are bound to consider her wishes.—Now, tell me straight out what is your objection to me?'

'One that you will not appreciate: you cannot give her the position I desire her to attain.'

'And in order to give her the position which would gratify your own vanity, you would sacrifice her happiness!' exclaimed Corbet passionately.

Mr Edwards remained perfectly calm; indeed, he seemed to be sorry for the young man, and ready to make all due allowance for his excitement. 'I do not think her happiness is at stake,' he answered quietly, without any reference to the charge against himself. 'So far as you are concerned, I own that you have made a deep impression on her mind; but she is too young for that impression to be permanent. You also are in the same position; and one day you will both thank me for having interfered with this youthful fancy.'

'Never!—I think you do not know Lizzie, and I am sure that you do not know me.'

'That may be; but I know myself; and unless

you can give me more tangible evidence than mere assertions of ineradicable affection, and so forth, that the course I have chosen for my daughter will mar not make her future, I shall claim a parent's privilege to guide her, and, if necessary, to command her obedience.'

'But you cannot command my obedience to your will; and as I know that she will be true to me, you will be obliged to submit in the end.'

'You speak more like an audacious schoolboy than a man of common-sense, Corbet; and in so doing, you are proving to me that my decision is the right one—you are too impulsive to be a safe guardian for my daughter. She will obey me.'

Corbet smarted under the words 'audacious schoolboy,' although they were uttered so calmly that they seemed to be meant rather as a kindly reproval than as an expression of contempt. He controlled the passion which was threatening to master him, and answered with firmness and some degree of composure: 'If she does obey you, Mr Edwards, it will be under the influence of your enforced authority; and I refuse beforehand to be bound by any constraint you may exercise upon her. I shall not release her from the pledge she has given to me until she herself asks me to do so.'

'Very well; she shall ask you.'

'But I shall have to be satisfied that she asks of her own free-will, and not under compulsion.'

'I see that it is useless to attempt to reason with you, Corbet; and as you are resolved to ignore me in this business, I must adopt what measures may be in my power to prevent you from seeing or corresponding with her.'

'You will fail.'

'Well,' answered Mr Edwards with a faint smile at this defiance, 'it is said that love laughs at locksmiths; but it does not always prove strong enough to overthrow the sense of duty to which I mean to appeal.—Good-bye; and I am sorry that you and I must cease to be even acquaintances.'

'So be it,' rejoined Corbet in his strong clear voice.—'Good-bye.' He walked swiftly away; and Mr Edwards, with both hands resting on the handle of his heavy staff, stood looking after him. There was no anger in the expression of his face, despite the young man's bold defiance of all that a father regards as his natural authority. Regret and doubt were the feelings which disturbed his mind—regret that he should have been obliged to quarrel with this impetuous and not too civil young man, of whose abilities he had formed a high estimate; and doubt lest he should not be taking the best course to assure his daughter's happiness. Since he desired that above all things, why should he not surrender to the wishes of the lovers, and let them take their chance of finding out whether or not they had blundered in opposing his experienced counsel?

To his relief came the cynical reflection, that if he did yield to them, Corbet would speedily discover how he had hampered himself by marrying at the threshold of his career; and she, perceiving how much more successful he might have been if he had been free, would be miserable.

That must not be; and the place of this gloomy vision was taken by one of Lizzie as Lady Wigan of Foxmoor, lifted at once into a high place in the ranks of the aristocracy—for the baronetcy of Foxmoor was one of the oldest in England, and esteemed above any modern earldom. Lizzie was a girl of spirit, he felt sure, and would speedily come to appreciate the position his wealth had provided for her, while she would find in Sir Joshua a faithful and attached husband.

What nonsense for him to hesitate: he had decided aright, and he would not commit such an egregious act of folly as he would do if he were to thrust aside his own judgment and experience for a girl's fancy. He turned, and walked thoughtfully across the park. On entering the house, he sent for Lizzie; and she found him in the library, standing with hands clasped behind him, gazing out at the window. He was so absorbed that he did not hear her approach, and she remained for a few moments timidly waiting for him to speak. At length: 'Papa, you sent for me,' she said in her soft voice.

He started, and wheeled round as if he had been frightened by something. His face was pale, and bore the expression of one who has been suddenly roused from a painful dream. The thought which was torturing him took the form of a question iterated and reiterated by mysterious voices in his brain with a monotonous cadence that worried him and defied all his efforts to silence it. 'Am I in the right? Or will this be another act of betrayal which will drive me to madness?'

These words were still ringing in his ears, when he spoke to her in a somewhat dazed fashion: 'Yes, yes; I want to speak to you, Lizzie. Sit down. We must try to be very cool, for what I have to say will affect your whole life, and mine also. Come over to the sunshine.' He pointed to a chair in the window recess, whilst he sank on one opposite, passing his hand over his eyes, as if to clear away a mist. A bright sunbeam passed like a golden bar between them.

THE FLOWERS AND PERFUMES OF SOUTHERN FRANCE.

For nearly a century the culture of flowers on a large commercial scale, and the manufacture of perfumes and essences, have formed a special and lucrative industry in the south of France. The principal part of this dainty manufacture is at Grasse, in the department of the Maritime Alps; but it is also conducted on a more or less extensive scale at Sommières, Nîmes, Nyons, Seillans, and other neighbouring points. As the business is largely extending, and the exports of perfumes are increasing, the American consul at Marseilles has visited the districts, and has sent home an interesting Report to his government. In this, the subject is naturally divided into two branches—the first dealing with the culture of flowers and blossoms; and the second, the manufacture therefrom of the pomades, essences, and perfumed waters of commerce.

The kinds of flowers principally grown, and their season of harvest, are the violet, jonquil,

and mignonette, which are usually gathered in February, March, and April; although in mild, moist winters the violets begin as early as December; roses and orange blossoms, with thyme and rosemary, in May and June; jasmines and tuberose in July and August; lavender and spikenard in September; and the acacia in October and November. The harvest of flowers covers, therefore, about three-fourths of the year; but the season of greatest activity is May and June, when the roses and orange blossoms are gathered. Thyme, rosemary, and lavender are among the minor products, grown principally in rural districts by grape and olive farmers, who have at home the simple apparatus required to distil the flowers, and who produce a more or less inferior class of essences, which are used to dilute and adulterate the superior essences produced at the larger establishments in towns and villages.

As the conditions of industrial success in flower-growing can be best studied by a specific example, the plantation belonging to Madame de Rostaing, at Seillans, in the department of Var, may be taken as a typical farm. It includes about twenty-three acres, located on the southern slope of the Maritime foot hills, about two thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and about twenty miles from the coast. The calcareous soil was naturally thin and poor; and the olive trees which had occupied the ground for a century or more prior to 1881 yielded but scanty and unsatisfactory returns. The slope of the surface was so steep, that the waters of a spring which flows from the rocks above the tract could be but imperfectly utilised for irrigation, and the land was regarded as practically worthless. In 1881, the proprietress caused the olive trees to be removed and the land prepared for flower-culture. First, the ground was dug up to a depth of four feet, the larger stones removed, and built into sustaining walls for the terraces into which the surface was divided and levelled. Along the upper margin of each terrace, a shallow ditch was cut, connecting with transverse channels, which supply the spring-water for irrigation. The abruptness of the slope will be indicated by the fact that, on a tract of eighteen acres, the terrace walls required to produce a series of level or gently sloping surfaces, are two thousand one hundred and sixty-six yards in length. Thus terraced, the tract yielded seventeen and a half acres of prepared land for planting. In the autumn of 1881, forty-five thousand tufts of violets, and one hundred and forty thousand roots of the white jasmine, were planted; and in the following spring, the remainder of the ground was planted with roses, geraniums, tuberose, and jonquils, and a laboratory erected for the manufacture of perfumes. The location proved to have been well chosen; the flower-plants grew vigorous and strong; and in 1885, the fourth year after planting, the farm which had previously yielded a rental of twenty-three pounds a year, produced perfumes of the value of £8630, and gave a net profit for the year of £1533, 16s. The difficult nature of the ground had made its preparation unusually laborious and expensive; but in this balance-sheet, the interest on the entire investment is included in the expense account, so that the profits as

stated appear to be clear and legitimate. Of course, the plants and shrubs at Seillans have not yet reached their full productive capacity; but the results of the fourth year illustrate sufficiently how lucrative flower-farming may become in favourable locations and under good management.

From the observations made on this and many other farms where perfume-flower-growing is the leading branch of agriculture, it is clear that there are certain conditions essential to success. The first is an altitude of from five hundred to two thousand feet, as flowers grown on such high locations are said to be far more rich in perfume than similar varieties which bloom in valleys and lowlands. The next condition is a soil rich in calcareous elements. Thirdly, the situation should be sheltered from cold northern winds, and not subject to the white frosts which, in spring and autumn, affect the damp lowlands. In countries like Southern France, where the rainfall is always scanty, and often wanting entirely from May to September, irrigation is essential also; but no doubt there are spots with sufficient humidity where this could be dispensed with.

One essential principle in perfume-culture is, that all fancy and 'improved' varieties of flowers are discarded, and the natural, simple, old-fashioned kind are exclusively grown. The roses grown are the common pink ones; the single wild violet is preferred to all the larger artificially developed varieties; and not a double tuberose is to be seen on any farm. Only the white jasmine is used, the yellow and less fragrant variety being either discarded or unknown. The jasmine plants are set in rows about ten inches apart, and are closely pruned every year. Roses are grown on the lower terraces, and are likewise cut low, and the ground between the trees heavily manured. After the roses have been gathered, the stem is cut to within a few inches of the ground, so as to conserve for the next season the entire vigour of the plant.

During the harvest season, traders, or middlemen, go through the country every day with wagons collecting flowers from the farms, for which they pay prices varying according to the extent of the crop and the demands of the market. Their fragrant load is hurried to the nearest manufacturer, and delivered while the flowers are still fresh and crisp. It is necessary that the flowers should be gathered in the morning as soon as possible after the dews of the preceding night have disappeared. In many cases, laboratories are erected on the flower-farm itself; and if the farm is of sufficient size, this adds very much to the profits.

This brings us to the subject of the manufacture of perfumes, which includes the making of 'pomades' and oils by the process of absorption, and of essences and essential oils by distillation. Every complete establishment is equipped with apparatus for all these processes.

Pomades are the commercial vehicle for absorbing and transporting the perfumes of the jonquil, tuberose, jasmine, and a few other species of flowers. A square frame, or *chassis*, of white wood, about twenty inches by thirty inches in size, is set with a pane of strong plate-glass. On each side of the glass is spread a thin, even layer

of grease, which has been purified and refined. Thus prepared, the frames are piled up in ranks six or seven feet high, to await the season of each special flower. When the blossoms arrive, the petals are picked from the stem—the pistils and stamens being discarded—and laid so as to cover the grease in each frame. These being again piled so as to rest upon their wooden edges, which fit closely together, there is formed a series of tight chambers, the floors and ceilings of which are of grease, exposed to the perfume of the flower-leaves within. The grease absorbs the perfume; the spent flowers are removed daily, and fresh ones supplied; and this process goes on from two to four or five months, according to the desired strength of the pomade, which, when sufficiently charged with perfume, is taken from the glass with a wide thin spatula, and packed in tin cans for export. By these methods, the delicate odours of flowers are extracted and retained for transport to distant markets, where, being treated with alcohol, they yield their perfume to that stronger vehicle, and produce the floral waters and extracts of commerce. Coarser pomades are made by boiling the flowers in the grease and subjecting the residue to pressure. The spent pomades are used for toilet purposes and in the manufacture of fine soaps.

The process of preparing perfumed oils involves the same principle, except that, instead of solid grease, superfine olive oil is used. With this oil, pieces of coarse cotton fabric are saturated, which are then spread upon wire-netting stretched in wooden frames about three feet by four feet in size. The flowers are spread upon the saturated cloths, and the frames piled one above the other, so that the perfume of the flowers is absorbed as in the previous process.

Essences and 'flower-waters' are produced by ordinary distillation, in which the flowers are boiled with water in large alembics. The vapour carries off the perfume, and is condensed in adjoining copper tanks, like ordinary spirits. Some of the retorts used for this purpose are of sufficient size to receive at once half a ton of fresh flowers with the requisite water for their distillation. When 'flower-waters' are to be produced, alcohol is used in the distilling tank to receive the perfumes. By skilful combinations of the perfumes of different flowers, sometimes with the addition of chemicals, a large variety of handkerchief extracts, such as 'Patchouli,' 'Jockey Club,' 'West End,' &c., are produced.

All these details of manufacture require careful and skilful manipulation. A mild, uniform temperature is secured by the heavy stone buildings in which the process of absorption is conducted, and scrupulous cleanliness is required at every stage of the manufacture. After removing the pomades from the frames, the glass is removed and cleansed with alkalies, and the frames scraped to remove every vestige of grease, which, by becoming rancid, might spoil the product of the next operation. The work of the manufacturing is largely done by women, who earn from tenpence to one shilling for a day of ten hours. During the busy season of roses and orange-flowers, they earn half as much more by working until midnight, or later. Labourers on the flower-farms receive the ordinary low wages paid for agricultural labour in the district, as

there is nothing in the culture of the flowers that is beyond the skill and understanding of an ordinary farm-hand, when directed by an intelligent and experienced overseer.

THE NEW RULE.

A HOSPITAL COMEDY.

THE directors, governor, and matron of St Lazarus' Hospital had unanimously promulgated a new law—a wise and salutary enactment, it may be, but one of terrible import—namely, that every nurse who became 'engaged' to a student or doctor connected with the hospital should forthwith be dismissed.

There *had* been a good deal of love-making within the walls of St Lazarus. There usually is where young men and maidens have frequent occasion to meet each other; and even hardened and avowed celibates who could resist the fascinations of the loveliest girl in Europe when she was attired according to the dictates of fashion, and was bent on nothing but her own amusement, succumbed to a pretty 'sister' dressed in a dainty cap and simple gown, and engaged in tending the suffering. Several marriages had thus been arranged; and Mrs Saunders, the matron, who, being a widow herself, considered the marriage of any of her subordinates 'most un-nurse-like'—she was fond of this phrase, having invented it—felt it to be her duty to urge upon the governor the fitness of pressing upon the directors the necessity of putting a stop to all manner of courtship or flirtation.

'The amount of sentimental nonsense that goes on in the hospital is positively scandalous,' she said. 'I'm sure it isn't my fault; I do all I can to prevent it, and yet it goes on.'

Mrs Saunders did herself no more than justice. If any man in the place could look on a nurse without positive aversion, it was *not* her fault. She wished her nurses to be, she said, 'neat, but not attractive.' The bewitching fringe was strictly tabooed; and since it had come into fashion, the wearing of the hair short, adopted by several nurses, as being the simplest possible coiffure, had met with her entire disapproval. Unfortunately, she could not disfigure the noses and eyes of her 'sisters,' or she would certainly have done it.

She was held in unmitigated awe and modified esteem. The merest hint of her proximity was enough to make the most sentimental couple find pressing occupation at opposite ends of the corridor or ward in which they had met; and it was a great trial to her that, owing to her being a heavy dame, of ample person, who could not exactly dart into a ward like a sunbeam, she had never been an absolute eye-witness to any 'nonsense,' as she called it. She knew that love-making was going on around her; she felt it in the air; and yet she was never able to lay her finger on a tangible instance of it. Therefore, until her brain evolved the bright idea of turning betrothed renegades out of doors, she was very unhappy. Now, a calm sense of triumph brightened her usually austere and frowning brow.

The new regulation provoked some indignation among most of the nurses. Sister Fanny, indeed, said she didn't care; she didn't want to

get engaged to anybody, and the new rule did not forbid one's being—well, pleasant to—people. Sister Evelyn declared that she thought it just and necessary ('the goings-on were shameful,' she said); and Sister Phoebe remarked, with her brightest, merriest smile, that it would not affect her one bit. But all the others were wroth, and one probationer burst into tears, and threatened to leave the hospital without awaiting the contingent dismissal.

'You needn't be so frightened,' said Sister Evelyn. 'You're not likely to be sent away on account of *your* getting engaged. There won't be any occasion for it.'

'Perhaps not,' observed Phoebe in a musing tone; 'but I think Sister Evelyn is the most likely of any of us to escape even the suspicion of flirting.'

Sister Evelyn glared at the speaker, who looked as placidly unconscious as possible. Between the two there existed that comfortable spite, breaking out into occasional passages of arms, which is the very salt of life to women who lead a monotonous existence. At least it was the salt of life to Phoebe. Perhaps the other did not enjoy it so much, for, as a rule, she got the worst of these encounters of wits. She had at first hated Sister Phoebe merely on principle, because she was pretty; but these little battles, in which she was so often worsted, had made her regard her with a detestation beyond what she felt for any other good-looking girl in the place.

Sister Evelyn had begun life as Mary Anne Giles, and came from some unspecified part of the 'great unexplored East End.' It was said that she had brought thence some oriental habits of thought and speech; but this was matter of opinion. What is certain is that, when she joined a nursing sisterhood and gave up her surname, she threw her unromantic prænomen overboard as well, and appeared under the sentimental title by which we have spoken of her. This change of style leaking out at St Lazarus' had occasioned some amusement, which Sister Evelyn had resented so vigorously, that she was now the most unpopular nurse in the whole establishment. She was rather disgusted with nursing altogether, and was inclined to give it up, finding it harder and less congenial work than she had anticipated. And, besides, the hospital cap was unbecoming to her. But she got on well with Mrs Saunders—some of the others said she toadied to the matron—and so she stayed on.

Phoebe Chester, in hospital parlance Sister Phoebe, was, on the contrary, a universal favourite. She was the best surgical nurse in the place, so the doctors liked her. She had a pretty face—which the cap Sister Evelyn found so trying suited to perfection—and a neat figure, so the students and resident surgeons admired her. She had a winning smile, a soothing voice, and a noiseless step, so the patients adored her. There was a general feeling of deep regret when it was whispered that Phoebe was flirting with Dr Harrington, and that there was question of an inquiry into the matter, with a view to ascertaining if any engagement existed between them.

'It can't be true,' exclaimed Sister Fanny. 'Phoebe has always been as nice as possible to everybody; but she never took special notice

of any one of the doctors. It is only that spiteful cat's jealousy, because she is in Dr Harrington's ward, and he never looks at her.' (The 'spiteful cat' was Sister Evelyn.)

'But,' said the probationer who had hinted at the accusation, 'Dr Harrington is so pleasant and so handsome, that even Sister Phoebe might be—different—to him. And I did see them on the stair together, and'—

'Well—what? Was there anything that looked like flirting?'

'I don't know if you would call it so'—for Sister Fanny was known to be broadly tolerant in the matter of civility, and did not apply the title of flirting to any but extreme cases. 'I don't know if you would call it so; but Sister Phoebe was talking to him very hurriedly and earnestly, and he looked very much pleased. Of course, I saw them long before I heard their voices; but as I came nearer the landing where they were, she gave him her hand and said: "Good-bye.—I suppose I must say 'doctor' still, as we are in the hospital; but on Sunday I'll call you Walter."''

'What did he say to that?'

'He stooped and—kissed her hand, saying: "Phoebe, you are the cleverest, as well as the dearest and prettiest little woman in the world!" She shook her head at that, and withdrew her hand. She was going away, when he asked her: "What about yourself?" She smiled, and touched the third finger of her left hand with the forefinger of the right. "I must not wear a ring," she said; "but it is shining on my soul's hand as bright and firm as ever." It did seem funny to hear Sister Phoebe, who always laughs at love-making, make such a sentimental speech as that.

'Yes, it is unlike her. It almost makes one think there is something between them. But I hope not. It would be terribly dull if Phoebe went; she always manages to make one see the bright side of things.'

'Can't you do anything, Sister Fanny?'

'I will warn her to be careful. But if she is really in love, it is sure to betray itself; and she is too honourable to deny the truth, if she really is engaged.'

The warning came too late to save Phoebe, for some such interview as the probationer had witnessed had been seen by Sister Evelyn, who had immediately reported it to the matron. Mrs Saunders, the 'Mother Superior,' as this most unmaternal of matrons liked to be entitled, went forth to investigate the matter. She had a short interview with Phoebe, unsatisfactory, save that she elicited the awful fact that she was engaged. She obstinately refused to tell the name of her lover.

'Not that your silence matters,' said Mrs Saunders; 'every one knows that it is Dr Harrington you have been going on with. Both you and he will have to see the governor to-morrow about this matter.' Then she dismissed the nurse.

Phoebe went out with her head meekly bent, as if she was thinking of the awfulness of her impending doom; but when she had closed the door, she tossed it up with a saucy smile and executed a most 'un-nurselike' pirouette. Then she produced from the pocket of her apron a pencil and note-book, and there, within three

yards of the condemning matron—such was her unparalleled audacity!—scribbled a note to Dr Harrington. This she intrusted to the senior probationer in his ward, who gave it to him next morning almost under Sister Evelyn's eyes.

That day, the two culprits were arraigned before the governor, Mrs Saunders accompanying Phoebe as accuser. Walter Harrington, who exchanged a glance of amused confidence with the Sister as she came in, was the first to be examined.

The governor, after repeating the new rule, and discoursing for a minute or two on the necessity for it, asked: 'Dr Harrington, have you entered into a matrimonial engagement?'

'Really,' said Harrington, 'I can hardly say. I think I have; but—may I ask you the day of the month?'

'What do you mean?' asked the governor. 'Are you mad?'

'I hope not. I assure you that the information I ask for is essential to my answering your question.'

'It is the 20th of May.'

'Then—I am engaged.'

'To Miss Chester?' The governor alluded to Sister Phoebe; but he was very old-fashioned, and could not acquire the habit of calling the nurses Sister This or That. He spoke of them as he would of any other young ladies.

'To Miss Chester,' repeated Harrington.

'May I ask when this engagement began?'

'Certainly. It began to-day.'

'To-day!' repeated the governor in some surprise.—'Perhaps, Mrs Saunders, we have been unduly prompt. Doubtless, Dr Harrington and Miss Chester would have announced their engagement in proper form, and have volunteered their resignations.'

'I had no intention of resigning,' remarked the young doctor.

'But the law'—

'The law does not affect me.'

The governor was about to rebuke severely this indifference to rules and regulations, when Mrs Saunders interposed. 'I don't want to cast any doubt on Dr Harrington's truthfulness,' she observed acidly; 'but Sister Phoebe confessed to her engagement yesterday, which does not exactly corroborate his statement.'

'It certainly does not.'

'I think,' said the matron, 'that Dr Harrington is concealing the truth, in order to hide his disobedience with regard to the new law.'

'Dear, dear; that is very shocking!' said the governor, getting bewildered at the new accusation; while Dr Harrington bowed, and expressed his obligation to Mrs Saunders for the high esteem in which she held him.

The matron turned her back on him, and said to the governor: 'You had better question Sister Phoebe. You will at least get the truth from her. Girls are too proud of being engaged to deny it.'

The governor turned to Phoebe, prepared to act the part of stern upholder of authority; but her face looked so meekly bewitching, that his heart softened within him; and he remembered that he had daughters of his own, who liked to have lovers as much as any other girls.

'Well, well, Miss Chester, this is very sad.'

he began rather vaguely. 'Of course it is quite natural and right, and no one could expect you to remain unmarried all your life; but law is law, and must be obeyed. Otherwise, I would suggest—and even as it is, perhaps'— He was actually about to propose making an exception in Phoebe's favour, when he felt Mrs Saunders' cold hard eye freezing him to the bone. He coughed, dropped his preamble, and proceeded to catechise, though in an apologetic and paternal tone, which the matron disapproved of. 'Now, do you mind telling me, my dear, how long you have been engaged?'

Phoebe blushed a little, and looked down, but answered quite clearly: 'A long time—nearly two years.'

'But Dr Harrington says his engagement began only to-day.'

'Yes; that is quite true.'

'But, my dear girl, it takes two people to make an engagement as well as a quarrel. If you have been engaged to Dr Harrington for two years, he must have been engaged to you for the same time.'

'Oh, I see!' Phoebe smiled as if a new light began to dawn upon her. 'But I am not engaged to Dr Harrington.'

'Why, he said you were.'

'Excuse me, I did not,' said Harrington. 'I am engaged to Miss Chester—not to Miss Phoebe Chester, whom I should have called Sister Phoebe, as every one in the hospital does; but to her cousin, Miss Elsie Chester. Mr Thorpe, Elsie's uncle and next of kin, would not consent to her promising to marry a man who had his fortune to make; and as she was a ward in Chancery, there could be no tie between us till she came of age and was free to act for herself. This is her twenty-first birthday, and I may now look upon myself as her future husband; for, though there has been no communication between us for a year, Sister Phoebe—who has been very kind in telling me all her cousin says and does—said to me two days ago that Elsie had declared her intention of accepting me if I offered myself after she reached her majority. She would receive my proposal this morning. I expect her reply, which I think I may assume will be favourable, by the afternoon post.'

Mrs Saunders looked indignant at this explanation. If it were not discourteous, one might say that she sniffed at it, as if dubious of its accuracy; but Harrington caught sight of a gleam of sympathetic humour in the governor's eye, as he turned to Sister Phoebe with the query: 'Well, Miss Phoebe, and what is the truth—the real truth—about your love-affair?'

'It's a very hopeless one,' she said with a little sigh. 'I am engaged to my cousin Jack, Mr Thorpe's son. Uncle Thorpe doesn't approve of the match, because I am poor and have to work for my living. Jack has gone out to Rio Janeiro, because he is likely to get on better there; and as soon as his income is large enough to justify our marrying, he is going to send for me. That's all. I would willingly have told the Mother Superior all about it, if she had asked me as a friend; but I do not feel bound to confide my poor little romance to people whom I know to be unsympathetic. It isn't in any way opposed to the rules of the hospital.'

'No, no; of course not,' answered the governor good-naturedly. 'And though I am sure we shall all be sorry to part with you, when your Jack claims you, I hope for your sake that it won't be long.—Now, go away to your work, both of you, and—and next time you are not breaking a rule, don't behave as if you were.'

Phoebe and Harrington left the room. Mrs Saunders remained.

'Well, they've got the best of it,' said the governor, chuckling a little at the matron's evident discomfiture. 'Your sp—I mean, informant—has been too hasty in jumping to conclusions. She must have a better authenticated case next time.'

'My opinion is,' said Mrs Saunders, not deigning to answer these remarks, 'that any promise of marriage should entail dismissal from the hospital, even though both the contracting parties do not belong to its staff.'

'I don't know how that would work,' replied her companion. 'You see, if the intent to commit matrimony be criminal, the commission of it must be much worse, and would certainly deserve a punishment no less severe, which would entail every one of the honorary surgeons, and myself, and even you, being turned out of our comfortable berths, and thrown out on the world, which I at least should consider inconvenient. I think, on the contrary, that the wiser plan would be to rescind the new rule.'

And the new rule was rescinded, or was at least allowed to fall into honoured desuetude. Walter Harrington left the hospital, and married his Elsie soon after the little misunderstanding recorded above; but Sister Phoebe brightened the wards of St Lazarus' with her presence for a year longer. When, however, she left to become the wife of Jack Thorpe, no one expressed more satisfaction than Mrs Saunders, though I fear this was from anything but good-will towards the bride.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

AN ENORMOUS FARM.

ALMOST contemporaneously with the news of the collapse of the famous Bell Farm in the Canadian north-western provinces, we have an account of another, which is not only the largest producing farm in the world, but which throws all other large farms quite into the shade. It is situated in the extreme south-west corner of Louisiana, runs one hundred miles north and south, and many miles east and west. The tract of land embraced in the farm is a million and a half acres in extent, and was purchased from the State and from the government in 1883. This immense tract of land was at once divided into convenient pastures, ranches on stations being established every six miles. The fencing alone cost about ten thousand pounds. The land was found best adapted for rice, sugar, maize, and cotton; and all the cultivation for these crops is done by steam-power. A tract of about half a mile wide is taken, and on each side a portable engine is placed, these driving a cable attached to four ploughs. In this way thirty acres a day are said to be ploughed with the labour of three men only. Harrowing, planting, and other cultivation are done in the same way; and the

manager declares that 'there is not a single draught-horse on the entire place.' There are, of course, horses for the herders of cattle, of which there are sixteen thousand head on the farm. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs for thirty-six miles through the farm; and three steamboats are operating on the rivers of the estate, upon which there are three hundred miles of navigable waters. The farm contains also an icehouse, a bank, a shipyard, and a ricemill.

A SHIP-CANAL FOR INDIA.

A remarkable scheme, and one of considerable importance to the commercial interests of our Indian empire, has just received the approval of Sir John Coode, the eminent engineer who constructed the Breakwater at Portland Isle, in Dorsetshire, thereby converting the Portland Roads into one of the finest harbours of refuge on our coasts. The scheme will be readily understood if we refer our readers to the map of Ceylon, by glancing at which it will be observed that between the north point of Ceylon and the south-eastern termination of India is the island of Ramasserim, separated from the Indian coast by a very narrow water-way, kept permeable at a great expense by the Madras government, and yet only available for small coasters. Large steamers and sailing-ships proceeding to Madras or Calcutta are obliged to go all round by the southern point of Ceylon, and then sail direct north for Calcutta or the Bay of Bengal, involving a voyage of many hundred miles, and the loss of much valuable time. It has, in consequence, been proposed to cut a broad and deep ship-canal through the island Ramasserim, and thus open the way to Palk Strait and the Coromandel Coast, obviating the necessity of the long Ceylon route. There are plenty of reasons why the Indian government, as well as the executive of Madras, should support and patronise the scheme, for the latter government would thus be freed from the obligation to keep up the unsatisfactory and very small water-way at present existing. It is understood that all the southern railways are favourable to the proposal. If the canal is ultimately carried out, it is more than possible that it would lead to the establishing of a large canal port on the mainland, whence railway communication might readily be established with the interior. By means of such a railway and the proposed canal, the voyage round Ceylon would be avoided; cargoes would be at once landed at the canal port, and despatched immediately to the interior by railway, and a prodigious amount of valuable time would be saved. This is an important factor in all commercial enterprises; and any scheme to promote the saving of it, in the interests of commerce, will surely never fail to find warm supporters amongst the merchants of Europe and of India, as also of all others who are in any way connected with the trade interests of our great Indian empire.

THE PROTECTION OF LIFE AND PROPERTY FROM LIGHTNING.

Persons who have suffered in mind or estate from lightning will be glad to hear about a proposed alleviation of their troubles. Mr W.

M'Gregor, late chief superintendent of the government telegraphs, Assam, as interim secretary of a proposed new Society for the protection of life and property from lightning, has issued a summary of the objects and rules of the Society. These include an examination of the plans of buildings in reference to chimneys, steeples, towers, metal-work employed, with regard to the means provided for safety against lightning. The periodical inspection of lightning-conductors; the reporting on lightning disasters on behalf of insurance companies or occupiers of property. In some cases, a mere telegraph wire would be a sufficient protection; in others, by utilising and electrically connecting ordinary iron rain-water pipes, eaves, &c., with iron rods, and proper earth connections, the first cost would be reduced, and the building rendered safe. Another feature of the Society would be the collection and collation of information as to lightning disasters; while an officer of the Society might be deputed to travel and lecture throughout the country on the subject. Full particulars as to this scheme may be had from the projector of this Society, W. M'Gregor, Kohima Lodge, Bedford.

LOVE'S EXCHANGES.

You praise my beauty, grace, and art,
O Love; but you are much to blame;
In every line you leave a smart,
That makes me bow my head in shame.

Whate'er the world may choose to say,
I look not for such words from you;
I'd throw them from my heart away,
If you could even prove them true.

World's praise is but a passing mood,
That shifts about with the occasion;
It serves as oft for envy's food,
As that of honest admiration.

In your regard, I set no store
On what, by way of form or feature,
I hold in common, less or more,
With every other human creature.

If Love be blind, as it is said,
What can he know of outward graces?
I care not for the love that's led
A facile slave of pretty faces.

I would not have my love depend
On beauty, were I ten times fairer.
If beauty knew no change or end,
Life asks for something deeper, rarer—

Something that sets the world aside,
Beyond the touch of time or season.
If only love for love abide,
I do not want another reason.

J. B. S.

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A POWER OF THE AIR.

IN these latter days, with all our scientific knowledge and mechanical appliances, it is wonderful how little we really know about some of the familiar forces that unseen surround us. Of all things in nature, electricity is perhaps the most mysterious. It is true the laws that regulate its action under certain conditions are now tolerably well known—it can be collected, controlled, directed. It has been tamed, so to speak, and systematically trained to perform useful services to commerce and society. Yet we are nearly as ignorant of its real nature and essence as were the ancient dwellers in Magnesia, who are said to have discovered a wonderful kind of stony earth that persistently adhered to their iron-shod crooks. One of the greatest of living scientists has said that to the question, What is electricity? he can only reply, that he does not know.

Within us and around us, permeating all matter, this force, or fluid, or whatever name may be applied to it, is ever present—not stationary or in fixed quantity, but continually varying, and restless as the waves of the sea. Although the ebb and flow of the electric tides may be said never to cease, we are usually altogether unconscious of their movements or their existence. It is only at times of unusual electrical commotion that they become perceptible to the senses, as, for instance, when the aurora is visible in the heavens, when St Elmo's fires are glowing, or during a thunder-storm. That the aurora is electrical in its character there can be no doubt, as its appearance is almost invariably coincident with violent terrestrial disturbances. A brilliant display of auroræ is indeed a beautiful sight, which may well excite our admiration and wonder. Streamers, and belts, and waves of light seem to shoot upwards from the northern sky, now advancing, now receding; ever changing, and yet defying you to trace the changes as they occur. Glowing and waning, and glowing again; leaping and darting like a flame, they execute their merry dance—frequently to a curious crackling music of their own—and

'flit ere you can point their place.' The colour of the aurora varies according to altitude, from white to violet or red—white being most common. In more superstitious times, a display of red aurora was invariably interpreted as an omen of approaching war.

St Elmo's fire is a peculiar but, at sea, not unfamiliar phenomenon; and although it chiefly occurs during thunder-storms, it is itself in no way dangerous. It always appears at the apex of lofty tapering objects, resembling a flame of fire rising out of them. It may sometimes be seen at the tops of trees, but more frequently on the masts or yardarms of ships at sea. It is nothing more than a harmless discharge of electricity.

But atmospheric electricity assumes its most impressive aspect when it appears in the lightning flash. An earthquake excites only a feeling of terror; but while a thunder-storm has its terrors, it has also its fascinations. When 'heaven's artillery' plays, we cannot but be impressed with a sense of our own littleness and helplessness, and touched with a feeling of fear. Yet there is so much that is sublime and majestic in the roll of the thunder and the gleam of the lightning, that we are fascinated, and constrained to watch and listen with awe and reverence. We feel that we stand in the presence of a power with which we cannot cope, a power irresistible, and apparently without guidance or control. The next flash may deal our deathblow; yet this thought is not generally uppermost. Many people, it is true, have a terror of lightning, but the feeling often results quite as much from physical as from mental causes; that is to say, it is due not more to an intellectual apprehension of impending danger than to an excited nervous system, consequent on the electrified condition of the atmosphere. There are many persons whose nervous systems seem to suffer complete collapse during a thunder-storm. At times of electrical disturbance, even when unaccompanied by any visible sign or audible sound, they are agitated and uneasy. Some individuals are able to tell when such a disturbance is in progress, although

others may be quite oblivious of it; and if the lightning actually begins to play, they exhibit the most acute signs of distress. In a building exceptionally well provided with lightning-protectors, we have reasoned to no purpose with such individuals, on the occasion of a thunder-storm. It is not fear, they say, that agitates them; they cannot account for the feeling—they simply 'cannot help it.' The subject of the influence of atmospheric electricity on the human system is one that will bear further investigation from scientists.

There are three kinds of lightning—forked or zigzag lightning, sheet-lightning, and globular lightning. The sky generally gives timely warning of the outbreak of a thunder-storm. Heavy masses of singularly opaque cumulous and cirrostratus cloud are formed, from which rain falls—or it may be hail. Lightning is a discharge of electricity between two clouds, or between clouds and the earth. Fortunately for us, most of the lightning passes from cloud to cloud. When one body becomes more highly charged with electricity than another in its vicinity, there is a tendency to transfer part of its charge to that other body, so as to establish neutrality. The greater the difference between the charges in the two bodies, the greater the strain or tension. This tension is technically called the 'potential.' Usually, the air is positively electrified; but during a thunder-storm the signs (positive and negative) as well as the potential are continually changing. Before a discharge of lightning takes place, a potential inconceivably great is established. We are all familiar with the sight of telegraph wires: this country and Europe generally are covered with them as with a network. Each of these wires requires from ten to a hundred battery-cells to flash the telegraphic signals. Yet there is not in all Europe sufficient battery-power to make a respectable flash of lightning—say, a couple of miles in length, while some flashes extend to ten miles in length, or more. Nothing can stand before lightning. It deals destruction to every opposing object in its path, striking down the most solid masonry, shrivelling up the sturdiest trees, and melting the hardest rock. But, like everything in nature, it has its uses—relieving the overcharged clouds, restoring the disturbed equilibrium, so to speak, and purifying the air. But how is it that the thunder-cloud is charged with such enormous electrical energy? The phenomenon is due to great differences of temperature in neighbouring masses of air; or sometimes, as in winter, to violent cyclonic disturbances. Condensation of the aqueous vapour then taking place, electricity is developed on the molecules of water. Each molecule has a definite potential. As the molecules coalesce, the potential increases; and as a single drop of water contains billions of molecules, it is not difficult to understand how the potential of a thunder-cloud should be so transcendently great. A cloud highly charged with electricity, either positive or negative, electrifies by induction the ground

beneath, or the neighbouring clouds, causing electricity of the opposite sign to be there accumulated. A high potential is thus established. The electricity of the one sign strives to unite with its opposite. Under certain conditions, the union may be effected quietly and harmlessly; under others, with startling accompaniments. The discharge may take place gradually and without observation through lofty objects, such as trees or steeples. But if the potential is high, and these objects do not provide an adequate passage, the result is a lightning flash. The electrical tension is thus reduced or destroyed. A peculiar effect, known as the return shock, often accompanies the sudden combination of the two electricities. The instantaneous change from a highly electrified to a neutral state causes a violent concussion—not to be confounded with the lightning-stroke itself—which is often dangerous, and sometimes even proves fatal.

As is well known, electricity has a tendency to collect at points, and to spring towards points. This characteristic, which it fortunately possesses, serves a useful purpose, as, by taking advantage of it, important buildings are protected from lightning. When the earth is highly charged, the electricity collects at the extremities of the protectors and passes off into the atmosphere. These protectors not only ward off the destructive effects of lightning, but they act in some measure as a preventive of lightning itself. It is even conceivable that, were the ground covered with lightning-protectors in sufficient numbers and of sufficient height, no lightning would ever pass between the clouds and the earth. We have not yet, however, arrived—nor perhaps ever shall arrive—at such a desirable condition of immunity from this danger. The position of greatest peril from lightning is under isolated, unprotected objects, such as trees, though a position *from* the tree, at a distance of the height of the tree, is considered safe. It is not desirable to sit before a fire in a room during a thunder-storm, the soot and the heated air in the chimney acting as conductors. Generally speaking, there is perhaps less danger from lightning in towns than elsewhere, the numerous protectors erected on chimney stalks and church steeples providing some measure of safety. A lightning-conductor affords protection to a space around the "diameter of which is four times its height. But great care is necessary in erecting such conductors: they must be continuous; that is to say, they must have no bad joints. It is also essential they should have proper connection with the earth; merely dipping the wires into the ground will not do. Underground water-mains make good earth-connections. Where these are not available, an earth-plate of sheet-copper, three feet by three feet, and an eighth of an inch thick, should be buried in wet earth, surrounded with coke. But no work of this description should be undertaken without skilled supervision.

An amusing story, illustrative of the futility of using a bad earth-connection, is told of a telegraph official of limited experience, who was instructed to put a wire to earth for testing purposes. The test showing an unlooked-for result, inquiries were instituted, when it was found that the zealous official had stuck the end of the wire into a flower-pot! But in reality the danger from

lightning is not so great as is generally supposed; not more than one human being out of two million is annually killed by it, a proportion which is small as compared with that of fatalities resulting from accidents on the streets of our large cities.

Every one is familiar with the fact that lightning does not spring *direct* from cloud to cloud, or to the earth, but pursues a zigzag course. This is due to the fact that the air is not equally humid throughout. Electricity always takes the path which offers least resistance to its passage. Damp air is a better conducting medium than dry air; consequently, the lightning selects the dampest route, avoiding the drier strata and zones it encounters, and advances, now directly, now obliquely, until it reaches the opposite cloud, where it subdivides into a number of forks. Owing to the resistance it encounters in its path, intense heat is generated, which causes the air to expand. Immediately after the flash, the air again contracts with great violence and with a loud report, which is echoed and re-echoed among the clouds. The report reaching the ear of the listener from varying distances, is drawn out into a series, and, being still further prolonged by the echoes, the roll of the thunder is produced. It is a curious fact that, although the sound of thunder is exceedingly loud when heard near at hand, the area over which it is audible is comparatively circumscribed. The noise of a cannonade will be heard, under favourable conditions, at a distance of nearly a hundred miles, while the sound of thunder does not travel over fifteen miles. The occurrence of the thunder and the lightning is, of course, simultaneous; but as light travels faster than sound—its passage is practically instantaneous—the flash may be seen several seconds before the thunder is heard. The distance of thunder may thus be approximately estimated, an interval of five seconds between the flash and the thunder-clap being allowed to the mile.

Sheet-lightning has the appearance of a sheet of flame momentarily illuminating part of the sky or cloud-surface. It is, in reality, but the reflection of lightning flashing beyond the horizon or behind the clouds, and at too great a distance for the thunder to be audible.

But the most remarkable of all the manifestations of electricity is globular lightning, in appearance like a ball of fire moving leisurely along, and remaining visible, it may be, several minutes. Many curious accounts are related of its vagaries. One of the most interesting and circumstantial is that given by Mr Fitzgerald, County Donegal, Ireland, who saw a globe of fire slowly descend from the Glendowan Mountains to the valleys below. Where it first touched the ground, it excavated a hole about twenty feet square, 'as if it had been cut out with a huge knife.' This was scarcely the work of a minute. For a distance of twenty perches it ploughed a trench about four feet deep, and, moving along the bank of a stream, it made a furrow a foot in depth. Finally, it tore away part of the bank five perches in length and five feet deep, and 'hurling the immense mass into the bed of the stream, it flew into the opposite peaty bank.' The globe was visible twenty minutes, and traversed a distance of a mile, showing that its progress was, for lightning, very slow indeed.

During thunder-storms of extreme violence on Deeside, balls of fire are occasionally seen to roll down the sides of Lochnagar, which are no doubt identical with globular lightning.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXV.—LAVENDER.

WHEN Josephine reached her own room, she threw herself into an armchair and said imperiously: 'Pack my things. I will point out what I want.'

Cable, instead of obeying, stood before her with his head bent, his grave eyes fixed on her face. His brow was lined. Had there been these furrows there before his marriage? Josephine had not observed them previously.

'What is the meaning of this?' he asked.

'Take your hands out of your pockets when addressing me,' she said, and fanned her hot face with her pocket-handkerchief.

He obeyed, and folded his arms. 'I do not understand what this means,' he said.

'Indeed?'—spoken contemptuously.

'Why do you object to my going with you to the lady's house, Josephine?'

'I will trouble you,' she said with voice shaking with anger—'I will trouble you to call me by my proper name. I am not Joss-ephine, as you are pleased to designate me. The patriarch is not, I believe, by the most illiterate entitled Joss-eph, and I object to be called other than Jösephine.'

He looked at her with distressed expression on his face. 'I did not think there was anything wrong'—he began, and drew his kerchief from his pocket.

Then she stamped with her feet together impatiently on the floor. 'For heaven's sake,' she exclaimed, 'put away that detestable spotted blue pocket-handkerchief, as big as a sail! It is vulgar, it is odious. I hate the sight of it. It turns me faint. Give it to Jane for a duster.' She was in that condition of irritation when every trifle exasperates.—'Please, open the window,' she went on. 'I am suffocating. Your boots have been greased at sea with rancid tallow; they will not take the blacking, and—they are insufferable.'

He went to the window, unhasped the casement, and threw it wide, then stood, looking out. He drew a long breath, inhaling the sea-air, fresh and free, that rushed in, and fluttered the gauze valance of the dressing-table.

'You are right,' he said huskily; 'it is close in here. One can hardly breathe at all here—not in this room only, but in the parlour and the hall, on the terrace, in the garden, everywhere within the garden walls.'

In the window hung a brass cage that contained a bullfinch. Richard put his hand to the cage-door, unfastened it, and put in his hand.

'What are you about, Richard?' asked Josephine petulantly. 'Why do you not go on with the packing?'

He did not answer. The imprisoned bird had hopped on his finger. He drew his hand from the cage so steadily that the bullfinch did not

attempt to leave his perch. Then he put his arm out of the window, and the bird remained, turning its head about and uttering an astonished or pleased cheep!

'What are you doing!' cried Josephine, and started to her feet. Her call, or the vibration, alarmed the little bird; it spread its wings and flew away. 'What have you done!' burst forth Josephine, throwing herself again into her chair. 'My Puffles! my poor Puffles!'

'The room was close, and the bird could not breathe,' said Richard. 'I felt for the poor little wretch—a sort of fellow-feeling, I suppose.'

'Richard!' she said, half crying, 'this is too unkind, too cruel of you! You knew that I was fond of the bird; that is why you have deprived me of him. I will never, never forgive you.' Then the tears came into her eyes—not tears of sorrow for the loss of her pet, but of mortified pride and of angry resentment. Her flushed face, her pouting lips, her swollen muscles, all proclaimed wrath, not grief. 'I wish,' she muttered—'I wish that we had never'—

'What do you wish?' he asked, facing her.

'I wish'— But she checked herself. Then, thinking that his feet touched her skirts, she brushed the latter away and tucked them under her knees, with passionate scorn in her action. 'Please, proceed with the packing. Lady Brentwood (*Ma'am*, as you call her) is not to be kept waiting an eternity, whilst you torment me with letting my pets loose. The horses have to be considered as well as she.'

'When do you return? To-morrow?'

'I do not know. I do not care if I stay a week to be free of my troubles.'

'What troubles?'

'O—troubles I have brought on myself—troubles past your comprehension.'

He said no more, but got out her box, and began to pack. Whilst he was thus engaged, he brooded on her words, and said: 'I think I understand you.'

'I usually speak so as to be understood,' she replied.

'Josephine,' said he, 'why will you not allow me to go with you? I know very well that I am no company for grand folks. I'm like a plain horn-handled steel fork that has lost its way, and got among the silver in the plate-basket. God knows, I do not desire to push myself where I am not wanted; but the lady did wish to have me.'

Josephine laughed contemptuously. 'Absurd! She did not want you, except as Samson, to make sport before the Philistines.'

'I do not believe you. The world is not so bad as you suppose.'

'Lady Brentwood was not sincere; she was laughing at you all the time she spoke with us.'

He shook his head. 'She's got a kind face and a kind way, and I don't think so bad of her as that. As for the Lords and Admirals! I'm not afraid of them. Men, be they ever so high, always know the wally of a true man.'

'Wally!' groaned Josephine. Then in a tone of bitter mockery she said rapidly: 'O generation of vipers! Pass the winegar.'

'What do you mean?' he asked, rising from her box on which he was engaged, and standing before her, with his face red, the veins in

his forehead distended and purple. 'Are you laughing at me? Scoffing at me, Josephine?'

'I merely repeat things I have heard.'

'When—where?'

'Oh, the other day I overheard you teaching the children a text from Scripture that began, O generation of vipers.'

'Well—I did not pronounce a word right, and so you scorn me? Is that about it?'

She shrugged her shoulders and made no reply. Her heart was beating furiously. She linked one foot behind the other and kicked the footstool from her.

'The Lord's own words,' said Richard sternly. 'Even they aren't sacred to you, not when a father is teaching them to his little ones. What odds if the pronunciation of the words be wrong, so long as the words themselves be right?' He knelt again at her box and finished packing.

When he had done, she stood up. The sting of self-reproach made itself felt in her heart; but she was too proud to acknowledge that she had been in the wrong.

'Richard,' she said, 'you may go. Ring the bell to have the box taken down. I must dress myself hastily.'

When she descended the stairs a few minutes later, she looked about for him, but did not see him. He was not in the hall, nor in the drawing-room. As she got into the carriage, her eyes wandered in search of him; but he was not to be seen.

'Where is Richard?' she asked of her father.

He answered superciliously: 'He went loafing through the garden a minute ago.'

She settled herself beside Lady Brentwood.

'My dear,' said the latter, 'I am positive that lavender will thrive here.'

'What do you mean?'

'Do you not know? Where the wife rules, there the lavender flourishes.'

CHAPTER XXVI.—MOSQUITO STINGS.

When Richard left the house, he did not go to the cottage or to the yacht. He passed through the gate to the seawall, and stood outside the palisade of the garden, leaning against it, overshadowed by the boughs and fragrant flowers of a lime, looking out to sea. He could catch a glimpse of the drive; and as he heard the grind of the carriage-wheels on the gravel, he turned and looked, and saw Josephine depart with Lady Brentwood. Mr Cornellis was also in the carriage. So, as he, Richard, was not suffered to go, Lady Brentwood had carried off Mr Cornellis. In the opinion of Josephine, her father was suited to move in good society, to entertain Lords of the Admiralty; but her husband was not; he must be kept in the background, lest he should make himself ridiculous.

For the first time in his life, Richard's bright and crystalline humour clouded. Perhaps he had caught the infection from his wife. He tried to look up into the deep sky, but his cap did not shade his eyes; the brilliancy of the light dazzled him; besides, his eyes were burning. He rested them gloomily on the tufts of sovereign-wood and sea-spinach that sprouted between the stones at his feet. He had controlled himself before Josephine with an effort; now his chafed temper

swelled and tossed within him like a race of angry sea round Hanford Point. Flakes of red drove across his face, like the foam-bows driven by the wind on the rushing tide. His muscles quivered, and his pulses leaped. He could not go to the cottage till the first paroxysm of passion had passed away. A woman is glib with her tongue both in her mirthful and in her angry moods; she shoots out her words without much consideration. Her tongue is her natural weapon of defence. We would not blame her were she to use it only when attacked, in self-defence. The mosquito also has fangs; but it employs the barbs not only to protect itself, but to goad those who sleep, or ignore its existence, into taking cognisance of its insignificant self. What a light and feathery being it is! how delicately slender, how buoyant on its transparent wings! As we lie on a bench in the sweet summer evening and look up into the skies, full of twilight, like silver resolved into vapour, and our souls mount to the far-off stars, whilst the song of the nightingale chanting among the poplars fills our ears, hmm—hmm—whisp! in an instant our faculties are drawn away from the ideal and transcendental to a minute gnat that has perched on us. Our peace is gone; the poison has penetrated our veins; irritation intolerable ensues; we tear with our nails, but cannot tear the irritation away, though we tear till the blood flows. Does the venomous bite cease to vex in an hour? O no! it lasts for days, and only slowly ceases to worry and anger us.

Why did the mosquito light on us? We offered it no menace; we were not even thinking of flies; we were far away among the stars. Can it be that it affords pleasure to the mosquito to stab and inject an infinitesimally small drop of the most aggravating of poisons into our blood? Can it be that the creature bites us out of envy, because we were in spirit among the stars, instead of occupying our minds with mosquitoes?

It is said that female poisoners have made victims out of mere wantonness, not because they bore spite, but because it afforded them gratification to display their power. It is perhaps the same with the mosquito. Was the Marchioness de Brinvilliers the last of the female poisoners? By no means. The poisoners are as numerous now as ever; they fly about in clouds; they rise up out of every pool; they lurk under every green leaf; they hum in every room. Pshaw! We hulking men, what care we for these midges? Compare our size, our strength, the texture of our bones, the toughness of our skins, with theirs. It is absurd to suppose that we need fear and avoid them. Pshaw! What can a microscopic drop of poison effect in the great rivers of our blood? Pshaw! How can such flimsy, merry-minded, little creatures pierce these tough hides? So we argue, and next moment are writhing and tearing ourselves, and crying out in pain, like Hercules in the garment of Deianira. I have been to an apothecary, and showed him my hands and face covered with mosquito bites, and asked for something to neutralise the irritation. He laughed in my face, and said there was no remedy. So there is no remedy for the bite of that other mosquito; there is no alkali yet found strong enough to neutralise the drop of venom found at the end

of a woman's tongue, thrust into the blood—not, maybe, out of virulence at all, but out of playfulness, out of wantonness. O the hours, the days, the months of tossing, of torment, even of delirium, caused by one little word at the point of a soft little red tongue, shot into the veins and curdling the heart—shot in, in a moment of vexation, without premeditated malice. We may run away from the tormentor, but we carry the poison with us. Perhaps the mosquito is surprised at the effect of its fangs, and would recall the poison if it could; but it cannot; and it comes whirring its wings and tossing its plumpy head and piping softly in our ears—asking to be allowed to apply its lips to the wound; but we shrink away; the lips frighten us—behind them lurks the poison. O ye mosquitoes, I pray you be pitiful towards us rude men! We are incapable of protecting ourselves. We cannot permanently abide behind mosquito curtains. But, alas! what avails a cry for mercy? As long as the world lasts, women must sting, and men must weep; and the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.

Richard stood under the flowering lime in which the bees were busy, leaning against the palisades, with heaving breast and hands clenched at his side, and brows that lowered and dripped with agony. Real physical pain was at his heart, a pain that affected respiration and pulsation alike, a pain that numbed his brain and hindered it from articulate thought. He had loved Josephine. An uncultured man looks up to a lady of refinement with reverence and worship, such as she herself can hardly understand. To him, she is something so ineffably perfect, that he is ready to become her slave, and ask for nothing in reward for his fidelity and adoration but a smile. It is the most unselfish, ethereal, of all love. It is like that which the Minnesingers felt for princesses in whose courts, beneath whose footstools, they knelt and sang. To Richard Cable, Josephine had been such an ideal; he had looked up to her with infinite love, as to one unattainable; and yet in this looking up was associated a feeling of vast compassion for the girl in her loneliness, her ignorance of the highest aims of life, and a longing to touch her hand with respect and lead her into the right way. What a mistake he had made! He lead her! She had bewildered him, and he had lost his knowledge of the compass-points. He saw that he could be of no use to her, that he was to her an encumbrance and a source of daily irritation. She was out of ease when he was present; his voice scalded her ears; his attitudes offended her; his boots made him insupportable in her room. He set his teeth. A glimmer was in his eyes, like the light beneath a thunder-cloud. He would not bring his children into the house. They should remain with their grandmother at the cottage, and he would spend most of his time with them, and teach them Gospel maxims—the Sermon on the Mount—without suffering her to overhear and scoff at his lessons. No; on no account should they be brought to the Hall, where they might learn to laugh at their father, for his brogue, his boots, his blue kerchief. In the cottage they were encircled with simple and healthy surroundings, and were taught to look up to and reverence their father. He would not have them reared to an artificial life, to be made young ladies of, wincing

at his *Vs*, and turning away their faces from his boots. He looked at these boots. They had been serviceable to him on many a rough night. It was true that the leather was greased, and perhaps the grease had not always been fresh. The boots had kept his feet dry when the waves washed the deck. Sailors cannot wear patent-leather dress boots.

Richard could endure a great deal; he was so humble, that he was ready to accept correction; he was so forbearing, that he could allow for the infirmities of the weak; but his patience had its limits. He could not endure the thought of becoming despicable in the eyes of his children. The notion that such an eventuality was possible had never before occurred to him; now it seemed certain, were his little ones to be brought into association with his wife. He put his hand to his head. His rough strong hand was shaking as though he were recovering from a long illness. A qualm almost like that of sea-sickness came over his heart; indeed, everything swayed about and under him. His knees were weak, and would hardly support him. He laid a hand on the top of the palisade and rested his head on it. In a few moments the giddiness would pass away. He put out his other hand on the palisade and shut his eyes. Then he felt something alight on his finger and press it. He looked heavily up, and saw that Josephine's bullfinch had come out of the lime-tree and had perched on his hand. He shook the bird off; but little Puffles, after hovering about a moment, returned and re-alighted on his finger.

What did the bullfinch want? Was it already weary of its freedom and desired to be returned to its cage? Was it frightened at the vastness and complexity of the world, into which it had been launched, and longed for the narrowness and simplicity of the world within bars? With Puffles it was other than with Richard. He chafed at the restraints which encumbered him on all sides, and the bird was frightened at its freedom. He looked at the bullfinch some time dreamily, wonderingly. He held his finger very still, and the bird began to polish his beak on it. Puffles was pleased to grip a warm hand instead of cold twigs. The pressure of the little feet and claws sent a thrill of pleasure along Richard's arm to his heart. In it was an appeal to his protection; and like his mother, Richard's heart at once responded to the appeal of feebleness. He raised his head and put his other hand over the back of the bird. 'Come, Puffles!' he said; 'each to his proper element. You, to bondage. I—I—God alone knows when and how I shall escape!' Then he went in, through the garden, very gently, holding the little creature covered with his right hand, and walking evenly. The bird made no attempt at escape.

At the pantry window stood the butler and the boy, looking out, whilst polishing the silver and glass; and they chuckled as they saw him come along. No doubt he looked absurd, walking slowly with one arm extended, and the other covering the tiny creature that rested on his finger.

'It's o' no use winking at facks,' said the butler, 'or trying to disguise 'em. Master ain't an atom of a gentleman. He don't look it; he don't feel it.'

When Cable reached his wife's room, carrying the little bird, he replaced the creature in its cage and looked about him. Well, it was not fair to her for him to give liberty to her pet without asking her leave. Perhaps he had aggravated her to speak more sharply than she intended; perhaps now she regretted what she had said.

'I'm glad the bird is back,' he said. 'She will be pleased, and think more kindly of me.' His angry mood gave way to gentler feelings. He saw that she had scattered her clothes about the floor as she had taken them off, and left her drawers and wardrobe doors open. He took up and folded her dress, shut the drawers and closed the wardrobe. 'I'm a porpoise in a whiting net,' he said. 'What a different sort of place this is from my cabin in the lightship or my room at the cottage! No nicknacks there. Well, I suppose I must accommodate myself to my shell, as the chicken said that had to be hatched. I can't make my shell fit me like the lobster.'

When a cool leaf is applied to a wound, the fever ceases for a while, but the relief is only momentary. Presently the fire makes itself felt as hot as before. The calmness that had come over Richard lasted only so long as the pressure of the little claws remained on his finger. No sooner had he left the room, than his pain and heat returned. The poison was in his blood. Little Puffles could not undo the mischief done by Josephine. The poison had penetrated to the heart.

He went out of the house once more, and through the garden to the seawall. As he walked he had his hands in his pockets; but suddenly recalling the offence he had given to Josephine by so carrying them, withdrew his hands and folded them before him. How many commandments were there, he wondered, in the social code? The moral was simple enough, contained in two tables. How would he ever master the many and complicated rules, many and complicated as the hieroglyphs of the Chinese tongue, where every word has its special character? A Chinaman learns to read as he learns to speak; from infancy, as his ear catches a sound, it is associated with a symbol to his eye. So a gentleman or a lady grows up amidst the intricacies of social life, and all its symbols and rules become familiar from early childhood. But was it possible for a man like Cable, in manhood, to enter into this sphere and speak and act according to its regulations? Was it not as impossible for him as to acquire Chinese writing and the Chinese tongue?

Then another current of thought set in through his brain. His hands had strayed again to his pockets, and in them turned over a few coins. He was now without a profession. He earned nothing; with the exception of a few pounds in the savings-bank, he had nothing of his own; he would therefore have to apply to Josephine for money wherewith to feed and clothe and school his children—ay, and provide for his mother as well. There were small bills due to the grocer and dressmaker; there was the rent for the house. Must he go to his wife with these accounts and ask her to settle them? The thought was unendurable to a self-reliant, proud man. It galled him to the quick to think that

his dear little ones, Polly's children, and his mother, should be henceforth dependents, not on him, but on Josephine.

No; to this he would not submit. There was but one mode of escape from the difficulty—he must enter into some profession, in which he could earn sufficient for the support of his family. But for what profession was he now qualified? It must be one that was gentlemanly, or Josephine would oppose his proposition. And for a gentlemanly profession he was unsuited, because he was not by breeding a gentleman.

As he puzzled his head with these thoughts, he was roused by a slap on the shoulders from a heavy hand. He looked round and saw Jonas Flinders.

'How are you, old boy?' asked his brother-in-law. 'I'm right glad to come across you. You're all with the dress-circle now, and we in the pit ain't fit to be spoken with, I suppose.'

'You are not just,' answered Richard composedly; 'I have never shown any pride.'

'Well, you're so engaged, we can't get a sight of you. Now you're coming on to the *Anchor*, I hope? All your chaps from the *Josephine* are there. You're not going to give them the slip, I hope?'

Cable started. He had forgotten the supper to the crew. After all, Josephine was in the right; he must be present at that. If he absented himself, he would give offence. Why did she not simply say so, and not insult and wound him?

'I fancy you'd forgot about it. My stars! you've got too grand to remember such little matters.'

'I had been reminded of it. For the sake of attending the supper, I did not go out with my wife; but it is true that for the moment I had forgotten. I was busy with my thoughts.'

'I hope they were pleasant. It don't seem as if they were, judging from your face. Why, as I came up, your face was a-twitching and a-wincing as if you'd been stung by some nasty venomous creetur. But there—come along. Treat things unpleasant like Pharaoh and his host—drown 'em.'

FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY BADGES.

WE do not propose to speak here of the various early revolutionary emblems adopted at different periods of the eventful history of France, each one of which marks a crisis in the nation's onward career, but simply to trace a short history of the badges assumed during the troubles of 1789 and following years, and their subsequent appearance on the world's stage in 1830, 1848, and 1871. Much that is both interesting and new to many of our readers might be said on the two-barred cross of the Holy League; the loaded sling, bunch of coloured ribbons, and wisp of straw of the *Frondeurs* and others; but this would extend the subject beyond reasonable limits.

The most prominent among these badges are the cockades; an old institution in France, they having been introduced to the army by Louis XIII. The cockade is, as a political emblem, essentially French. These quick-tempered and easily moved

people, who love to shout forth their heart-felt convictions to admiring crowds or the coldly indifferent world at large, must have some outward sign of their political sympathies and convictions; naturally enough, therefore, the cockade comes foremost, as the most simple, inexpensive, conspicuous, and visible badge. It is within the reach of poor and rich alike, and may be worn in the buttonhole, or coquettishly ornament the hat. It was regarded as the emblem that excited the soldiers to brave deeds:

L'ornement galant et terrible
Par qui, désormais invincible,
Je puis affronté les hasards—

as 'le gentil' Bernard, court-poet to Louis XV., sings.

These well-known rosettes, made of coloured ribbons, became of real political importance, especially in Paris, between the years 1789 and 1800. It was during the Convention and Directory that the cockades were most in use, and perhaps had the greatest importance attached to them; for then, if the red or tricolour was not worn, the man, woman, or child ran serious risk of being maltreated by the mob, if not dragged before the 'tribunals' by the *sans-culottes*, a fate even worse than the former. Everybody, from the little street *gamin* to the wealthy merchant and high officials of the Convention, wore them; they formed part of the uniform of the soldier, the sailor, and the commissary of police. Ladies of fashion had rosettes arranged in their hair, as well as the *tricoteuses*, who pinned them on their *bonnet rouge* while they danced the hideous *Carmagnole* round the guillotine.

Some time before the destruction of the Bastille, the black cockades, which had been adopted on the expulsion of Necker, the popular minister, were almost entirely put aside by the people for tricolour ones. Blue and red—being the colours of the city of Paris—were adopted by the National Guard; and white was added as a symbol of the brotherly love that ought to exist between the National Guard and the royal troops. But before this, a green cockade had been adopted by Camille Desmoulins, and it was under this rallying sign that the Bastille was attacked and pulled down. For a brief period the reforming green was mixed with the Bourbon white. In October 1789, the 'three hundred,' or National Assembly, decreed that no other cockade but the tricolour one, which they authorised, was to be worn in public. During the debate, Lafayette rose and said, 'Messieurs, je vous apporte une cocarde qui fera le tour du monde'—words that proved to be almost a prophecy, the French soldiers, a few years later, making the cockade well known to many nations, carrying it over Germany, Italy, Austria, even to the gates of Rome, and into the Silent City of the Doges and many other states. Louis XVI. at last had to countenance the three-coloured rosette, always wearing it when in public, as a kind of peace-offering to his persecutors. But it was not well received among the loyalists. Many a dangerous hubbub was caused by the innocent-looking cockades. At a royal military dinner, given by the king at Versailles soon after having been forced to adopt the popular cockade, an officer of the

royal guards rose from his seat and cried aloud, 'A bas les cocardes de couleur; vive la cocarde blanche, c'est la bonne;' and immediately everybody present trod under foot the national cockades, replacing them with white. This scene gave great umbrage to the liberal party, and was the forerunner of many very serious disturbances, arising from the hatred cherished by the mob for all cockades of only one colour; thinking, and perhaps rightly, that they only helped to encourage party feuds. One day in October 1789, in the Palais-Royal, five of these offending badges were torn from the hats and coats of the wearers and trodden under foot, the wearers being maltreated by the excited crowd.

Orators all over Paris exclaimed against the wearers of the single-coloured rosettes, adding, 'We will hang up to the nearest lamp-post those who dare to wear the anti-patriotic cockades;' for at that time the red cockade was as much abhorred as the white. But, unfortunately, this did not last; the tricolour was little used, and its place usurped by a blood-red rosette. The poor young Dauphin was made to wear that red badge, the symbol of the revolution that had brought his father and mother to a terrible and cruel death.

A curious engraving of a 'popular cockade' is given in Prudhomme's *Révolutions de Paris*, a publication contemporary with the revolution. According to Prudhomme, the cockade was adopted as the national badge by the patriotic General Lafayette, who was then in command of the National Guard, and is probably the identical one which he showed to the Assembly in October 1789. The design was printed in red and blue on a white background. The nation, typified by a female figure, treading upon documents representing the privileges of the nobility and clergy, is seated, and holds in one hand the tables of laws, while in the other she grasps a bundle of rods tied round a huge club surmounted by a Phrygian cap. A medal with the portrait of the king is attached by ribbons to the bundle of rods; and in the corner lies a shield bearing the three *fleurs-de-lis* of the Bourbons. These cockades were extensively sold by the editor and his various agents in Paris. Still, the red cockade gradually crept in and became predominant. At last, great extravagance was expended on these bunches of ribbons; and popular trinkets were devised to replace the simple button: these were small Phrygian caps, and models of the terrible guillotine, horribly christened by the rabble *le rasoir des nobles*, which were made in more or less precious metals, so as to suit the purse of the *sans-culottes* and the gaudy taste of the *merveilleuses* and the *incroyable*. In due time, the more simple tricolour, and the plain blue or violet (the Bonapartist colours), for a short time came into favour, until they were ousted by white favours and Louis XVIII.

During the three days of the revolution in 1830, Lafayette, who was general-in-chief of the National Guard, distributed large quantities of tricolour cockades both to his own men and to the mob who were fighting in the streets behind the barricades.

When the Parisians got tired of their Citizen King, Louis-Philippe, and were busily erecting barricades in all the principal thoroughfares of

the capital, the tricolour ribbon was again the rage. But, unfortunately for the good city, the red cockade raised its head for the space of four days—from the 23d to the 26th of June 1848—and became rampant. So fierce was this rising, that even women were to be seen going about distributing these red favours and exciting the men to deeds of desperation. A horrible scene took place during the third day of the *émeute*. While the troops were taking one of the barricades and the insurgents fleeing from their posts, a woman wearing a huge red cockade shot one of the National Guards dead, and seized the red flag which he had just pulled down from its staff on the barricade, and waving it above her head, dashed down towards the attacking party, braining one of the men with her staff. She was shot. Immediately another woman lifted up the flag which had fallen from the stiffening hands of her dying companion, only to be shot down the next minute. Such severity was necessary, for these women were only too often the leaders of desperate but helpless rallies of the rebels. During these four days, four generals were shot. General Bréa was taken prisoner at an early period of these miserable conflicts, and was treacherously murdered by the insurgents for not commanding his troops to lay down their arms. He bravely refused to listen to every entreaty and menace of his enemies, preferring to die rather than dishonour his name. The Archbishop of Paris was shot while trying to pacify the rebels; he died the next day from the wounds he had received. The other generals killed were Negrier, Reymond, and Martin Gourgon. General Duvivier died of his wounds, while others were seriously wounded.

Again, the red cockade appeared in Paris, especially at Montmartre and Belleville, and also in Marseilles, during the sanguinary Commune of 1871. The tricolour cockade is still a French official badge, worn alike by the general and the police-officer.

Such was the importance attached to a mere bunch of ribbons variously dyed. Many lives have been sacrificed over these little innocent cockades. They were the symbols of ungovernable political passions, which were at first guided by a handful of unscrupulous men; the general populace, overawed by these tyrants, adopted the badge; and thus the few dissentients were made the more conspicuous, and suffered accordingly.

The Phrygian cap is the next badge of importance. A writer in a revolutionary pamphlet of 1848 gives the following curious origin of this red cap as an emblem of Liberty. He tells us that on the 31st of August 1790 a regiment of Swiss troops, in French pay, revolted at Nancy. After having successfully overcome their officers, they plundered the military chest, and committed other thefts and outrages. A considerable force was obliged to be employed to capture the mutineers, which feat, however, could not be effected until after a long and sanguinary fight in the streets of the city, where, according to another authority, even cannon had to be brought into action. The captured men were sent off to Brest under a strong escort, to work in the galleys for various long terms. However, in 1792, the Commune being in full sway, these galley-slaves

applied for a total pardon, which was immediately granted. Their friends and sympathisers welcomed them back with great rejoicings, thus turning the convict soldiers into momentary heroes. They entered the city still wearing the little red cap, the most conspicuous part of the convict costume, and hereafter to be called the Cap of Liberty. The populace took these caps from the convicts' heads and coifed themselves with them; and thus, through their desperate deeds, they made it an appropriate emblem of a successful and bloody revolution. The writer already mentioned adds that 'this coiffure became the fashion and the sign of ardent patriotism;' and he goes on to say: 'This cap will henceforth only exist as the symbol of Liberty on the plebeian escutcheon, a symbol for ever immortal as Liberty itself.'

However, with all due deference to this authority, we must evidently go to an earlier date for the origin of the badge. It was clearly considered as a national emblem long before 1792, for on the curious cockade already mentioned the cap is shown; and the cockade, Prudhomme states, was accepted by Lafayette some time in November 1789. Again, Prudhomme in a frontispiece to the number of his journal for the 8th of May 1790, places the Phrygian cap in a conspicuous position. The cap appears on two medals struck at Paris in July 1790: one represents the king as taking the oath to a new constitution; and the other commemorates the confederation of the French people. Although these instances point out that the cap was a national badge long before the mutiny took place, it is nevertheless probable that the badge originated with the red convict caps. Many convicts, after having had their prisons broken open and made good their escape, assumed the position of leaders of the rest of the rabble, who looked up to them as heroes and martyrs. This cap, at the height of the Reign of Terror, was almost universally worn by the advanced radicals and the abominable *sans-culottes*. To use the words of a contemporary of the revolution of 1848, the '*bonnet rouge*' lived in the hearts of the people, and was venerated by them, as the symbol of the sufferings of the poor down-trodden people of France.'

The bundle of rods tied up round an axe was another of the revolutionary badges, adopted from the emblems of the ancient Roman lictors. The bundle of rods and the axe represented justice and the strong arm of the law. In France, the place of the axe was taken by a large and knotty club, to represent the force of the people over the higher ranks of society. These last badges were officially recognised, and were used on the coins, bank-notes, and other government property.

The famous tricolour, or French flag, composed of the three colours adopted for the cockades, began its illustrious career as an emblem of the revolution, and a substitute for the more sanguinary red flag, under whose shade some of the most bloodthirsty and inhuman deeds ever recorded in history were perpetrated. It became very popular, and has since deservedly obtained the high esteem of all true French patriots. Under this flag and the eagles of Napoleon Bonaparte, the fiery French soldiers were led to the conquest of Germany, the defeat of the Russians, the complete

subjugation of Italy, and the humbling of Austria. And although it nearly suffered an eclipse in 1871 and 1873, it still rears its head as the proud emblem of the great French nation.

BLOOD-MONEY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAP. III.—UNDER A BAN.

'Do you think I have been kind to you, Lizzie?' the father asked by-and-by, and he had to make an effort to speak loud enough for her to hear, although they were so near each other.

'Yes, indeed, papa; you have been kind in everything'—She paused—cheeks flushed, and anxiety in her eyes on his account as well as her own, for he seemed to be very ill.

'Except in one respect, and in it you regard me as acting cruelly,' he said, completing the sentence for her. 'Well, you are mistaken; for in that, too, I am trying to be kind, and wish to be so.—I suppose you, Lizzie, like everybody else, think I am a most fortunate man—that the wealth which flows in upon me day by day, and the success, which attends every speculation I enter upon, should make me a contented and a proud man?' His manner was so strange, that she was becoming more and more nervous about him, more and more eager to avoid saying anything which might add to the distress he was so evidently afflicted with at this moment.

'Everybody says that you have been wondrously successful.'

'Yes, I have made money,' he said bitterly, 'and I have been miserable. I have worked, as some men drink, to stupefy myself—to obtain forgetfulness. Mother, sister, wife, children—all save you were taken from me. Upon you I concentrated my last hopes of finding some consolation for the past suffering. I have watched over you as a man drowning watches the distant life-boat, and whilst counting the seconds as hours, struggles with all his might to keep himself afloat until the rescuers reach him. I wanted to see you honoured and admired, high amongst the noblest; I wanted to hear your name mentioned as that of one who used wealth wisely and well in relieving the people around you from the sordid cares of life. But you, too, fail me.'

'I would do anything, father, that could afford you comfort; but I cannot think that you would wish me to sacrifice my peace of mind for a position I cannot endure the thought of occupying. Dear papa, I am not fit to play the part of a great lady. The thought of it frightens me; and besides, I could not—I cannot regard Sir Joshua as a woman should regard her husband.'

'You can respect him, and that is enough. I have known some cases, and I have heard of so many more, in which girls, prompted by the sentimental idea of what is called love, have defied their parents, refused their counsel, and have quickly had bitter cause for repentance, that I want to guard you against this danger. Why, you cannot know what you talk about. You are too young, and are moved by your own imagination. Love only comes when we have sounded the depths of suffering.'

'Have I not suffered something in knowing that I displease you?' she said sadly.

'Are you then prepared to put me aside for this man you have known barely two years? Are you prepared to inflict any pain on me so that you may please him? Are you ready to learn what poverty is, for his sake?'

The questions were hard ones for the girl to answer. At the same instant the sense of duty told her that she should say 'No,' and love told her that she must say 'Yes.' She spoke quietly and truthfully, according to her feelings: 'I think I could endure anything for his sake; but—O papa, I do not want to cause you pain.'

'And yet you do it. No doubt you soothe your conscience with the thought that I am unjust to Corbet, and that—as he was bold enough to tell me—in barring your union I am seeking to gratify my own vanity, rather than to assure your welfare.'

'No, no; I do not think that. I don't know what to think or say; I only know that I am very wretched.' She wiped her eyes, but she could not suppress the sobs which were choking her.

He rose hastily and paced the floor, his right hand grasping the wrist of his left, as if to constrain the fierce throbbings of the pulse. That voice was again ringing its monotonous cadence in his brain, and the words were the same as before: 'Am I right, or is this another act of betrayal?' Suddenly he halted, and, resting his hand tenderly on the girl's head, he said huskily: 'For the sake of a dead friend, I wanted to see you in high places, because I know it would have pleased him. Money is nothing to me now except to buy pleasure for you; and it seemed to me that I had discovered the best way of doing that, when Sir Joshua asked me for you. I felt as if the great ambition of my life was attained. I was glad and proud, and believed that my work was accomplished. But I will not force you, however bitter the disappointment may be to me'—

'O papa,' she interrupted, as she sprang up and flung her arms round his neck, weeping for joy, 'what relief you give me!'

He trembled slightly under her embrace: he had no doubt that this time he had given her pleasure. 'I am glad of that, Lizzie.—Now, will you do one thing for me, before we finally decide how to act?'

'Anything—anything you wish.'

'Then will you try to think quietly over this matter for—say a fortnight, without seeing Corbet or writing to him, or reading a letter from him, and then tell me the result of your reflections?'

'I promise; and he will be glad to know you are so good and kind to me.'

The bright look of joyful and affectionate gratitude with which she regarded him was surely compensation enough for the abandonment of his cherished scheme for her exaltation. After all, if carried out, it would apparently only have gratified himself, and perhaps his friend the baronet. He became entirely reconciled to the new order of things, by the transformation in Lizzie during the fortnight in which she had agreed to forego all communication with her lover. The dull and half-frightened manner, which had been growing daily more marked for nearly a year past, disappeared. The sunshine was in her eyes and on her face again,

and her father could hear her singing merrily with the birds in the early hours of the morning.

For one day, Lizzie had thought it strange that Corbet had made no attempt to communicate with her; but she was relieved of all uneasiness on that score when her father mentioned casually that he had been summoned to London in connection with some proposed new railway in South America. She was content to think that her lover had not written, as he would no doubt calculate that his letter would be intercepted. But although, having pledged herself to hold no communication with him for the brief period her father had fixed, she would not have read any letter she might have received, she could not help at some moments feeling a little disappointed that he made no effort to send her some token that he was thinking about her. It seemed very strange that he should not have done so; and when the fortnight had passed, she became eager to have news of or from him. She told her father that she was still of the same mind as when they had last spoken of George Corbet.

'Very well, Lizzie,' he said, patting her on the head. 'You two have conquered. You can write to him, and say we will be pleased to see him whenever you like. But he has not returned from London yet.'

The change in Mr Edwards was as great as that in his daughter. He walked with a lighter step than formerly, and there was a sense of relief pervading his whole conduct. He spoke more softly than he had been accustomed to do; he was more forbearing towards the blunders of others than he had ever been known to be. Hope of peace had entered the man's heart, and he was glad because Lizzie was glad.

She wrote a short letter to Corbet, telling him that he would now be welcome at Riveling Hall, and asking him to come soon. But when another fortnight passed, and there was still no sign from him, she was disturbed, although quite satisfied that, for some reason, he could not have received her letter. The father observed her agitation, and comprehended the cause. 'I understand this business in which Corbet is engaged is one of great importance to him,' he said reassuringly; 'and he must be very much occupied in preparations for his journey. It may be, also, that as I spoke to him so decisively at our last meeting, he is waiting for me to speak. I shall call at his place to-day, and ascertain when he is likely to be in Sheffield.'

Mr Edwards learned from Corbet's clerk that his master was making arrangements to close his office, and was not expected to be in the town for more than one day in order to wind up his affairs there. Mr Edwards thereupon wrote to his prospective son-in-law, telling him that all objection to his suit was withdrawn, and that Lizzie was waiting for him anxiously.

To this he received what was to him a very strange reply:

MY DEAR SIR—I am obliged by your letter. But since we spoke together, I have come to the conclusion that you were perfectly right—your daughter will be much happier with the man you have chosen for her than she ever could be with me. I am unable to write to Miss Edwards

to explain that I am leaving England, and will probably not return for many years, when I hope to learn that she is happy, and has forgotten yours truly,

GEORGE CORBET.

The chagrin with which this epistle inspired Mr Edwards was mingled with a certain degree of cynical self-satisfaction. So, then, he had been right. This young fellow's passion for Lizzie had been prompted as much by the knowledge that she would inherit a large fortune as by her own attractions; and as soon as he saw his way to making a position for himself, he callously rejected the girl who had fought so devotedly, so desperately for him. He was not worthy of her.

Edwards folded up the letter carefully, replaced it in the envelope, and put it in his pocket. But what was he to say to Lizzie?—how persuade her that she had made a lucky escape from a man who valued her only as a stepping-stone to fortune? She would not believe it, and again there would be pale cheeks and sad silence in the house.

Yet Edwards felt somehow that there was a false note in this extraordinary missive; there was a suggestion of something behind, when read in the full remembrance of that interview at the foot of the park. Corbet must have been moved by something more than a sudden conviction that the father was perfectly right in opposing the match, before he could have so completely belied the protestations he had then so boldly made, that no power save Lizzie's own request could induce him to abandon his suit.

Edwards decided to say nothing about the letter until he had seen Corbet and obtained a full explanation from him. His silence, however, did not avail much; for Lizzie's anxiety increased day by day, and he no longer heard her singing with the birds in the morning. He was distressed and perplexed. He began to consider whether or not it would be best to wait until he could see Corbet, or to show her the letter, and so get the worst over at once. But he hesitated when he looked at the piteous face, and noted the eager watchfulness for every post, followed by the shadow which fell upon her when there was still no letter from her lover. He determined to end this suspense one way or another. At breakfast, he announced that he was going to London, and would return on the following day. This was nothing extraordinary, for he had occasion to make frequent excursions to the metropolis on business. But this time his journey had special interest for Lizzie, and with flushed cheeks she inquired: 'Do you think you will see—Mr Corbet?'

'Of course I shall see him,' he answered with affected gaiety. 'Have you any message for him?'

'I don't know. I should like him to tell me whether he has got my letter—I should like him to write,' she said with pensive confusion.

'I daresay he will write if he cannot come. I must say that he does not seem to be so eager to come, now that the door is open to him, as he seemed to be when it was closed. Perhaps that is only due to the contrariness of some natures.' This was spoken jocularly, but with a view to prepare her in some degree for the result which he anticipated. She said nothing; but the shaft

had struck home, and the question arose in her mind—had not her father prophesied truly, that this feeling they had believed would endure for ever, was—on one side at anyrate—only a fleeting passion or fancy, which faded whenever a new object was presented to the mind? Then she started away from what was to her a horrible thought—that George Corbet could be false.

'I am sure he will come when you tell him that he may do so,' she said with forced calmness, and bitterly conscious that she did not quite believe what she was saying—that she was only trying to defend the man who had said he loved her, and who had won her love.

The father understood and spoke hopefully; but in his heart he had a feeling of fierce resentment towards Corbet. He believed him to be false, and was angry at the thought that for such a fellow he had given up one of his most cherished projects. However, he telegraphed to him that he wished to see him at Anderton's Hotel, in Fleet Street, that evening at seven on important business. Seated in the train, Edwards tried to see his way through the maze, whilst to his fellow-passengers he appeared to be engaged with a newspaper. He had not one jot of regret on his own account that the match was to be broken off by Corbet, and that his daughter should learn what he regarded as a salutary although severe lesson. He would indeed have rejoiced if he had not been troubled by the fear that the shock might seriously injure her health, and that she, too, might be taken from him. He was also indignant that his approval, which had been so importunately sought, should be insultingly rejected when given. He had a right to know the meaning of the fellow's inexplicable conduct, and he would know it.

At the appointed hour Corbet presented himself in the private room engaged by the great Sheffield merchant in the hotel. Evidently, he was not in a happy frame of mind any more than Lizzie, for he looked pale and worried. He bowed on his entrance, but did not offer his hand; and Edwards, who had extended his, instantly withdrew it, whilst he stared at his visitor with an expression of angry perplexity. 'Upon my soul, Corbet, your manner in meeting me is as peculiar and ungracious as your letter. What is the matter with you? Have you got entangled with anybody else, or are you guilty of some fraud which is about to be discovered?'

'Neither of your agreeable surmises, Mr Edwards, is correct,' rejoined Corbet gravely.

'Then I cannot be wrong—anyway, I hope I am not in supposing that you are sorry for the way in which you have befooled my daughter?'

'I am sorry for her,' was the answer, and there was a nervous twitch of the lips, a slight tremor in the voice, which testified to the sincerity of his words.

'Then perhaps you will be good enough to explain this repudiation of your engagement to her—an engagement made against my will, and which only a few weeks ago you told me would hold good in defiance of my wishes and authority. I have come to London expressly to obtain this explanation, and I do not think you can refuse it, if you wish to be regarded as an honourable man.'

Corbet looked, as he felt, decidedly uncomfort-

able, and he seemed to be unable to meet the stern gaze of Lizzie's father. He answered in a low mumbling way: 'I am sorry; but I cannot explain. You desired to break off our engagement, and now it is done, why are you not satisfied?'

'But you shall explain, I say. Has she done anything to justify this action of yours?'

'No; *she* has done nothing,' replied Corbet emphatically, and for the first time he looked straight in the eyes of his interrogator.

'Then you must have done something which makes you feel unworthy of her. If that is so, I can respect the feeling; but you must yourself tell her why you break all the pledges you have given her.'

'You are mistaken, sir; I have done nothing to forfeit my own or her respect.'

'Then, as I am utterly unable to guess at the motives which have prompted you to adopt this course of deliberate insult to my daughter and myself, you are the more bound to help us to understand the position. You are perfectly aware that you are safe from an action for breach of promise; and you are also perfectly aware that I have had no desire for an alliance with you. But as a mere matter of courtesy towards my daughter, I must insist on an explanation.' He spoke with contemptuous indifference as to what the explanation might be, as if convinced beforehand that it must be some flimsy excuse to veil the fact that the man thought he could make a better bargain elsewhere.

'I have already said that I can give you no further explanation than that I believe you are right—my union with your daughter would not be a happy one.'

'In that case,' observed Edwards, more scornfully than before, 'you must be prepared to hear yourself called a liar and a coward. A liar, because you deceived my poor child by pledges of fidelity which you did not mean to keep—or, at any rate, do not intend to keep now; and a coward, because you refuse to say why you offer her this unpardonable insult.'

It was evident that Corbet felt keenly this forcible denunciation of his behaviour, and that he had to make violent efforts to maintain self-control, for his cheeks tingled and his eyes flashed fiercely whilst his hands were clenched, as if he were about to strike the speaker down. 'For her sake, I will allow you to say what you have said without thrashing you, as I would have done any one else who had dared to utter one of the words you have used.' He spoke rapidly and with much emotion. 'You do not understand what it has cost me to come to the decision expressed in my letter to you. I have borne your taunts for Lizzie's sake, and that should be proof enough that my feelings towards her are unaltered—and they never will alter. But in her name, and on *your own account*, I ask you to be satisfied, and to seek no further explanation than I have given.'

'But I am not satisfied; and I must take back to my child some information which will content her that this breach is made by you after full deliberation, and confirms the objection I raised when the affair first came to my knowledge.'

'Will you look back twenty years or so, and then insist?' queried Corbet pityingly.

Edwards lifted his heavy eyebrows quickly, but he replied with calmness, although there was an uneasy under-current evinced by the searching gaze which he fixed on Corbet. 'I am puzzled by your request, but I still insist.'

'Then, if you will have it, blame yourself. The reason why I can neither marry Lizzie nor explain to her is summed up in the name of a man—Jack Wolton.'

Edwards's face became like stone and his lips were parched. 'Well?' he queried stolidly.

'He was my brother,' answered Corbet passionately; 'and you are Ned Altcar.'

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER HEADLINES.

THERE does not seem much art about giving a suitable heading to an article or a paragraph of news, yet experience proves that a novel or striking headline attracts attention, and causes to be read that which might otherwise be passed over. One of the most successful of English editors fully recognised this, and himself wrote every headline which appeared in his paper; but in this country the reporter generally writes headings to his own articles, and if he use ordinary intelligence, they are rarely altered. In England, sensationalism and anything approaching 'smartness' are avoided; but in America, the very opposite is the rule. Indeed, so much attention is paid to headlines in that country, that there is engaged on the staff of every newspaper of importance a gentleman whose duty it is to supply headlines to articles and paragraphs. Some of these headline writers are paid large salaries, and have a wide reputation.

Mr George Augustus Sala once said that American journalists rarely take anything seriously; they are perpetually trying to be smart and amusing. Few people who have even an elementary knowledge of American newspapers will call into question the truth of Mr Sala's assertion. The American journalist is nothing if not original; and this ruling passion is strikingly exemplified in the very headlines. We have, for instance, never seen but one heading in English newspapers for those simple announcements which never fail to interest female readers—we mean the Births, Marriages, and Deaths. In America, however, they use such headlines as Cradle, Altar, Tomb; Hatches, Matches, Despatches, and so on; while one original genius sums up life thus—Births, Flirtations, Engagements, Breakings-off, Marriages, Divorces, Deaths. Then, instead of the familiar heading, Poetry, we find Lays of the Latest Minstrels, or The Warblers' Corner. The columns of clippings, however, afford scope for the most variety. One editor heads his column of jokes, Render unto Scissors the Things that are Scissors; while another follows with Ant Scissors aut Nullus. One Thing and Another, Drops of Ink, Various Topics, Microbes, Nuggets, All Sorts, Faggots, Pressed Bricks—these are a few others taken at random. Hash is, however, perhaps the most appropriate of the lot. These headlines appear very strange to us; yet it should not be forgotten that, nearly one hundred years ago, the *Times* published weak jokes under the extraordinary head of 'Cuckoo!'

The Fargo (Dakota) *Press* has some of its headings in rhyme. Here are two specimens :

Picknickers on a Sunday Boat are lost—A Judgment Sure.

But Lightning Strikes a Meetin' House—The Reason's More Obscure.

If with a Girl Alfonso's Blessed, from Jail the Cubans Shoot;

While if it be a Boy, they get a Chromo each, to boot.

According to the *Detroit Free Press*, another Fargo paper came out with the following specimens :

In the Spring
The Maiden's Fancy Lightly Turns to Thoughts of Love.

In the Spring the Festive Oil Can Hoists a Servant Girl Above.

In the Spring
The Kansas Farmers for Sweet Rain begin to Pant,
And in the Spring the People's Hopes are centred
Hard and Fast in Grant.

This style of thing was kept up for some time, always ending with 'Grant.'

Sensationalism is the great characteristic of American newspaper headlines. When General Grant died, the *Times* headed its article, 'Death of General Grant.' This is how the heading appeared in the *New York Herald* :

Dead !

General Grant Surrenders to the Grim Conqueror.

A Peaceful End.

His Deathbed Surrounded by His Weeping Family.

Nine Months' Agony.

Suffering the Pangs of his Cancer with quiet Heroism.

Medical Skill Useless.

The Sure and Stealthy Progress of his Dreadful Disease.

Story of His Life.

Events of His Varied Career from Cadet to President.

Hero of Many Battles.

Playing a Giant's Part in Crushing the Rebellion.

Gratitude of the Republic.

Twice Elected to the Exalted Office of Chief Magistrate.

His Tour of the World.

Here is another specimen of sensationalism :

Wedding Bells.

Marriage of the Princess Beatrice of England.

Prince Henry of Battenberg.

A Forecast of the Ceremony which will be held to-day.

Revelations of the Programme.

Scene Within the Church of St Mildred at Whippingham.

• The Ministers of State.

Queen Victoria Wearing the Crown and Mourning Robes.

The Guests of Royalty.

Breakfasting at Osborne. The Fruits and the Cakes.

In a Floral Bower.

Voyage of Inspection Among the Dresses of the Bride.

Visions of Fair Millinery.

Laces from Ireland, and Tartans from the Highlands.

Myrtle and White Heather.

A Veil that was Worn at the Marriage of the Queen.

Tennyson's Epithalamium.

In some few of our English newspapers there are occasionally seen sensational headlines ; but we have never seen anything nearly so startling as the two specimens we have quoted, each of which headings occupies more than half a column of the *New York Herald*. We believe that in some American papers even more space than this is occasionally occupied by headlines to a comparatively short article. One New York journal, indeed, goes the length of having all its headlines printed in red ink. We have not seen this periodical ; we make the statement on the authority of a trade journal ; but to many journalists

and printers the difficulties of carrying out this plan in the case of a newspaper of even a moderately large circulation seem nearly insuperable. Most English newspapers have no headings to leading articles, and in America we believe the headline to them is rarely allowed to exceed one line. The only noteworthy innovation of late years in the matter of headlines is to be seen in the *Daily News*, in which the headings to the leading articles are what is technically known as 'let in' at the side, a style which is frequently adopted in certain books.

JONAH FROTH.

JONAH FROTH lay a-dying. Some of the crew, of whom one was a negro, had tenderly propped up their venerable skipper on several pillows, and covered his lower limbs with a tarpaulin. The negro was particularly assiduous in his attentions, and from time to time would heave a deep groan, as if his heart were breaking. The cabin window of the *Flying Scud* was wide open, and through it could be discerned the wharfs and houses of Singapore, and several vessels riding at anchor.

My acquaintance with Froth had been but of short duration ; but I had seen and heard sufficient of the old salt to feel more than a passing interest in the career of this extraordinary person ; and when, one morning, I was summoned to attend his dying bed, and to hasten thither with all despatch, I confess I departed upon my errand with a considerable weight of sorrow at my heart.

As I entered his cabin, the negro quickly rose from his seat at the bedside and addressed me in an excited manner, but in tones sufficiently inaudible to preclude the possibility of their reaching the ears of the dying man : 'Mass'r Froth, em be berry sick dis marnin.'

Five or six big seamen, who seemed evidently embarrassed at the novelty of the situation, were leaning against the wall with their hands in their tarry pockets. Their presence could be of no avail ; they were exhausting all the fresh air that could possibly come at the patient, so I motioned to them quietly to retire. They went out one by one, and very softly, taking one long parting glance, which had in it the significance of a final farewell, at the pale features of their dying master.

An inarticulate ejaculation from Froth drew me at once to his bedside. I lifted his powerful hand in my own and gently pressed it ; it was as if a child should dandle the paw of a bear. The fingers were enormous, yet they were in perfect keeping with the immense muscular strength and stature of the man ; but the temperature was that of death, and his pulse was barely perceptible. I inquired if he were in pain.

The negro here interposed in a low whisper : 'Mass'r Froth, em hab no pain de ole of de time ; but em berry sick dis marnin, em keep nothing down.'

I administered a slight cordial, which considerably revived him, and, to my astonishment, he

clasped hold of the tarpaulin and gradually drew himself upwards into a sitting posture. It was but a momentary reassertion of his old strength; and I assisted him back upon his pillows, where he lay panting with exhaustion, with his eyes closed. Presently, he re-opened them, as if a thought had struck him, and he began fumbling with great earnestness in his breast-pocket, as if he would dislodge something that was there concealed.

'Em hab a letter from em missus,' promptly suggested the indefatigable negro; 'see em put em in em pocket yester mornin; em no read yet—sure ob dat.'

I saw the whole situation at once. A letter from his wife in England had arrived by yesterday's mail; he was too ill to open it; and nobody on board was sufficiently scholar enough to decipher its contents. I proffered him my assistance in the matter, which he readily assented to; and putting my hand in his breast-pocket, I drew forth a rather soiled packet which bore the following inscription: 'Mr JONAH FROTH, Skipper, c/o the *Flying Scud*, Singapore.' I put the letter into his hand, and he grasped hold of it with great fervency; he then raised it slowly to his lips, and returned it to me with one of the most beautiful smiles that ever suffused the rugged countenance of a British seaman. Here the negro uttered a deep groan and wrung his hands, as if in the direst despair.

Froth signalled to me to unfasten the packet and read the contents aloud. I broke the seal, and proceeded with my task, which was one of great difficulty. At first sight, the whole appeared like a mass of Egyptian hieroglyphics; it was the worst writing I had ever seen. The syntax was infamous, and the inflections of many of the words were quite new to me. But what the document lacked in scholarship, it made up in the beautiful and faultless language of the heart. Nothing could have been more tender and playfully confiding. After two or three careful perusals, which occupied several minutes, I considered myself sufficiently prepared to venture on a reading of it aloud to the one man in all the world on whose ear alone could fall, like softest fingerings of invisible strings, the odd and unmelodious accents of its speech. For Froth it was destined to be the last earthly record of the devoted and unalienable affection of that creature to whose bosom he had once been pleased to impart the mysterious secret of his soul's love. The writer (God pity the relict's lot), ignorant of the terrible event that was at this very moment in progress, and all unsuspecting of the store of infinite suffering that was in preparation for her, began in the liveliest vein, and ever and anon would make some jocose sally, evidently intended to disturb the risible faculties of her rugged spouse. Alas, for the irony of Fate! Alas, that the sprightliness and unchecked license of her cheerful, loving heart should, at so inopportune a moment, have led her to wanton around the flickering consciousness of the dying man! It was as if she could be merry over the chill pallors and distressing incoherencies of death. To Froth, the reading of the letter would probably occasion a large amount of mental agitation; not through the lack of all anxiety and distress on his wife's part on account of his present state, but

through the utter absence it would convey of any taint of suspicion that such a state was considered at all probable.

I have not considered it necessary to transcribe the whole of this remarkable document—which now lies in one of my private drawers—nor to adhere always very rigidly to an exact rendering of the original, retaining only such passages as bear more immediately on the present narrative, or that may be of general interest to the reader.

MY DEER HUSBIND—I am quite well and jolly and i hope you be to. Missus bunday says i am gettin stout and deer miss edith the parsins dorter says as how you wont no me in the new cap wich she give me new years day. Mister Tom the squeers son have been a drinkin agen sumit awfu, and missus Emblem she have brok her legg wich is very bad for her. As god dellived jonah out of the wale so may he do to you from the danegers of the sea. you are a bad chap to stay away so long this time, i dont mind your goin to see as you was born their and its quit naterul. Aint i proud of my saylor thats all. me and you niver had a hot word together as i can mind and you aint no fool be you tho you was brought in the world all fools day come ome when you can thurs a deer sole. the cow wich you give me last sumer crope thro billy jones hedge munday nite and tredded down his grass wich made un sware bad and the ole sow has had some more piggs. i hope mister Ambatch the black man is well, giv my respecs to un and tell un to mind an air your clean close well of a Saturdy nite.—Your own SUSAN.

When I had finished the reading of the letter, I folded it carefully up and replaced it in Froth's breast-pocket. To my surprise, a triumphant smile was gleaming in his large blue eyes. He lay perfectly motionless, but was muttering indistinctly between his teeth. What that something was, who will ever know? During the final collapse of all that intricate and harmonious structure which constitutes what we term a human life, who shall tell what vestiges of the decaying order are invisibly being woven into and incorporated with the new; deriving from their association with the transmuting principles of the fresh being a colour and a breadth of glorification little dreamt of by the sorrowing spectator. I said Froth's was a triumphant smile; then a triumph that indicated the apotheosis of human affection and the purely spiritual appreciation of its object. If so, then the inaudible utterance was the involuntary shout that acknowledged the total surrender of the soul to the satisfying bounties of the revelation.

At this moment, the negro, whose vanity was highly gratified by the allusion to himself, and who had entirely lost the forlorn expression that had hitherto rested upon his ebony countenance, pushed his woolly head in close proximity to my own, and volunteered a personal statement: 'Mass'r Froth's missus em berry nice lady. Ambatch em always ar Mass'r Froth's lily cloz well; em no cotch cold dat way. Like Mass'r Froth's missus: send respec to ole nigger—dat good joke!'

The negro was grinning from ear to ear; and

had I not at this instant clapped my hand tightly over his yawning orifice, he would fairly have given way to a hearty peal of laughter. He came to himself immediately, and looked perfectly miserable at the thought of having so grossly violated all the principles of decorum in an hour of such solemnity. He gradually sank more and more into an inconsolable mood, and went and seated himself over against the door of the cabin, wringing his hands and wagging his head to and fro. I addressed him in a reassuring manner, but all to no purpose. His conscience, like an inexorable judge, had passed sentence of condemnation upon him, and he writhed beneath the lashes of the avenger.

I turned again to Froth. He was beginning to grow extremely restless, throwing his huge arms about, and continually shifting his head from one side to the other. I spoke to him soothingly, and bade him signify if there were anything he would still wish done. He turned and looked at me and smiled serenely—such a smile as only irradiates the face of an upright man upon his dying bed. It was a smile of perfect peace and satisfaction. Death was standing at his side ready with his uplifted dart to strike, but he saw not the monster. Presently he feebly raised his hand and pointed with his forefinger to a corner of the cabin. I looked in the direction indicated, and perceived a large sea-chest lying open, full of a confused mass of books and papers.

'Ambatch,' I cried, 'what is it your master wants? He is pointing at the big chest.'

'Specs em wants em private logbook,' replied the negro, still rocking himself backwards and forwards in an agitated frame of mind.

'Then bring it me at once,' I returned.

The negro did as he was commanded; and after a short and brisk search, he unearthed a dingy-looking pocket-book with brass clasps, and tied about very securely with a piece of red tape. I took the volume, and held it before Froth's eyes. He looked pleased, and made a supreme effort to speak. I stooped and applied my ear to his mouth. A low sound was all that he emitted. I quickly unwound the tape; and having unfastened the clasps, I laid the book open before him. I noticed that one page was doubled under; at this place he inserted one of his fingers, and then pushed the book feebly towards me, looking earnestly round the room, to see who were present. Perceiving that Ambatch and I were alone, he composed himself on his pillows, and made a motion to me to commence reading.

The entry, though made in a somewhat shaky hand, was perfectly legible, and free from all erasures and interpolations. The orthography was correct, and what struck me as being particularly remarkable, the composition was generally grammatical, and always vigorous and well arranged. The thoughts were not loosely jumbled together like coloured papers in a bag; there were no tedious retrogressions and iterations. It was a straight logical course, with but one beginning, one middle, and one end. The whole was a brief and pithy moral retrospect of his past life, concluding with a short appendix, that consisted of a cluster of chronological dates, to each of which was affixed some important event in his private history. It was dated exactly a

month before his decease. I commenced reading as follows:

'I, Jonah Froth, skipper of the *Flying Scud*, with the apprehension of the near approach of death upon me, have thought it right and fit to here set forth, for the warning and encouragement of all those who hereafter shall sail in this craft, some few of the leading principles that have actuated my conduct during the term of my mortal life. I do it with all modesty, conscious of innumerable imperfections, and mindful of frequent departures from the straight path of duty.' This was the preamble. Then followed a brief list of what Froth considered to be the more essential virtues to be cultivated by every seaman. These were—sobriety, honesty, purity, and valour. Then he went on to say:

'As to sobriety, I never was intoxicated in my life, and have often been laughed at for my abstemious habits. In the year 1840, one of my shipmates died from the effects of dram-drinking at Bombay. From that moment I resolved solemnly to give up my one daily glass of grog, and have nothing to do with a fluid that was capable of taking away the life of a fellow-creature. That was more than forty years ago. I have kept my vow. As to honesty, I have never told a lie to any man, that I can remember; and in all my dealings with my fellows, I have ever laboured to be straightforward and above-board. With reference to purity, no one dare tell Jonah Froth that he ever spoke an obscene word. I have never mixed with low company; and as to valour, I have never been frightened of any man. Of the Evil one I have always been afraid; for to be cast upon a lee-shore with the fiend for a companion has always struck me as being the worst of ills. Now, one may be sober, honest, pure, and brave, and yet be a dunderhead; and as I was unfortunately born at two o'clock in the morning, on the 1st of April 1810, it has always been painfully evident to me that I must therefore have consequently been a born fool.'

Honest, simple-hearted Jonah! Who but himself would have had the candour to own as much? And he went on to say: 'No doubt, to this circumstance I must ascribe my thick-headedness in running the *Woodlark*, nine hundred tons, ashore on the Coromandel Coast, in the year 1849, in broad daylight, and with a moderate breeze blowing from E.S.E. The same event probably accounts for my misadventure in the Java sea, on the night of the 1st of August 1856, when I allowed a horde of vagabond pirates to board my vessel the *Sea-swallow*, and batten us down beneath the hatches for sixteen hours, when we were released by an English cruiser that providentially hove in sight. At the same time, I, Jonah Froth, have ever striven to do my duty to the best of my ability. What shall I say more? My hour draws near'—

Here I interrupted my reading. Froth's hour had come. His eyes were fixed, and a glassy film sparkled on their entire surface. I looked at the clock, which was ticking away unconcernedly over the head of his couch: it indicated exactly two hours after noon. Duly it announced the time of day; and then, suddenly as if by magic, the revolution of its invisible wheels was arrested. The pendulum gave one or two faltering oscillations to left and right, and

finally became stationary. At the same instant, a vivid flash lighted up the cabin and shed a momentary radiance over Froth's pale distorted features. It was followed by a tremendous peal of thunder, that shook the timbers of the *Flying Scud*, and went rolling away over the distant waters of the ocean. For a second, Ambatch stood transfixed, with eyeballs bursting from their sockets; then he fled from the cabin and bolted up the companion-ladder like an imp of darkness. Froth neither saw nor heard; Death and I were alone in his chamber.

Children of the ocean, seamen of this worthy craft, away each to your allotted task! An excellent man, a very excellent man, hath passed from your midst. In his name, in the name of Jonah Froth, whose spirit shall walk these decks as your presiding genius, even unto this good ship's final voyage, I exhort you to be men—men of whom old Neptune shall be proud, and whom Britannia shall not be ashamed to call her sons. Would to heaven, I thought, as I dropped into the boat that was to convey me back to the shore—would to heaven that throughout our 'leviathans afloat' and richly freighted argosies, down even to the craziest brown-sailed smack that goes a-trolling in the waters of the North Sea, might be infused the leaven of Jonah Froth! With the entire quantum of British seamen, naval and mercantile, as a multiplicand, and for a multiplier the person of the worthy skipper himself, and I think I see such a solid and irresistible product as might well intimidate even a combination of the war-fleets of entire Europe.

The startling phenomena attendant upon Froth's death have ever since haunted my imagination. The sudden stopping of the timepiece precisely at the hour of two, which, as he himself writes, was the very hour of his nativity, together with the grand but awful accompaniment of a tropical tempest, were of such a kind as to work an immediate revolution in the whole of my moral being, and to convert me from the enviable condition of a cool and practical observer of nature and her diverse operations, into one of constant apprehension and vigilant watchfulness for signs and tokens of approaching events.

SINGULAR GOOD-FRIDAY CUSTOMS IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

A quaint and curious custom has been practised for over four hundred years on Good-Friday in the churchyard of St Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, once the finest Norman church in London, and still exhibiting in what is left of it great architectural beauty in the grandeur of its Norman arcades. In this churchyard, on Good-Friday, twenty-one poor widows, belonging to the parish, are assembled round a flat stone tomb of an 'unknown person;' and each widow 'picks up' therefrom a new sixpence, twenty-one of these coins having been placed there by the churchwardens. The origin of this charitable dole is unknown. There are no traces of any will, nor is there any fund set apart for this purpose; but the few shillings necessary are usually subscribed for by two or three of the parishioners. The legend referring to the dole is, that some centuries ago an old widow lady, a resident in the parish, directed by her will that her tomb in the

churchyard should be visited by twenty-one aged widows after matins every Good-Friday morning, and that they should 'there and then each pick up a new sixpence,' to be laid on the flat top of the stone in readiness for them. Although this curious custom has been observed for four hundred years, the name of the founder has been lost, and even her tomb is unknown. The old ladies, however, are accommodated at a large flat stone without a name, where the dole is regularly paid every Good-Friday morning.

Another very fanciful custom is observed on Good-Friday morning by direction of a pious citizen named Peter Symonds, who died in 1586. By his will he directed that sixty of the youngest boys of Christ's Hospital, commonly called the 'Blue-coat School,' should attend matins every Good-Friday morning in the church of Allhallows, Lombard Street, the testator's parish; and after the service was over, each boy was to receive a new penny and a bag of raisins. This practice is strictly carried out at the present day; the raisins are placed in paper bags, and the pennies, perfectly new from the bank, procured for the occasion. Fully appreciating the good deed of Symonds, another citizen, William Petts by name, who died in the year 1692, by his will directed that 'the minister who preached the sermon on Good-Friday morning to the sixty Blue-coat Boys should receive a fee of twenty shillings; the clerk, four shillings; the sexton, three shillings and sixpence.' This ceremony is strictly carried out every Good-Friday morning, the churchwardens benevolently adding an additional grant, in order that the children of the ward and Sunday schools might also be partakers of some of the nice things appertaining to the Good-Friday hospitalities. On the last occasion, a very large congregation assembled at the church of Allhallows to hear the sermon and witness the singular and interesting ceremonial.

The ancient city of London is remarkable for many curious customs having their origin centuries back, to which, perhaps, we may allude more fully at a future time. The two above referred to are, however, the only ones we believe associated with Good-Friday.

SONNET.

THERE is a hallowed sweetness in the name
Of Poet. Human power may make a king.
The gift of song is such a holy thing,
So bright, apart from wealth or worldly fame,
That wheresoe'er 'tis found, men know it came
From God. The lark that with untiring wing
Mounts heavenward morning's sweetest hymn to
sing,
Could not his source of song more surely claim
Than he who, though by earthly ills oppress,
Sings, as God bids him, of eternal truth;
Tears cannot quench the fire within his breast,
Which burns more brightly, fanned by grief and pain.
Though death destroy the body, it is vain!
The soul lives on in Song's perpetual youth.

W. G. GRIFFITH.

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CHILDISH THINGS.

WHILE human nature is ready enough to follow the apostolic example, and 'put away childish things' when the age for them is past, it is as ready from time to time, if it be sound and healthy human nature, to share in the many interests of childhood, or to forget family cares and business worries in a game of romps with the little ones. This occasional return to youthful fun and frolic is such an inborn necessity in some natures, that one is sometimes inclined to call the generosity of toy-giving aunts and take-you-all-to-the-pantomime uncles not altogether disinterested. A gray-haired grandfather will go on his hands and knees to superintend the growlings and prowlings of a mechanical bear, with a face of extreme absorption, while the children for whose amusement he labours have grown tired of the toy, and are taken up with something else. Bachelor lawyers who have no juvenile excuses of their own, are known to fish desperately for invitations to join the circus-going parties of their neighbours' children; nay, in extreme cases, as many as four or even five grown-ups have gone to the pantomime under cover of *one* child. One reverend father in Scotland, famed as a preacher, having no children at all, yet buys unto himself stores of nursery picture-books, and will spend a whole evening in admiring discussion of Caldecott's *Queen of Hearts* or the *Jovial Huntsmen*. Which of us, indeed, in his inner consciousness, cannot confess to a sneaking enjoyment of the pleasures we ostensibly provide for our juvenile kith and kin?

Like all humane sympathies, this sympathy with the concerns of children has increased of late years. All the surroundings of child-life receive increased attention. The nursery, once the limbo of old carpets and ancient furniture, old chairs, and out-of-date engravings, is now brought into the realm of art. Stained floors, soft rugs, tiled basin-stands; wall-papers, whereon Bo-peep, Little Boy Blue, and the Four-and-twenty Blackbirds repeat themselves; pretty cups

and saucers, tablecloths with dainty coloured borders—these graces of life are all to be found in the modern nursery. And engravings of ruined castles by moonlit seas, the Four Seasons, our beloved Queen in the days of her youth, and the Prince Consort (smiling in a meaningless fashion at each other), are swept away, and their places filled by coloured pictures of child-life. Sympathy half with the children of to-day and half with those children of the past, ourselves 'as was'—a kind of self-pity when we reflect how we *would* have liked such things—such sympathies make us lavish.

Only the other day, visiting at a crowded country-house, I was lodged with many apologies in the nursery of two little girls who were away from home at the time. Full of comfortable arrangements and contrivances, it was a room not to be despised; and when I woke in the morning and looked up, lo! the roof was painted blue like the summer sky with little white clouds, and a cornice of garlands and Cupids charming to behold! I thought of the night nursery of my childhood in the attic flat of a town-house, with furniture Spartan in its simplicity. I recalled those weary hours of open-eyed wakefulness, called by nursery-maids going to sleep, and the fascination and terror of a sloping window in the roof almost above my bed, which from its position was uncurtained, and through which, in the dark winter nights, we from time to time thought we saw eyes look in. The mere suggestion was enough to make us bury our heads under the bedclothes in shuddering fear. That the window was too small to admit the burglar whom we imagined to be lurking outside it and watching us, was but small comfort—the thought that he *was* there filled us with inexpressible dread. Reason and observation have since convinced me that burglars do not habitually spend the night on steep-pitched snowy roofs, and that it was only some homeless, hungry cat whose dimly seen face, looking in, raised our childish terrors. But I have a kind of pity still for those little fluttered hearts in the old night nursery.

Among other childish things, besides nursery furniture, undergoing improvement, picture and story books must not be forgotten. The coarse, almost repulsive, little woodcuts, sometimes daubed with colour, which, intended to assist, really served to fetter our imaginings of Red Riding-Hood and Golden Hair, are things of the remote past, and nursery classics receive the most perfect illustration at the hands of skilled artists. A thousand elucidations of meaning, too, we owe to these gifted pencils and brushes. Who, for instance, knew the real facts of the case when 'the Dish ran away with the Spoon,' before Mr Caldecott explained them in a few magical strokes? We have all repeated the words of the story, thinking them a mere farrago of nonsense. We had no idea of those clandestine meetings, connived at evidently by his relatives the Plates, leading up to the rash elopement. We were quite ignorant, too, of its tragical dénouement—how he fell, and was smashed into little bits; and she, poor thing, was marched off between her hard-featured, unrelenting father the Knife, and her mother the Fork—the latter a strait-laced dame, of whose very existence we had no idea.

Who had discovered—to take another instance—what led the Cat and her kittens to the spot just at the critical moment of the Frog's wooing? Why, on that of all occasions, should they have come 'tumbling in,' to quote the brief but forcible words of the text? History was silent; but by one of those happy glosses which we feel to be an inspiration, Mr Caldecott enlightened us. The Rat, in after-dinner geniality and ease, allowed the end of his tail to hang out of the open window near which he sat. It was a fatal carelessness!

Mr Caldecott threw much light, too, on the character of that nameless and charming *She* who went into the garden—her head stuffed full of silly romances, doubtless—and cut a cabbage leaf, of all things, wherewith to make an apple-pie. When this shiftless young person came to marry the Barber, we feel sure, with an apology to Foote for differing from him, that the imprudence was on the barber's side, not hers, and indeed *She* was very well off to be wooed and married at all! Then the Garyulies came to the wedding. We had very vague ideas before as to who they were—though we could conjure up the great Panjandrum; but now, when we see their friendly talkative faces, we know them at once for the very embodiments of the garrulous folk of all time.

Not in his mirthful pictures only has Mr Caldecott endeared himself to children and to all who care for childish things. As long as Mrs Ewing's beautiful stories of *Lob lie by the Fire*, *Daddy Darwin's Dovecot*, and *Jackanapes* have power to charm, so long will his illustrations of them delight us. There is a pathos he little dreamt of in his sketch of a young child coming to lay a wreath of remembrance on the grave of her who was the children's favourite story-teller. It seems doubly pathetic now that he, too, has been taken by death, and silently claims our remembrance.

M. Ernest de Chesneau, in *La Peinture Anglaise*, remarks, that from the 'honest but fierce laugh of the coarse Saxon, William Hogarth, to the delicious smile of Kate Greenaway,' there has

passed a century and a half. But in the department of nursery literature, fifty years have sufficed to effect as great a change; Mrs Ewing's genial teachings have superseded Mrs Sherwood's grim severities; and the rod of castigation so vigorously used by the author of the *Fairchild Family*, turns into a fairy wand of enchantment in the fingers of Madam Liberality. Oh, little children of fifty years ago, how you were goaded to righteousness! How narrow and strait was the way made for your feet!

One of the most deservedly popular nursery classics is a translation from the German of the well-known *Struwwelpeter*, and to a recent edition there is added an author's preface. Herr Hoffman, the author in question, tells how he came to write the book. On his little boy's birthday, his wife charged him to bring home a picture-book. He went accordingly to the bookseller's and looked over a number; but all were the same namby-pamby tales and pictures of good children who were invariably rewarded, and little sinners who came to grief. The monotony and prosiness of all the books he saw struck him so forcibly, that he bought a book of blank pages, and took it home to his wife, announcing his intention of filling it himself; and so we have the famous *Struwwelpeter*. That Herr Hoffman was no artist, matters little; the pictures and stories are genuine good fun. The morals, too, are essentially nursery ones. Johnny Head-in-Air, Fidgety Phil, Shockheaded Peter, and Augustus who 'quarrelled' with his soup, illustrate and satirise faults to which children are really prone, and which they need to be laughed out of. Then, what could be more purely comical than the reversed positions of the greencoat man and the hare, when she has stolen his gun and spectacles, and

Runs after him all day,
And hears him call out everywhere,
Help! Fire! Help! The hare—the hare!

Or more impressive than the little black silhouettes of the naughty boys whom Great Agrippa dipped in the ink because they jeered at the harmless blackamoor! Every page is certainly a mirror held up to child-nature, and that the reflection is a good-natured caricature does not take from its interest.

Among childish pleasures, perhaps the most enviable and, we fear, the most unattainable to us older folks, are those of the imagination. If Mr Ruskin's 'great law of noble imagination,' as he calls it, be indeed true, our case is all the harder. 'It does not create—it does not even adorn,' he tells us; 'it does but reveal the treasures to be possessed by the spirit.' The visionary world in which children pass so many happy hours is round us too, if we could only see it; but our eyes are holden by the cares of this world, perhaps. We listen to, wonder at, are amused by their glowing fancies; but are ignorant and unaware, except when they choose to interpret. Ruskin says of children: 'They are forced by nature to develop their powers of invention, as a bird its feathers of flight;' and we might add, the inventive faculty, like a bird, is apt, when fully grown, to fly away. Then, when their own imaginative resources begin to fail them, one observes children begin to

read books of adventure with avidity—at the age, say, of ten or twelve years. Before that, no Rover of the Andes or Erling the Bold can equal the heroic achievements they evolve from their inner consciousness. Who, for instance, could hope to 'put a patch' on the experiences of those two little boys who spent a snowy day during the Christmas holidays tiger-shooting in their father's dining-room; and as one, making his cautious way among the legs of the dinner-table, for the nonce a pathless jungle, was hailed by the other with, 'Any tigers there, Bill?' he answered gloriously: 'Tigers? I'm knee-deep in them!'

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXVII.—IN THE 'ANCHOR.'

THE parlour of the *Anchor* had a cosy look. Although the time of year was summer, yet on the coast the evenings were at times sufficiently cool to make a fire acceptable. On this evening a small fire of wreck-timber was smouldering on the hearth, emitting its peculiar gunpowdery odour, and the glow gave geniality to the little room, as a smile to a plain face. The window was small, with red curtains to it; and before the supper was over, the curtains were drawn and a lamp lighted. Some lumps of coal were put on the fire, and bubbled and burst into puffs of flame.

Richard knew the room very well. He had often been in it, and had spent there many a pleasant hour. As he sat in it now, a sensation of relief came over him. He was once more among friends, among men of his own educational stamp, men he could understand, and who understood him; men who were not on the watch to find fault with him, who respected, and did not look down on him. Richard had always been a sober man; but he had been no teetotaler; he took a glass with his mates, and made the glass last a long time. He had never been a sociable man, but had always been kindly, ready to listen to yarns, and patiently hear puzzle-headed arguments, and laugh at jokes, and take interest in the affairs of his comrades. He was no talker, but a capital listener. When asked for his advice, he gave it modestly, and made no remarks if it were not followed. Should the talk take such a turn as offended him, he showed his disapproval by rising and leaving the room. On one occasion only had Richard occasion to speak out, and that was when his brother-in-law intercepted his exit. Then he said gravely: 'I cannot bear it, mates—because of the little uns at home. When I'm with you smoking, I take the smell of the 'baccy home with me in my jacket; but that don't hurt. But when I hear you talk this way, I'm feared lest the taint of it go home in my clothes to my innocent children.—No offence; I must go. There are six of 'em, and the youngest is a baby.'

Richard Cable, as all the men knew, was a long-suffering man, slow to take offence, and never giving it. That fellow must be uncommonly provoking who roused Dick to anger. He could bear much chaff, taking it good-humouredly,

and he did not resent, though he disliked, a practical joke. How his comrades would have marvelled had they been able on that evening to see into his breast, at the fuming, tossing fever that there worked, kindled, stirred up by a woman's tongue!

'I faith, Dick,' said Ephraim Marriage, the mate, when the steaming grog was brought on the table with the white clay pipes, 'I'm glad you've come. Jonas said we should see no more of you, now you'd gone away from us for ever; but I didn't think it; I knew you better.'

'Give us a paw, captain, over the table,' said a sailor, glowing with affection and animation at the sight of the spirits and hot water and sugar.

'Every wessel,' said Moses Harvey sententially, 'is marked with the mark of the port to which she belongs; it is CH. for Colchester, and HD. for Hanford; and wherever she may go, into whatsoever seas, a-trawling, or a-drudging,* or a-coasting, she's known by her marks whence she comes and to what she belongs. Now, mates, our good friend Cable was built and launched here at Hanford; and though he may cruise away into oceans and seas and spheres to us unbeknown, yet wherever he spreads his sail, there it will be known he don't belong to no ports or harbours of them there foreign parts or spheres, but to us: he's marked HD. right over his bows, and got it writ in his inmost heart, in the log o' his good conscience.'

A rapping on the table, a clinking of spoons, a stamping of feet under the table, and a 'Hear! hear! hear! Right you are, Moses.'

'I've heard tell,' continued Harvey, stimulated by these tokens of approval, 'that in disturbed and warful times, wessels sail and traffic under foreign colours. But I don't care what colours our captain, Dick Cable, may hoist; we look to his letters, not his flag; and we recognise our old friend and mate by the HD. on his bows.'

Renewed applause.

Cable's heart was soothed by these tokens of welcome and affection and regard. These men said what they thought, and spoke out the feelings of their hearts. There was no humbug in them; they were honest and true throughout.

Perhaps Josephine was right when she said that Lady Brentwood had invited him to dinner only that she might laugh at him. Perhaps the Admiral, the Lord of the Admiralty, the Justices of Peace, the Baronet, would have been civil to him with their lips to his face, to make jest of his manners and mode of expressing himself behind his back. He did not understand the ways of that class of life, and Josephine did. She belonged to it.

Then Cable stood up and pulled off his frock-coat, and folded it up and put it aside on the cupboard. 'I can't bear to sit in it any more,' he said. 'It is like as if I were in a strait-waist-coat in an asylum. I'll sit with you, mates, in my shirt sleeves, as I've no jersey.'

'You put off the gentleman along with the coat when with us, eh, Dick?' asked Jonas Flinders.

'I never was, and never shall be, a gentleman.'

* 'Dredging' in the Essex fisherman's vernacular is 'drudging.'

said Richard with a little warmth. 'The making of one is not in me—what with my pockets and my handkerchief and my *Wees*. I'm a plain man, always was, and always will be.—They tried to put my hands into gloves,' he went on, waxing hotter—'kid gloves they were; and I busted 'em right down the back, as I've seen a taut sail go in a squall. They tried to get my feet into fashionable boots, and I was like a cat in walnut shells, or a Chinese lady, needing ladies'-maids to hold her up when she sets her foot to the ground.'

The men laughed. Richard, with shaking hand, refilled his glass. He was angry at the recollection of what he had undergone. He swallowed half the contents of his tumbler, and went on irritably: 'Whatever you do, mates, keep clear of polite society. It is like the Dol-drums, where you never know which way the tide is running and from what quarter the wind will catch you.'

'Not much chance for any of us to get into it, captain,' said one of the men; 'the luck don't come to every one to marry an heiress.'

'Leave my wife out of the game,' said Richard hastily; 'I'm not alluding to her in any way. I'm speaking of polite society in general, and them as have the misfortune to swim in it. I've seen this day a bullfinch that wasn't content to live outside a cage, and liked to hop about from one dry stick to another. There are folks that have been bred and grown up in social cages, and they are only happy inside of them. Give them a little red sand, and a few drops of water and some chickweed and a lump of white sugar, and they are content. They don't care for the green trees and the free wind, and the grass twinkling with morning dew. All that is barbarous to them.'

Richard had become loquacious. The fire burned in his heart, an angry resentment against the new world into which he had been introduced, and for which he was unsuited; and his heated feelings relieved themselves in words. His pride, which had been broken down, reared itself again.

'It must be uncommon irksome,' said Ephraim, 'having to wear a coat to your back all day, as if you were always agoing to church or chapel.'

'It is not only that—you are tied and encumbered in everything, Eph!' answered Cable. 'When David the shepherd boy wanted to fight Goliath, King Saul must needs clap on his head his helmet, and wrap his breastplate over his breast, and put greaves of brass on his legs. Then David could not get along a step, and he said: "I cannot wear them—I have not proved them." It is much the same with me. They're a-girding me and an arming of me, brass here, brass there, brass everywhere, and I am nigh on crushed with the weight.'

'It must be terribly inconvenient,' said one man, 'to have to wear a good cloth coat and waistcoat and trousers at meal-time, and instead of enjoying your wittles, to be a-thinking and a-pondering and a-considering all the time, lest a drop of gravy or a bit of butter should come on the cloth and spoil it. Heart alive! what it must be to have the mind a-travelling over one like an invisible cloth-brush cleaning off the crumbs and specks all the time one is eating!'

'I suppose,' said another man, 'you've got to be wonderfully choice what you say?'

'That's another of the wexing things in polite society,' answered Cable. 'Did you ever hear Tom Catchpool tell of the juggler he saw in India? He saw a native conjurer dance blind-fold among knives and razors stuck in the ground with the blades upmost, where a false step might have cost him his life. He danced for an hour and did not get a scratch. For why? Because he was brought up to it from a baby. It is just the same in polite society: there every blessed letter of the alphabet sticks on end, sharp as a razor, and I defy'—he beat his fist on the table—'I defy any man who has not been brought up to it to get along among them without getting gashed and spiked at every turn.'

'And,' threw in Moses Harvey, 'what they call the wovels is the wust.'

'I've been aboard a wessel all my life,' said Cable grimly, 'but I can't pronounce *We* right.'

'I suppose you live like a fighting-cock at the Hall?' observed Ephraim.

'There's enough there and to spare,' answered Cable. He emptied his glass. He flushed hot with the remembrance of the indignities he had undergone on account of his mode of eating. 'Polite society knows how to cook its food, but is mighty particular how you eat it.—But there, mates, we've had enough about polite society. I've seen at Orford or Aldborough or thereabouts—I can't at the moment mind exactly where it was—a tree growing that folks say was planted upside down, and the roots have grown into branches, and the boughs have been converted into roots. That is what polite society is—the honest world turned topsy-turvy. You have my last word on it. God save the Queen!'

'When shall you be going another cruise in the *Josephine*, captain?' asked Ephraim.

'I'll have Jim Cook to repaint the name of the yacht,' said Cable; 'she's not to be called the *Josephine* any more.'

'Change her name!'

'Ay, change her name. You see, mates, it's the name of my—my wife, and I don't care to have it in every man's mouth. Besides, we none of us speak it aright. There's properly no Joss in it at all.—But there; you need not try to give it right. The name shall be altered to-morrow.'

'What will you call her, Dick?'

'The *Bessie*—that shall be her name henceforth.'

Then up stood Hezekiah Marriage, captain of a small oyster smack, and said: 'Fill your tumblers, gentlemen. I rise on my legs—on my hind-legs, gentlemen!'

He was interrupted by Cable, who exclaimed roughly: 'We are none of us gentlemen, I least of all.—Call us mates.'

'Very well, Captain Dick,' said Marriage. 'I rise to my hind-legs, mates; I accept the correction with a grateful heart. We are not gentlemen; we don't belong to polite society; we are rough Skye terriers, every one of us. I rises!—He paused—he was not a fluent man. 'Gentlemen!—I axes pardon, I mean, mates—you have not all got your glasses brimming, and the toast I rises to propose is one that demands the—the flowing bowl.' He cleared his throat noisily and looked round. His face was moist, the strain of elocution was enormous. 'I rises on my'—

'All right, Captain Marriage; you've been a-rising on them hind-legs a score o' times; keep up on 'em, and don't come down again,' said Jonas Flinders.

'Allow me to get along as I can,' entreated the speaker, 'or I sha'n't get along at all. I propose the full and flowing bowl to be emptied to the health of Mrs Captain Cable, the real old and original Josephine.'

'I object!' shouted Richard, starting up and striking the table. 'I have said already that I will not allow my wife's name to be brought in. I refuse to permit the toast.'

'Having risen to my hind-legs to propose it,' said Marriage argumentatively, 'I can't a-draw it in again. Toasts ain't like snails' horns.'

'I will not have it drunk,' said Cable angrily. 'Do you want to offend me, and make me your enemy, Mr Marriage? You all?'

'No offence is meant; the contrary was intended,' argued Hezekiah. 'How can there be offence in proposing or in drinking the health of Mrs Cable?'

'I have said I will not permit my wife's name to be introduced here,' cried Richard. 'You have all heard me announce that.' He looked angrily round the table.

Was this the same Richard Cable whom all had known?—this irritable, touchy man? What had transformed his nature, once so placable? Only a drop of poison on a tongue-point introduced into his veins.

'Now, look here, mates,' said Marriage. 'The toast is out, and it's unconstitutional to haul it in again; but I'm a peaceable man, and I'll tell you how we'll compromise the difficulty—we'll drink the health of Mr Cable and all his belongings.'

Richard was in that chafed temper that takes umbrage at trifles; but he saw that he had acted unreasonably, and he raised no further protest. The toast was drunk, but with an abatement of enthusiasm. Then he stood up to reply, having first fortified himself for the effort with his glass. 'Mates,' he said, leaning over the table, resting on his knuckles, 'I'm nought as a speaker, as you all know. I thank you for the cordiality with which you have drunk my health. As I said afore, so say I now; I'm not a gentleman, and never will become one. Silk purses are not made out of sows' ears. I daresay you've all heard of Mahomet's coffin that hangs betwixt heaven and earth, held up by a lodestone. The coffin that contains the corpse is of iron. Well, mates, I'm not altogether like Mahomet, but I am in part. I'm lugged up by the feet; but my head and heart are down below, and the position is neither becoming nor comfortable. Moreover, in the place where my feet now are, in the elevated region of polite society, my feet are objected to because my boots have been greased against seawater, and they will take no polish, and are otherwise objectionable. I'd like to draw my feet down to my head, mates—but—I can't. I thank you all.' Then he emptied his glass and sat down.

'You'll excuse me for rising,' said Marriage, blowing with excitement and nervousness, 'because I have a duty to perform. I meant no offence before, and I rise now to make what amends for any mistake I may have made. I'm a poor hand at speechifying. It is like running

in a boat over the flats when the tide is setting outwards, and you feel beneath you the farther you go that the water is a-shallowing and a-shallowing, every pull that brings you nearer the shore. The toast, my mates, that I rise—that I rise to propose is one, I'm sure, you will all drink with the greatest cordiality and with three cheers. The toast, mates, I rises on—I mean I rises to propose, is to them dear little childer, seven in all, nestled as doves under Master Cable's spreading vine. I say, mates, though we be rough old water-dogs, that we've got tender hearts, and we respects and admires a lovely sight, such as them seven little innocents, beginning with Mary down to the baby, all brought up as they ought to be, in the fear of God, and in order and love and peace; and I do but express the feelings of all here present when I say—God bless the darlings all.'

Then the room rang with cheers; and Richard, with the tears rising into his eyes, leaned over the table and clasped the hand of Hezekiah Marriage and shook it again and again and again; but he said not one word; he did not thank him, for his heart was full and he could not speak.

(To be continued.)

WILD MEN AND WOLF-CHILDREN.

As a general rule, the line of demarcation between mankind and the lower creation is sufficiently sharp and well defined. Even those savage races who appear to us to stand on the lowest round of humanity exhibit several most essential points of difference from the brutes. Yet, though no large number of men has ever been found without some of the distinctive marks of humanity, we cannot say as much of individual human beings. Even when we ignore the exaggerated accounts of popular tradition, there still remain some well-authenticated cases of unfortunate beings who resembled the rest of mankind in nothing but their human form. They are mostly children who, through accident or neglect, have grown up without any human nurture or care, and who have adopted the habits of those animals with whom they have been compelled to associate. Under this head we may mention the case of the lad whom Gilbert White describes in his *Natural History of Selborne*. This delightful author tells us that in his village there used to be an idiot boy, who from a child showed a strong propensity to bees. They were his food, his amusement, his sole object. The winter he used to doze away, after the manner of that insect, in an almost torpid state by the fireside; but in the summer he was all alert, and in quest of his game in the fields and on sunny banks. Honey-bees, humble-bees, and other kinds he used to seize with his unprotected hands, without any apprehension from their stings, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies for the sake of their honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom between his shirt and his skin with these captives. As he ran about, he used to make a humming noise with his lips resembling the buzzing of bees. The lad was

lean and sallow, and of a cadaverous complexion; and, except in his favourite pursuit, in which he was wonderfully adroit, discovered no manner of understanding. When a tall youth, he was removed to a distant village, where he is said to have died before he arrived at manhood.

More to the point, however, is a case related by the German philanthropist, Count von der Recke, who, after the Prussian war of independence against Napoleon I., opened a Refuge near Düsseldorf for the many hundreds of miserable children whom the distress of the times had driven forth from their ruined homes into the fields and woods. One day a lad was brought to this Refuge who had been found crawling on all-fours among a herd of swine. His body was incased in a thick crust of dirt. Only a few rags remained of what had presumably been his clothes. His bleeding face bore witness to the stout resistance which he had offered to his captors. It appeared that he had formerly been employed as a swineherd by a farmer in one of the neighbouring villages. In the night, he had been shut up in the pigsty together with the objects of his care. As his master did not give him enough nourishment, he had indemnified himself by making one at the trough, and by sucking the teats of the sows. When his master's farm was destroyed by the French, he had fled with his pigs to the woods, and had lived there ever since. All this was discovered long afterwards, for the lad himself could only speak a few words: his only answer to the questions that were put to him was an inarticulate grunt like that of a pig. Great difficulty was experienced in keeping him away from the lettuce-beds; he used to crawl on to them and begin to graze like a four-footed animal. The lad had probably never been much better than an idiot. His head was small, his forehead low, his eyes bleared, and his jaws protruding. He never lost his fondness for pigs. To the last he loved to associate with them, and they seemed to understand him.

Another wild boy who was received into the same Home exhibited no small resemblance to a bird. His eyes moved about in their sockets like those of a bird; his face wore a bird-like expression. He could not utter any articulate sound; but he imitated the notes of the songsters of the woods with marvellous skill and correctness. It was supposed that he had spent the greater part of his life in the forest, where he had sustained nature by climbing the trees and sucking the eggs of birds.

A similar story is told by Procopius the historian. In his time, Italy was repeatedly laid waste by the incursions of the Ostrogoths. In one of the deserted villages a little child and some goats were left behind. One of the animals appeared to have established herself as the foster-mother of the child; for when the parents returned after some years, they were greatly surprised to find the boy still alive, though he had in the meantime contracted many of the peculiar habits of the goat. He was called *Ægisthus*, or 'Goat-child.' The historian adds that he himself saw the lad, and was therefore able to vouch for the authenticity of the story.

In the early traditions of most nations we meet with tales of animals suckling infants who have been exposed through the jealousy of some tyrant, and who afterwards become great kings or heroes. We need only remind our readers of Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire, who was saved through the kindness of a female dog; and of Romulus and Remus, to whom it was believed that a she-wolf had given sustenance. In most of these stories the wolf plays a very prominent part. It is needless to add that they are all mere myths, and as such, unworthy of credence. But the same cannot be said of the possibility of a child growing up among wolves, which is suggested in them. The following facts—the substantial truth of which there is no reason to doubt, since they are related by the eminent Anglo-Indian Sir William Sleeman—would seem to prove that such a thing is not altogether so impossible as at first may appear.

In the wild glens through which the river Guntti rushes down into the Ganges, wolves are still common; and they frequently carry off children out of the towns and villages. The Hindus are withheld by superstition from killing these animals within the precincts of their own habitations; for they believe that a village in which even a drop of wolf's blood has been shed is doomed to destruction by fire and sword. The consequence is that, in spite of the rewards offered by the government for the heads of these animals, many victims are still year after year devoured by wolves in India. In the town of Sultanpore, Sir William was shown a boy who, in his habits and his general appearance, bore the most wonderful resemblance to a wolf. He had been found crawling on all-fours, in the company of a wolf and her three cubs which had come down to the river to drink. Since his capture he had made repeated attempts to escape. Cooked meat he rejected with gestures of loathing and abhorrence; but when he was offered raw meat, he devoured it with avidity. He would allow dogs to share his meal; but if approached by human beings at such a time, he would growl in a threatening manner. When he saw children, he would rush at them, bark like a fierce dog, and attempt to bite them. The lad was subsequently received into the house of Captain Nicholetts, of the First Oude Infantry Regiment. Under the kindly care of this gentleman he lost some of his ferocity, and was broken of his habit of biting. He also learned to eat cooked food, though he still continued to prefer raw meat. He was very fond of bones, which he would crunch like a dog. When food was given to him, he would run up to it on all-fours and devour it greedily, pulling it about and tearing it in a wolf-like fashion. His voracity was all but unappeasable. He would eat half a lamb at a meal, wash it down with a vast quantity of buttermilk, and then swallow some clay and small stones. Children of his own age he would have nothing to do with: his favourite playfellows were a small pariah dog and some jackals. These animals had to be shot, as they helped themselves too freely to the food which had been placed for the boy. Their death did not, however, seem to give him any concern. Clothes he could not endure, and he impatiently tore them off, even in the severest weather. A mattress stuffed with cotton was given him to sleep

on; but he tore it up, and swallowed the cotton with his bread. He never spoke a word till a few minutes before his death, which took place in his twelfth year, after a short illness. Just as he was about to breathe his last, some reminiscences of his early childhood seemed to come back to him. He put his hand to his head, said that it hurt him, asked for water, and then died.

Sir William describes seven other 'wolf-children,' the majority of whom he declares that he had seen with his own eyes. One of the most remarkable of these cases is that of a boy who in his third year was carried off by a wolf while his parents were at work in the fields, and who was recovered six years afterwards as he was going down to the river to drink with the old wolf and her young ones. A mole and a scar on his left arm led to his identification. When Sir William saw this boy, he had already been in some degree tamed. But he never learned to speak. He refused to wear clothes. He walked on all-fours, and preferred raw meat and carrion to any other kind of food. Frogs, which the village children caught and threw to him, he devoured with avidity. At night, he would often run off into the woods, and on such occasions his parents had great difficulty in recovering him.

It is curious how closely most of these Indian stories of 'wolf-children' agree in their general features, and even in some of their details. The manner in which the capture of these children is effected is, to say the least, suspicious; the constant recurrence of the wolf going to the river to drink gives that part of the story a somewhat mythical tinge. We cannot, of course, refuse to believe those facts which came under the personal observation of Sir William; but the earlier part of the narrative may possibly have taken some of its colouring from the exaggerative tendency of the Oriental imagination.

A glance at the kindred cases recorded by European writers reveals a striking resemblance to these Indian stories. In Wilhelm Dilich's *Hessian Chronicle*, purporting to be a truthful narrative of the events which happened during the author's lifetime, we are told that in the year 1341 some hunters found a boy among a pack of wolves. Dilich does not say whether he saw the child with his own eyes; but he describes him as walking on all-fours, shrinking at the approach of strangers, and crouching under tables and benches, and refusing all cooked food.

A Hanoverian writer of the seventeenth century relates that in 1661 two children were discovered in the company of bears in the forest near the Polish town of Grodno. One of them escaped together with the bears; but the other, who was a boy of about eight or nine years of age, was taken to Warsaw, and there presented to the king, John Casimir. The king for some time kept him about his court, had him christened, and then turned him over to Peter Opalinski, one of his chamberlains, who attempted to utilise him as a scullion in the royal kitchen. In a long Latin poem, written by some scholar attached to the Polish court, a complete history of the wretched lad is given from his first arrival at Warsaw till his final escape into the woods. Like all his companions in misfortune, he is represented as moving about on all-fours in a heavy, lumbering way. He would eat anything, but was particularly

partial to raw meat, ripe fruit, honey, and sugar. It was also remarked that when he walked erect, as he sometimes would do, his general resemblance to a bear became more striking than ever.

Among other more or less genuine cases of this kind we may mention the 'wild boy' who bellowed like an ox, and who some time ago created a great sensation at Bamberg in Germany; the girl who was captured at Chalons in 1731, and of whom it was said that she had been living in the river Marne like a fish; and the wretched creature in whom Lord Monboddo thought he had discovered a specimen of primitive man.

It cannot be fairly maintained that these and similar stories contribute much either one way or the other towards the solution of the great question at issue between anthropologists in regard to the origin of man, for none of the facts are sufficiently removed beyond the shadow of a doubt to afford ground for a scientific theory. In matters of this kind, even the most truthful and sagacious of men are prone to exaggeration and error; and for a great many of the facts we are dependent on witnesses whose accounts are by no means unimpeachable.

B L O O D - M O N E Y .

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAP. IV.—ATONEMENT.

To be suddenly stricken to the earth when one feels firm of foot and sure of the way he is going, is a calamity which none would survive but for the merciful stupefaction that accompanies the blow. Edwards, assured of his wealth, full of cynical satisfaction at what he imagined proved that his objections to Corbet had been just, had spoken to him with the authority of a man who had been wronged and had the power to resent the wrong. Now, half-a-dozen words had brought him down from his high pedestal; and he felt like the guilty man who, having accepted trial by combat, finds himself prostrate with his antagonist's sword-point at his throat. It was by no force of will that he did not wince or tremble or remove his stolid gaze from the flushed face of the man to whom he had spoken so contemptuously. He was for the moment numbed in mind and body, and he stared at the speaker as if under the spell of some horrible fascination. At length he found voice, and although it sounded somewhat hollow, it was distinct. He did not attempt to deny his identity. 'I knew Wolton many years ago. We were friends—close friends; but you cannot be his brother. You are too young, and you do not bear his name.'

'And you are not generally known as Altcar. You have forced this explanation from me; but I do not wish to worry you more than is unavoidable, although what you did years ago, and the manner in which you have treated me now, would excuse anything I could say. The thought of your daughter is your shield.'

'You are most kind; but I am not aware of any necessity for your consideration.'

'I will answer your questions first, and you can afterwards measure my forbearance by your own conscience.—Jack was the eldest of a numerous family, and I the youngest. After his death, my mother decided that to protect us from the shame attaching to the memory of it, our name should be changed to that which was hers before her marriage. I was too young at the time of poor Jack's misfortune to be told or to understand, if I had been told anything of the affair. My mother kept silence; and I grew up ignorant that my name had ever been other than Corbet, and ignorant that my brother had been executed for murder.'

'I do not see how all this affects me or my daughter,' commented Edwards mechanically, his position unchanged. He wanted to learn how much the man knew of the past, whilst he felt that the last hope of attaining peace of mind was being dragged away from him.

'Look at this, then, and read it if you can. If you cannot, I will do it for you; and when you have heard it, say if Jack Wolton's brother can marry your daughter.—Poor Lizzie, poor Lizzie! I do wish there were any way of sparing you.' The last words were spoken to himself, as he took from his pocket a faded sheet of notepaper and placed it on the table before Edwards. The latter looked down at it, but did not touch the paper.

'Can you read it?' continued Corbet. 'My mother only showed it to me when I came to London a few weeks ago, and told her that I was to marry the daughter of Richard Edwards of Sheffield without her father's consent. She tried first to dissuade me on the ground that it was wrong to oppose your will. Finding that argument failed, she told me the whole sad story, and gave me proofs, through one of your Leeds friends, that Richard Edwards was the name Ned Altarr assumed when he settled in Sheffield.—Read this letter, and then say whether I am to explain personally to your daughter why I cannot make her my wife; or you will accept the sacrifice I am prepared to make in allowing her to think me faithless, rather than that she should know her father's fortune was made out of the money he received for delivering up my brother—his friend—to the hangman?'

Edwards did not reply, and he tried to avoid the letter, which lay on the table before him in the full glare of the gas, for he fancied that he would see, not writing, but Jack Wolton's face! A kind of mesmeric attraction overcame his will, and he looked. The penmanship was well known to him; and whilst his eyes were riveted on the paper, he did not seem to read, but to hear his old friend's voice speaking the words.

The letter had been written in the condemned cell, and there was a manly resignation in the tone of its contents. First, there were expressions of regret for the shame and sorrow his fate would entail upon mother, brothers, and sisters; then the assurance that he was content—nay, glad that the end was so near. He had suffered so much torture of mind during the days and nights he was hiding from the police, that his arrest was a relief to him. Next came the words which stood out from the rest like letters of fire to the eyes of the man who was now looking at them:

'Don't blame poor Ned Altarr. He was in sore straits; and he did try hard to warn me of my danger, and I would not heed him. He was in a state of actual starvation, and the temptation of such a big sum as they offered for me was too much for him. Poor chap! I hope the money will bring him luck. I bear him no grudge; but rather think he has done me a service, for I could not have lived, haunted by the face of that dead man, scoundrel though he was.—Ned does not know that I saw him lurking behind a bush in the garden as the constables took me away; but I did, and understood who had brought them upon me. Leave him to think that I died in ignorance as to who earned the blood-money.'

Edwards was cold and hot by turns; but the words, 'I bear him no grudge—he has done me a service,' sounded like a loud pean of joy in his ears. He was forgiven—he was pitied, excused, and almost thanked! Jack had been glad to escape from the torments of remorse; and Jack had been right; for Ned Altarr had learned during the last twenty years that 'riches findless are poor as winter' to one whose conscience is not clear. He would give the whole world to be back again in the poverty-stricken cottage; to have all the horrors of starvation to endure, and all the agony of seeing his mother perish for lack of the necessities which she required, if he could only feel that his hands had never touched blood-money!

The fiends had mocked him with riches, piled them upon him until he was surfeited; but his mother had not been saved; his sister had not been spared, and he had found no pleasure in anything. His touch withered everything that might have given him gladness, and only the cursed gold came dancing into his coffers, laughing and jeering at his misery.

But Jack had forgiven him, and in that thought he experienced the first thrill of joy he had known since the horrible night on which he betrayed his friend. And now, what was to be the next step? Was he to accept the sacrifice Jack's brother was willing to make on Lizzie's account, or was he to absolve Corbet from all blame by telling her the truth? It might be some atonement, but it was hard to make. He had believed that his secret was safe in the archives of the police, and he had hoped that she at anyrate might never know it. The question thrust itself upon him: 'In which way will she suffer least? Will she find least pain in the revelation of what I wanted to hide from her, and have so striven to hide, or in believing her lover false?'

He clutched at a straw in his despairing eagerness to keep his present place in her thoughts. There was a possibility that Corbet might be only taking advantage of this discovery in order to break off the engagement for some other reason. But the straw was instantly cast away, and he spoke gloomily: 'You say that your feelings towards my—towards Lizzie are unchanged?—that but for this letter, you would still have married her in spite of me?'

'Yes,' was the low and earnest answer. 'I have changed in no way towards her, and what I am willing to let her think of me, should satisfy you on that score.'

Edwards walked across the room: his tongue and lips were parched, and he could not speak.

He took a glass of water, and again confronted his visitor. 'Perhaps I can help you out of the difficulty,' he said hoarsely, 'and spare Lizzie the bitterness of thinking that you had jilted her.'

'It is impossible,' rejoined Corbet regretfully.

'You see that your brother forgave Ned Altcar, and thought he had done him a service.'

'That cannot matter to me: the knowledge that she is your daughter must part us. She herself would be the first to say so.'

'She need not know.' This was uttered questioningly; and the speaker's brows were knit as if with pain whilst he watched the effect upon the hearer.

'Enough. I cannot discuss this matter further. I leave you to decide for yourself whether she is to blame me for what I have done, or to learn to forgive me through your confession.—Good-night.'

He was going; but Edwards motioned him to stay, and presently found voice again. His words came slowly, as if each one gave a separate wrench at the man's heart. 'If you are honest in saying that there is only the one cause for your desertion of Lizzie, I can remove it.—She is not my daughter.'

'Not your daughter!' ejaculated Corbet, astounded, and for a moment experiencing a thrill of relief. But the feeling was only momentary. As he looked at Edwards, and noted the painful quiverings of his pallid features, he doubted the truth of the assertion, whilst he pitied the father who made this desperate move in order to secure his child's happiness.

'I see you doubt me,' Edwards proceeded, more calmly than he had last spoken, 'and I am not surprised. But if your mother has told you everything, she has told you about the cause of Jack's misfortune.'

'Yes; it was the falsehood of Percy Arnold to the woman Jack loved.'

'True; and that woman was the mother of Lizzie.—Sit down, and I will explain.'

Corbet obeyed, but Edwards remained standing. He seemed loth to begin the promised explanation, and once more moved gloomily from one end of the room to the other.

'I did not think it would ever become necessary to make this statement,' he said; 'but as I believe Jack would have wished me to make it if he could have been here, I submit. Ever since that night, I have attempted to do whatever it seemed to me he would have liked to have done. My first step was to find Lizzie Holroyd; and after a time I discovered her in Harrogate, in a state of poverty such as I had known. Her father had refused all help; and the Arnolds would do nothing but heap scorn upon her, as the cause of Percy Arnold's death. They were a callous lot, and had no pity for the poor girl whose life had been spoiled by their son. I saw to her comfort; and when she died, I had the infant Lizzie brought up as my own child. All this was done because Jack would have wished it; and in so doing, I hoped in some measure to atone for my—well, let me say it out—my treachery.' He clenched his lips and hands, staring before him into space. He was looking back, and all the scenes at which he only hinted in his words were passing before his mind's eye with agonising vividness.

Corbet listened in wondering silence, and with rapidly increasing faith in the truth of what he heard.

Edwards roused himself, and continued: 'I wanted the child to grow into a woman accomplished, talented, and beautiful. She has fulfilled these hopes; and more than that—she, believing in our relationship, has been fond of me, and compensated for the loss of my own children. She has been dutiful in every respect except in regard to you. I had vicious thoughts of raising her by my wealth to a position in which her success would humiliate the Arnolds, and make them regret the cruelty with which they had treated her mother. You spoiled that idea. But I desired most of all that she should be happy, and living in ignorance of the past, still regard me with affection. I prayed that this might be granted to me—that she would remember me kindly when I had gone away.'

Corbet was moved by something more than pity now. He felt sorry for the man whose life had been outwardly a brilliant success, and in reality a bitter failure in all that makes life precious. He had no longer the faintest doubt that Edwards had spoken the truth, and he responded with some emotion: 'I am glad you have made me your confidant, and Lizzie shall be happy if it is in my power to make her so. This will be the one secret I shall keep from her—that you are not her father, and that includes everything you wish to be buried in the past. But—neither she nor I will ever touch one farthing of your fortune.'

'So be it,' said Edwards, sitting down exhausted and satisfied.

People wondered at the hasty marriage at Riveling Hall of the great heiress to the young engineer. They wondered still more when the newly united couple started immediately for South America, not on a mere honeymoon jaunt, but for a sojourn of several years. Of course the newspapers duly announced that George Corbet, C.E., had obtained an appointment of great importance in connection with various railway and canal projects. In their absence, the wonder was directed to the father of the bride. His conduct was so strange that people began to suspect that the lucky Edwards had taken to excess in liquor, or had lost his wits in some other way. It soon became known that he was losing money even faster than he had gained it, in rash speculations on the Stock Exchange, whilst he was giving away larger sums than ever to charities and hospitals. The final proof of his insanity was seen in the announcement of the sale of all his property in order to satisfy his creditors. The creditors were paid; and a sufficient surplus was left to give Edwards a small annuity and a cottage in which to end his days. There were not wanting sneers from those who had envied him in his days of triumph, and who declared that they had always said as he went up like a rocket, he would come down like the stick.

But Ned Altcar in his cottage was again at peace; and on the return of Lizzie and her husband with their two children, he welcomed them to his humble home with a smile full of such pleasure as the daughter had never seen

on his face before. Corbet kept his promise; and his wife never knew her supposed father's secret, or the way in which he had brought her lover back.

THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED TOMB-TEMPLES AT SIDON.

THE news has just reached us of the discovery of a very perfect and beautiful Greek tomb-temple near Sidon. The American missionary, the Rev. W. K. Eddy, is the happy finder of it; and from his account, it may very likely prove of value both artistically and archaeologically. His observations were made hurriedly and under difficult circumstances, and it will be the fortune of others to be able thoroughly to explore and bring to light the treasures of this temple, but to Mr Eddy belongs the honour of having found it out. It lies about a mile from Sidon, towards the north-east of the town, and is reached by a shaft thirty feet square and from thirty-five to forty feet deep. Apparently at this depth, Mr Eddy and his excavating party came upon four doors, made in the perpendicular wall, and leading into four different chambers, the doors being opposite each other. They entered the south room first, and there found a chamber about fifteen feet square, cut out of the solid rock. In this, standing side by side, were two sarcophagi, one with a peaked lid and very plain, of black marble; the other, of immense size, and of the most beautiful white marble. This latter sarcophagus was eleven feet long, five feet wide, and twelve feet high, and was constructed of two solid pieces of marble. The top formed an arch, which was divided into two panels at the back and front. From the sides sprang four lions' heads. On each panel, with uplifted wings and facing towards each other, was an animal with the head of an eagle. On the front was a fallen warrior struggling to defend himself by a shield from two centaurs. The sides were also covered with figures of horses, human beings, a hyena, and other animals. At the back were birds with extended wings, but with men's heads—centaurs again; and a band of figures—evidently a hunting scene. Of course the tomb had been rifled, though not much damaged; and three skeletons and five long-nosed dogs' heads were all that was found in it.

In the eastern chamber were also two sarcophagi—a small, very simple one, and another larger and more ornamented. This chamber appeared to be a lovely little Greek temple, constructed of white marble, and described by Mr Eddy as 'translucent as alabaster.' The roof slants, and has tiles represented in carving upon it, 'strips of metal covering the joints, and pretty carved knobs where these strips crossed the ridge.' This temple appears to be full of carving, and, wonderful to relate, in perfect preservation. The body of the chamber has a 'porch of columns' all round it, and between these stand eighteen little statues of white marble, each about three feet high, looking as bright and fresh as if straight from the artist's studio. Upon the upper part of the sarcophagus is represented a funeral procession, the car with the body resting upon it,—some figures expressive of deep grief—and two riderless horses. Needless to say, this tomb also

has been robbed, the top right-hand corner of it having been broken open for that purpose.

The north chamber contains one plain sarcophagus.

In the west room are four sarcophagi, one of which appears to be very beautiful indeed. It is made of marble like the others, and covered over with sculptured figures coloured with paint, and many exquisite designs. In fact, it seems to be a perfect specimen of the highest Greek art.

Apparently, there are no inscriptions to tell us who built these tomb-temples, or whose bodies were here laid to rest amid such artistic surroundings. Judging from the money which must have been lavished upon them, they were the burying-places of persons of rank and wealth; though why one or two of the sarcophagi are so extremely plain it is difficult to say. We can only hope that the party gone, with Professors Porter and Fisher, from Beyrout to thoroughly inspect these tomb-temples with magnesian light will find a clue to their history. It cannot fail to be most interesting, and we are eagerly waiting for their report.

A LEGEND OF KUNAI.

MANY years ago, when I was in the army, my regiment was suddenly ordered to India. We were stationed in the Bengal Presidency. Shortly after our arrival in the country, when I was quite a 'griff,' I was sent with a detachment of men to a place called Fort Kunai, situated on the banks of the Ganges. At that time this was one of the most dreary stations I have ever been at. Everything about it reminded one of its past greatness, which contrasted painfully with its present desolation. It was built on a small hill, at a point where the river takes a sudden bend; and from our quarters, the Ganges could be seen wending its way for a considerable distance on each side.

At the time that I was stationed there, the only European inhabitants consisted of the colonel commanding, the *padré*, the doctor, and myself. Shortly after that, the colonel went on leave, and I took over command. Then the *padré* was ordered to another station, and his duties also devolved on me. Finally, the relief of the doctor was ordered; but as I was not skilled in medicine, another was to replace him. The doctor had two very nice spaniels that I had taken a great fancy to; and as he did not wish to take them away with him, he presented both of them to me shortly before he left. I must tell you that, in India, the man who usually looks after one's dogs is the *mahter*, or sweeper, a man of very low caste, or perhaps of no caste at all. These men often become absurdly fond of the animals under their charge; and Tajoo, the doctor's sweeper, was no exception to the general rule. The parting between him and Beauty and Bouncer was most affecting. Lest they should get away and follow him, I shut them up in the one remaining room of the old palace in which the rajahs formerly used to live. It was an odd-looking room in its way, and no one lived in it then. It was approached by a flight of well-worn stone steps, and was probably used in former times as a lookout tower. The

floor consisted of large flagstones; the walls were of solid masonry, about three feet thick; the roof was vaulted. There was at that time but one small window—the rest being walled up—and that looked on to the Ganges. A metal ring was fastened into one of the flagstones, and to this I tied the dogs.

The next day, Tajoo came to my room in a state of considerable excitement. He had brought a note—or *chitti*, as they call it in those parts—from the doctor for me, and had evidently noticed something on his arrival which exercised him greatly. In the intervals between his numerous salaams, he wrung his hands and jabbered away in a most incomprehensible manner. I occasionally detected the words *kutta* and *kutti* in his incoherent ramblings, so knew that he must be saying something about the dogs, that word being the Hindustani for dog. More than that I could not understand. In perplexity, I sent for my moonshee. After an animated dialogue between Tajoo and himself, the moonshee then told me the cause of Tajoo's grief. It was a long story, full of eastern hyperbole; but I shall endeavour to condense it as far as possible, adding, where necessary, facts that afterwards came to my knowledge.

It appears that in the days of the East India Company, some soldiers, while out shooting, were met by a party of villagers in the neighbourhood of Kunai. A quarrel ensued, which was followed by a fight, and a European was killed. The quarrel arose out of the Europeans having killed a peacock, which is a sacred bird in that part of India. The villagers took refuge in the fort. The Rajah of Kunai was called upon to give them up to justice; but he, secure in his fortress, bade the messengers return and tell their sahib to come and fetch them himself—if he could. Only one result could follow such a reply. The East India Company had long cast an envious eye on this strong and powerful fort. This was an opportunity not to be neglected. An army was sent to subdue the imperious Rajah, and his territory was proclaimed. The fort was soon besieged. Without adequate artillery, it seemed as if the besiegers would succumb to the effects of the climate long before the besieged were reduced by starvation.

For many weary months the siege went on. Kunai would never have been taken had there not been a traitor within its gates. The Rajah had a lieutenant, by name Muttri, in whom he placed the greatest confidence. Though Muttri feigned the utmost devotion for his lord, his heart was black with treachery, for he had dared to lift his eyes to the beautiful Ranee, and he loved her. Day and night he cherished his passion, and thought how he could make her his own. All the favours that he owed to the Rajah's generosity were forgotten. Love alone for the Ranee burned in his soul, absorbing every other passion. At last a plan suggested itself to Muttri's mind by which he thought he could gain his ends. Amongst the garrison were certain relatives of his own. He took them into his confidence, and the promise of a large reward made them his devoted tools. That night, when all were at rest except the sentries, a swift messenger left the fort for the English camp. He returned unperceived, and was admitted by

Muttri. The reply he brought was favourable. Muttri's black eyes gleamed with savage delight. Alas for the poor Rajah! There was no one to warn him of the diabolical scheme on foot.

A few nights afterwards, Muttri and his friends were all on guard at the principal entrance to the fort. While the Rajah was sleeping in fancied security, stealthy steps approached; the gates were silently opened; one by one the English soldiers crept in, and still the Rajah slept. Then came a sudden shout, followed by a heart-rending cry. One of the soldiers on guard at the palace, within the citadel, had seen the intruders, and gave the alarm at the same moment that he received his death-wound. Then, in that still night, followed the din of war and the clashing of arms, confusion and dismay. The victory was not a bloodless one, for the Rajah, at the head of a few staunch adherents, fought desperately, with all the courage of despair, while the Ranee, with her young child, was being lowered from the walls overhanging the river. She escaped by way of the Ganges. Shortly afterwards, her gallant lord fell mortally wounded.

In the morning, the English were masters of the fort. The heads of the villagers who had killed the European were hung over the gateway by which they had entered. War in those days was a much more savage game than it is now. Then Muttri claimed the fulfilment of his compact, which was, that his life and those of his friends should be spared; also, that he was to be left in command of the fort. The English were in such sore straits when they were offered these conditions, that they were only too glad to accept them; so they retired, and Muttri ruled in place of his master. But with him, power was only another name for tyranny. Having committed one crime, he tried to drown the reproaches of his conscience by still further excesses.

The Ranee in the meantime, hearing that the English had withdrawn, collected a great force and led it in person on Kunai. On her arrival, the gates were joyfully flung open by the garrison; the traitor Muttri was made a prisoner by his own servants. He was brought before the Ranee to receive the sentence that his perfidy deserved. Before she could utter a word, he flung himself at her feet and poured forth his tale of love with all the ardour of a pent-up passion suddenly broken loose. His story made his traitorous act appear doubly black. The Ranee heard him in severe silence; then a smile of bitter scorn curled her lips, and she briefly pronounced his doom. Muttri was a brave man; but even he shuddered to hear his fate. At a sign from the Ranee, he was removed. The Ranee had decreed that never from that moment was he to taste water or other liquid again.

He was taken to the room that I have described as being now the only one of the old palace left standing. There his terrible sufferings soon began. Chained to the ring in the flagstone that still remains, his chain was just long enough to admit of his dragging himself to the window to watch the Ganges flowing ceaselessly by. He could hear it rippling and gurgling as it passed, while his parched lips hungered for a few drops of the precious fluid. His sufferings were beyond all description; but the Ranee's heart softened not. Savoury-looking dishes were placed before him;

but they were only temptations to be resisted, for in the sauce of all was brine. As the end drew near, Muttri's ravings made the night seem hideous. His bloodshot eyes, swollen tongue, lacerated lips, and haggard features made him a spectacle awful to behold, as he crouched by the window and watched the waters of the Ganges flowing by, and shrieked out the single word *Pani, pani, pani!* (Water, water, water!) The word *Traitor, traitor, traitor!* seemed to come back in mockery as an echo. At last, one gloomy midnight, his fearful torments ended in death. None mourned his fate.

At dawn next day, the following legend was found, scrawled in letters of blood, on the wall of his prison:

Whatever sleepeth here again,
Shall ne'er a year its life retain.

The servants read the words, and trembled; the Raneé heard them with a shudder.

Muttri's head was severed from his body, and hung over the gateway that he had surrendered to the English. His body was flung into the Ganges for the alligators to devour.

Neither man nor beast was again allowed in the room in which he died; yet, at night, the servants would start from their sleep and huddle together in fear, declaring that they heard wailings and unearthly moans coming from that deserted chamber. The natives are a grossly superstitious race, and they fully believed in the potency of the writing on the wall to do them evil.

A few days after Muttri's death, the Raneé's only child escaped from its nurse, and wandering about the palace, came at last to this ill-fated room. With child-like curiosity it entered and began to play about on the floor. Tired at last of playing, it lay down on a mat and fell asleep. When the frightened nurse found him, the boy was dead. One hand was grasping the ring on the floor, and the other was held over his eyes, as if he was endeavouring to conceal some awful object from his sight. When the news of this death spread in the city, the superstitious populace repeated to each other in awestruck tones the prophecy that they had heard was written on the walls. The fulfilment in this case had followed quickly on the event. No man would henceforth dare to doubt it.

The Raneé and her followers once more fled from Kunai. The palace was allowed to crumble away in ruins until the English again took possession of the fort.

Such was the story that the moonshee related to me. It was easy to see, from his tone, that he fully believed it. The sweeper, he said, feared lest the evil *rakshus* (demon) who inhabited the room would come some day and steal away the lives of the two dogs. I tried to reason with both of them; but a people steeped in superstitious lore are deaf to all reason. 'Allah,' the sweeper said, 'had willed that it should be so. The ways of Allah were inscrutable.' He besought me to remove the dogs at once. At last, in order to get rid of him, I promised to do so. He left me full of forebodings that some evil awaited his pets.

Shortly before I left Kunai, one of the two dogs, Bouncer, went mad, and had to be de-

stroyed. I thought very little of this at the time, as the heat was very excessive, and dogs often went mad at that period of the year.

A short time after Bouncer's death, I was relieved by another detachment, and returned to the headquarters of my regiment, taking Beauty with me. Slowly the year went by; the hot weather gave place to the monsoons, which were heralded as usual by some heavy dust-storms—an extraordinary sight to those who see them for the first time. Then the monsoons yielded grudgingly to the winter—delightful months as long as they last. Once more the summer burst upon us, hotter and more shrivelling, if possible, than it had been the previous year. One special Sunday—I remember it well—the heat was almost suffocating. During the early morning church parade, several men had to 'fall out.' Yet the irritating movements of the punkah, as it passed backwards and forwards before my eyes, made me feel so giddy that I could hardly endure it. In the afternoon, I went for a ride. Beauty wanted to follow, as usual; it was so hot, however, that I would not take her out. It was a little after sunset when I returned. On the doorstep was Beauty, anxiously watching for us, she and the pony being great friends. She barked joyously, and ran across the compound to meet us. As I was to dine with some friends that evening, I entered my bungalow and began my toilet at once. A few minutes afterwards my sweeper rushed into my room in great consternation, and cried out: '*Sahib, sahib, the dog is dead!*'

I ran out, and there she lay panting in the veranda. I dashed a bucketful of water over her; it did not revive her in any way. In a few moments she had breathed her last. A few minutes before, she seemed full of life; now, she was dead. Suddenly the prophecy in connection with the room at Kunai occurred to me. I sought my diary, and turned over the pages to the date on which the two dogs had been given to me. April—May—June. Yes, there it was, June 17th—a year that very day! Both dogs had died within the specified time.

I thought over this curious coincidence on my way to dinner, and was not a little disturbed at it. During dinner, I was rallied on my silence, and, by way of excuse, related to my host the legend of Kunai, and the strange fulfilment of the prophecy that very night. I had hardly concluded, when my *khidmutgar*, who was standing behind my chair, started forward and shouted: '*Sahib, sahib, deko!*' ('Sir, sir, look!') His black face was almost blanched with fear, as he turned and fled from the room, his snow-white *puggaree*, which had tumbled off in his haste, streaming behind him.

I looked in the direction in which he had pointed. I, too, was startled. Outside, on the lawn, I saw through the glass door the full outline, clear and distinct, of the dog that I had just left dead at my bungalow. Unearthly, unreal, it appeared, as it stood rigid and motionless, the rays of the full moon falling upon its form. Its eyes, which glowed like coals of fire, seemed to look a mournful farewell at me. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. In that moment, the spectre had melted away in the dim shade. I could see nothing. Was I awake, or was I the victim of a dream, or

was this but a freak of vision? I looked at my host in blank amazement. He had seen nothing. I was about to explain, when—a yelp and a cry, and Beauty herself came bounding into the room *in propria persona*. No ghost this time, but solid flesh and blood. She had only had a fit, after all, and recovered shortly after I had left my bungalow. My sweeper had followed me with her, to show me that she was still alive.

We laughed heartily over the occurrence, and it was a long time before my 'Legend of Kunai' was forgotten in the regiment, for the story soon got wind. Beauty lived for many a year after that. When she did die, it was of a prosaic disease called old age.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WHAT is described as 'the severest and longest earthquake that has been felt in Japan for many years,' occurred in January last, and extended over a land area of more than twenty-seven thousand square miles. Happily, the disturbance did not reach the dimensions of a catastrophe, and although many buildings were injured, there seems to have been no loss of life. But the university authorities at Yokohama, with praiseworthy promptness, at once sent a native expert, Professor Sekiya, to report upon the occurrence, with a view to adding to a branch of knowledge which is more cultivated in earthquake-ridden Japan than in any other country of the world. The professor went about his task with that thoroughness peculiar to Japanese workers; and six weeks afterwards read a paper upon his researches before the Seismological Society. Most Japanese earthquakes have been attributed to the underground explosion of steam; but this is believed to have been due to a sudden faulting or dislocation of strata. The buildings in Yokohama were knocked about terribly, those which stood on soft artificially-made soil suffering far more damage than those built on solid ground. In Tokio, the shock was not so severe, and here many observations were made with regard to the nature of the earth-motion. Professor Sekiya's Report is a most valuable addition to the scanty literature of seismology.

The burning of the Opéra Comique at Paris, with its hundred unfortunate victims, partakes more of the nature of a crime than an accident. Within recent years, science and ingenuity have contrived all manner of methods for dealing with and preventing conflagrations. Curtains, hangings, and garments, those of ballet-dancers especially, can be made fireproof with the greatest ease and with little expense; woodwork can be coated with inflammable paint; canvas can be dressed with waterglass, and so protected from fire; and last of all, buildings can be rendered inflammable as a whole. But, in spite of all this acquired knowledge, things are allowed to remain as they did of old. The inventor has worked in vain, for the results of his labours are not adopted. In the case of the Opéra Comique, a very heavy responsibility rests upon the Fine Arts Department, under whose control the building was placed. Six years ago, and

often since, have they been warned of the risks to which this particular theatre was by its construction exposed; but they took no heed.

The beautiful optical instrument called the stereoscope, by which two pictures taken from slightly different standpoints are made to blend into one image, has hitherto been regarded merely as a pleasant manner of examining photographs, and, most unaccountably, it seems to have gone completely out of fashion. According to a French paper, it is made to fulfil a very useful office at the Bank of France, it being employed there for the detection of spurious bank-notes. For this purpose, a genuine note is placed side by side with the suspected one inside the instrument; and when the two images are superposed, the slightest difference between them becomes at once evident. It is said that a forged note which appears perfect to the unaided eye cannot bear this stereoscopic test.

A striking instance of the danger of neglecting sanitary laws in building construction has recently been exemplified at Paris, where three members of one family narrowly escaped death from poisoning by undiluted sewer gas. A broken drain-pipe allowed this gas to issue without hindrance into the sleeping apartment of this family, with the result that one morning they were found insensible in their beds. A search soon led to the discovery of the broken pipe. In this case, the effects were sudden and serious, and the leakage was discovered in time; but we know that there must be thousands of cases in which this sewer gas is working silently and with deadly effect, although its effects may be spread over years rather than hours. In our own cities and towns, these matters receive more attention than they did a few years back; but in Paris there is still much room for improvement.

The Report of the Registrar-General for the past year contains much upon which the modern dwellers in the metropolis may congratulate themselves. The death-rate, 19.90 per thousand inhabitants, is four and one-fifth less than that of either Paris or Berlin. In the year 1840, London had the same death-rate as that which Paris has to-day, so that it will be at once seen that there has been a distinct improvement. The chief factor in the welcome improvement is the great reduction in cases of death from zymotic diseases, such as scarlet fever, typhoid fever, and smallpox; and we may be almost certain that if the general public were as careful in their sanitary arrangements as they might be, and as some few are, such diseases would in time be entirely stamped out. It is a triumph for those who believe in the benefit of vaccination, and the reverse for those fanatical individuals who do their best to combat legislation in this direction, that in London, last year, there were only twenty-four deaths from smallpox. Let us remember that there are many now living, and who have hardly reached middle age, who can remember how common it was in our metropolitan streets to meet with persons who were horribly disfigured by this terrible scourge. It is now happily an exception, rather than the rule, to meet with such unfortunates.

Lord Mount Temple has recently called the attention of parliament to the regulations for the prevention of hydrophobia. He thinks, with many other persons, that the muzzling of dogs

is both injurious to the animals and inefficient for the purpose of preventing the spread of the disease; but his opinion is not borne out by a reference to statistics. Two years ago, 'rabies' rose to such an extent in the metropolis that one veterinary surgeon alone treated seventy-seven cases; and in the same year twenty-eight people died of hydrophobia in and about London. After the police regulations with regard to muzzling were put in force, the cases fell to an insignificant number; and we have a further proof that this method of dealing with the matter is an effective one, from the fact that in Berlin—where formerly hydrophobia prevailed to an alarming extent—its adoption has almost eradicated the disease. There is no reason to fancy that a properly constructed muzzle upon a dog's mouth is as disagreeable or more injurious than a respirator on that of a human being. But it is a curious feature of civilised life that many good people feel more for the sorrows of domestic animals than they do for those of their fellow-creatures.

The astronomical Conference which recently sat at Paris, at the invitation of the Academy of Science, has agreed upon a plan to be generally adopted for charting the heavens by means of photography. The President chosen was Admiral Mouchez, the Director of the Paris Observatory, who, by the way, has recently published an illustrated manual giving some very interesting particulars with regard to the astronomical photographs obtained at that establishment. The committee formed to consider the kind of instrument to be employed in this national work have decided upon apparatus identical with that which has been employed with such success by the Brothers Henry in Paris. The limit of the magnitude to be recorded on the photographic plates, each of which is to be in duplicate, is that known as the fourteenth. It is calculated that the exposure of each plate will be twenty minutes; but this will give very little indication of the time which will be required to carry the entire work to completion, for there are many nights when the light of the moon or the state of the weather will render photography impossible. Seven observatories, four of which are French, have already signified their intention of joining in this work; and there is little doubt that every observatory of note will ultimately take part in it.

Although Professor Tyndall has been obliged reluctantly to retire from the professorship which he has held and adorned for so many years at the Royal Institution, it is satisfactory to know that his services will not yet be lost to the public. It is stated that he now hopes to devote his time to original research; and those who are aware of the useful work that he has already done in this direction, will look forward to the benefits which will most surely accrue to science from the efforts of his busy brain.

In the United States, electric trams and railways are becoming common, for there are at present twenty-three towns in which this mode of locomotion has been adopted; and there are almost as many places where arrangements are being made for lines on the same plan.

The Turners' Company again offer prizes for the best specimens of hand-turning in wood, glass,

&c. In awarding the prizes, the following qualities of the work will be taken into consideration: (1) Symmetry of shape, utility, beauty of design, and general excellence of workmanship. (2) Copying of any object so that it shall resemble exactly the copy in shape and capacity, and so on. (3) The fitness of the design and the way of carrying it out for the purpose for which the article is designed. (4) Circular and oval turning. (5) Novelty in design or application of the lathe. (6) Carving and polishing, which, however, must be subsidiary to the actual turning of the work so decorated. Amateurs will be allowed to compete in a special class, and it is almost certain that professionals will find among them some adversaries who will be very difficult to beat.

From time to time during the last thirty years, it has been proposed that capital punishment should be supplanted by means of electricity. If we remember rightly, Dr. W. B. Richardson performed some experiments in London about twenty years ago, showing that by means of a powerful current, sheep and other animals could be instantaneously and, as far as can be judged, painlessly killed. The Senate of Pennsylvania has lately passed a Bill providing for the infliction of death punishment by this means. There are several difficulties surrounding the subject, which any electrician will at once acknowledge, but these lie chiefly in trusting such a terrible power to unskilled hands. If death punishment be an actual necessity of civilised life—which many people doubt—it should most certainly be carried out in the most humane manner; and perhaps the electric power would be the best means of accomplishing this end. It is probable, too, that the mystery attached to it in vulgar minds might have a deterrent effect upon the criminal classes.

A new method of bookbinding has been introduced. This consists in the employment of sheet-metal for covers, in lieu of the millboard or card which ordinarily forms the foundation to which the leather or other material is attached. The metal employed is very thin, and can be bent and straightened again without damage. For school-books, hymn-books, &c., which are subjected to much wear and tear, this method of binding is said to be very useful and efficient.

A correspondent of an American paper—presumably a doctor—advises those who wish to gain flesh and strength to assimilate oil through the pores of the skin, instead of by the stomach. The patient is to take a warm bath, so as to thoroughly open the pores of his skin. He must then be rubbed dry with rough towels in a heated atmosphere, after which, any pure oil is rubbed into the skin. Cod-liver oil is said to be the best; but olive oil will do. By this means, it is said that an invalid will be able to assimilate ten times more oil than his weak stomach could possibly digest.

During the current summer, a class will meet at King's College for the purpose of a course of instruction in bacteriology. The object of this class is that those attending it may receive a practical knowledge of the more important micro-organisms which are now known to scientists, and for the purpose of studying the methods by which their presence may be detected. This class

will be under the care of Mr Cruikshank, who has recently returned from a visit to various continental laboratories, where prominence is given to this important branch of physical research.

The St Mungo Chemical Company of Glasgow has adopted a new method of making white-lead, by which the manufacture is robbed of its usual pernicious effects upon the health of the workmen employed. From first to last, the material is not handled, but is put through its various stages by automatic machinery. The Company also manufactures a special white pigment which is said to possess all the advantages of genuine white-lead, and to have actually better 'covering' power. It will mix well with other colours, and is not poisonous.

The applications of electricity to operative surgery are continually being added to, and perhaps one of the most important is represented by the electro-osteotome, recently invented by Dr M. J. Roberts of New York. This instrument enables the surgeon to perform what was before a very difficult and tedious operation with mathematical nicety and in very brief time. It consists of a small circular saw, which revolves at a great speed by the aid of an electric motor. Its purpose is to remove portions of bone, when that course is rendered necessary by disease or deformity. Such operations have before only been possible by very clumsy methods, which were more akin to carpentry than to surgery, for the operator employed a modification of the chisel and hammer. With the new instrument, such operations can be not only done in a far more scientific way, but with far less shock, and therefore less risk to the patient.

The manufacture of paper bottles is said to be becoming an important industry at Chicago, and the process adopted is that invented by Mr L. H. Thomas. These paper bottles, which can be made of all shapes and sizes, are cheaper than those made of glass or other material, although, from the published description of the process, this would hardly seem to be possible. A sheet of paper cemented on one side is rolled on a mandrel, after which the neck is fashioned, and a bottom of paper or wood inserted into the cylindrical vessel. An outer glazed-paper covering is next added; and the interior of the bottle is lined with a fluid composition, which speedily becomes hard, and resists alkalies, acids, spirits, and everything else. The bottles are unbreakable, and require no packing in transit. For various purposes, such as the carriage of ink, blacking, varnishes, and paints, these bottles will doubtless be found useful; but for wines, spirits, medicines, &c., glass, which has the advantages of transparency and great cleanliness, is likely to hold its own.

The disease among the silkworms which has latterly threatened to ruin the silk-trade of India, has hitherto defied every remedy which has been tried. A number of infected cocoons have now been sent to Paris for examination by M. Pasteur and his pupils, and it is to be hoped that they may be able to discover some method of successfully combating the disease.

The slag which results from making steel by the Thomas-Gilchrist process, and which was once regarded as a waste product of no value, was found, by experiments conducted in Germany a

few years ago, to possess valuable manurial qualities. It contains both iron and phosphorus, the latter in the form of phosphoric acid. The results obtained in Germany have been fully confirmed by more recent experiments in this country. It is found that when the slag is reduced to a fine powder and is used as a top-dressing, it has a very beneficial effect upon the crops grown on the soil so treated. As we have recently stated in these pages, the use of sulphate of iron alone has been of great advantage to certain crops; and it is thought that the presence of the same agent in this slag may have something to do with the recorded results of the use of that material.

A correspondent of the *Times* calls attention to the fact that the Red Sea, which forms the great highway to the East, is so badly lighted that wrecks are common upon its shores. He tells us on the authority of the best chart we have (Imray's) that captains of vessels have to exercise the greatest caution because 'the Gulf of Suez is but imperfectly surveyed. The currents are irregular. Owing to the prevalence of mirage, the eye cannot be relied upon in judging of distances; and for the same reason the character of the horizon is so deceptive, that the accuracy of solar observations is open to doubt.' At present, he tells us that there are not half-a-dozen lights visible in the 'fairway' from Aden to Suez. He looks upon the remedy for this state of things as being an international affair, and believes that if the underwriters of the various countries would take up the matter as a thing closely associated with their own interests, a general system of efficient lights could soon be established.

An ingenious method of ascertaining the 'flashing-point' of mineral oils has for some time been practised in America under the name of the Seybolt process. The oil to be tested is placed in a suitable vessel open at the top, contained in a water-bath. The water-bath is gradually raised in temperature, while a thermometer in the oil records the increase. Just above the surface of the oil, a pair of electrodes are adjusted, which are in connection with an induction coil, so that a stream of sparks is constantly passing from one to the other. At a certain heat, the oil will give off an inflammable vapour, which is ignited by the electrical sparks. The temperature recorded by the thermometer, when this occurs, marks the 'flashing-point' of the particular oil under trial. It is said, however, that this plan is open to error, and that a more accurate method would be desirable.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE MESSINA TUNNEL.

A PROPOSAL has been made by Signor Gabelli, an eminent Italian engineer, to construct a tunnel beneath the Strait of Messina from Italy to Sicily. The idea is not a new one, but its revival seems popular in certain circles in Sicily. The length of the work would be about eight miles and a half, and it would be carried at a depth of at least five hundred feet below the sea-level, and would occupy about five years or more in cutting. But the cost is a serious item, the engineer's estimate being three millions sterling! Care has been taken to procure reliable

surveys and careful soundings, and the sea-bottom is reported to be highly favourable for the construction of a submarine tunnel.

Another proposal has been made to connect this island with the mainland of Italy, and that is the construction of a bridge of over nine miles in length to cross the strait. The sea here is often agitated by sudden squalls, peculiarly dangerous, and often very destructive; so that, in all probability, if the scheme for connecting the two shores is ever carried out, it will be by a tunnel under the sea.

BRIQUETTES.

The utilisation of coal-dust—technically known as 'slack'—in the manufacture of briquettes has rapidly progressed of late, and the new form of fuel is now frequently met with, not alone for household purposes, but on the more extended scale of industrial undertakings. A briquette is simply an admixture of coal-dust with pitch, moulded under pressure and heat, the latter substance being introduced to form the cementing material. The size most generally adopted is about double that of the common building brick, weighs about ten pounds, and is sold at a cost of one penny each. For household and domestic purposes, the smouldering qualities of the briquette give it especial value; it will remain alight for seven or eight hours, and can at any moment be roused by the poker into a cheerful flame. The heat given out is equal to that obtained from coal; whilst the absence of all smell in burning, and the fact that briquettes do not deteriorate by keeping, form additional evidence in their favour.

The process adopted in the manufacture of briquettes may be briefly sketched. The coal-dust having been thoroughly cleaned by a stream of water from all particles of pyrites and shale, is well dried in a cylindrical tube, previous to mixture with lumps of pitch in a disintegrator, which thoroughly combines the two ingredients, prior to their delivery into a vertical 'pugmill'—a machine similar in design to, though differing somewhat in detail from, the well-known pugmill of the brickfield. Steam is now introduced into the pugmill, rendering the pitch viscid and adhesive; the mixture, thoroughly amalgamated, then passes into moulds cut in a rotary die. Powerful rams, exerting a pressure of twenty pounds per square inch, force the material into each mould as it passes in rotation beneath; the mechanism regulating the joint action of mould and ram being particularly ingenious and skilful. Nothing further remains but the delivery of each briquette after moulding on to a creeping band, where it is met and cooled by a current of air from a fan, and delivered into a wagon below.

It is stated that several foreign railways have already availed themselves of the advantages attending the use of briquettes, and in this direction unquestionably a large field presents itself. The manufacture of this comparatively new form of fuel is rapidly extending; and colliery owners, under the stress of hard times, gladly turn themselves to a waste product, long regarded as valueless; now rendered serviceable and profitable, and offering every prospect of extended development in the near future.

MAKING AN 'INLAND SEA.'

Sir F. de Lesseps has lately communicated to the Institution of Civil Engineers an interesting account of a curious work carried out in Tunis by Colonel Roudaire. This gentleman appears to have spent many years in Tunis levelling, boring, and making experiments of various kinds, and has come to the conclusion that four depressions, or 'shots,' as he terms them, which he names Tedjed, Djerid, Rharsa, and Melrir, and are situated seventy-seven feet six inches below the sea-level, could by means of a canal be readily formed into a large inland sea or lake, which would have the effect of influencing for good the climate and fertility of the surrounding country to a considerable degree. This lake is stated to be three thousand one hundred and sixty-four square miles in extent. In order to prepare for the vast expense which such an undertaking must involve, the colonel proposes to sink artesian wells, for the purpose of cultivating the country; and the rent paid for the water thus obtained might be applied, the whole or in part, towards the construction of the proposed canal. In 1855, the first well was sunk to the depth of two hundred and ninety-five feet, when water was found flowing at an average of seventeen hundred and sixty gallons per minute the first year, which has now increased to nineteen thousand eight hundred gallons per minute. Sir F. de Lesseps says: 'The banks of the river Melah, which fifteen months ago were deserts, are now populated; and very shortly the canal is to be commenced, so that the civilisation of the French African possessions must come from below; that is to say, must of necessity depend for water-supply on wells only.'

WAITING.

Oxer, in the twilight of an autumn day,
I stood upon a beaten path, that led
The shepherd lads to where their charges fed
In pastures high above the upland way:
Solemn, and lone, and still, the mountain lay;
And, like a dome above a temple spread,
The blue sky stretched its beauty overhead.
With not one floating cloud to preach decay,
Always—above the hush, through the soft light
Slow waning—the wide solitude was fraught
With mystic impulse from the silence caught—
Half intonations heralding the night—
That to my heart, awe-bound, conveyed a sense
Of calm expectancy and questionless suspense.

ALFRED WOOD.

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